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THE ADMINISTRATION OF IRELAND.

IN visiting Ireland, the Prince of Wales gave a proof of his sense of duty and of his courage; for some courage was required after all the fears that had been expressed, though really the Prince and his Consort were in no danger, since the disunionist leaders must have known too well that in this case a crime would have been the worst of blunders. The Prince, perhaps, may have thought of the examples of history, and of the days when those who bore his title took the field in defence of their heritage. He had good cause for exertion. Not even when Hoche's armaments appeared in Bantry Bay was the Crown of Ireland in greater peril.

If the Prince set us an example of duty, he also saw one. Amidst all these wretched scenes of faction, intrigue and weakness, while English noblemen and gentlemen are not ashamed for the sake of office openly to conspire with the avowed enemies of the realm, the eye of any Englishmen who cares only for the country must rest with pleasure on the figure of Lord Spencer. Praise of the living may sound like flattery; but distance gives somewhat of the privilege of history, and we who look from afar may pay our tribute to one who has made such sacrifices to patriotism, and has so bravely and steadfastly held a most hateful and dangerous post. The breath of calumny will soon pass away from the mirror, and it will be better to have served the country at Dublin than to have reposed amidst the social delights of Althorp.

There are those to whom the Prince's visit, though late, seems to have been the first step in a right direction. More than twenty years ago an unheroic policy was, after careful study of the question, propounded for Ireland. It consisted of (1) Disestablishment and religious equality; (2) a reform of the land laws, abolishing primo-

geniture and entail, and facilitating purchase ; (3) the residence of the Court in Ireland ; (4) one or two Sessions of Parliament at Dublin for the purpose of dealing with Irish questions ; (5) an increase of local self-government, perhaps in the form of Provincial Councils ; (6) a line of Government emigration steamers running from an Irish port. It is needless to say that every item of the policy, with the exception of local self-government, was meant for the three Celtic and Catholic provinces, which to the great confusion of our ideas are miscalled Ireland.

Late the Prince's visit was, and being paid under the pressure of State necessity, it was robbed of all its spontaneity and of much of its grace. Besides, it was that of the heir, not of the wearer, of the crown. Yet its result has surely been such as to justify a proposal which had been treated by great practical authorities as paradoxical and futile. The policy of cold and dignified indifference prescribed by Mr. Parnell, at all events totally broke down. His lieutenants were obliged to betake themselves to getting up hostile demonstrations, which they did with imperfect success. It is evident what the effect would have been if every other year the Phoenix Park, surely no unlovely place of sojourn, had taken its turn with Balmoral.

A hand was at the same time held out, not before there was need, to the Unionists of the North of Ireland, whom English Radicalism, in its courtship of the Irish vote, has been doing its utmost to disgust and estrange ; while the Government, deeming it right to repress with impartial rigour Unionist as well as Disunionist demonstrations, has appeared to turn a cold shoulder to its friends. Lose the loyalty of the North, and all may be lost ; keep the loyalty of the North, and rebellion elsewhere may be confronted without fear.

One great political grievance the Irish have, and they will not be satisfied till it is redressed. Craving, most of all people, for objects of personal attachment, they have never seen those by whom they were governed. Constitutional liberties and privileges, to their hearts, are cold comforts in the absence of a chief ; they ought to see both the Sovereign and the Parliament. To hold one or two short Sessions of Parliament at Dublin would be very inconvenient no doubt, but it would satisfy as nothing else will satisfy the craving for a Parliament in College Green. The Parliament in College Green before the Union is a strange object of wistful regret for Catholic Ireland. It was a Parliament of exclusion as well as of corruption and factious violence. It did nothing for the people ; yet there is a not unnatural longing for something in its place. Let the Parliament of the Union present itself to the eyes of the Irish people ; then, and not till then, they will understand that boons bestowed on them are the gifts of Parliament, and not the gifts of Mr. Parnell.

This absence from their sight and their hearts of the powers that govern them has been called the one political grievance of the Irish people. If there is another, what is it? What is there which the Irish Members of Parliament have with anything like unanimity or perseverance sought to obtain for their country, and which Parliament has obstinately refused? Two literary champions of the Irish revolution have essayed to state its case. One dwells mainly on defects in local self-government, from which Ireland does not alone suffer, and to the cure of which Parliament was actually addressing itself when this rebellion broke out. The other dwells on Castle government, which his patriotic fervour leads him to represent as not less arbitrary and tyrannical than that of an Austrian governor of Venetia, as though the Austrian governor of Venetia had been the servant of a Parliament in which Venetia was fully represented or had been restrained by a free press, *habeas corpus*, and trial by jury. The Vice-royalty is a survival from the time when Ireland was really remote and the carriage of the Lord-Lieutenant had to be taken to pieces to be carried over Penmaen Mawr. Whether it should be retained has long been an open question among British statesmen, but it can hardly be abolished with safety unless the Court will take its place. If it is retained, the limitation to Protestants ought of course to be abolished. Home Rulers demand in its room an Irish Secretaryship to be held by an Irishman. Would a Protestant Irishman from Ulster serve their turn?

The question of local self-government is necessarily suspended by the continuance of a smouldering rebellion. The police cannot be handed over to the management of Moonlighters and people who avow their intention of extirpating the English. Otherwise a good deal might be done in this way. Public education itself might perhaps be wisely assigned to local Councils. In the Catholic Provinces the priests might cripple it at first, as most of them opposed its introduction; but local opposition to them would spring up and the Imperial Government would be relieved of the strain.

It is from its union with the agrarian movement that the political movement derives its present strength. Movements purely political have always come to nothing. O'Connell's Repeal was a prolix farce, saving that it brought him rent. The aims of the leaders are political, but the aims of the people are agrarian. The people are persuaded that if they can get rid of the English connection they will be at liberty to deprive the landlords of the rest of the rent. Despoiling landlords will not make land which does not produce grain capable of feeding a population which, even if it did produce grain, it could not feed. Like the French in Canada, the Irish, having a low economical standard, multiply with a rapidity which defies the laws of prudence and overflows the limits of subsistence;

the Church in both cases encouraging early marriage. Quebec is relieved by profuse emigration into the States; otherwise she would be the scene of chronic famine: and Ireland must be relieved in the same way. If she is to be permanently cured of her complaint, there must be not only emigration but clearance. Socialists who call upon the State to provide food for everybody on the spot, will find it necessary to invest the State with the power of determining how many people shall be brought into the world. Priests oppose emigration because it carries off their flocks, demagogues because it carries off discontent. But it is the prime and most absolute necessity of the Irish situation; and a Government line of emigration steamers running from an Irish port is a proposal which invites consideration. Whither the emigrants shall be sent is a difficult question. To send them to the Northern States is to swell the ranks of the enemy. The same may be said as to Canada in a somewhat less degree. In the Southern States there is as yet no Fenianism, and the rise of manufactures is improving the market for labour. The emigrant from Celtic Ireland hardly ever takes to farming. But Australia is more within reach than it was, and Tasmania seems to have room for a good many inhabitants, while the climate is one in which an Irishman will not suffer as he does when he is sent from the mild climate of Ireland to a country where the winter is long and severe.

Agrarian legislation is beneficial just in so far as it increases production and gives more bread to the people. This will hardly be done by confiscation, which puts an end to investment in land and to the advance of money upon it, or by encumbering the country with a multiplicity of complicated and unsaleable tenures. What Ireland, and not Ireland alone, wants in this way is a free land market and the Torrens system of conveyance. It is strange that by the side of a drastic, not to say socialistic, Land Act, Parliament should allow primogeniture, entail, and the costly and cumbrous system of conveyancing to flourish as before.

A free market would put the land into the hands of those who would till it, either on the large scale or on the small. In this way absenteeism, which undoubtedly is a great social evil, will be cured; it is not likely to be cured in any other way. The notion of treating estates again as fiefs and reviving feudal duties is surely chimerical. Landlordism, it is to be feared, however beneficent and picturesque in theory, is practically a failure. Where there is no obligation to work, pleasure in most of us gets the better of duty, and it carries off the squire to London or the Continent. Absenteeism is becoming very common in England. It is likely to become commoner still if scientific agriculture and democracy put an end to fox-hunting and game-preserving, as they probably will. But the

days of great estates, held for the purposes of political influence or of social pride, are past in Ireland and England alike. Territorial aristocracy is being killed by American harvests.

The residence of the Court in Ireland would tend to banish the fancy, which malignity is trying to inflame, that Irishmen are socially disliked and disparaged. At the public schools or at the universities, where social prejudice shows itself without disguise, will anybody say that Irish boys or youths are treated with contumely by their fellows? Are they not rather favourites? There are jokes about Paddy no doubt: so there are about Sandy and Taffy. It is hardly to be expected that the behaviour of certain Irish Members in the House of Commons will be taken for that of gentlemen, or that it will fail to cast its shadow on the body to which they belong. The "comic Irishman," which has been cited as a proof of British insolence, is largely the creation of two Irish pens—those of Miss Edgeworth and Mr. Lever. Everything in the Empire, social grade included, is open to Irishmen as freely as to Englishmen or Scotchmen, and they do in fact hold many of the highest places in the State, the Army, and the Church. Greater honour, we are told, ought to be paid "to the country which has produced Castlereagh, Canning, Gough, the two Lawrences, Nicholson, Roberts, and Wolseley." That list of names is itself the answer to the complaint. It has only to be added that the names all belong to the British element of the population which the Nationalists propose to drive out of the country.

History cannot be abrogated, but it may be read in the light of common sense and equity. In the age of conquest Ireland was conquered, as England was, by the Normans, and special evils were entailed by the circumstances of the conquest which produced a local separation of the races and the "Pale." In the age of religious wars, Catholic Ireland was involved in religious war; she did what she could in support of the Catholic powers which were trying to extirpate Protestantism and liberty with the sword; and happening to be in the part of the field where Catholicism was worsted, she suffered a small portion of that which the party of Protestantism and liberty suffered in the part of the field where Catholicism was victorious. All this belongs to the past as completely as the Inquisition and the Dragonnades. That England crushed a brilliant civilization is a preposterous fable, as, in fact, apologists of the present rebellion admit when they call Englishmen unfeeling for letting in on the fiction the light of history. The only native civilization which Ireland ever had was ecclesiastical, and this was ruined, not by England, but by the barbarism of the clans. Commercial exclusion was very bad, though this also was in the spirit of the age; but it has been compensated ten times over by the

market which England has afforded to Ireland, and the employment which her manufactures have given to Irishmen who would not have found bread in their own island. If it is called harsh to tell these truths, the answer is that no people have suffered more than the Irish from lies, and that they have no worse enemies than those who teach them to subsist by the exhibition of historic sores and by getting up abortive rebellions instead of exerting themselves, like other nations which have been unfortunate, to make up the lost ground. That Catholic Ireland has been most unfortunate, and that great allowance ought to be made for the political shortcomings of her people on that ground, no one has striven harder to show than the writer of this paper. It is a different thing to say that the political shortcomings of the Irish, even in Ireland, much more in the United States, where their political character is just the same, are the results of British oppression. Does courtesy require us to believe that the Government of Mr. Gladstone is in the habit of "causing puling infants to be tossed on bayonets, and calling in famine to exterminate the Irish people when the sword has failed to do the work?" There is no justice, as Mr. Morley truly says, in being unfair to one's own countrymen; or, it may be added, to one's own country.

That history has left its trace in the bitterness of the Irish against England is true. Yet about this there is a good deal of exaggeration. Twenty-three years ago, when the writer of this paper first visited Ireland, the feeling was nothing like so strong. Its present intensity is the work of a vitriolic press in the hands of men whose aim is not to improve the condition of the people, or to tell them any sort of truth, but to fill them with hatred of their British fellow-citizens for the purpose of getting up a rebellion. With that press it will be found necessary to deal, however unwelcome the necessity may be. Freedom of opinion is precious, but inciting to murder and civil war is not opinion, nor does every villain who can buy a fount of type become thereby sacrosanct and privileged to do the community any mischief that he pleases.

Of the Roman Catholic religion nobody wants to say anything discourteous. In Ireland it has numbered among its adherents Bishop Moriarty, Dr. Russell, and Lord O'Hagan. But its effects on national character are much the same everywhere, and the responsibility for them certainly does not rest on England or on the Union.

To withhold the extension of the franchise from Ireland would no doubt have been difficult. The objection to the whole measure is that it is another blind alteration of the basis of the government without a fresh survey of the constitution as a whole or any attempt to provide sufficient safeguards, another step in the progress of unor-

ganized democracy of which the bourne may be pretty certainly foreseen. But it was a special stroke of statesmanship to put political power into hands by which you are assured beforehand that it will be used for the subversion of the Legislature and the dismemberment of the nation. Is everybody, fit or unfit, entitled to the suffrage by the law of Nature? Why, then, are votes not given to the two hundred millions of Hindoos? Give an Irishman a vote, and he hands it over at once to the priest, to Mr. Parnell, or to Mr. Tweed. His political instincts and habits are those of the tribesman, not those of the citizen. Instead of being more free when invested with the suffrage he is rather less free, because he becomes the willing slave of his head centre, who is at this moment nominating his representatives. To govern the Celtic province as a Crown colony is what nobody has proposed. But if civil war should break out and a strong Government should be the temporary consequence, that Government will perhaps be found more suitable to the temperament of the people, as well as more conducive to the improvement of the country, than the demagogic system. In time, Ireland, if she remains in the Union, will be brought up to the level of British progress in self-government. At present she is in an earlier stage.

Let positive assurance be given of the inviolability of the Union and of the hopelessness of all attempts to destroy it. This is the great political need of Ireland at the present moment. A nationality the Irish may have in the Union, like that of the Scotch, with all the memories, sentiments, and symbols. Home Rule also they may have in the Union like that of the Scotch, if the Irish members of Parliament will only follow the example of the Scotch members, and instead of trying to wreck the Legislature, take counsel and act together on local questions. But let all doubt be removed at once from the minds of Irish Unionists about the determination of England and Scotland to uphold the Union, as the people of the United States upheld their Union, with the whole power of the nation. Nationalist leaders will then begin to direct their efforts to practical and attainable reforms. At present that at which they aim is not reform, but the severance of the Union, and to intrigue with them is to intrigue with dismemberment. No measures of reform, however extensive, have ever moderated the virulence of their abuse.

Ireland has been connected with England for seven centuries, surely a sufficient term of prescription. Nature has manifestly linked the two islands together, so that they must be united or enemies, while if they are enemies the weaker must suffer. The races are now mingled both in Ireland and in Great Britain. What can be more ridiculous than to hear a man bearing the name of Parnell, Biggar, or Sexton, talk of driving the British out of Ireland? Supposing separation to take place, what is to be done

with the Irish in England? Is every member of a nation of composite or federal structure to deem itself privileged at will, instead of bringing its grievances constitutionally before the United Legislature, to secede and break up the nation? Is every local demagogue to be at liberty to get up a civil war for that purpose? When Sicily or Naples becomes restless, do English Radicals call upon Italy in the name of morality to let the disaffected province go? Why is this duty of self-dismemberment to be enjoined on Great Britain alone? To the writer of this paper Jingoism and aggrandizement have always been hateful. But the Radicals must surely own that their country is a great moral power, that her influence in Europe is good for humanity, that it depends upon her retention of her high place among the nations, and that human progress, political and general, would suffer greatly by her fall. Nor can they doubt that with a hostile republic, for hostile it must always be, carved out of her side, she would sink to the level of a second-rate power, and lose her voice in the councils of Europe.

As to Ireland herself, does the most extreme of Radicals, if he has anything statesmanlike or scientific about him, believe in the feasibility of a Fenian Republic, or think that anything could come of such an attempt but confusion and a renewal of the calamities of the past? Can the most extreme of Radicals, one may add, watch the behaviour of the Disunionist leaders, listen to the almost delirious calumnies which pour from their lips, observe the methods and the engines of warfare to which they resort, mark their treatment of Mr. Gladstone after all that he has done for Ireland, and yet persuade himself that the cause which these men represent is really a great cause? The political insurrection is nothing but a conspiracy, conceived mainly in the interest of personal ambition. If on the part of the leader an actuating motive is venomous and fanatical hatred of the English race, to which his own ancestors belonged, this does not make the movement more reasonable or more worthy of respect.

The dictates of patriotism, of statesmanship, of morality seem to coincide and to be clear. But the nation is governed by party; and on both sides a section is now bidding for the Irish vote: not only for the Irish vote in Ireland, but for the Irish vote in English and Scotch cities, where the Irish unhappily are strong. A dismal sound is the name of the Irish vote in the ears of all the lovers of good government on this continent. Cities overwhelmed with debt by municipal corruption are not the worst effects of its influence. The political excesses which have brought discredit on republican institutions in America were not the work of true republicans, but of the Irish vote leagued with slavery, and under the patronage of the slave-owner working its will in the Northern cities. The Celtic and

Catholic Irishman, as has been already said, is not a citizen but a clansman. He belongs not to the nation or to any national party, but to his race, the union of which within itself and its severance from the rest of the community are preserved by the Catholic Church, which in Canada has been able to extort for itself a system of separate schools. His vote is in the hands of his leaders, ecclesiastical or demagogic. He fights at the polls, not for any national policy or party, but for the interest of the tribe and of its chiefs. At the bidding of the chiefs and in the interest of the tribe he is ready to connect himself with either party, and to pass from one party to the other. He does the same in Australia, as we learn from Australian writers on politics, and there also threatens seriously to mar the working of Parliamentary institutions. As a labourer, the Irishman in America has been most useful, and deserves a full measure of gratitude; though he is now in some degree cancelling his services by maltreatment and exclusion of the Chinese. But politically his influence, as an American journalist said the other day, has been invariably evil. To that influence, however, politicians have cowered; any force which is compact and unscrupulously wielded affects their imaginations even out of proportion to its real magnitude; and in the United States whatever remained of Anti-British feeling has combined with this servility to make Tammany a great power. But for this continent the day of redemption has dawned. In the Presidential election, the Irish believing, and having probably received some assurance, that the Republican candidate would inaugurate a foreign policy hostile to England, deserted the Democratic party, and cast, there is reason to believe, sixty thousand votes against its candidate in the State of New York alone. To rat and then be beaten is ruinous; that strange alliance, which nothing but slavery could ever have cemented, between the Irishry and the highly Conservative leaders of the Democratic party has been broken; and among the republicans of the New England stamp the retainers of Tammany will scarcely find a political home. At Washington is now a President who owes his election largely to an independent vote, and whose uprightness, courage and resolution set the armies of corruption at defiance, and have opened a better era for his country. Between this man and Tammany there can be no fellowship; even peace is not likely to be long maintained. And while we are thus looking forward to emancipation, is the mother of us all going to bow her neck to this wretched yoke? Is faction to be allowed to lay the greatness of England at the feet of a Head Centre? Are these the fruits of Party Government?

GOLDWIN SMITH.

VICTOR HUGO.

THE greatest of living Frenchmen, the greatest man of genius whom this century has known, the Altissimo Poeta, the most splendid romancist of his age, has accomplished his great career. He is the last survivor of a great period in French literature—the last member of one of the greatest literary brotherhoods which has ever existed: and he has carried with him to the very portals of the grave a lamp of genius scarcely dimmed, and a personal power and influence which every year increased. Not very long ago all Europe gathered round him to offer congratulations on his hale and hearty old age; since then, with more than the hands full of flowers of the classic tradition, with honours and praises from every quarter of the earth, he has been carried to his grave. The very sight of a man so distinguished, the consciousness of his honoured existence as the representative of the noblest and most all-embracing of the arts—that which depends for its effects upon the simplest and most universal of instincts—was an advantage to the world. The extravagances of hero-worship are inevitable, and in nothing is the ridiculous so tremblingly near to the sublime; but allowing for all that, and for what is worse, the almost equally inevitable foolishness which adulation creates, the position of Victor Hugo was of itself an advantage to the world. In a soberer *pose* altogether, and with a noble modesty, which we may claim as belonging to our race, Walter Scott occupied a somewhat similar position—which would have been all the greater had he lived to Hugo's age, an element which must necessarily be taken into consideration: but, save in this one case, there has been no parallel to the eminence of the great Frenchman in the estimation of his country and of the world.

It is not now that the critic requires to step forth to establish the

foundations of this great fame, or decide upon its reality or lasting character. This has been done in the poet's lifetime by a hundred voices, favourable and otherwise: no need to wait for death to give the final decision, as in some cases has been necessary. It is scarcely possible to imagine that after so long a time any discovery can be made, or any change of taste occur, which would interfere with the supreme position of Victor Hugo. A new generation has been born in the faith which to their elders is a matter of assured and triumphant conviction. But the air is full of his name, and it is a grateful office to go over again some of the noblest productions which human genius has ever given forth, and to contemplate in their unity the many works of a life as much longer than that of ordinary men as its inspiration was above theirs.

It seems sad and strange, as well as laughable and ludicrous, that the great poet should be regarded by a vast number of his countrymen, and perhaps by the majority of the Paris mob which paid him the last honours in so characteristic a way, as a revolutionary politician and a democratic leader. We will take the privilege of the foreigner to leave out that side of his life as much as may be practicable. "Napoleon le Petit" and the "Histoire d'un Crime" are works but little worthy of his genius. Political animosities, sharpened by personal grievances, have in many cases an immense immediate effect in literature, but they pay for this easy success by speedy collapse; and scarcely even the magnificent rhetoric and splendid vituperation of "Les Châtiments" will keep them living when the world has forgotten the lesser Napoleon, as it already begins to do. His patriotic fury, the impassioned utterances of his exile, the tremendous force of feeling with which he flung himself into the struggles of France, took up a large share of Victor Hugo's life, and will procure him a certain place in the historical records of his period. But when all the commotion and the din have died away, as indeed in a great measure they have already done, these fiery diatribes, these burning lava-streams, will be of little more importance than the dustiest "*mémoires pour servir*"—materials from which the historian, with much smoothing down and apologies for the pyrotechnics of a past age, will take here and there a vivid touch to illustrate his theories or brighten his narrative. They will retain, too, a certain importance as autobiography. But fortunately the great mass of the work which Victor Hugo has left behind him can be separated from the polemics of his troubled age and fiery temper. It is not in any sense a peaceful literature. Conflict is its very inspiration. The struggle of human misery with all the confusing and overbearing forces of life; of poverty with the requirements and oppressions of wealth; of the small with the great; of the people with tyrants; of Man with Fate: these are his subjects, and he is never an impartial historian. He is on the side of the weak in every combat,

the partisan of the oppressed. But this does not detract from his work when his opponents are the oppressors of the past, or the still more subtle, veiled, and unassailable forces of Destiny. The poet's region is there: he is born, if not to set right the times, which are out of joint, at least to read to the world the high and often terrible lesson of the ages. But it vulgarizes his work when he is seen, tooth and nail, in violent personal conflict with foemen unworthy of his steel, embalming in poetry the trivial or the uncompleted incidents of contemporary warfare. It becomes almost ludicrous, indeed, when we find him pouring forth page after page of vehement and burning complaint in respect to the personal sufferings inflicted on himself, when we know that throughout his career Hugo never knew what the cold shock of failure was, and that, from the moment when Chateaubriand adopted him into the ranks of the poets as *l'enfant sublime* until the moment when all Paris conducted him to his last resting-place, no man has had a more enthusiastic following, or accomplished a more triumphant career.

Victor Hugo was a son of the Revolution. He was born as it were between the two camps, at a moment when France was the theatre of the greatest popular struggle in modern history, of a mother who was a Breton and a Legitimist, and a father who was a Republican general, an extraordinary combination. This does not seem, however, to have made, as we might think, family life impossible, for Madame Hugo and her children followed the drum, and, notwithstanding all differences of opinion, found it possible to keep together. He was educated, it would appear, under his mother's influence rather than that of the soldier-father, and did not, till his mind was quite mature, throw himself into the revolutionary opinions which afterwards influenced him so greatly. A Royalist in the Restoration period, an observant but not excited spectator of public affairs from 1830 to 1848—it was not till the *coup d'état* and the beginning of the reign of the third Napoleon that he was seized with the passion of political life. That great betrayal seems to have stung him to a frenzied resistance and put poison in his veins. His country was cheated and betrayed; the liberty for which she had made so many exertions, both heroic and fantastical, taken from her; and his own personal liberty and safety threatened. Victor Hugo's soul then burst into *feu et flamme*. He caught fire like a volcano long silent, a burning mountain that had simulated quiet unawares, and clothed itself with vineyards and villages. In the tranquil days, when Louis-Philippe plotted and pottered, and France lay dormant, amusing her restrained spirit with the outbreak of the romantic against the classical, and taking pleasure in the burst of genius which had arisen suddenly and unawares in her midst, the poet was so little dissatisfied with the *bourgeois régime* that he accepted the title of “pair de France.” Montalembert had received it some time

before. There must have been something soothing, not inharmonious to the poetical mind, in the slumbrous reign which gradually became intolerable to the commonalty and got itself into contempt with all the world. The young poets of the time were peaceful, not discontented. Full of energy as they were,* they took no part in the gathering storm: Hugo, a peer, tranquil in the superior Chamber; young De Musset a courtier of the Duke of Orleans, and hoping for the king's notice of his verses. The eruption was preparing, the subterranean fires alight; but the sons of genius took no notice. When the tremendous awakening came, it must, in the case of Hugo at least, have gained additional force from the long restraint. He was in the height of life, a man of forty-six, the leader of the Romantic school, which by that time had overcome opposition and won the freedom for which it contended, the author of "Hernani" and the other great plays which form one of his chief titles to fame, and of volumes of lyrics which had taken the very heart of the French people, and given a new development to the language. And it was also during this peaceful period that he had taken in another direction a first step of unexampled power and brilliancy in the romance of "Notre Dame." Even among men of acknowledged genius, few have done so much in a lifetime as Victor Hugo had done up to this break in his career. We are so accustomed to the attitude of demagogue which he took afterwards, to the violent revolutionary, the furious exile, the denunciatory prophet of the "Châtiments," that it is strange to realize that his later aspect was prefaced by a long, peaceful, and prosperous beginning. France has never seen a more magnificent band than that which surrounded him, and which has made the reign of the *Roi-bourgeois* illustrious in spite of itself; and it is curious to mark that these great intelligences did not object to their ruler nor to his ways, but lived like good citizens, with but an occasional fling at semi-sentimental politics. Hugo was the champion of abstract right in all the discussions in which he took part. He it was who proposed, among other things, that the Bonaparte family should be permitted to return to France. Perhaps had he here been less abstract and logical, and more moved by the laws of expediency, it might have been better both for France and for himself.

The plays which he produced in this time of prosperous calm and apparent peace are without question the most remarkable dramatic works of this century, and several of them will, we have no doubt, take their place permanently among the few of all ages and countries which the world will not willingly let die. They are all profoundly tragic, dark with that fate which smites at the moment when desire seems accomplished and the wished-for issue gained. *Hernani*, at the crisis of his happy love, when all clouds seem to have vanished; *Triboulet*, in the mad climax of his vengeance,

when he has tracked his enemy to the murderer's den, and left him without possibility of escape ; and Lucrezia Borgia, when she thinks she has saved the unfortunate young man who does not know that he is her son—each at the moment of fruition is struck by the inevitable, the blow which has been in 'reserve from the beginning, against which no precaution could have been of any service, which no foresight could have avoided. In the case of "Hernani," which is perhaps the most popular, as it is the most purely poetical, of the series, the catastrophe is less horrible, though not less tragic—the fatal cloud which descends upon the innocent being necessarily different in character and complication from that which overwhelms the guilty. Few effects that have ever been produced on the stage exceed in power and pathos that of Hernani's marriage-night, when the bridegroom and bride, in the delicious calm and silence, after all the fatigues and triumphs of the day, at last left to themselves in the bliss of perfect happiness and security, suddenly hear ascending from the soft darkness into which they have been gazing the sound of the fatal horn. The breaking in of this tragic note into the impassioned yet tranquil rapture of the lovers has in it a jar of sudden and terrible surprise which rends the heart. The unexpectedness of that which we have been expecting all along, which we knew was coming, has a pang in it which the calmest spectator can scarcely resist, and this although Hernani and his bride are but types of youthful love and fidelity, fair poetical creations, without identity of their own to awake in us a warm sympathy. Triboulet in his frenzy, in his very baseness, in the horror of the outrage to which he has been subjected, has a very different kind of power. Our abhorrence of him, our pity, the frightful force of the catastrophe, all together rise to a height of passion which is almost more than human nerves can bear. It was perhaps well that this terrible play was suppressed *par ordre*. Louis-Philippe, domestic and respectable, could have been affected but little, we may suppose, by the odium thrown upon Francis the First : but the spectacle was one which men in general could witness only with trembling. The wretched buffoon, stung to madness by insult and wrong, exulting over his supposed vengeance over the body of his enemy, and finding that it is his own child whom he has put into the hands of the murderer, is a sight too awful for the common eye. The tragedy of "Lear," if almost beyond the possibilities of representation, is within the noblest possibilities of art ; but that of "Triboulet" touches those limits of horror within which art should not go. His unworthiness, his meanness, his cruel indifference to the sufferings of others, all enhance the intensity of the passion. There is in it an acrid note of desperation, of pain, hoarse, hopeless, and boundless, which is more keen and piercing than anything that is possible to Shakespeare's larger greatness. We are elevated by the awful spectacle of human

anguish in one case ; we are stung and wounded in the other. It is not an exhibition of human nature at its climax ; it is a nightmare, a horrible vision which haunts us, which we cannot banish from our eyes.

" *Lucrece Borgia* " has in a less eminent degree the same effect, though the horror in her case has not that frightful mixture of the contemptible which adds so much to its intensity. She is the crowning instance of another favourite conception of Hugo's, that of a depraved and corrupt being with one possibility which still seems to bring it within reach of heaven ; one pure and disinterested love, which is at once its sole happiness and its most tremendous punishment. The courtesan, with whom this prodigy is always possible in French literature, who has been carried to the depths of sentimental vulgarity in the "*Dame aux Camelias*" and raised to such heights as are possible to her in "*Marion Delorme*," is in every way an insignificant figure in comparison with the tragic princess, the mother whose career of blood and shame has always been imperial, yet who keeps in her heart one stainless fountain of love for the child whom she has scarcely seen. The poet, exploring with his ruthless torch the deepest abysses of human nature, shows us the woman contriving with devilish skill the murder of the five youths who have insulted her while watching with impassioned tenderness over the safety of her son. No touch of pity moves her in the one case, not even the knowledge that they are his comrades, and beloved by him ; while in the other she is ready to sacrifice herself to save him the smallest pain. When she finds that Gennaro too is one of her victims, her despair is like that of Triboulet, yet has in it a more awful tragedy still ; for her son turns from her with disgust and horror, curses and kills her. The struggle between them, though terrible, breaks the horror of the catastrophe, and the play altogether abounds in picturesque scenes and strong situations. Perhaps the fact that it is thus better adapted for the ordinary uses of the theatre makes it more tolerable than the sombre drama which concentrates all its accumulated despair in the horror of the concluding scene. It is curious enough that both these dramas, so terrible on the stage, should have proved so effective in the hands of the musician. Perhaps the interposition of music, more or less veiling the intensity of the poetry, distracting the attention of the listeners to its own independent effects, is the best thing that can happen to tragedies so bitter and profound.

" *Ruy Blas* " is the only other of these dramas which it seems necessary to dwell upon. It is the most original in conception, the most important in dramatic power. Its rank as a poetical work is as high as that of "*Hernani*," but the construction is more remarkable, and it is here almost for the first time that the poet uses the highest gift of poetry, that of creation, and makes of his personages some-

hardly be doubted that the original intention of this sprinkling with water was to wash off the ghost who might be following from the house of death; and in general I think we may lay down the rule that wherever we find a so-called purification by fire or water from pollution contracted by contact with the dead, we may assume with much probability that the original intention was to place a physical barrier of fire or water between the living and the dead, and that the conceptions of pollution and purification are merely the fictions of a later age, invented to explain the purpose of a ceremony of from the seriousness of intrigue and passion such as Hugo had never attempted before. The gay and careless rogue, all ragged and penniless, who is ready for any adventure, who does not hesitate to take a purse or a man's life, but counts out his share of the windfall to his comrade, and rejects with a scorn that proves the value of his blue blood (a curious and evidently involuntary contradiction of the poet's democratic theories) the discreditable intrigue proposed to him, was a new figure on the French stage when Victor Hugo placed him there, and an altogether new departure in the poet's work. Don César de Bazan has all the life and originality of a new creation. He comes fresh from his maker's hands, an *étourdi* indeed, but something very different from Molière's young gallants—an impudent adventurer, yet a human being devised by an art which has learned the inefficacy of the simpler symbols, and that a remainder of manhood, a something higher than self-interest, an incapacity even to understand certain forms of evil, is necessary to the truth of the picture. The idea was first suggested in Saverny, the light-hearted victim of "Marion Delorme," though in that case the inroad made upon the canons of tragic art was far less important. The light-hearted reprobate who plunges into the midst of the sombre plot, chasing all sobriety, not to say solemnity, from the stage while he holds possession of it, and interrupting while he aids the development of the tragedy, is the final triumph of the new school over all the unities and established laws. Ruy Blas himself is an attempt, not so successful, to temper the heroic symbol with human weakness, just as the *vaurien* is tempered with unlooked-for honour and integrity. Victor Hugo fails in this, as Shakespeare himself would have failed. But Shakespeare never would have fallen into the mistake of involving his hero in a base and dishonourable bargain. Hither not even the passion which is reckless and hopeless can carry a man without such a forfeiture as disturbs and destroys our interest. Nobility of soul may be quite consistent with the position of a lackey, but not of a lackey who masquerades as a gentleman at his master's command in order to ruin his master's enemy, even when done with the intention of saving her, and under the compulsion of a great and hopeless passion. Had it been Hugo's

the East are liable, we know that the material cause not only exists in the body of the sufferer, but also in the wool by which he is infected. Cholera we believe to have a similar material and tangible cause, but no one as yet has been able to seize upon it. It has been sought for both diligently and skilfully, but it has hitherto eluded investigation. It will therefore be convenient to speak of it as the unknown entity *x*.

In the search after the *x* of cholera which now occupies so many minds, the method which the pathologist ought to follow—the only one he can follow with reasonable prospect of success—is that of spirit wronged by the inferiority of race, but an inferior humiliated in his stolen greatness, and remaining still a lackey in his soul.

While these plays were being written, and the mind of their author reaching its full development, the fountain of pure poetry, those outbursts of song which are often the most delightful and dear of all the utterances of the poet, were flowing forth, refreshing and fertilizing French literature, and giving a noble utterance to the new thought and rising energy of the times. His youth gave forth some uncertain notes, his fancy roaming from Bourbon to Bonaparte. But that his imagination should have been seized by the recollection of the great Napoleon is so natural, so inevitable, one would suppose, for every young Frenchman, and especially for the son of a Bonapartist general, that there would have been something lacking in him had he escaped that enthusiasm. Apart from these waves of national sentiment, and from the vague music of the "Orientales" and other such preludes and symphonies, there is poetry enough in the various volumes which followed each other at uncertain intervals to have fully furnished one man of genius with fame enough for what we call immortality. Hugo has enough and to spare for all subjects that occurred to him. A sunset, a landscape, a love song, alternate in his pages with a philosophical discussion or a brief and brilliant scene snatched from history, from contemporary life, from his own inner existence, all clothed in the noblest verse of which the French language is capable. His power over that language is boundless, the wealth of an utterance which never pauses for a word, which disregards all rules yet glorifies them, which is ready for every suggestion, and finds nothing too terrible, nothing too tender, for the tongue which, at his bidding, leaps into blazing eloquence, or rolls in clouds and thunder, or murmurs with the accent of a dove. Never had there been so great a gamut, a compass so extended. We may take one of the most remarkable of his lesser poems as a symbol of his poetry in general—of the width of range and splendid force of suggestion which associates the most unlikely subjects. It is that in which he sets before us the

gloomy king, musing of all his dark schemes, of the affairs of the world, of vengeance and fate, and the little princess in the garden holding her rose which half hides her innocent face, so that the tender looker-on can scarcely

“Distinguer de la fleur ce bel enfant qui joue
Et si l'on voit la rose, ou si l'on voit la joue.”

While the little one plays and habbles, the shadow of the man at the window of the palace, which looks like “la Mort, à moins que ce ne soit le Roi,” ponders, watching unconsciously the figure of the child. He is thinking of his Armada launched upon the sea, and its fate—she of her rose: when suddenly the evening breeze seizes the flower, and, catching its over-blown perfection, scatters the petals over the basin, raising a miniature storm.

“On croit voir dans un gouffre une flotte qui sombre
‘Madame’ dit la duègne avec sa face d’ombre
A la petite fille étonnée et rêvant
Tout sur terre appartient aux princes, hors le vent.”

Thus the flower and the fleet are scattered in one pregnant line, and the history which affects the world, the turn of fate which engulfs one nation and saves another, and the momentary dismay which clouds the baby’s eyes at the loss of its evanescent treasure, are all told.

It is impossible, or almost impossible, to convey through the medium of translation the melody and beauty of lyrical poetry from one language to another; it is even difficult for a foreigner to appreciate fully, though well acquainted with the language, that finer soul of verse which is dearest to the native ear. And we do not venture to attempt to explain and describe the indescribable. But yet there are many of Victor Hugo’s most striking poems which might be translated with at least an approximate success. For that in which he is perhaps at his best is the delineation of a sudden scene, an incident in which human nature is seen at its highest or lowest, a spark struck out of the darkness in which history leaves the mass of humankind. The calm soldier of “Après la Bataille” (it is his father, which adds a charm), who, after the wounded man on the lost field has taken advantage of his pause of mercy to shoot him, says to his attendant, “Donne-lui tout de même à boire;” the gendarme who is being led away to be shot when he encounters his child, full of dismay and wonder to see him thus accompanied, and who is permitted to go home with the boy to satisfy him, returning smiling to his death; the little Communard who before his execution asks and obtains leave to carry his watch to his mother, with many more that might be selected, are in themselves so penetrated and vibrating with the highest strain of feeling that in the rudest diction they would still be poetry. None of all these exceed in poignant sympathy and poetic insight the wonderful little poem of the “Crapaud,” the suf-

ferer in which is no more dignified a creature than a toad, and the hero, another patient animal, born son of suffering, the peasant's hard-working and poorly-fed ass. The story of the miserable toad, the "monstre, chétif, louche, impur, chassieux," seen in the clear and soft air of evening, the sky still rosy with sunset, all still and breathing peace around, is told with incomparable pity and tenderness. A priest with his book, passing slowly, sees the "hideuse bête," and crushes it with his heel. A woman, fair, and with a flower in her breast, blinds it with her parasol. A band of children, among whom was the poet ("j'étais enfant, j'étais petit, j'étais cruel"), fall upon and torture it. At the moment that they are about to conclude their cruel work, by letting a heavy stone drop on it, a cart comes up drawn by "un vieux âne éclopé, maigre et sourd."

"Les enfants entendent cette roue et ce pas
 Se tournèrent bruyants et virent la charette
 "Ne mets pas le pavé sur le crapaud. Arrête :
 Crièrent-ils. Vois-tu la voiture descend
 Et va passer dessus, c'est bien plus amusant,"
 Tous regardaient.
 Soudain avançant dans l'ornière
 Ou le monstre attendait sa torture dernière
 L'âne vit le crapaud et triste—hélas : penché
 Sur un plus triste—lourd, rompu, morne, écorché
 Il sembla le flairer, avec sa tête basse.
 Ce forçat, ce damné, ce patient, fit grâce
 Avec sa lassitude acceptant le combat
 Tirant le chariot et soulevant le bât
 Hagard, il détourna la roue inexorable
 Laisant derrière lui vivre ce misérable."

If there is something of the inevitable polemics in this heart-rending story, there is at the same time a tenderness ineffable, a pity which is divine.

It is not, however, upon his poetry, either in the form of drama, lyric, or narrative, that his fame out of France, or at least in England, is founded. There is no more usual deliverance of superficial criticism in this country than that which declares French poetry in general to be either nought—which is still a not uncommon notion—or at least not great enough to be worth the study which alone could make it comprehensible. There are many good people who dare to say this yet live, audacious, and unconscious of their folly. We have now, however, to consider Victor Hugo on a ground which no one ventures to dispute. The great Romances—for which we should like to invent another name—which we cannot call novels, and which are too majestic even for the title of romance, though that means something more than the corresponding word in English—are in their kind and period the greatest works produced in his time. We are glad that we are not called upon to make any comparison of the Frenchman with our own beloved romancer, the master of all fiction in England, the name most dear in literature. Scott's

noble, sober, temperate, and modest genius is in all things different from the tempestuous, fantastic, and splendid imagination—the nature fiery, violent, yet profound—of his successor in the field. That Hugo penetrates deeper, that the depths of that abyss of which he is so fond lie open before him, and that nothing in Scott gives the terrific impression which the dark and surging mass of vitality, misery, and crime lurking in the backgrounds of Paris both mediæval and actual, 'conveys to us, we readily admit. The principle of selection was stronger in Scott's days, as it is always strong in our sober atmosphere; and it is certain that he would not if he could have reproduced that seething mass of squalor and iniquity for any reward. But at all events there is no one but Scott with whom we can compare Victor Hugo—otherwise he is *hors concurrence* a greater than we know how to equal or classify.

"Notre Dame de Paris," with all its strange learning and wonderful panoramic effects, is not like the work of a young man, or a first essay in the art of fiction. Yet he was scarcely twenty-eight when it was written. It has nothing of the frank reality and open-air life of Scott. Its extreme elaboration and detail resemble more the work of Manzoni in the "Promessi Sposi," and it has evidently been the model, conscious or unconscious, of "Romola." George Eliot, who was not, so far as we are aware, a disciple of Hugo, bears more resemblance to him than any other writer of historical romance. Scott has no object but that of telling his manful delightful story of times which charm him by their picturesqueness, which have seized upon his imagination in all their glory of arms and adventure, and with that advantage of distance which makes the past the true land of romance. Manzoni has no story to tell, nor spontaneous impulse like that of our great romancist, but the distinct and carefully worked out purpose of elucidating the Middle Ages in Italy, and laying before us the conditions of life in that departed condition of affairs. Victor Hugo adds something to both. He has his tale to tell, but the tale is a parable—he has his revelation to make, his old world to light up with a lurid illumination, which does not diffuse itself over the landscape, but lights up here and there with miraculous Rembrandt effects against the background of a world of shadows. With him there is meaning in everything, and the common struggle and conflict of humanity at large with the forces that oppress and enslave is never lost sight of, even when his principal object is to trace out some individual struggle against those awful powers of fate which have been the subject of so many dramas, and have affected the imagination of so many poets. George Eliot, too, has a moral object like Hugo, but the endeavour she makes after daylight and atmosphere, in itself a greater aim, is less perfectly carried out. She gives us the idea of being tremulously anxious about this, about the truth of fact in every detail, while he, in the exuberance

of his genius, treats all surrounding circumstances with a careless, almost contemptuous, mastery, flooding a strong light upon them here and there as it pleases him, not taking the trouble to think of accuracy. Manzoni is not anxious, but very careful, pedantic, determined to be, and fully assured, that he is right. Scott is by far the simplest as he is the first—the example and leader of all. He takes his art more easily than any of his successors, with an air of exercising it for his pleasure, which none of them have: yet we doubt if any historical portrait among them has ever produced more impression than that of Louis XI., or given the world a completer conception of the strange mixture of devotion and dishonesty, cruelty, cunning and fraud, which was possible in the ages of faith.

Victor Hugo makes no historical portraits. The group of beings round whose hapless feet he draws the coils of fate are all offsprings of his fancy. The dancing girl of the streets, an image most probably borrowed from the "*Precioza*" of Cervantes—if among such sovereigns of poetic inspiration there could ever be any question of borrowing—the frightful spectre of the priest, the deformed and formidable monster Quasimodo, with his hideous body and faithful soul, all linked together in fatal fortuitous combination, belong to the imagination alone. The *beau capitaine* has a certain footing on the solid earth, and is, indeed, a remorseless picture of the young libertine, handsome and heartless and beloved, with whom fiction is but too familiar. But all these figures are primitive, in the elementary stage of existence; they have no defence of character, of individual life or thought against the constraining force of the fatality which grasps them, and which they cannot escape. Even the girl, who is the image of purity and innocence amid all those sombre and terrible scenes, is pure only till temptation really touches her, and has in herself no protest against sin, but only against that to which she has no inclination. The priest in his vile soul has no pretence of a higher feeling. The passion that rages in him has no right to be called love; it is the basest and most gross of animal desires. Only Quasimodo, the monster, knows what the word means, and the bitter and poignant contrast between the soul which is in him alone of all his surroundings, and the miserable body in which it is concealed, adds to the terrible story that same shrill tone of anguish which rings through the passion of Triboulet. He is but half human, yet he only has any link with the divine. He is like the toad of the poem, but more horrible than the toad, as having all the consciousness and all the power of suffering of a man. The tragedy is completed by the almost equally terrible figure of the recluse in her cell, whose delirium of maternal love aids the catastrophe and helps to betray to cruel death the child whom she has spent half her miserable life in mourning. She is brought in to heighten the horror, and she adds to the main subject a new

suggestion which the author has not paused to work out; but without her the climax of misery would have been incomplete, as beyond her nothing can go.

According to his own explanation, it is the struggle of human nature with superstition which Victor Hugo has set himself to demonstrate in this book. But it is much more. Superstition is the feeblest of the forces in it. The condemnation of the hapless girl as a sorceress is little more than the framework of the drama. The sudden commotion of the fierce yet easily diverted crowd, the merciless apparition of Tristan L'Hermite and his soldiers, and the various scenes about the gibbet give but a superficial support to this theory. The picture is really more dark and fatal, less temporary and chronological. With greater reason it might be said that the *motif* of the sombre strain is that which plays so little part in ancient tragedy, but which is so great an actor in the modern. Love, so-called—the foolish mistaken passion of the unfortunate girl, the horrible love of the priest—one founded on nothing, on a freak of youthful fancy; the other revolting and brutal; yet both of the nature of that which links the world together; both in their essence meaning happiness, working destruction. Had she not caught the sombre eye of Claude Frollo, the gipsy dancer might have played her harmless magic without danger; had she not heard the voice of Phœbus in her mother's cell, she might have escaped at the end; while, to carry the complication further, it is the mother's frenzied love and misery which makes her the priest's accomplice and secures the victim. The drama is, in fact, deeper and of far wider significance than the author claims for it. It is the errings and mistakes of the half-enlightened human creature, "moving about in worlds not realized," stumbling into paths discovered too late to be fatal, half seeing, not understanding, till time brings the terrible explanation. Superstition has not much more to do with it than has the grand shadow under which all is enacted: that magnificent Notre Dame which it is scarcely possible to think of, standing there, the central figure in the scene, as an inanimate thing.

This was Victor Hugo's *coup d'essai* in fiction, and it stands by itself a work, so far as we know, without parallel—a piece of mediæval life and of universal tragedy, vivid, terrible, appalling. To think that Quentin Durward, fresh and simple, was just then walking into that lurid Paris, with its gloomy tumult and horror, to him a glorious daylight city, full of wonder and delight! The honest, open record may no doubt suffer in some points as compared with the other, in which the intensity of the effects suggest a constant flicker of torch-light and all the fantastic shadows and illuminations of night, rather than any shining of the sun. But Claude Frollo and Quasimodo, and even Esmeralda, are all spectres that vanish in the distance, wild semblances that breathe of fever and fancy; while the manly

Scotland the solid figures about him stand fast as men and friends. Human nature with the one is ever cordial and honest and kind, which, all miseries notwithstanding, is its ordinary strain; but with the other it is dark, hapless, tragic—a thing of misery struggling among blind and terrible forms, uncomprehended or unknown.

There is no tenderness in "Notre Dame." Love itself is a delirium, and pity is so qualified with horror that there is no softness in it. But when we come to the "Misérables," all is pity and tenderness, and a compassion which melts the heart. To turn from Claude Frollo, and find ourselves suddenly in the presence of Bishop Myriel, is a change for which we can find no words. In the gloomy world, wherein the dark priest of Notre Dame represents religion, there is no repentance or power of betterment, nor healing touch of sympathy, but only fierce remorse and execration and terror. But when the great romancist begins his second chapter of human history and fate, the altered atmosphere makes itself felt in a moment. The dark veil is lifted; the horror clears away; the visible soul of goodness, even in things evil, comes tremulously to light through the tears of a charity which weeps but does not condemn. Bishop Myriel is impossible, it is common to hear, especially from those to whom the ideal of the saintly celibate—one noble image still existing in the Church of Rome—is unknown. A bishop who has his family to provide for could not indulge in the kind of luxury Victor Hugo allows him; but the gentle old man, with his old sister, with no earthly care save for his flock, has other possibilities; and his introduction, after the tumults and gloom of the earlier tale, is like that sound "as of a hidden brook in the leafy month of June," which the poet brings in with sudden surprise of sweetness and relief after the mystic terrors of his vision. Bishop Myriel strikes the keynote of the wonderful tale. The convict in his hopeless and brutal misery, with every door shut against him, the unfortunate Fantine, falling from degradation to degradation, are enveloped in the new atmosphere of that tender, luminous regard. When Jean Valjean is running all the risks of the sensational drama in his hairbreadth escapes from the law as represented by Javert, our interest is indeed kept at full strain, and the innumerable escapes are managed with so much art that we follow them with unfailing excitement, and scarcely feel the strain of the repetition. But all this is on a much lower level of art than the extraordinary scenes of the opening in which is effected that wonderful operation which in religion is called conversion, the turning of a human soul from good to evil. The powerful picture of the *forçat*, the *galérien*, stupid with misery rather than crime, yet with the instincts of an outlaw, and drawn by some miserable current of impulse which he cannot resist, yet which is not really his, into new, almost involuntary offence, is one which it is impossible to forget. When he steals the *quarante-sous* of poor

little Petit-Gervais, the tragical effect is supreme. It is a miserable, cowardly crime, at which the heart revolts; but as we watch it, looking into the convict's dim and frozen mind, and see the confused soul awakening, the stupefied intelligence rousing, the crushed humanity that breaks its bonds and comes to sudden, miserable life, there could be no more grand and solemn spectacle. Once more the poet does himself wrong in the formula upon which he supposes himself to build his work. All the after-struggle is secondary to the great event of the beginning, which is the salvation of Jean Valjean, not from the law or the prejudices of society, but from the power of evil. Javert is an accident, though a striking one: the real matter is much higher; it is the work of Bishop Myriel, not of the penal code. It is the redemption of a soul; it is the struggle, first of the dominant sin with the dim risings of a better life, and then of good with evil—the everlasting struggle in which, either by defeat or victory, in death or life, the heavenly principle wins the battle at the end.

The “*Misérables*” is the story of this struggle in the soul and life of the rescued criminal, but it is also the story of the world that lies behind and around him. Again, that swarming, tumultuous Paris, with its suffering multitudes, its chaos of discordant elements, and the great stream of life that carries on all those contradictions and anomalies. No city was ever so overflowing with the sound of a multitude; every roof hides a little secondary conflict; everywhere there are the tokens of the struggle, not with the law only and its rigid rules, but of the nobler with the baser, of mercy with judgment: The horrible *taudis* of the Thénardiens, from which it seems impossible that any good should come, yields to France and the world the little figure, heroic, pathetic, the little demon-angel, the *gamin* Gavroche. The author pauses to make a hundred digressions, preaches, misrepresents, rhapsodizes, intoxicates himself with his supposed theme, then comes back, and with the clear smiling in his eye which implies a tear, takes us into the entrails of the elephant with the *deux mômtes* and their little angel guardian. Though he loves the Rembrandt effects, the flash of a torch into the darkness, these pictures are all done in light. The little Cosette, standing breathless in contemplation of the doll in the shop-window, *la dame*, which appears to her like an inhabitant of the skies, the poor little Cinderella of the *auberge*, squalid, hungry, hopeless, yet with the whole morning world behind her to retire into, the dream-refuge of the child, forms a pendant in some sort to Gavroche, though she is not so original. Whenever Victor Hugo comes within reach of a child, his heart expands, his style softens, his genius exhausts itself in tender amplification of the theme he loves. And amid all the crowds and sufferings of the “*Misérables*,” he finds room for an idyll of youthful love, unique among his works. His art does not deal with lovers. We might have thought but for Cosette and Marius that he had a certain

scorn of that easy *motif*, the subject of every common story-teller. Here, however, he finds it in his way and uses it with all the felicity of one to whom it is the first subject in life. Nothing is omitted in this wonderful book. If its chief subject is in the depths, it rises also to the serenest heights of imagination. It is the epic of the miserable; but since that great change which in the late twilight, among the wild freedom of the open moors, we saw taking place in the soul of the miserable convict, it becomes also the romance of the happy. For that is the turning-point—not Javert and his needless pursuit, but the fact that Jean Valjean becomes the père Madeleine—the repentant, the sorrowful who has obtained mercy. There are many indications of vice, such as were indispensable to the subject; and there are also, as unfortunately in all Victor Hugo's works, much wild talk and rhapsodies which to the innocent may sound like blasphemy. But withal, the "*Misérables*" is the greatest of religious romances: a noble, modern, nineteenth-century legend of the saints.

The "*Travailleurs de la Mer*" is more strictly and formally true to the author's declared purpose. It is the struggle of Man with the forces of Nature in a clearer sense than the "*Misérables*" represents the struggle with Society. The fantastic character of that conflict, and of the devilish being with which it is made, is within the privileges of art, though not perhaps according to the laws of probability. To represent Gilliat as riding the whirlwind and directing the storm in the ways of science by engineering or electricity, or any of those modern fabulous methods which would have appeared more unlikely than any diabolical monster to our forefathers, would have involved greater difficulties than the fight with the pieuvre, and would have been less picturesque. The concentration of the struggle with brute force, and the hideous, unreasoning will which seems to confront man in his attempts to subjugate the earth, and resist him to the death, in a malignant creature, is in this point of view quite justifiable. But here again the subject widens, and the larger atmosphere of humanity comes in. Gilliat's death-struggle is not with the pieuvre, nor with the winds and seas, over which the resources and expedients of humanity (in his case naturally strained to extravagance) are always victorious in the end; but with a thing much slighter and much greater—a trifling thing, not worth counting in the history of the race—yet not to be overcome by those forces which can move mountains, or touched by the lever even which could upset the earth. It is the heart of another human creature, the foolish impulse of another's inclination, which is the object, unconquerable by any giant, and against which, with all his strength and patience and boundless resource, this conqueror of the seas is brought to shipwreck and destruction. What need to speak of the struggle with Nature when here, at the

end, stands that against which no struggle is effectual—once more the everlasting human mistake which lies at the bottom of so much misery, and which no force known to man has yet been able to master? While Gilliat goes on with the endless assaults and defences of his warfare the spectator is aware all the time that his victory will avail him nothing; that, so far as his object goes, it is but a kind of solemn farce, a labour in vain. Thus, once more, creative genius bursts its own bonds, and finds itself in front of a problem older, greater, than those easy enigmas that time, or work, or blood, or life, can solve. A man can conquer the world if he is strong enough, if he has time enough, if his determination is equal to his task; but though he should have the power of Hercules, and be able to overcome every adversary, even Death himself; though he should remove mountains and understand all mysteries, yet what is he in face of another human spirit whose will and meaning is contrary to his? His strength avails him nothing in that encounter, nor his worth, nor the fact that his new opponent is slighter, weaker, not worthy to be named in the same breath with him, the victor of all things, but the vanquished in this. Gilliat dies, defeated, but not by Nature, just as Esmeralda dies betrayed, but not by superstition; the fate that draws these victims to their doom is greater. It is the confusion of human hearts and impulses, the darkling ways by which we grope and stumble against each other in the twilight of our perceptions, without knowing what any step may bring us; without power to move the other, who, in the hermitage of his own personality, stands resistant—his will, his inclination, his thoughts, all beyond us, not subject to us, though we were the greatest and he the smallest of mankind!

Thus the battle which can, and that which cannot be won, display themselves before us—the battle with the seas and that which is therein, how full of excitement, of passion, of energy, and hope! Nothing in it, even at its hardest, to appal the soul of the man who is above all the sombre forces brought against him, who is aware that he must conquer them at the last, and whose spirit scorns the wounds and discouragements which by times bring his physical part to the eve of disaster. But before that adversary he is indomitable; a moment's rest, and he is up again, with ever a new expedient, an improvised weapon, a restored hope; the earth and the seas are his natural subjects even when in full rebellion. But once in face of the other adversary, his high front bows, the arms fall out of his hand: there is no prevision of victory, no faith in his resources, no hope in anything that can be done; he is defeated without power even to strike a blow.

This romance of the seas was a fit tribute of the poet to the island that gave him shelter. Its salt breezes, its dashing spray, its bristling rocks, the atmosphere of health and hardy vigour, the open

air and shining day are as strong and fresh in it as in its scene. His former works were full of night effects, strong contrasts of light and shade: but here the sky and horizon have all the largeness, the breadth and space which belong to the sea. The scene is larger, but it is less peopled, the actors in the drama are few, for a great part of the work Gilliat alone holds by himself the human side of the struggle, and all the uncertainty of incident and surroundings, which in the former works were so endless and varied, are here entirely laid aside. It is an epic rather than a tragedy, yet the most tragic epic: the story of our life.

It is curious to turn from the work to the workman at this period of his career. Victor Hugo himself on his rock in the midst of the ocean does not show the dignity of his silent hero. His own account of himself is not dignified. He was in the full force of that frenzy against Napoleon (*le petit*) which made him foam at the mouth, and in the Gallic rage which permits itself fuller utterance than among our reticent race, stamped and raved upon his little promontory among the seas, so that all the world could hear. The passion of the "Châtiments" sometimes reaches a certain sublimity of vituperation. It is too grand for its subject, or for any such subject, the cry of a prophet, half demoniac, half inspired from heaven. It would be well that we should have no other record of the life at Jersey and Guernsey. His real position was somewhat strained, with something of the theatrical in it. No doubt he appeared respectably *en bourgeois*, clad like other sane persons: but to see him as he exhibits himself in the *Actes et Paroles*, one would say a patriot pirate chief, a sort of Conrad with pistols in his belt and a red flag in his hand. He defied England which gave him shelter, sent a fiery proclamation to be posted on the walls of Dover when the Emperor paid his famous visit to the Queen, addressed a violent *sommation* (not at all *respectueuse*) to Lord Palmerston, and did his best to work up the islanders to something like insurrection in order to save a brutal murderer from the hangman. But these are weaknesses which may be forgotten. The third Napoleon has gained from his misfortunes a certain right, he too, as well as the murderers, to be judged with mercy. But perhaps it was not from the man who had glorified the first Napoleon, who had proposed the re-entry of the family into France, and who had seen the freedom he dreamt of crushed in a moment, and suffered in his own person exile and downfall in consequence, to do justice to what good was in the fallen Emperor. We wish that the poet had not foamed and raved for his own sake, not for Napoleon's; but that is all.

We may permit ourselves to take the privilege of selection, and omit the next of his works, the "Homme qui Rit." The book is an embodiment of all that is offensive in Hugo—extravagance, false taste, false rhetoric, and a choice of the painful, the horrible, and

the grotesque, which in itself is a vice. He was weary of exile, of sorrow, of long waiting for the good to come, when he had this nightmare. His next great work of fiction was produced under happier auspices. It was intended to have been followed by two others, in which the story of the Revolution should have been repeated and summed up; but this intention was never carried out. 'As a matter of fact, a sequel to the portion of the work already before us would be little possible, since two of the chief personages, and these the typical leaders of the Revolution, had demonstrated the poetical impossibility of their undertaking by their tragic end.

In "Quatre-vingt-treize" we come back from the stillness of the island, the concentration of life within the surroundings of the seas, once more to the crowds and heat and conflict of tumultuous existence, into the bitter misery of civil war, and that desperate struggle for mastery which had not yet found a solution in Bonaparte. No scene in Victor Hugo's works is more characteristic than the scene in the ship with the cannon which has broken loose. The blind and fatal thing, simulating the struggles of a creature that has life and some sort of intelligence, is such a symbol as is dear to him. It is like the pieuvre, it is like Javert, an irresponsible instrument of evil; malign, yet innocent; striving to murder, yet without guilt. Its bounds and plunges are so many details in his parable—the man who stands with his life in his hands opposed to that threatening, redoubtable, lifeless monster, is man incarnate against the powers of destiny. Whether the strife was a possible one or not, it is hard for us in these advanced days to tell; he does not care—the struggle itself is his favourite parable. In the history which follows we are brought face to face with the men of the Revolution in types too strongly characterized for mere human individuality, yet more fit for the purpose they are to serve than were they less symbolical. The first, the greatest, is the Seigneur of the old *régime*, the representative of a system which is over, one of those who have pushed France into the abyss, and made the Revolution which destroys. He is the type of everything the author abhors in politics, but in art he vanquishes his author, and asserts his haughty hereditary qualities above all *roturiers* and pretenders; a man perfectly brave, fearless, remorseless, caring nothing for life or happiness which comes in his way, considering himself and his cause, or himself if there were no cause, as the object for which the world exists, and the dependants round him as created for his service, to labour, suffer, or die—what matter—according as his necessities require. He is the type of all the despotisms, the man of divine right, with a profound contempt for the people and all their claims. To Victor Hugo as a man no figure could have been more repulsive, but to the great artist Lantenac is irresistible. He subdues and overcomes the genius which has given him birth.

Gauvain, on the other side, the young commander of the Republican forces, is the poet's ideal. He is the favourite of all visionary souls, the emblem of generous youth, rendered desperate by the vices of the past, laying vehement hold upon the Revolution, which is to him a new gospel, the salvation of the poor, the destroyer of cruelty and injustice. But this young and generous idealist is already chilled at the heart by contact with the fierce and horrible reality, with '93, the year of blood, with the guillotine and carnage of that fatal war between brothers which it is hard to receive as the beginning of the reign of fraternity. Young Gauvain is the enthusiast foredoomed, the hero for whom all our sympathies are concerned, yet whose strength we are conscious cannot stand against the shocks of fate around him. Cimourdain, the true revolutionary, the rigid theorist and logician, he whose intellectual obstinacy is equal to that of the aristocrat, who stands at nothing, who is capable of emulating the inhuman grandeur of Brutus, or approving the horrors of September, an ascetic yet a demagogue, with the stern ardour of the priest in the veins of the atheist, a combination which has produced and still produces the most hopeless of all combinations, the apostate-fanatic—is the third figure of this trio. Of the three, this is the man whom we should have expected to be placed the foremost in the great conflict; but here once more the poet betrays the politician. Cimourdain's rage has a shrill tone in it, his pose a theatrical exaggeration which is not in the attitude or voice of the calm though equally pitiless noble. When his pistol rings into the awful hush amid which the guillotine performs its work upon the guiltless and brave Gauvain, it shocks us like a *coup de théâtre*, a carpenter's artifice in the midst of a tragedy. It is a tiresome interruption, an impertinence rather than a solemnity. Lantacac disappearing into the night even at the cost of the young man's life, has still a tragic dignity. The delegate is a characteristic invention, a fictitious figure constructed upon certain evident principles, and no more.

This is a very curious result of the great democrat's work. He was an anti-clerical in all the meanings of the word—that is, from his youth up, an opponent of the Church, a rebel against its authority, without even the tradition in its favour which the almost conventional necessity of a devout mother forms in the minds of most Frenchmen. Victor Hugo was opposed not only to the great institution itself, but even to this sentimental influence, this bond of the imagination. The priest as priest had no attraction for him, but the reverse, and the work of the Church was odious, as the most powerful of inventions for cramping and binding the human intellect. Yet when he would set before us the most pure ideal, the incarnation of mercy and goodness, he finds it in a priest—a priest the most perfect of priests, celibate, ascetic, a combination of every circumstance which in polemics would most separate

him from the common sympathies of humanity, yet by very right of that separation the succourer and servant of humanity, the brother of all men. Bishop Myriel is more than the Christian, he is the Catholic ideal. Among ourselves he would be surrounded by children and human interests, and therefore would be impossible: but he is not impossible in the Church of Rome. He is there the dream, the visionary man, dear to the imagination, and conceivable to hope. But nowhere has this "Papa Angelico," this priest of priests, been so apprehended and realized as by the man who scorned all priest-hoods, who was no Catholic, nor even, in the theological sense of the word, a Christian, to whom the Church was the kingdom of the devil rather than the Kingdom of God. Strange touch of fate in the necessities of genius: he goes farther than this. It is he, Victor Hugo, who explains that fond and tender imagination, that painful superstition, that sublime folly—these are choice of terms in which to describe the monastic service of the Perpetual Adoration—as no advocate of monasticism has ever done. Here Montalembert himself has no place before the man who scoffed at him and all his ideas, yet who thus outdoes them every one. It has been left for the revolutionary iconoclast to reveal to the world in the convent, that last retreat of bigotry and superstition, an abode of purity and peace, an ineffable ministration of sacrifice and love towards men. Curious reversal of everything that was to be expected of all the natural issues of belief! And in the drama of the Revolution it is his enemy who comes out triumphant. The most heroic action is done by the old noble: his mien is the grandest in the face of death. He discourses on the eve of his execution with a royal calm, with words which are like those which Hugo himself employs when addressing the revolutionaries of science, in face of whom the poet finds himself like his hero, a conservative, a noble of that oldest *régime* of all in which men were made by God, and not evolved out of the brute, a grand Seigneur of humanity, declaring against the frog and the ape his higher claim.

We have spent so much time upon this remarkable and unlooked-for result that we have omitted to notice the charm of the sombre volumes of "Quatre-vingt-treize," which is also the charm of the poet's old age—the wonderful group of children which appears in the midst of all the fire and flame, the conflict of passions and elements. There is no chapter of the life of childhood in literature known to us which we could place beside the chapter entitled "Le Massacre de St. Barthélemy." The men outside may be types and symbols, the children live and breathe. The baby Georgette—who lifts her little finger and says "Poum" at the sound of the guns, to whom the summons of war is "musique," and the glow of the flame as it blazes up round their refuge "joli!"—is a creation so complete, so delicious, so much beyond anything we know, so infinitely modest, vivid,

and true, that words fail us in which to characterize this triumph of poetic love and insight. The little group altogether fills our eyes as we read with the moisture of delight, with something of that unspeakable tenderness, compassion, adoration, which is in the eyes of the writer. These little beings are in all the freshness of the inarticulate, creatures conceived, not described; fresh from the hand of God, not sullied by the touch of that reverent yet playful beholder, through whom we see the blossoming of their unconscious life. Their seriousness, their busy-ness, their tremendous discoveries, their absorption in the little world about them, and indifference to all that passes outside; the masculine energy of René-Jean and Gros-Alain; the finer dreamer, twenty months old, not yet sufficiently entered in life to give her full attention to it—form such a picture as neither poet nor painter had dreamed of. The atmosphere about them is half heaven, half morning—the little comedy of their existence is full of a pathos which is at once heartrending and delightful. Amid all the wonders of Hugo's genius, this is perhaps the most wonderful of all. And one of the latest of his publications, the delightful volume called "*L'Art d'être grandpère*," sounds like the prologue and epilogue, the echo and the origin of the story of the three children in the tower. The scenes in which Jeanne, like Georgette, *jase*, in the infant's lovely, undecipherable language to herself and heaven—in which she sleeps, a little image of happiness and purity—in which she is *au pain sec dans le cabinet noir*, or tottering, cooing like the doves in the wood, making a thousand sweet discoveries, followed by the luminous eyes, the heart full of bliss and tenderness, the greatest genius in France or perhaps existing in the world, embodied in the grandfather, who to these innocent creatures is half-god, half-man, their slave, their protector—are more exquisite than anything we can compare with them. This was in the year when he had been renewing the recollections of his most stormy days. He had written with vengeful pen of iron, cutting into his adversaries and meaning it—no mercy in him—the "*Histoire d'un Crime*."

But we love him better setting out upon his morning walk as if nothing but the morning and the peace of a new-awakened world was in his knowledge or in his heart.

"Moi qu'un petit enfant rend tout-à-fait stupide
J'en ai deux : George et Jeanne : et je prend l'un pour guide
Et l'autre pour lumière, et j'accours à leur voix.
Vu que George a deux ans, et que Jeanne a dix mois
Leur essais d'exister sont divinement gauches :
On croit dans leur parole ou tremblent des ébauches
Voir un reste de ciel que si dissipe et fuit :
Et moi que suis le soir, et moi que suis la nuit
Moi dont le destin pâle et froid se décolore
J'ai l'attendrissement de dire : Ils sont l'aurore,
Leur dialogue obscure m'ouvre des horizons :
Ils s'entendent entr'eux, se donnent leur raisons.

Jugez comme cela disperse mes pensées
 En moi, désirs, projets, les choses insensées,
 Les choses sages ; tout à leur tendre lueur
 Tombe et je ne suis plus qu'un bonhomme rêveur.
 Je ne sens plus la trouble et secrète secousse
 Du mal qui nous attire, et du sort qui nous pousse.
 Les enfants chancelants sont nos meilleurs appuis.
 Je les regard, et puis je les écoute, et puis
 Je suis bon, et mon cœur s'apaise en leur présence
 J'accept les conseils sacrés de l'innocence.
 Je pas toute ma vie ainsi : je n'ai jamais
 Rien connus, dans les deuils comme sur les sommets
 De plus doux qui l'oubli qui nous envahit l'âme
 Devant les êtres purs d'où monte une humble flamme
 Je contemple en nos temps souvent noirs et ternis
 Ce point du jour qui sort de berceaux et des nids.

Ces mots mystérieux que Jeanne dit à George
 C'est l'idyll du cygne avec le rouge-gorge
 Ce sont les questions que les abeilles font
 Et que le lys naïf pose au moineau profond.
 C'est ce dessous divin de la vaste harmonie
 Le chuchotement, l'ombre ineffable et bénie
 Jasant, balbutiant des bruits de vision
 Et peut être donnant une explication
 Car les petits enfants étaient hier encore
 Dans le ciel, et savaient ce que la terre ignore.
 O Jeanne ! O Georges, voix dont j'ai le cœur saisi
 Si les astres chantaient ils begaieraient ainsi
 Leur front tourné vers nous, nous éclaire et nous dore
 Oh ! d'où venez vous donc, inconnus qu'on adore ?
 Jeanne à l'air étonnée : Georges a les yeux hardis
 Ils trebuchant, encore ivres du paradis."

So speaks the grandfather, the old Homer of our days, upon the other edge of life. Why the altar should have been stripped, and the church desecrated to receive him who so spake and sang, who created Bishop Myriel, and made his great tragedy of the "Misérables" into the drama of a regenerated and Christian soul, who can tell? Here the fantastic element which distinguishes his nation—which runs through so many good and noble qualities, and emits from time to time a jarring and false note in the midst of the finest harmonies, an element which was strong in himself, and to some intelligences mars all his splendid labours, strikes out keen and shrill at the moment when it is least welcome. It was in him, therefore it is not inappropriate ; and we cannot complain. But though this false note is there, it may now be quenched for ever in the harmonies of the skies. It is vain to strip the altar ; the consecration endures for ever. His curses, which were uttered in the name of mercy, have already died away, as the curses of those whom he vituperated have died. At the end, in the long vista of the ages, the sentence of the poet is reversed, and it is the good that men do that lives after them. Let the evil be interred along with that shriek of fantastic outrage which belongs to it, with the bones which are him no more.

II.
TO VICTOR HUGO.

From the Italian of GIOSUÈ CARDUCCI.

WHERE the heights of the hilltops smile in the light of the
morning sun
Flows down from the fountains of heaven the epos of Homer, to run
Like a river peopled with swans through the verdure of Asian
land.
'Mid the roar of the thunder and flash of the lightning, with fate
and with fear
Overladen, at Æschylus' call stern tragedy's terrors appear,
As at night over Sicily's seas a volcano lurid and grand.

The ode Olympian of Pindar, an eagle triumphant, swings
With a broad and a solemn sweep the stately oars of his wings
As he soars in the blaze of the noon where the streets and the
cities give heed.

And amid these singers of old, O Victor, here in my room
There is set thy face, white-haired, and bowed in the sadness of doom,
The right hand propping the head, that head of a prophet indeed.

Art thou thinking of children or country? or the sorrows of all
mankind?

I know not: but when, O seer, in that fathomless grief of thy mind
I recall that heart and those eyes,

All my ancient griefs are forgotten, forgotten my fresh-felt pain,
 I remember only the years that were and that shall be again,
 And all that nor fades nor dies.

I have plucked by the Appian Way on a tomb of the unknown dead,
 As an emblem of worshipful love to wreath it about thy head,
 A branch of the glorious bay.

O poet, for thee is the triumph o'er force and the fates below !
 O poet, thou trodd'st with thy foot, with thy shining foot—and low
 Empire and emperor lay !

Who shall number the years of thy age? what thing is the like of
 thy day ?

Thou who of Gaul and of France art the soul immortal—the stay,
 As she clings to the might of thy heart to fly through the ages
 with thee.

For thy moan is the wail of the storms that beat on the Brittany dune,
 And thy dreams are the dreams of the plains in the light of the
 Normandy moon,

And thy ardour, the granite aflame with the sun of the far Pyrenees :

In thee is the health of Burgundian afield in the vintage time,
 And the genius of fair Provence—Greek harmony wedded with
 rhyme,—

And the passion of Gaul where the Marne and the Seine for its
 boundaries flow.

Thou hast glanced at the tent-roofed cars by the ruins of Ilium
 rolled ;*

And hast hearkened in Roncesvalles to the horn of Orlando the bold :
 Thou hast communed face unto face with Godfrey, Bayard, and
 Marceau.

Like an oak of the Druids of yore the work of thy destiny stands.
 There the white-robed priestesses cut with a golden knife in their hands
 The sacred mistletoe flower.

On the sun-litten branches are hung the shields of the warriors
 above,

And below the harps of the bards ; but the nightingale sings of love
 In the dark of the inmost bower.

* The site of Troy was occupied by a tribe of Gauls. Strabo, Bk. xiii.

The maidens dance in the shade in the whispering breezes of May,
 And the children gaze with their eyes wide open and blue as the day
 And the waves of their golden hair :
 As the shadows of evening thicken, the summit is lost in the gloom :
 And lo ! in the rush of the storm, with the bolt and the whirlwind
 of doom,
 The god, the avenger, is there ! *

O poet ! on high I have hoisted the tricolor over thy head,
 The flag that from Istrian plains, where Salvore's waters are fed,
 Trieste, ever faithful to Rome, hath sent for my keeping in charge ! †
 O poet ! the Brescian image of Victory faces thee here
 On the wall, and it ever seems asking, " What name, and what
 glorious year
 Shall I see on the shield of redemption, the shield of the ages,
 writ large ? "

The glories of state flit away like the graveyard's flickering light ;
 Like the shifting scenes of the stage fall asunder the empires of might ;
 But an angel proud and serene is thy verse as it marches and wings
 Its way, O godlike elder, and sings to the new generations
 The secular hymn of the people, the hymn of the Latin nations ;
 In the cars of the listening world, of Justice and Freedom it sings.

* " Les Châtiments."

† Italia Irredenta.

NOTE.—It is difficult for one who was present at the memorable scene of Victor Hugo's funeral, to refrain from some expression of the emotions stirred by that marvellous type of the nineteenth century. But that was not the time nor the atmosphere to conduce to a wise and sober estimate of the man and his work, even if I were competent to undertake it. I have thought it better to give, in a free English rendering, the tribute paid in 1881 to the greatest of modern French poets, then in his eightieth year, by the greatest of living Italian poets, Giosuè Carducci. This may serve the double purpose of a more sympathetic estimate of the dead and a recognition of the living genius, little known in England.

B. FOSSETT LOCK.

CATHOLICISM AND HISTORICAL CRITICISM.

THE criticism of the intellectual or speculative bases of any institution is criticism of the institution ; the reasons that are thought to justify its existence describe its character. As men conceive God, they conceive Religion, and as Religion is conceived, so is the Church. Cardinal Newman* has affirmed that the ultimate question between Catholicism and Protestantism is not one of history or individual doctrine, but of first principles. He is right, only his principle, whether the Church be or be not a continuous miracle, is not primary enough. A miracle by becoming continuous ceases to be miraculous ; a supernatural which has descended into the bosom of the natural becomes part of its order, and must be handled like the other forces and phenomena of history. Below the question as to the Church lies this other and deeper—What is God ? and what His relations to man and man's to Him ? or, How are we to conceive God, and how represent His rule and redemption of man ? It is this radical issue which gives living interest to ancient controversies, lifting them from the noisy field of ecclesiastical polemics to the serener heights of spiritual and speculative thought.

Now, if the idea of God be conceived as the idea really determinative of our religious controversies, it is evident that the discussion in the previous paper as to its genesis and proofs must be incomplete until supplemented by a discussion as to its expression or realization in history. These are parts of a whole, and so absolute is the need of harmony between the parts that we may say this : to determine the idea of God is to fix the standpoint from which history is to be studied and interpreted, while in the interpretation of history we are but explicating and testing our conception of God. If the idea of God in theology be mean, the idea of His action in history cannot

* " Present Position of Catholics in England," lect. vii.

be noble, while, conversely, an adequate notion of His method and movement in history demands a correspondent notion of His character and ends. If we conceive Him as in the same sense and degree the Father and Sovereign of every man, willing good to each, evil to none, equal in His love and care for all, impartial and universal as law, while personal and particular as mercy, then we cannot allow either Him or His truth to be so the possession of a given society that its history is the history of His revelation, purposes, and ways. But if we believe that He has committed His truth, imparted His spirit and redemptive agencies to a peculiar and pre-eminent Church, then we shall regard its history as the history of His special action or providence, all without it being judged by and through it as if it were His visible and articulate sovereignty. Now this, in the very degree that it gives an exalted idea of the Church, represents a mean idea of God, an historical institution is ennobled, but the immensest and most august of human beliefs is narrowed and depraved. In a true sense, therefore, we explicate our theistic idea when we attempt to explain not the mere phenomena of Nature, but the immense and complex procession of forces, persons, institutions, and events which we call the history of man. Our philosophy of history is but our conception of God evolved and articulated.

I.

1. This fundamental principle determines the point at which our discussion must be resumed—the Idea of Religion. This idea stands, as it were, intermediate between the ideas of God and the Church, and their mutual relations may be thus described:—Religion is the realization, in the regions of thought, feeling, and action, of the idea of God, while the Church is the idea of Religion articulated or built into a social organism, whose life is lived on the field of history. What this means will be better understood by-and-by. Meanwhile we note, the three ideas must correspond in character and quality; the Religion ever is as the God is, and the Church as the Religion. The radical differences are those of the theistic idea; it is not the belief, but the conception, of God that most decisively differentiates men. That He is, most men believe; it is concerning what He is that they mainly differ.

In the sphere of thought their differences are expressed in the various theistic philosophies—dualistic, monistic, transcendental, immanent; but in Religion they are represented by the various churches and societies that embody distinct ideals of life and duty, authority and obedience, worship and conduct. Politics express fundamental beliefs—are, indeed, but those beliefs applied to the regulation of life and the organization of society. Men who are of one faith may not be of one Religion; they may have one name for the object

of worship, yet differ in their notion of the object, and to differ here is to differ radically and throughout. There is a conception of God that makes a great propitiatory and mediatorial Church a necessity, and there is a conception of Him that will not allow any such institution to stand between Him and man. The controversy between these antithetical notions is not of yesterday, but is as old as Religion, dating from the moment when men began to speak of and worship God. In all the ancient faiths the priestly Deity was one, and the Deity of spirit and thought another; they might agree in name, but they differed in nature and character. In Judaism the God of the priesthood loved the official sanctities, the temple, the altar, the sacrifice, the incense, the priest and his garments and bells and breastplate, the sabbath, the new moon, the feast, and the solemn assembly; but the God of prophecy loved the moral and spiritual sanctities, the living temple, the whole people constituted a priesthood unto Jehovah, the sacrifices of the broken spirit and the contrite heart, the law written within, the worship expressed in obedience, the obedience that consisted in doing justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly with God. In India the sacerdotal Deity was the ground and cause of caste, and the root of a religion without morality, while the attempt to transcend so mean a notion produced the philosophies, pantheistic and pessimistic, and provoked the negations which became Buddhism. In Greece the Religion of the temple and the priesthood knew no ethical Deity, and had no ethical spirit, lived by faith in myths and legends, by the practice of mediation, by processional and ceremonial observances, by the grace of the oracle which men consulted when they wished Nature helped by the supernatural; but the Deity of the Academy and the Porch was morally beautiful, true, and good, and their ideal of Religion was so ethical as to be offended and affronted by the myths and customs of the priestly order. Measured by the standard of this order, Sokrates was, because of his faith in a purer God, pronounced guilty and worthy of death; in presence of its moral perversions and impotences Plato was forced to plead for a purged mythology and a new and nobler priesthood, and the Stoic was driven to attempt to translate the ancient beliefs into the symbols of a hidden philosophy. And these are but typical cases, illustrating a conflict every historical Religion has known and the Christian could not escape. Within it, as within every other, two conceptions of Deity have had to contend for the mastery, but the contest did not begin with the sixteenth century, and will not end with the nineteenth. However much disguised as a question now in philosophy, now in polity, ecclesiastical or civil, here as a controversy of churches, there as a collision of peoples, yet the fundamental and determinative problem has ever remained one and the same—What is God? and what His relation to man and man's to Him?

2. The idea of God, then, determines the religious ideal, Religion being but the form in which the idea appears in the sphere of the real, and living, and related. And in Cardinal Newman the two so correspond as to reflect and, as it were, repeat each other. His religion is as his Theism is: both proceed from conscience and have their qualities determined by it. God appears as Judge, and Religion "is founded in one way or other on the sense of sin." * Hence, out of the sense of sin and the fear of the righteous and judicial God, whose absence or estrangement from the world so pierces the soul and bewilders the reason, come those mediations, priesthoods, sacrifices, theories of future and even eternal penalties, which are held to be the essential characteristics of all the Natural Religions. Now, this doctrine of Religion is as little true to history as we found the Theism to be true to reason and thought. It is characteristic of Dr. Newman that his favourite authority for the qualities and features of Natural Religion is Lucretius, which is very much as if one were to quote Voltaire's as our most veracious and trustworthy testimony touching the nature and action of Christianity. As a simple matter of fact, the Religion Lucretius so hated, and described as so hateful, was in the highest degree artificial—a product of many and even malign influences, of various and even hostile civilizations. There are cycles of faiths which have sacerdotal ideas and expiatory rites, and there are also cycles of faiths where they can hardly be said to be known; but even where most emphasized and observed they do not imply such a consciousness of guilt as Cardinal Newman imagines and describes. Indeed, if the history of Religions prove anything, it is that they are not "founded on the sense of sin," and do not regard God, primarily, as the impersonation of "retributive justice." It were truer to say that, as a rule (there are, of course, exceptions), the pre- and extra-Christian Religions are unmoral, and that the sense of sin is the direct creation of Christianity, including, of course, its historical forerunner. And the older or more natural the Religions the brighter they are, and the less darkened or oppressed by the consciousness of guilt. The Vedic deities are mainly deities of the light; there is nothing that so little troubles the Homeric gods as the austere duties of justice and judgment. But the inaccurate psychology of the Theism is here reflected in the inaccurate history. Since the reason was released from all duties, and the conscience made "the creative principle," the historical Religions had to be represented as the procession or projection of the conscience. This false view of Natural Religion is carried over into Revealed, to

* "Grammar of Assent," p. 392.

the consequent darkening and degradation of both. For Christianity is conceived to be "simply an addition to" the Religion of Nature, the ideas of the one being neither superseded nor contradicted, but recognized and incorporated by the other.* Thus as the natural was conceived to be, the spiritual is represented as being; those features and qualities that had been determined beforehand as essential to Religion are transferred bodily to Christianity, and it is interpreted through them and in their light. The idea is not deduced from the sources, but conveyed into them, with the result that the Religion they contain appears only as the exaggerated shadow of the writer's own ideal.

But the idea of Religion is only preliminary, the main matter is its historical realization. Out of many passages, we may select two to illustrate how Cardinal Newman makes the transition from Natural to Revealed Religion and thence to his doctrine of the Church, or simply to Christianity in history.

"Revelation begins where Natural Religion fails. The Religion of Nature is a mere inchoation, and needs a complement—it can have but one complement, and that very complement is Christianity."†

"Revelation consists in the manifestation of the Invisible Divine Power, or in the substitution of the Voice of a Lawgiver for the Voice of Conscience. The supremacy of conscience is the essence of Natural Religion; the supremacy of Apostle, or Pope, or Church, or Bishop, is the essence of Revealed; and when such external authority is taken away, the mind falls back upon that inward guide which it possessed even before Revelation was vouchsafed."‡

So reason, dismissed from Natural, has no place in Revealed Religion; authority reigns in both. Religion issues from it and ends in it; begins in the Divine authority speaking as an internal voice, terminates in the same authority externalized and made visible in an articulate Lawgiver. Conscience is the prophet and forerunner of the Church, which at once fulfils the prophecy and supersedes the prophet. But the creation of the individual conscience is an individualistic religion, which has its character only the more emphasized that it appears disguised as a Catholicism. The false philosophy makes the idea of Religion defective; the defective idea of Religion leads to the misinterpretation of both its nature and action in history. It is so interpreted that man's relation to God grows ever less personal and direct, ever more formal and mediated, and, as a consequence, the historical process must represent man as growing into, rather than out of, those symbols and sanctions and mediations which Lessing conceived to belong to the childhood rather than the manhood of the race. The authority of God, with its correlative in the dependence and obedience of man, is indeed the essence of Religion, but this authority, simply because God's, can never become

* "Grammar of Assent," p. 388.

† *Ibid.* p. 486.

‡ "Development of Christian Doctrine," c. ii. § 2, p. 124 (second edition).

external or be embodied in Pope, or Church, or Bishop; for the moment it were thus embodied it would be so limited and conditioned as to cease to be absolute; it would have to speak in the terms and work by the methods of a human institution rather than on the lines and in the ways of an infinite law. If true Religion be the worship of the Father in spirit and in truth, then it is this worship, and not submission to Pope or Church, that is the primary duty on true characteristic of the religious man. And the more filial the man the more perfect the worship; the purer he is in spirit the fuller he is of the truth.

3. The matter then stands thus:—There are three ideas, God, Religion, and the Church, and these are so related that the second and third may be regarded as progressive explications of the first. According to Cardinal Newman, conscience apprehends God as Judge; Religion is founded on man's consciousness and confession of offence against Him; and the Church at once embodies God's authority as Judge, and satisfies man's need of expiation. Unless God were so apprehended Religion could not be so defined, and unless God and Religion were so understood the Church could not be conceived as authoritative and mediatorial. The correspondence between the ideas of God and Religion has thus its counterpart and complement in the correspondence between the ideas of religion and the religious society, the elements held necessary to the one being represented and realized by the other. What the religious idea declares to be needful to the pleasing of God must exist in the society and be provided for by it; what is said to be of the essence of Religion must be possessed or affirmed by the Church.

Now, if this be true, one thing is evident: the narrower and more exclusive the religious idea, the easier it is to find a society that has realized it; but the fuller, the richer, and more comprehensive the idea, the less possible is it to find such a society. A magnificent ideal for a Church may be a mean ideal for a Religion; what makes a catholic institution splendid may cover a spiritual and universal faith with shame. The greater indeed ought never to be measured by the less; the less ought to be studied and valued through the greater. This means: the Church ought to be criticized and judged through the Religion, not the Religion through the Church. The Church is good in the degree that it articulates and realizes the vital elements in the Religion; bad in the degree that it fails to do so. I freely acknowledge the pre-eminence of Catholicism as an historical institution; here she is without a rival or a peer. If to be at once the most permanent and extensive, the most plastic and inflexible, ecclesiastical organization were the same thing as to be the most perfect embodiment and vehicle of Religion, then the claim of Catholicism were simply indisputable. The man in search of an

authoritative Church may not hesitate ; once let him assume that a visible and audible authority is of the essence of Religion, and he has no choice ; he must become, or get himself reckoned, a Catholic. The Roman Church assails his understanding with invincible logic, and appeals to his imagination with irresistible charms. Her sons say proudly to him : “ She alone is catholic, continuous, venerable, august, the very Church Christ founded and His Apostles instituted and organized. She possesses all the attributes and notes of catholicity—an unbroken apostolic succession, a constant tradition, an infallible Chair, unity, sanctity, truth, an inviolable priesthood, a holy sacrifice, and efficacious sacraments. The Protestant Churches are but of yesterday, without the authority, the truth, or the ministries that can reconcile man to God ; they are only a multitude of warring sects whose confused voices but protest their own insufficiency, whose impotence almost atones for their sin of schism by the way it sets off the might, the majesty, and the unity of Rome. In contrast, she stands where her Master placed her, on the rock, endowed with the prerogatives and powers He gave, and against her the gates of hell will not prevail. Supernatural grace is hers and miracle ; it watched over her cradle, has followed her in all her ways through all her centuries, and has not forsaken her even yet. She is not like Protestantism, a concession to the negative spirit, an unholy compromise with naturalism. Everything about her is positive and transcendent ; she is the bearer of Divine truth, the representative of the Divine order, the Supernatural living in the very heart and before the very face of the Natural. The saints, too, are hers, and the man she receives joins their communion, enjoys their goodly fellowship, feels their influence, participates in their merits and the blessings they distribute. Their earthly life made the past of the Church illustrious ; their heavenly activity binds the visible and invisible into unity, and lifts time into eternity. To honour the saints is to honour sanctity ; the Church which teaches man to love the holy helps him to love holiness. And the Fathers are hers ; their labours, sufferings, martyrdoms, were for her sake ; she treasures their words and their works ; her sons alone are able to say, ‘ Athanasius and Chrysostom, Cyprian and Augustine, Anselm and Bernard, Thomas Aquinas and Duns Scotus are ours, their wealth is our inheritance, at their feet we learn filial reverence and Divine wisdom.’ But rich as she is in persons, she is richer in truth, her worship is a glorious sacrament, her mysteries are a great deep. Hidden sanctities and meanings surround man ; the sacramental principle invests the simplest things, acts, and rites with an awful yet most blissful significance, turns all worship now into a Divine parable which speaks the deep things of God, now into a medium of His gracious and consolatory approach to men and man’s awed and

contrite, hopeful and prevailing, approach to Him. Symbols are deeper than words, speak when words become silent, gain where words lose in meaning, and so in hours of holiest worship the Church teaches by symbols truths language may not utter. And yet she knows better than any other how to use reasonable speech; the Fathers and doctors of theology have been hers. For every possible difficulty of the reason, or the heart, or the conscience, she has not one, but a thousand solutions. If men are gentle of heart, and do not like to think that all men without the Church must be lost, distinctions are made as to the body and soul of the Church, as to kinds and degrees of ignorance, softening stern doctrines into tenderness. If they have difficulties about Infallibility, whether due to papal sins and blunders in the past, or freedom in the present, or progress in the future, they can easily be obviated by methods of interpretation and known and noted constitutional limitations. In the Church alone has casuistry become a science so perfect as to have a law and a cure for every real or possible case of conscience; in her schools theology has become a completed science, which has systematized her body of truth, explicated her reason, justified her being and her claims. And so the Catholic Church is in a sense altogether her own, not only an ecclesiastical institution, but a Religion, a system able to guide the conscience, satisfy the heart, regulate the conduct, adjust and determine the relations of God and man."

Now this sublime and august Catholicism may well and easily be victorious in its appeal to the pious imagination; but it is one thing to be sublime and august as an institution, and quite another thing to be true and credible as a Religion. Our concern here is not with the appeal of Catholicism, but with its right to make it; not with its sufficiency for the men who grant its premisses, but with its relation to the Religion it professes to represent and realize, whether it be or be not equal to its complete and veracious representation, whether it do or do not possess energies equal to its realization in man and society. The Catholic Church did not create the Religion, but was created by it; and it is the function of historical criticism to discover and determine the methods and factors of the creative process. The questions involved are many and intricate, but they may be said to reduce themselves to two; first, the historical relations of the institution or Church and the Religion, and, secondly, the adequacy of the institution to the Religion and its purposes. The questions are indivisible, but distinct. If the institution be so related to the Religion as to be identical or interchangeable with it, the question of adequacy is, *ipso facto*, settled, though even then the adequacy of the Church to the work of a Religion will remain to be discussed. The one question concerns the genesis

of Catholicism, but the other its behaviour and action in history. The two combined relate to what may be termed the philosophy of Catholicism, but the former alone can determine whether this must be held identical with a philosophy of the Christian Religion.

II.

• The fundamental and decisive question is as to the relation of Catholicism to the Religion of Christ. The question is at once historical and comparative—historical in so far as the connection of the systems is concerned; comparative in so far as the one supplies the norm by which the other must be measured and criticized. The Religion of Christ must not be judged by Catholicism, but Catholicism by the Religion of Christ.

1. The differences between these are at once material and formal. Protestant writers have emphasized them, and Catholic theologians have proposed various theories in explanation. One of these has a brilliant representative in the book that marks the crisis in Dr. Newman's career.* In this earlier work the doctrines of the later works are implicit. Studied in their light, sentences that were enigmatical to its contemporary critics become strangely luminous. As in the "Apologia" and the "Grammar," a natural scepticism forms the basis and justification of a mechanical supernaturalism. Its thesis may be stated thus: to prove how, since reason or Nature has forsaken God and been forsaken of Him, a miraculous and infallible Church is a necessity to faith. The philosophical scepticism determines the definitions, gives point and force to the arguments, presents the real, though here unformulated, alternative, Atheism or Catholicity. "Corruption" is but a figurative name for the "infallible Protestant succession;" it is "that state of development which undoes its previous advances," "a process ending in dissolution of the body of thought and usage which was bound up as it were in one system," "the destruction of the norm or type."† Development is "the germination, growth, and perfection of some living, that is influential, truth, or apparent truth, in the minds of men during a sufficient period."‡ These definitions mean: outside Catholicism, corruption or tendency to Atheism; inside it, development, or a living body of truth, a real and expansive Religion.

* "An Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine," 1846 (second edition). The history of the theory of development in Roman Catholic apologetics is a very interesting one, and well illustrates the obligations of Catholic to what is called "non-Catholic" thought. I had meant to compare the French, German, and English forms of this theory, and show how these had been affected by the historical and philosophical speculations of their respective countries. De Maistre, Moehler, Goerres, and Newman are well-known names, but Gengler, Günther, though he and his school found small favour at Rome, and Staudenmaier no less deserve mention. The comparative neglect that seems to have fallen on a more remarkable man than any of these, Franz Baader, is not creditable to the Church that owned him.

† Pp. 62, 63.

‡ P. 37.

But the artificiality of the definitions, their unreality as historical doctrines, and their insufficiency for the argument, soon become apparent. For neither the fundamental principle nor the dogmatic purpose can allow growth to be any real or sufficient note of truth; an authority is needed to discover and ratify it. The only true growth is one supernaturally conducted and authenticated, and without the authentication its truth could not be known. And so infallibility must appear to guarantee the revelation, though, as infallibility can only be conceived as revelation in exercise, the function is rather curious than convincing. It is essentially a "provision" or expedient made necessary by the metaphysical doubt; God being lost from Nature and history, an artificial or mechanical, as distinguished from a supernatural, method has to be devised for bringing Him back. Dr. Newman holds "there can be no combination on the basis of truth without an organ of truth," but his organ is an organization, with the natural history, the *modi vivendi et operandi* proper to one. He does not say, "There are no eternal truths," but he does say, "There are none sufficiently commanding to be the basis of public union and action. The only general persuasive in matters of conduct is authority."* If Religion is to live, "there is absolute need of a spiritual supremacy," or "a supreme authority ruling and reconciling individual judgments by a Divine right and a recognized wisdom."† Metaphysical scepticism may seem a curious basis for belief in what has been called the most supernatural form of Christianity, but it is Dr. Newman's.

2. But we have had enough of the philosophical question; what now concerns us is the historical. How does this infallible Catholic Church stand related to the Religion of Jesus Christ? The reply is—the two are one; the Church is the Religion. Why, then, do they so differ? Why do we find so many things in Catholicism that we do not find in the Religion? The answer is—the differences are those of growth and logical evolution; they are notes and evidences of life, due to the continuous and divinely guided expansion of the organism that came into being nineteen centuries ago. The theory of development is thus "an hypothesis to account for a difficulty,"‡—the procession or evolution of Catholicism from what was in so many respects radically unlike it, primitive Christianity. But the theory was not simply a method of interpreting history; it was on the one hand an apology for Catholicism, and on the other, for the man who had been compelled to embrace it. The polemical purpose is a serious obstacle to scientific discussion. As Dr. Newman handles it, history is but dialectic, a method of establishing a dogma, or making good a thesis. No man could be less the ideal critic, or constructive historian, or be more deft in the use of historical

* P. 128.

† P. 127.

‡ P. 27.

material for controversial ends. As he conceived the matter, his "Development of Doctrine" ought to have been a philosophy, not only of Catholicism, but of Christianity. It is too completely without the critical and scientific spirit to be either. We grant the principle of development, but demand that it be philosophically stated and rigorously applied. To speak in the current phraseology, we must have the organism, but also the environment, and these must be studied and exhibited in their mutual intercourse and reciprocal action, the elements they respectively contribute to the result being carefully distinguished and appraised. The organism may modify the environment, but the environment may still more radically modify and even vary the organism. The degree and incidence of change is not to be settled beforehand by a series of purely *a priori* definitions and tests, like Dr. Newman's sacred seven,* but by actual observation of the process, analysis of its conditions, discovery of its factors, determination of the path and rate of movement.

The problem, then, is historical, and soluble only by the historical method. We must do two things—find the germ, the body or system of truth, in its primitive or least developed state, and then study the successive conditions under which it lived, their action on it, its action on them. It is simple, but they are complex and varied. It is a new Religion, but it lives surrounded by a multitude of ancient Religions, on the soil, within the atmosphere, under the light, amid the customs, memories, manners, associations they had created. It is a body of beliefs, but the beliefs are construed and formulated into doctrines in cities where philosophy had been studied, often by men who had been trained in the schools, or had felt the influence of Hellenic or Hellenistic, Latin or Oriental speculation. The thought of the most catholic Father bears on its face the image of his time, and the superscription of his place. Clement, Origen, and Athanasius are men of Alexandria, with problems that differ according to their differing ages, but as distinctively sons of their city as Philo, Ammonius, or Plotinus; they speak, as it were, in its idiom, and have their minds, methods of exegesis and argument, modes of thought and doctrinal apprehension saturated with its spirit. In the making of Augustine Plato has been as powerful as Paul, and, if the Kingdom of God suggested his ideal *civitas*, imperial Rome determined its form. Then the Religion could not act and extend without a polity; but as it grew on the soil of Judaism, lived in Greek cities and within the Roman Empire, first under its

* The "tests of true development" are: "the preservation of the idea;" "continuity of principles;" "power of assimilation;" "early anticipation;" "logical sequence;" "preservative additions;" "chronic continuance" (pp. 64 ff.). These are but so many principles of prejudgment. So independent is he of historical method that he does not condescend to any critical search after "the idea" that was to be preserved.

ban, then, in the very moment of its dissolution, in alliance with it, its political type varied : its base was Jewish, its middle stratum Greek, but its upper and final imperial and Roman. In its earliest form it might be described as a Religion making use of the simplest polity ; but in its later as a polity which had appropriated a Religion. For after the Church had lived among Jews, Greeks, and Romans, and, had affected, and been affected by, their respective faiths, philosophies, and polities, penetrated and modified as they all were by Oriental elements, it was no longer the simple and rudimentary structure known to the Apostles ; it had become a highly developed and skilfully articulated organism, capable not only of independent political life, but of imperial or sovereign action. And so when Roman Cæsar ceased to rule the West it became his substitute and successor. As such it met the newer peoples, was to them the representative at once of the new Religion and the old civilization, and so entered into conditions favourable to further developments, especially of the imperial order. The environment was thus ceaselessly changing, now from internal, now from external, now from concurrent causes, and its every change affected and varied the organism. Movement is complex, development is conditioned ; has its causes, but also its occasions ; its laws, but also its circumstances. The organism cannot be isolated from its environment, but must be studied in and through it. The mighty fabric of the Roman Church is a development ; no man will question it ; but the significance of the development for the system, for Religion, and for history must be determined, not by a series of arbitrary tests, but by the rigorous methods of historical analysis and criticism.

3. If, then, we follow the historical method, our first duty will be to find the primary form, the organism in its aboriginal state. Dr. Newman starts with an imaginary picture, marked by manifold inaccuracies, painted without the slightest reference to the sources or what in them is material. But the student of development must begin at the beginning—with the New Testament ideal of Religion. Tradition cannot be here trusted ; literature alone can. Tradition is uncertain, unfixed ; its tendency is to grow, to mingle early and late, to throw the emphasis on the most recent, to fuse in the heated crucible of the imagination the marvellous and the unreal with the actual and the real. But the written abides ; its words do not change, do not augment the history with fact or marvel, only become, as men grow critical, more luminous, veracious, graphic, able to set man, however distant in time, like an ear- and eye-witness, face to face with the things he reads. And here our literary sources are clear, credible, truthful. We know the first century as we do not know the second, or even the third. The founding of the Religion is a more legible page of history than the organization of the

Church; the earlier throws more light on the later period than the later on the earlier. Indeed, we may say the earlier history is written, as it were, in lines of living light. If, then, we are to follow the only method valid in historical science, we must begin with our oldest written sources; on every matter connected with the first or parent form, the real starting-point of the evolutionary process, their authority must be held final. This is no dogma of Protestantism, but a simple necessity of scientific method, which is here, too, the method of Nature and assured knowledge. Light lies on the threshold; it is only after we have crossed it that shadows begin to fall.

Now, what is the New Testament ideal of Religion? Its material or determinative conception is the doctrine of God. He appears primarily, not as a God of judgment or justice, but of mercy and grace, the Father of man, who needs not to be appeased, but is gracious, propitious, finds the Propitiator, provides the propitiation. His own Son is the one Sacrifice, Priest, and Mediator, appointed of God to achieve the reconciliation of man. Men are God's sons; filial love is their primary duty, fraternal love their common and equal obligation. Worship does not depend on sacred persons, places, or rites, but is a thing of spirit and truth. The best prayer is secret and personal; the man who best pleases God is not the scrupulous Pharisee, but the penitent publican. Measured by the standard of a sacerdotal Religion, Jesus was not a pious person; He spoke no word, did no act, that implied a priesthood for His people, He enforced no sacerdotal observance, instituted no sacerdotal order, promulgated no sacerdotal law, but simply required that His people should be perfect as their Father in heaven is perfect. And so what He founded was a society to realize His own ideal, a Kingdom of heaven, spiritual, internal, which came without observation; a realm where the will of God is law, and the law is love, and the citizens are the loving and the obedient. In its collective being it has a priestly character, but is without an official priesthood. It has *ῥητορες*, *προφῆται*, *ἐπίσκοποι*, *πρεσβύτεροι*, *ποιμένες*, *διδάσκαλοι*, *διάκονοι*, *εὐαγγελισταί*, but no *ἱερεῖς*—no man, or body of men, who bear the name, hold the place, exercise the functions, or fulfil the duties of the priest, or the priesthood, as they were known in ancient Religion. It has no temple, save the living man; no sacrifices, save those of the spirit and the life; no sensuous sanctities. Its Founder never called Himself a priest; stood to the priesthood of His land and time in radical antagonism; the writers who apply to Him the name High Priest, and describe His work as a sacrifice, carefully deny any similar name to any class of His people, and decline to attach any similar idea to any of their acts, or instruments of worship. And this may be said to represent on the negative side the absolutely new

and distinctive character of the Religion of Christ. It stood among the ancient faiths as a strange and extraordinary thing—a priestless Religion, without the symbols, sacrifices, ceremonies, officials, hitherto held, save by prophetic Hebraism, to be the religious all in all. And it so stood, because its God did not need to be propitiated, but was propitious, supplying the only Priest and Sacrifice equal to His honour and the sins and wants of man. In that hour God became a new being to man, and man knew himself to be more than a mere creature and subject—a son of the living God.

III.

Here, then, is the aboriginal germ—a Religion without a priesthood, or any provision for it, as such an exception among the Religions and an anomaly to men, laying its earliest professors open to the odious charge of Atheism.

1. Now, here is the first point for the philosophic historian:—How and whence came the idea and office of the priesthood into Christianity? Was it evolved from within, or incorporated from without? Was it a latent organ or capability legitimately evoked in the original, or was it a foreign or superadded element due to the conditions under which the organism lived? No sufficient discussion of these questions is possible here and now; enough to say, the sacerdotal idea has a perfectly distinct history of its own, the date of its first appearance in the Church can be fixed, its rise can be traced, its growth measured, its action on the substance and organization of Christianity analyzed and exhibited. In the second as in the first century it is unknown; but the tendencies creative of it are active. The apologists labour strenuously to explain how Christianity, though without the characteristic sacerdotalism, is yet a Religion. In the *Διδαχή* the prophet has displaced the priest.* Ignatius may have high episcopal, but he has no sacerdotal ideas, and of these his friend Polycarp is also free. To Justin Martyr, Christians were the true high-priestly race; they offer the sacrifices well-pleasing to God.† With Irenæus the sacerdotal dignity is the portion of the just, and the sanctified heart, the holy life, faith, obedience, righteousness, are the sacrifices God loves.‡ The choicest altar was the service of the needy; to minister to man was to sacrifice to God. There was no order possessed of the exclusive right to officiate in things sacred, exercising their functions by virtue of some inalienable grace. The layman might baptize or celebrate the Eucharist; there was “liberty of prophesying;” the individual society or church could exercise

* Chap. xiii. 3; cf. Clemens Rom. i. chapp. xl., xliii., xlv.

† Dial. chapp. cxiv.-cxvii.; cf. Apol. i. chapp. lxvi., lxvii.

‡ Adv. Om. Hæres. book iv. chapp. viii. 3, xvii. 4; bk. v. c. xxxiv. 3.

discipline, could even institute or depose its officers. But as the second century ended and the third opened, significant signs of change begin to appear. Tertullian in Africa speaks of the "Ordo sacerdotalis" and the "Sacerdotalia munera," and describes the bishop as "summus sacerdos" and "pontifex maximus."* Hippolytus in Italy claims for himself, as successor of the Apostles, the high-priesthood,† while Origen in Alexandria, though he holds to the universal priesthood and spiritual sacrifices,‡ also indicates the likeness of the new ministry to the ancient priests and Levites.§ By the middle of the century the hands of Cyprian have clothed the new clergy in the dignities of the old priesthood, and provided it with appropriate sacrificial functions and intercessory duties. The development was not complete, but it was begun. The ancient ideal died hard; reminiscences of it may be found in Augustine, in Leo the Great, even in Aquinas, nay in the very Catholicism of to-day, but they only help to illustrate the continuity of the evolutionary process and measure the vastness of the change.

Now, why was it that the sacerdotal element appeared so suddenly and grew so rapidly? What were the causes of its so sudden genesis and growth? In the Religion as instituted by Jesus Christ, taught and practised by His Apostles, received and observed by their disciples, it had no place, and so its rise could not be due to any process of logical and immanent evolution, of detached and self-regulated development. But what was not possible to the isolated was necessary to the conditioned organism. The Religion was new, but humanity was old, and, if the new lived within the bosom of the old, it was by a process of mutual assimilation, the new pervading and changing the old, but the old also penetrating and modifying the new. Men found it easier to adjust the Religion to themselves than themselves to the Religion. Their minds were not sheets of clean white paper on which its truths could be clearly written, but pages crowded with the records, habits, customs, beliefs, of immemorial yesterdays; and the lines of the new could not but often mingle and blend with those of the ancient writing. A Religion without a priesthood was what no man had known; a sacred order on earth seemed as necessary to worship as the very being of the gods in heaven. The temple was the centre of the State, but it was idle without a priesthood, and without it the oracle was dumb. How, then, were men, inured by age-long custom and tradition to priestly Religions, able all at once to construe and realize one altogether priestless? They were helped at first by two things: its very strangeness, its absolute antithesis to the familiar and received, and, next, by its appearing as a new opinion or belief which spread by teaching and discourse, or

* De Exh. Cast. 7; De Praescr. Haer. 41; De Baptis. 17; De Pudic. 1.

† Refut. Omn. Hær. i. Proem.

‡ Homil. in Lev. ix. 9, 10 (Ed. Lom. vol. ix. pp. 360-364).

§ In Evang. Ioh. tom. i. 3 (Ed. Lom. vol. i. p. 9.).

as a system of philosophy and social help rather than as an organized worship. But the more its character as a Religion became established and defined the more men tended to interpret it through the old Religions, seeking in it the elements they had known in them.

And the historical relations of the Christian Faith, child and heir of Judaism, intensified this tendency. It had come to fulfil the Law and the Prophets ; the New Testament did not exist because of the Old, but the Old had existed for the sake of the New. Christianity was no accident, was indeed older than creation, had been designed from eternity, and appeared as the result and goal of all past history, but it was no mere continuation of what had been, was rather as its end, its supersession and fulfilment. The sub-apostolic Fathers and apologists more or less consistently maintained this, the apostolic position. They argued with the Jew, that the anticipations of Christ in the Old Testament were evidences of His truth ; and with the Greek, that the relation of the New Testament to the Old proved Christianity to be the result of a Divine purpose running through the ages. But the parallel of the Testaments easily became absolute, a forgetfulness of their essential differences. The use of the Old to authenticate the New tended to invest it with equal or even greater authority, especially as, alongside the still canonical incompleteness of the Christian, the Hebrew Scriptures stood canonically complete. They were the sacred books of Jews and Christians alike, authoritative for both, revered and believed by both, held by both to be regulative of faith and conduct, affording to both the one solid common ground of discussion and argument. And so, as was natural, these Scriptures lost in historical but gained in religious and ecclesiastical significance ; became less a record of what had been, and more a norm or principle regulative of what ought to be ; indeed, it is the simple truth to say that they were a far more active and efficient factor in the organization of the Church than even the apostolic writings. For these latter were but the memorials of missionaries and missionary churches, but the former exhibited a realized Religion, what was conceived as pre-Christian Christianity. The old Religion had its priesthood, the new had its clergy, and so these two were made parallel. Once they had been made parallel, it was necessary to do the same for the worships, and once they were assimilated the New Testament ceased to fulfil the Old, the Old reigned in the New. And this is what Cyprian shows us ; he represents the victory of the older Religions, the rejuvenescence of Judaism, the entrance of the hieratic idea into the Kingdom of Christ, changing it into a kingdom of priests. Inveterate and invariable association demanded and worked the change, but the relation of the Jewish and Christian Scriptures supplied the opportunity and forms for its accomplishment. Without the universal sacerdotalism it had not been necessary ; with-

out the historical relation it had not been possible; the co-existence and co-operation of the two made it not only natural, but inevitable.

2. The rise and growth of the sacerdotal idea in Christianity can, then, be explained by the principle of development, but it must be development scientifically interpreted and historically applied. The idea then appears as the creation, not of the isolated or detached, but of the related organism, or simply of the environment within which it lives and moves. Yet the explanation is far from complete; the process must be studied, not merely from the external, but also from the internal, point of view, in relation to what may be termed the articulation of the organism—in other words, the organization of the Christian society. Catholic polity is one, New Testament polity another; they are not only dissimilar, but opposites. The rise of the monarchical and imperial polity, or simply the Catholic papacy, within the Christian Church is explicable on the ground of a conditioned or natural development, but not of one unconditioned or supernatural. Accept the supernaturalism of Catholic dogmatics, and the rise of the infallible Headship does not admit of explanation; but apply to it the scientific analysis of the historical method, and it stands explained. For what on this matter is the testimony of the oldest literature? There is no evidence that Jesus ever created, or thought of creating, an organized society. There is no idea He so little emphasizes as the idea of the Church. He uses the term but twice—once in the local or congregational sense, and once in the universal, but only so as to define His own sole activity and supremacy. His familiar idea is the Kingdom of God or of heaven, but this Kingdom is without organization, and incapable of being organized; indeed, though the ideas may here and there coincide, it is essentially the contrary and contrast of what is now understood as the Church, whether Catholic or Anglican. Further, in the Church of the New Testament the politico-monarchical idea does not exist; there is no shadow, or anticipation, or prophecy of it. The churches are not organized, do not constitute a formal unity, have a fraternal but no corporate relation, have no common or even local hierarchy, are divided by differences that preclude the very idea of an official infallible head. Supremacy belongs to no man; there is no bishop, in the modern sense, over any church, or over the whole Church, no recognition of Rome as a seat of authority, the only holy or pre-eminent city being Jerusalem. The question as to Peter is very significant. He may be the rock on which the Church is to be built, the promises made to him may be allowed in the highest possible sense, but what then? There is no evidence that what was promised to him was assured to his successors, no evidence that he had any successors, least of all that his successors, if he had any, were the Bishops of Rome, or that Rome in any way

entered into the purview of Jesus. Indeed, so far as the New Testament is concerned, there is no evidence that Peter ever was in Rome, or had any relation to it, or held any office or did any work in connection with the Roman church. Some things concerning him we do certainly know—that he was an apostle of the circumcision, lived and preached many years in Jerusalem, was there a man of reputation and a pillar, visited Antioch, where he at first befriended the Gentiles, then withdrew and was publicly rebuked by Paul. That is our last clear, authentic glance at him; his probable later home was at Babylon, whence he sent an epistle by no means either cosmopolitan or catholic, but expressly provincial and particular. Paul's successive homes stand as full in the light as Peter's retreat into the darkness; from him we know something of Rome and its church. He addressed to it his greatest epistle, visited it, suffered imprisonment in the city, dated from it various letters; but never, either in the epistle sent to Rome or in those sent from it, though he mentions many persons, most of them mere obscure names to us, does he either directly or implicitly allude to Peter. This is a remarkable fact; no mere conventional argument from silence; for Paul was a man scrupulous in his courtesies, plain-spoken in his polemics, incapable of omitting from his record what would have been the most illustrious name of the local church, especially as it was one he had so expressly used in his controversial epistles. Now, what does all this signify? Papal infallibility, head and crown as it is of the Catholic system, is the most tremendous claim ever made by any man or body of men; and so it, of all claims, ought to have the most indubitable historical basis. But an indubitable historical basis is precisely the thing it wants. From the point of view of authentic contemporary literature, the evidence is altogether against both the primacy and Roman episcopacy of Peter. The question is capable of being argued only when tradition is introduced. And the tradition, though ancient, is neither apostolic nor primitive—can, indeed, hardly be placed earlier than a century after the event, though it soon becomes uniform and general. The case is arguable, but it is no more; the tradition may be true, but it must remain doubtful, the reasons that justify the doubt proving the absolute unimportance of Peter and his Roman bishopric to New Testament Religion. Doubtful history is a rather insecure foundation for the most awful and august of sovereignties.

This point has not been selected for discussion, but simply the better to illustrate the fact that the Catholic system does not lie within the Christianity of Christ and His Apostles. Its rise belongs to the period of evolution, when the organism was living within its environment and struggling for existence. Its history cannot here be written, though the materials for it exist, it being possible to make every step in the process lie open to the clear light of day.

Within the Christian societies various ideals of polity lived, Jewish, Greek, Roman, ideals derived from the synagogue, the free city, and the school, the voluntary, industrial, or benevolent association, and these were by-and-by joined by ideals that came of Hebrew, Egyptian, and Syrian asceticism, touched and modified by influences from the further East. The Church was confronted and resisted by an immense organized power; what unified and directed its energies contributed to its success in the struggle. What conflict made necessary made conflict easier, and victory more possible, if not more sure. Each congregation had its presiding officer, who soon came to represent its unity and embody its authority; then to act for it; then to act along with the kindred officers of his province or district; then to form an order or body with them; and, finally, the corporate unity, which the internal growth had made possible, was achieved by the action and influence of the State, the civil unity being the condition procreative both of the ideal and reality of the ecclesiastical. The more the official order became separate from the non-official, the more sacerdotal it became in character; the growth of the clerical idea within the Church prepared the way for the entrance of the priestly, and the coalescence or fusion of the two ideas worked a revolution both in the Church and the Religion. The clergy became the Church, the Church the Religion, and the Religion a transformed Roman empire, with the Pope for emperor, bishops for procurators, and the priesthood for the magistrates and legionaries that levied the taxes, enforced the laws, upheld the unity, and maintained the peace of the civilized world. Papal infallibility is but imperial supremacy transfigured and spiritualized. The Catholic Church could not have been without Christianity, but still less could it have been without Roman imperialism. It owes its life to the one, but its distinctive organization to the other. The very forces that disorganized the civil body helped to organize the ecclesiastical. Apart from Rome, and Rome decadent, with the imperial ideal and organism, but without the imperial spirit, Catholicism could never have come to be. If the Church had passed the first five centuries of its existence under an Oriental despotism or amid free Greek cities, its structure had been altogether different. It seemed to vanquish the empire, but the empire by assimilating survived in it; the name was the name of Christ, but the form was the form of Cæsar.

3. So far we have been concerned with the conditions and process of outer organization, but there is a deeper and more vital question—What were the organizing ideas? and whence came they? Catholicism is not a mere aggregation of atoms, but the articulation of an idea, the embodiment of a transcendental ideal. What is termed its supernaturalism is but this ideal translated into dogma, and then

worked into a reasoned system. Its natural history is too vast a subject to be here analytically handled, or even touched, especially as it would involve the discussion of the relation of Christianity to ancient thought. The organic doctrines of Christianity and the organizing ideas of Catholicism are different and distinct. The former proceed by a synthetic process from the Religion of Christ, and can be analytically resolved into it; but the latter are of foreign, though not necessarily of alien, origin, taken up into the body of doctrine and becoming there factors of development and variation. Christianity found the world expectant; the thought it was to change began by changing it. The philosophy it was able to overcome as an enemy it could not so easily resist as a friend. To forsake an error is not to be purged from it; though Augustine renounced Manicheism yet his early dualism subtly penetrates all his later thought. And so the heresy that forced the Church to formulate its doctrine did not leave it with the old purity of faith or simplicity of polity. Gnosticism was vanquished, but not annihilated; its antithesis of matter and spirit found a footing in the new society and modified its ideal of life, making it less surely conscious of the unity of the secular and eternal. Ebionitism was defeated, but the mind that cultivated poverty for the increase of Religion lived on, and even gained an ampler and freer field for its exercise. Jewish asceticism, Syrian and Egyptian, did not long survive the Jewish state, but it did not die till its ideas and example had touched and affected the Church. Yet these were but incidental influences; the most plastic came from the revived philosophies, the Stoic, Pythagorean, and Platonic. Similar questions were debated in the academies and the catechetical schools, and their ideas and disciplines were also akin. Alexandrian philosophy, as much as Alexandrian theology, had its doctrine of God, of the Trinity, faith, spiritual or allegorical interpretation, bodily mortification, supernatural enlightenment, and final reward; and if the rivals did not copy, they at least stimulated and developed, each other. It is significant that the earlier influence was metaphysical and theological, but the later ecclesiastical and mystic, or political and sacramentarian. In the third and fourth centuries the great questions were those touching the Godhead, how God was to be conceived, how He was related to the world, how to man, Christian and heathen, what Father and Son signified and what Word and Spirit, how the One could be the manifold, and because the manifold, be, while the One, the All-loving and the All-efficient, the home of all perfection and the centre of all energy. But in the fifth and sixth centuries the great questions were those touching the Church, its idea, orders, people, discipline, sacraments, the mystic allegories of Nature and grace. This change meant many things, but mainly this:—Ecclesiastical organization had

proceeded so far that it was necessary to find for it a speculative basis and unifying ideal. With every change, indeed, in the organism, there had been a correlative change in the collective consciousness; the development of new organs and energies had developed new ideas and activities; but what was now needed was a conception that should unite all the parts into an harmonious and homogeneous system. And to this result Neo-Platonic thought powerfully contributed. Augustine came to Paul from the study of Plato, and he more than any man Platonized the Paul he studied and the ideal of the Church he depicted and maintained. Synesius had been a Christian while a Platonist, and remained a Platonist after he had become a Christian. The Pseudo-Dionysius represents the Neo-Platonic principles and interpretive method applied to the Catholic system: symbolism reigns in heaven and on earth, a celestial hierarchy holds the approaches to God above, an ecclesiastical hierarchy guards and regulates them below, and men are graduated according to the degree of their initiation in the holy mysteries which at once reveal and conceal the ineffable Godhead. No book exercised a mightier influence on Catholicism, did more on the one hand to foster its mysticism, on the other to develop its sacerdotalism. It moulded in an equal degree men so dissimilar as Scotus Erigena and Thomas Aquinas, Hugo of St. Victor and Albertus Magnus, Grosseteste and Dante; and yet it was but Neo-Platonism made to speak with the Catholic tongue.

It is therefore due to no mere accident or curious coincidence that so many affinities exist between Plato's Republic and the Catholic Church. They differ, indeed, in many respects fundamentally; the one is philosophical and an ideal, the other is religious and a reality, but the kinship is manifest enough, especially if the Republic be studied in the Neo-Platonic spirit and method. Each reposes on a transcendentalism that makes the actual exist through and for the ideal, yet so in opposition to it that a special order is needed to secure its realization. Each is an institution founded for the creation of virtue or obedience, and has as its function and end the making of this life the way to a better, or the discipline of its citizens for a higher and more perfect state of being. Each is possessed with the same sense of the august sanctity of the whole; the individual is nothing apart from it, has no good save in and through and from it, he is altogether its, and is to have his whole life regulated by its laws and for its ends. Each has the same need for a sacred or special order: in the Republic the philosopher is king, for he alone knows the idea, or stands in the secret of God, and so is alone able so to organize and administer as to secure its realization; and in the Church the priest reigns, the man Divinely appointed to speak to men concerning God, and reconcile them to Him. In each the idealism is the basis

of a despotism, the authority of the sacred order is absolute, the multitude may not rebel against the custodians of the truth, they must remain supreme and infallible if the ideal is to be realized. Each has a similar attitude to the home and family: in the Republic the man must be without a home that he may the better serve the State; in the Church the man who would be its minister must be without family or home. The community of goods in the one has its counterpart in the vows of personal poverty in alliance with corporate wealth in the other; in each the individual derives all his good from the whole, and the whole has command over the all of the individual. These are but the rough outlines of a parallel which might be indefinitely extended and minutely illustrated; but what is significant is this: the differences, so far as ideal and apart from the fundamental one of the speculative character in the one case and the historical in the other, may be described as, in the main, those that distinguished Platonic from Neo-Platonic thought—i.e., differences due to the penetration of the original philosophic ideal with mystic, hierarchic, theurgic, and ascetical elements. The Catholic Church is the Platonic kingdom of philosophers transformed into a kingdom of priests.

IV.

The conclusion, then, is this:—The principle of development analytically applied to the Catholic system proves that the parent form or aboriginal germ—the ideal and society of Jesus—was by the environment modified in a twofold direction; first, from the ancient Religions, Jewish and pagan, it received the notion of the priesthood, with all its accessories, and so became sacerdotal; and, secondly, from the Roman empire, working on the material of its primitive Judæo-Hellenic polity, it received the dream and function of Roman supremacy, and so became Catholic, papal, and infallible. Once it had been so modified and developed, it became, largely through current politico-religious speculation, possessed of the organizing ideas needed to give it intellectual consistency and completeness, making an historical system the body of a universal ideal. But this conclusion brings us to our second main question—the adequacy of the Church or institution to the Religion and its purposes. Adequacy may be here interpreted in a double sense, as either historical efficiency, or as ideal sufficiency; or, in other words, as adequacy for work, or adequacy to the spirit and matter of the Religion. Something must be said as regards each of these.

i.

1. There is here no desire to question the historical efficiency and achievements of the Roman Church. It is to us no creation

of craft or subtlety, human or diabolical, no Man of Sin, Scarlet Woman, or shameless Antichrist, but a veritable creature of God, and manifest minister of His providence. The energies evolved in the struggle for existence enabled it at once to survive and be victorious. They were conditions of service, and as such necessary. Thus the rise of the sacerdotal idea may be conceived as, on the one hand, a process of interpenetration, and, on the other, mediation and reconciliation. It is the one because the other; the old and the new faiths interpenetrate that the new Religion may the better win and master the ancient mind. Catholicism is the interpretation of the Christian idea in the terms and through the associations of the ancient faiths, and as such represents on the largest scale the continuity of Religion in history. Its work was a needed work, for man is incapable of transitions at once sudden and absolute; the construction of Christianity through the media of the older Religions was a necessary prelude to its construction by a spirit and through a consciousness of its own creation. The absolute ideal had, in order to be intelligible, to use constituted and familiar vehicles, but only that it might win the opportunity of fashioning vehicles worthier of its nature and fitter for its end.

The political element, again, especially as dominated and directed by the great organizing ideas, had its own special function; it mediated between the ancient empires of force and the new empires of the spirit. The Pope stood when Cæsar fell, and became, in a sense higher than Cæsar had ever been—master of the world. In those days of anarchy, when the military, legislative, judicial, fiscal, and municipal system of the empire had completely broken down, when the barbarians had seized its provinces and wasted its cities, and were contending with each other at once for plunder and supremacy, the ecclesiastical was the only universal sovereignty possible. And the sovereignty the Church was called to exercise it exercised beneficently; it worked for order, justice, and civilization. Its association with the empire had made it imperial; its religious ideal made it at once authoritative and humane. While it owed its ambition for supremacy to Cæsar, it owed its enthusiasm for humanity to Christ. And so, while it succeeded, it did not repeat the empire; its sovereignty had another basis, and was exercised by other means for other ends. The Church was, in a sense Rome could never be; “the Eternal City;” in it eternity took bodily shape before the eyes of men; and so a vaster meaning came into life, ennobling the men that lived it, dignifying all its affairs. Men were not to it divided into a multitude of alien races; all were to it spirits and immortal, responsible to it, for whom it was responsible to God. It represented, therefore, a new idea of sovereignty, a grander and more awful majesty, an empire that lived by faith in the moral and im-

mortal worth of man for his good and the glory of God. To say that, out of the chaos Rome left, it created order is to say a small and inadequate thing; it created a new ideal of government, made man another being to the Sovereign and the Sovereign another being to man. Before it had been the reign of might; after and through it was to be the reign of the Spirit.

2. It is impossible, then, to regard the history of Catholicism as equal to the history of Christianity; it is at once much more and much less. It is much more, for by many of its ideals, institutions, and associations it represents the continuity of the ancient and modern worlds, their kinship and community in matters of faith and worship; and it is much less, for much of the best work Christianity has done, both in earlier and in later times, has been done without it and in spite of it. There is nothing so little historical as the spirit that identifies Christianity and Catholicism, or that sees in it either the creation of Jesus Christ or the sole vehicle of His truth. It has indeed rendered eminent services to our race and our Religion; these demand and deserve our gratitude. The Catholicism of the Catholic Church is large, but there is one still larger, the note and possession of no Church, but of all the Churches—the Catholicism of the Christian Religion. According to it, the truth preserved by any or each is the property of all; the holiness or beneficence of one is a common heritage, enriching the whole family of the faith. The saints of Catholicism are not Catholic, but Christian; the achievements of Protestantism came not of protesting, but of loyalty to conscience and to God. And the right attitude to both is to say:—Since they are due to the inspiration of the one Spirit, they belong to the universalism of Christ, not to the specialism of the Churches. From this point of view I claim to be as much as any Catholic heir to all that is Christian in Catholicism; and the claim is not in any way affected by either absolute negation or qualified assent from the Catholic side. Whatever is of Christ in his system can be in no respect alien to what is of Christ in me and mine. True Catholicism must be as comprehensive as the action of God; whatever is less but expresses the particularism of man.

But if Catholicism has served our race and our Religion, it has also done both eminent disservice, and this alike by what it has and what it has not achieved. It has impoverished Christian history, has made it less rich and varied than it ought to have been in ideals of life, faith, and society. The suppression of Montanism was not an unmixed good, indeed in many respects not a good at all, for in it much that was most characteristic and primitive in Christianity died. Donatism had its own right to be; emphasized elements in the Religion Catholicism had no room for or did no justice to. But a greater evil than the monotony it introduced into the Christian

ideal was its failure to realize its own. It was potent in its earlier period, when a necessity to Religion and man, but impotent in its later, when man, having outgrown it, needed Religion presented in a freer form, a nobler and more congenial vehicle. In the hands of Rome Christianity had come so near its death that the Reformation was a necessity to its life. The two centuries before it had been like a desert, studded, indeed, as all who love mysticism thankfully remember, with beautiful oases of faith and devotion. But the main stream of tendency within the Catholic Church did not then make for godliness. I do not mean to reproach it with men like the Borgias; all Churches have had their share of bad men, and we have heard more than enough of them, though the thing is most pitiful when wicked men become officially infallible. But what I do mean to say is this: Religion in the fifteenth century was the creation of the Catholic Church, and Italy was then without a Religion, or, worse, had one that aggravated rather than lessened the evil. The States were bad, the Church was no better, the moral depravity was encouraged by the intellectual scepticism, the sensuous licence was reflected in the religious. Extenuating circumstances may be discovered, the conflicts with the German emperors, the French kings, and the free cities, the subtle influences of the Renaissance, Moorish philosophy, and Jewish learning, but these neither alter nor explain the facts. Religion was her province, in it she had reigned for centuries without a rival, yet her infallibility in doctrine had been so mated with inefficiency in conduct as to result in the completest breakdown in the matter of faith and morals Christian Europe has ever known. The supernatural and the natural gifts were so ill-assorted that the one did more than neutralize the other, made the evil it worked more inveterate and acute. The authority of the Church forbade the reform of the Church, and the act that broke her unity saved our religion.

3. But it is impossible to end here; modern history is as significant as ancient. Catholics reproach Protestants with being blind to the meaning of the centuries that lie between the first and the sixteenth. But there is a Catholic counterpart to this Protestant neglect. The centuries that have elapsed since the fifteenth ended have been without doubt the most eventful, fruitful, momentous in the history of man, and their history has been the history of Christian peoples. The record of its material progress has been a record of marvels. America has been discovered, colonized, peopled; Asia has been opened up, almost conquered and annexed; Africa has been explored, and is being pierced and penetrated on all sides; and in the Australasian continent and islands the seeds of new States have been plentifully sown. The European States, with certain significant exceptions, are mightier than they were four centuries ago, more populous, freer,

wealthier; and the poorest of the countries have become rich and full of comforts as compared with Europe in the days of the Black Death. But what part has Christianity had in the making of modern civilization? Not much, if it and the Catholic Church be identical. The progressive peoples have been the non-Catholic; from them have proceeded the noblest of the ameliorative principles and actions of the period. They have been the least troubled with revolution, have had the most happy, well-ordered commonwealths, have enjoyed most freedom, have most successfully laboured to temper justice with mercy, to make judgment remedial, to enlarge the area of rights, and to raise the ideal of duty. And the same peoples have been pre-eminent in the realms of thought and spirit, been most deeply and devoutly exercised by the problems concerning man and his destiny. God has not been sparing of His gifts of great men to those who sit outside Catholicism. The Elizabethan dramatists, greatest of moderns in their own order, were the poets of the English people in the heroic moment of their reaction against Rome. Milton was the poet of a still more radical revolution. Cowper and Burns, Wordsworth and Coleridge, Tennyson and Browning, represent the inspiration and aspiration of the same people. Lessing, and Schiller, and Goethe were not products of Catholicism. The most splendid cycle of thinkers since the Platonic age in Greece was that which began with Kant and ended with Hegel, sons of Protestant Germany. It is needless to multiply names. What we wish to know is this—the relation of Christianity to this whole complex movement called progress or modern civilization. Our modern world has had more of God in it than the mediæval, and He is there because of the Religion we call Christianity; but were we to identify the Religion with the Catholic Church, we should have to regard our world as in progressive apostasy from Him. But its apostasy means His desertion; and a world forsaken of its God would be poorer in its good than ours has been, while a God who could, even in the interests of an infallible Church, forsake any part of His World, especially a part that had been so strenuously feeling after Him that it might know His truth and do His will, would be less Divine than we believe our God to be. We will not allow either the truth or the sufficiency of the religious idea that would deny God to man, or make Him the special possession of any Church. For the Atheism that denies is less impious than the Atheism that limits His presence, that dares in its pride to say, "He is so mine that you must belong to me in order to belong to Him, and what you have of Him is by my grace and through my act." That vain Atheism God has in these last centuries caused His very providence to contradict and reprove. For it were a strange and satirical theodicy that should exhibit God as working poverty and revolu-

tion in the nations that had accepted or been forced to accept the authority of His own infallible Church, while sending fulness of life, and grace, and freedom into those that had deserted and disowned it.

ii.

This brings us to the ideal sufficiency of Catholicism : the question whether it be a vehicle equal to the spirit and matter of the Christian Religion, the alone fully qualified interpreter of its truth to our age. This is the really fundamental question, and I may frankly say that it was in order to a grave discussion of it that these papers were undertaken. It has indeed been implied in every point raised ; and in what now remains to be said we must be severely brief.

1. Catholicism claims to present the completest faith in God, and to do the amplest justice to the mysteries of faith and the realities of Religion. The supernaturalism on which it is grounded is indeed marvellous, but it is not mysterious. Cardinal Newman, using the mysteries of Nature to justify those of the Church, says,* " If I must submit my reason to mysteries, it does not much matter whether it is a mystery more or a mystery less." But it may matter in an infinite degree ; whether it does matter depends on the source and character of the mysteries. The true mystery is a thing of Nature ; history neither made it nor can show how it was made ; reason finds it and cannot elude it, for it is bound up with the being of the reason and the system that holds and unfolds it. But a false mystery is only a marvel, a belief with a remarkable history, without ground in nature or reason in thought, but bound up with the being of an institution, explicable through it, yet helping to explain it. The mystery is at once immanent and universal, has its roots in the universe that confronts man, its reason in the man that confronts the universe, and through it life is invested with all its meaning and all its grandeur ; but the marvel is occasional and particular, has no meaning apart from the institution through and for which it exists, while the institution has no majesty apart from it.* The mystery exercises reason, but the marvel taxes faith ; and so, while authority may be based on the mysteries of reason, the marvels of faith must be based on authority. The supernaturalism native to the Christian Religion is mysterious, for in it Nature and man may lie embosomed, comprehended, uncomprehending ; but the supernaturalism of Rome is without mystery, for while it is sufficient to the needs of Catholicism, it is inadequate to the idea of God, or the ideals of His providence and kingdom. It has, too, a natural history of its own ; its most transcendent dogmas need but to be studied through their history to be thoroughly intelligible. Belief in them may be the measure of submission to the authority on which they rest ; it in no way indicates the attitude of the mind to those ulti-

* " Sermons to Mixed Congregations," p. 275.

mate beliefs which are the true mysteries of thought and the universe. Nay, a man's faith in the supernatural may be all the less real that his faith in Catholic dogma is strong; it may be faith in the Church and its determinations, not in God and His living Spirit. If God is known and approached through the Church, then it is not so much God as the Church that is believed, for its people can know Him only through the terms it approves, and approach Him only on the conditions it prescribes. But to bind God to a Church and distribute and determine His truth through its decrees is a bad supernaturalism; it is to bring the Almighty within the limits of an historical institution, and then to argue that the limitation is credible because it makes the institution so Divine, justifies its claims, and explains its prerogatives. This, I repeat, may be marvellous, but it is not mysterious; it may make the institution remarkable, but it does not make Religion Divine. The more organized authority becomes, the more exigent, imperative, imperious, it grows; in a word, the more it is incorporated in a Church the more the Church tends to supersede God, and to become His substitute. The centre of gravity is, as it were, changed; the Church experiences a kind of apotheosis, God suffers a sort of political incarnation. It so holds the approaches to Him that it is not so much in His hands as He is in its; and in the very degree that it possesses Him, Nature and man are deprived of His presence. The special Theism of the Church ends in a more awful Atheism of the universe.

2. Indeed, the radical defect of Catholicism seems to me its want of a true supernaturalism, and even fundamental incompatibility with one. It is throughout conceived in the interests of the Church rather than in the interests of Religion and humanity. The Catholic Church is built on a conception of Deity that is not Christ's, it dispenses His grace and distributes His truth to those outside its pale on terms, in modes and quantities that involve the negation of His holiest attributes and Divinest qualities, the scholastic distinctions which most incline to charity being but an aggravation of the offence. And even to those within its pale the representation of Him is imperfect: the Church has determined the idea of God; the idea of God has not been allowed to determine the idea and spirit of the Church. There is no Religion so generous as the Religion of the New Testament. God as He appears there is the universal Father, and all men are His sons; between Him and them no institution or Church can be allowed to stand, the only Priest or Mediator being the Christ. The Apostles burn with holy passion against every "middle wall of partition," or whatever would limit the grace and activity of God. He is the God of both Jew and Gentile, "in Him all live and move and have their being," "in every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted of Him."

In the early Church this was the doctrine of men like Justin Martyr and Clement of Alexandria; but, as the idea of the Church rose, the remoter, the more formal and circumscribed, were God's relations to men conceived to be. The greater the emphasis laid on the priesthood and mediation, with their associated ideas and instruments, the less general became His influence and the less immediate intercourse with Him; and, as He lost, the intermediaries gained in reality to faith. The very notion of Religion was revolutionized, ceased to have the spiritual immediacy, the ethical breadth and intensity, the filial love and peace, the human purity and gentleness, of Jesus, and became more akin to the ancient sacerdotal and ceremonial worships. The great enemy of God is the idea of the Church and its priesthood. Nothing has so estranged men from Him as the claim to be alone able to reconcile Him and them. The most clamant need of our day is to recover the religious idea of Jesus, and the only way to recover it is to think of God as He was declared to be by the only begotten Son, who is in the bosom of the Father.

But enough; these discussions must here end, though with the feeling that they are hardly well begun. The fundamental problem was one touching, not the truth of rival Churches, but the form in which the Christian Faith can best be presented to our age. Religious men are face to face with serious issues, and are burdened with grave responsibilities. The difficulties of belief are great, but the consciousness of them is greater; they spring not so much from the new knowledge as the changed estimate and conditions of life. Men are so possessed and oppressed by the labour needed to win the means of living that they have not sufficient energy of mind to weigh or to master the deeper mysteries of life, and so are prepared to allow either authority to affirm their faith or criticism to dissolve it. In such an age Catholicism may have its place, and make its converts, and it is no purpose of ours to take it from them or them from it. But if it claims to be the one real, sufficient, and relevant form of the Christian Religion, then the truth must be spoken. Not in and through it is Religion to be realized in an age of thought, in a world of freedom, progress, order, and activity. Its doctrine of authority and the Church is a direct provocation to scepticism; its idea of Religion is an impoverishment of the ideal that came in the Kingdom of heaven. Faith can come by its rights only as it fulfils its duties to reason, and the Church that alone has a right to live is the Church that, by finding in God the most humanity, most fills humanity with God, and so works for the establishment of that Kingdom which was founded by the Son, and is governed by the Father, of man.

A. M. FAIRBAIRN.

THE ARMY OF RUSSIA.

*Armed Strength of Russia, 1882; Journals
United Service Institution.*

THE subject of this article, from its nature, can only be put before the public in a dry statistical form; but from the circumstances of the day it cannot fail to have a considerable interest to all who have been watching our present relations with Russia. The enormous territory, the rapid advance of civilizing influences throughout that territory, the despotic and essentially military form of government, unite to make the military system of Russia almost unique in the history of nations. The standing army of Russia consists of over 700,000 men on a peace, and over 2,000,000 on a war footing. A system of reserves, and the enormous number of adults, annually ready to recruit the first line, make it appear possible to keep up a permanent army of 2,000,000. It is not our purpose at present to point out the many sources of practical and financial weakness in this military system, but to place before the public, as concisely as can be, the constitution of the imperial army of Russia.

Before proceeding to statistics, which will be given generally in approximate round numbers, it will be interesting to look for a moment at the physique and morale of the population, all of whom are liable to service in the army. The nobility and gentry, apart from their obligation to serve, are naturally anxious for a military career, which is the only one that leads to favour at Court—in fact, the only legitimate outlet for ambition or hope of social success.

The aristocratic youth of Russia commence their military career in gymnasia (schools), where they receive a liberal education, at the age of ten. Religion, languages, history, mathematics, &c., form part of the course, which lasts for seven years; but drill, fencing, gymnastics, and swimming are subjects to which considerable promi-

nence is given, and each school has a uniform in which the scholars invariably appear. At the end of the course they are medically inspected, and only those who are physically fit are permitted to be examined for cadetships; those who are rejected may be appointed to different offices under Government. The *corps d'élite* are held out as inducements to those who pass the highest standard of examination.

There are eighteen or twenty of these gymnasia at present in the different portions of the empire. They feed the eight cadet schools which provide the higher class of officer. Of these, the Imperial Corps of Pages is the most aristocratic, and supplies most of the officers for the Guard. The remainder are at St. Petersburg, with the exception of the Alexander School at Moscow and the Finland Cadet Corps at Helsingfors, the latter being exclusively for natives of the Duchy of Finland. The Michael Artillery and Nicholas Engineer Cadet Schools furnish, as their titles imply, the higher class of artillery and engineer officers.

The pro-gymnasia, of which there are eight, receive boys of any class, ten years of age, a small percentage of whom join the army direct as non-commissioned officers; the remainder supply the Junker schools, after a seven years' course.

The Junker schools provide the body of officers. The course lasts for two years, and only those cadets who obtain a certain figure of merit are appointed to commissions. The cadets, in addition to theoretical instruction, have a most practical course of study in sketching and outpost duty; they also go into camp for four months in the year, and take part in all drills and exercises. Batteries, squadrons, and battalions are formed, all manned by cadets.

These schools are in the different military districts and under the staff of those districts, and the instructors are taken from the best officers in the district.

The best born and educated of the community, who are liable to military service, naturally endeavour to pass into the army through one of these channels, with the hope of becoming officers. Service being almost universally compulsory, many are taken by the annual conscription. The greater number of those who serve in the ranks for any length of time are the lower rural classes. Their physique must be fairly good, as they have to pass a careful medical examination. They are accustomed to hard work and poor living, seldom seeing butcher's meat, and accustomed from youth to the severe fasts prescribed by the Greek Church. They are very superstitious, almost fatalistic, in their religion; for the most part thoroughly illiterate; and for these reasons, patient, obedient, and ready to follow good officers to certain death.

It is impossible to say so much of the morale of the officer class. The inducements are so great to most young men to become officers

in the army, that there are many more who do so from expediency than from predilection. There are many able and accomplished officers, but it is open to doubt whether throughout they have that sympathy with their men and their profession which would enable them to make the most of their commands.

The territory of the Russian Empire is usually divided into European and Asiatic Russia; the former consisting of Russia proper, Finland, Poland, and Cis-Caucasia; and the latter of Trans-Caucasia, Siberia, and Central Asia.

The available statistics are far from accurate, but a rough estimate, placing the population of the empire at about 90,000,000 souls, and its area at 8,500,000 English square miles, or about one-seventh of the inhabited surface of the globe, will give a fair general idea of its population and extent.

The population may be divided into the following proportions of classes :—

Nobles (hereditary and personal)	1.25 per cent.
Clerical classes	1.00 "
Town classes	10.75 "
Rural classes	80.25 "
Military classes	6.25 "
Miscellaneous	.50 "
	100.00

The army expenditure is about one-fourth of the total expenditure of the State, and averages about £30,000,000, taking the rouble at its full silver value (3s. 2d.), or £20,000,000, allowing for the depreciated value (2s. 1d.) of the rouble.

The forces of Russia consist of—

The Regular troops.	The Irregular troops.
The Opoltchenié, or general levy.	

The regular troops consist of—

The Field, or Standing Army.	Fortress and Local Troops.
The Reserve.	Instructional Troops.
The Ersatz.	Special Corps.*

The irregular troops consist of—

The Cossacks.	The Militia.
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The Opoltchenié consists of all men capable of bearing arms between the ages of 20 and 40 who do not belong either to the regular or irregular troops.

The military system of Russia, like that of all the other great Continental Powers, is based on the principle of universal military service, but there are special regulations which apply to the Grand

Duchy of Finland, and also to those Cossacks who occupy Crown lands in return for military service.

The conscription takes place annually, at such a time that those recruits by whom the lot is drawn may join their colours by 1st December.

Every male who has completed his nineteenth year on the previous 1st of January is called upon to draw, with the following exceptions:—Any person who having been deprived of civil rights is regarded as unworthy; the only bread-winner in a family; clergy of all Christian denominations; singers in orthodox churches who have completed a course of study for the Church.

Some may avoid this conscription by enlisting as volunteers. They can do so if more than seventeen years of age, with the consent of their parents or guardians; they must be physically fit, and pass a certain educational standard.

The permanent drain on the establishment of the Russian army is calculated at something less than 220,000 per annum. The average number of men completing their nineteenth year is about 800,000; nearly half this number are exempt from family reasons; about 50,000 are medically unfit; 60,000 or 70,000 are put back for a year, or fail to appear; leaving between 200,000 and 250,000 to draw numbers for the regular army, any surplus being passed direct into the *Opolchenié*.

The recruits are then draughted to different regiments, according to physical or territorial fitness, the Guards of course having the pick, their lowest standard of height being 5 ft. 6½ in.; after them the Grenadiers, 5 ft. 4¾ in.; down to the Rifles and Engineers, with a standard of 5 ft. 1¼ in.—the latter corps, however, claiming such men as, from their previous training in mines or on railways, would be specially adapted for the work.

Some, however, who draw a lot which calls them to serve are exempt in time of peace, and are at once enrolled in the Reserve. Such are doctors, surgeons, apothecaries, and veterinary surgeons, unless they are liable to service by the rules of the establishment in which they have been educated; painters sent abroad by the Imperial Fine Arts Academy to study their art, professors, masters, tutors, assistants, and persons belonging to public educational establishments.

The duration of service for those recruits who have taken part in the drawing of lots is fixed at six years with the colours and nine in the Reserve. As a rule, about 80 per cent. of the conscripts can neither read nor write; so, in order to increase the desire for education, reduction of service is made under the following circumstances:—

(1) To eighteen months with the colours and thirteen and a half years in the Reserve, in the case of men who have completed their

course of study at the universities, or other first-class educational establishments.

(2) To three years with the colours and twelve in the Reserve, in the case of men who have finished the course of six classes in the gymnasia, or the course in second-class educational establishments.

(3) To four years with the colours and eleven in the Reserve, in the case of men who have finished their course in third-class educational establishments.

Of course these terms of service only apply to times of peace; in the event of war all men remain with the colours as long as their services are required.

Volunteers have a special duration of service, and are divided into three classes—

(1) Three months with the colours, if they have passed their examination at a first-class educational establishment.

(2) For six months, if at a second-class establishment.

(3) For two years, if they have passed the examination according to the special scheme fixed by Ministers of War and Public Instruction.

The term of service for all volunteers in the Reserve is for nine years.

Volunteers may choose the branch of the service which they prefer, but if they join the Guards or cavalry, must maintain themselves at their own expense. In other corps they are maintained by the State, unless they wish to pay their own expenses and live in private quarters. On passing a technical examination, they may rise to be non-commissioned or commissioned officers after two months as privates and three months as non-commissioned officers. The rank of officer cannot, however, be given to a volunteer in this way, unless he has been out in camp during the annual period of training.

Having entered the service, the recruit commences his career on $\frac{1}{2}d.$ per day in the Guards, and $\frac{1}{4}d.$ in the line; together with his mess allowance, which varies from $1\frac{3}{4}d.$ to $1d.$ per diem, and his daily ration of 2 lbs. of flour, salt and barley; but with the glorious possibility of finding the bâton of the field-marshal a necessary part of his equipment ere he retires on a pension.

The Standing or Field Army consists of the Guards, Grenadiers, and Line.

The Guards consist of—

12 Regiments of Infantry.

1 Regiment of Rifles.

9 Heavy Field Batteries.

9 Light Field Batteries.

6 Horse Artillery do.

1 Battalion Sappers.

The Grenadiers consist of—

16 Regiments of Infantry.

11 Heavy Field Batteries.

13 Light Field Batteries.

1 Battalion Sappers.

The Guards Regiment of Infantry have distinctive titles. The Grenadiers are numbered from 1 to 16.

The Line consists of—

Infantry.	{	164 Regiments (of 4 Battallions).	
		46 Battalions of Rifles.	
		29 Battalions of Frontier Infantry.	
Cavalry.	{	18 Regiments (of 6 Squadrons)	Dragoons.
		14 " {	Lancers.
		14 " {	Hussars.
Artillery.	{	119 Heavy Field Batteries (8 Guns).	
		122 Light " " (8 ")	
		21 Horse Artillery " (6 ")	
		15 Mountain " (8 ")	
Engineers.	{	13 Battalions (52 Companies).	
		Turkestan Sapper (2 Companies).	
		East Siberian (1 Company).	
		4 Railway Battalions.	
		4 Pontoon Battalions.	
		4 Torpedo Companies.	

Regiments of the line are numbered from 1 to 164, besides having each a local or honorary designation. Although the Cossacks have been classed under the head of irregular troops, a Cossack cavalry regiment forms an integral part of each cavalry division of the standing army, and so it will not be out of place to give now a short description of their origin and composition.

The Cossacks were originally bands of military adventurers, or freebooters, who have gradually migrated from the frontier of Poland to Siberia, a process which has lasted for over five centuries.

They were either driven from their settlements by Russia, or left them of their own accord on further predatory expeditions. They were thus the pioneers of the Russian advance to Asia. Siberia was presented to the Czar by the Cossack chief Zermak.

These successive Cossack colonies have gradually come under Russian subjection, and that country has utilized their strong military instincts, which, under the influence of civilization, have produced the *beau ideal* of cavalry. However, it is doubtful whether the artificial training which every Cossack now receives from earliest youth will long keep up the traditions left by their hardy ancestors, who were trained in actual daily warfare.

Every Cossack (with a few family exceptions) who is physically fit, enters the "preparatory" class at eighteen years of age. He is obliged to provide himself with a horse and equipment—half at his own expense, and half is paid by Government.

At twenty-one he passes into the "field" class, which is divided into three classes:—First class: Guards—4 squadrons, one battery; line—regiments 1st to 20th; artillery—batteries 1 to 7. Second class: Line—regiments 21st to 40th; artillery—batteries 8 to 14. Third class: Line—regiments 41st to 60th; artillery—batteries 15 to 21.

In each of these classes the Cossack spends four years. In the

second they remain at home, but keep up their horses and equipment. In the third they are only required to provide horses on mobilization, and they are obliged to attend three trainings during the last eight years, of three weeks' duration. From thirty-two to thirty-seven years of age they serve in the Reserve, and are then drafted into the Opol'tchenié.

They are officered principally by Cossack officers, but a considerable number are posted from the regular army.

The resources of all the Cossack territories are estimated at over 1,000,000 males, nearly half of whom are Don Cossacks, and over 1,200,000 horses. They are good little hardy animals, standing great hardship and fatigue. The fur cap, high seat, snaffle-bridle, and whip are the well-known peculiarities of the Cossack soldier.

The Reserve consists of all soldiers passed from the regular army, according to the conditions on which they joined. In peace, cadres of 96 line and one Guards battalion are kept up; on mobilization there are 24 Reserve infantry divisions, each of 16 battalions, five Guards, and 96 independent battalions available; making a grand total of 485 battalions.

There are six reserve artillery brigades of six batteries each. Each division is made into a battery on mobilization, making a total of 144 batteries on a war footing.

The Ersatz correspond to our dépôts, each regiment and artillery brigade having an Ersatz battalion, squadron, or battery permanently stationed in one of the thirteen military districts, from which it is fed in time of war.

Fortress and local troops consist of—

50 Battalions of Fortress Artillery,

which are distributed for duty in the fifteen principal fortresses.

In European Russia there are :

6 Local Battalions.

104 Local Detachments.

In the Caucasus :

3 Local Battalions.

40 Escort Detachments.

In Turkestan :

3 Local Battalions.

20 Local Detachments.

Which may probably have been considerably increased during the past two years.

In Siberia :

6 Local Battalions.

37 Escort Detachments.

43 Local Detachments.

Making the total about 60,000 local troops.

The Instructional troops consist of a battalion of infantry, a squadron of cavalry and a battery of field (two mountain guns) and one of horse artillery, at St. Petersburg.

A company is stationed at Tiflis for instruction among the troops of the Caucasus; a company of engineers for teaching electricity and the use of torpedoes.

Special corps include the general staff of the army, pensioners, the gendarmerie, disciplinary battalions, to which are sent bad characters sentenced by the military courts, &c.

The chief command is vested in the Czar, immediately under whom is the Minister of War and General Staff. These control the General Governors of the thirteen military districts and the chief Attaman of the Cossacks, who are respectively responsible for their commands. Each of these commanders is assisted by a military council and staff. Each General Governor is responsible also for producing and forwarding to their regiments all men on furlough, and called out from the Reserve, on mobilization. The Opoltschenié corresponds to the German Landsturm, and includes all men between twenty and thirty years of age who do not belong to the regular army, navy, or reserve.

The Militia is insignificant, although fifteen battalions were raised during the Russo-Turkish war.

The Russian soldier, with the exception of the Household Cavalry and Cossacks, is clothed in a dark green double-breasted tunic, with trousers tucked into long boots. He wears cotton bandages instead of socks. The infantry soldiers carry the Berdan rifle and bayonet, a small proportion of entrenching tools, and their *tentes d'abri*, in addition to their kit-bag and ammunition.

Dragoons are also armed with the long Berdan.

The Artillery is admirable; they as well as the Cavalry having the privilege, from the nature of the country, of being able to perform extended operations wherever they are stationed during the summer. Large camps and manœuvres are annually held at Krasnoe Selo and the surrounding country.* The horses are admirably broken; the artillery horses being driven in snaffle-bridles, and with pole draughts.

The Horse Artillery of the Guard gallop over rough ground with the greatest dash. All officers are allowed one horse in peace and two in war by the Government. The guns, many of which are Krupp—though of late the Russian Government has been making the same gun—are admirably served, and though the light and heavy field batteries both fire a heavy projectile with a fair initial velocity, the carriage seems able to bear the shock of discharge, and be easily moved by the little horses. The system of equitation is excellent; not only the school for riding-masters at St. Petersburg, which lasts

* The troops are also annually practised in the "tir de guerre." A force of all arms advances against an enemy represented by dummy figures. Real shell and ball ammunition are used. The ambulances and surgical appliances are practically tested, as a certain number of men are ordered to fall down as if wounded, on which they are immediately tended and carried off with every semblance of reality.

for six years, and sends annually between forty and fifty riding-masters to regiments, but also the school of equitation for officers and non-commissioned officers. This school receives an officer and a non-commissioned officer from nearly every cavalry regiment. The course lasts for one year. On joining, an unbroken remount is handed over to each. The entire training of the horse is taught, and to such perfection is this training brought, that after a few months horse and man will not only go through a double or single ride with great precision, but the horses are taught to follow, to lie down, and rise with the rider mounted. Most of the class can perform many tricks of horsemanship, and vault on and off at a gallop, take fences, &c. &c.

Steeplechases are *compulsory* among the officers of the horse and field artillery and cavalry regiments.

In order that the reader may easily compute from the above remarks the strength of any portion of an army corps, it must be borne in mind that a regiment of cavalry consists of six squadrons. Each squadron will have 64 files divided in four sections. The establishment of a line cavalry regiment is in peace—

Officers	38	} Combatants.
Non-commissioned officers and men, mounted	859	
Dismounted	150	
Volunteers	18	
1,065		

Officials	5	} Non-combatants.
Other ranks	62	

The strength of a company of infantry is 3 officers and 111 rank and file on a peace, 4 officers and 240 rank and file on a war footing.

A battery of light or heavy field artillery on a war footing is 6 officers, 236 non-commissioned officers and men.

To recapitulate the whole strength of this enormous and theoretically perfect machine in round numbers—

On a Peace Footing.

Combatants.	Non-Combatants.	Total Men.	Horses.	Guns.
670,000	41,000	711,000	114,000	1,610

On a War Footing.

1,980,000	82,000	2,062,000	361,200	3,920
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Of these, about 40,000 men, 13,000 horses, and 90 guns are stationed in Turkestan.

W. L. DAVIDSON, Capt. R.H.A.

(A Member of the Foreign Staff attending the Russian Manœuvres of 1884.)

MIND AND MOTION.

[REDE LECTURE, 1885.]

IT is to me an interesting reflection that since the time when in this Senate House I took my degree—now nearly fifteen years ago—the University of Cambridge has undergone changes which, both in number and in magnitude, are greater than any to which she has been subject in the whole course of her previous history. I will not wait to enumerate these changes, which in their aggregate have done so much to bring the University well abreast with the requirements of an age of rapid progress. But there is one of these changes—and this, in my opinion, one of the most important—to which I desire especially to point, as constituting my reason for choosing the subject on which I propose to address you.

The year to which I have alluded was the year in which Trinity College founded the Cambridge School of Physiology. I well remember the beginnings of that school. In a small make-shift laboratory, which was also used as a lecture-room, a young man, who was called the Prælector of Physiology, used to instruct some half a dozen undergraduates in the rudiments of his science. This small and isolated group of workers was at that time an object of what I may term good-natured contempt, on the part of all the undergraduate world belonging to the larger and more venerable schools of learning. But that small and isolated group was a seed which had fallen upon good ground, and from it we now behold a growth which I can designate only by the word amazing. If, therefore, I am now addressing any of my former friends who used to laugh at us in these good old days, I claim from them the tribute of other feelings when I say, that the Prælector of Physiology was the now illustrious Professor Michael Foster, and that the unpretending band of pupils whom he had then gathered around him included

Martin, Dew-Smith, Gaskell, Francis Darwin, and last, though not least, that extraordinary youth, whom to know was to love, and the meteoric career of whose genius is perhaps without a parallel in the history of science—Francis Maitland Balfour. Chiefly owing to his great influence, working in harmonious combination with that of Professor Foster, the others whom I have named, and some who followed afterwards, the Cambridge School of Biology has grown to be what now we behold it—a power not only in its parent University, but a power also in the whole world of science.

Nor is it Biology alone which has made such vast progress in this University since the time of which I speak. Side by side with the school of Biology two other schools of science have grown, which in respect alike of ability and equipment are able to challenge comparison with any similar institutions of the world. On the one hand we have the munificent foundation by our Chancellor of the Cavendish Laboratory, for the study of experimental physics—a foundation which will always be associated with the great names of Maxwell and Rayleigh. Maxwell we have lost, and Rayleigh has resigned; but the founders of the third great school to which I have alluded are still among us; and all who pursue in earnest the study of mental science will agree with me in assigning to the foremost rank of honour the names of Venn and Ward and Sidgwick.

Having regard, then, to these great changes which have taken place since I left Cambridge, it has appeared to me that I could choose no subject for the Rede Lecture of 1885 more appropriate than a consideration of the bearings upon one another of those sciences which here and now have struck so firm a root—Physiology (which is based upon Physics), and Psychology. With your permission, therefore, I propose to discuss what we at present know concerning the relations between the external world of Nature and the internal world of Mind.

The earliest writer who deserves to be called a psychologist is Hobbes; and if we consider the time when he wrote, we cannot fail to be surprised at what I may term his prevision of the most important results which have now been established by science. He was the first clearly to sound the note which has ever since constituted the bass, or fundamental tone, of scientific thought. Let us listen to it through the clear instrumentality of his own language:—

“All the qualities called sensible are, in the object which causeth them, but so many motions of the matter by which it presseth on our organs diversely. Neither in us that are pressed are they anything else but divers motions; for motion produceth nothing but motion. . . . The cause of sense is the external body or object, which presseth the organ proper to each sense, either immediately, as in taste and touch, or mediately, as in hearing, seeing, and smelling; which pressure, by the mediation of the nerves, and other strings

and membranes of the body, continued inwards to the brain and heart, causeth there a resistance, or counter-pressure, or endeavour. . . . And because going, speaking, and the like voluntary motions, depend always upon a precedent thought of *whither, which way, and what*; it is evident that the imagination [or idea] is the first internal beginning of all voluntary motion. And although unstudied men do not conceive any motion at all to be there, where the thing moved is invisible; or the space it is moved in is, for the shortness of it, insensible; yet that doth not hinder, but that such motions are. These small beginnings of motion, within the body of man, before they appear in walking, speaking, striking, and other visible actions, are commonly called ENDEAVOUR."

These quotations are sufficient to show that the system of Hobbes was prophetic of a revelation afterwards declared by two centuries of scientific research. For they show how plainly he taught that all our knowledge of the external world is a knowledge of motion; and, again, that all our acquisitions of knowledge and other acts of mind themselves imply, as he elsewhere says, some kind of "motion, agitation, or alteration, which worketh in the brain." That he conceived such motion, agitation, or alteration to be, from its extreme minuteness, "invisible" and "insensible," or, as we should now say, molecular, is likewise evident. I can therefore imagine the delight with which he would hear me speak when I say, that it is no longer a matter of keen-sighted speculation, but a matter of carefully demonstrated fact, that all our knowledge of the external world is nothing more than a knowledge of motion. For all the forms of energy have now been proved to be but modes of motion; and even matter, if not in its ultimate constitution vortical motion, at all events is known to us only as changes of motion: all that we perceive in what we call matter is change in modes of motion. We do not even know what it is that moves; we only know that when some modes of motion pass into other modes, we perceive what we understand by matter. It would take me too long to justify this general statement so that it should be intelligible to every one; but I am confident that all persons who understand such subjects will, when they think about it, accept this general statement as one which is universally true. And, if so, they will agree with Hobbes that all our knowledge of the external world is a knowledge of motion.

Now, if it would have been thus a joy to Hobbes to have heard to-day how thoroughly he has been justified in his views touching the external world, with no less joy would he have heard that he has been equally justified in his views touching the internal world. For it has now been proved, beyond the possibility of dispute, that it is only in virtue of those invisible movements which he inferred that the nervous system is enabled to perform its varied functions.

To many among the different kinds of movement going on in the external world, the animal body is adapted to respond by its own

movements as best suits its own welfare ; and the mechanism whereby this is effected is the neuro-muscular system. Those kinds of movement going on in the external world which are competent to evoke responsive movements in the animal body are called by physiologists stimuli. When a stimulus falls upon the appropriate sensory surface, a wave of molecular movement is sent up the attached sensory nerve to a nerve-centre, which thereupon issues another wave of molecular movement down a motor nerve to the group of muscles over whose action it presides ; and when the muscles receive this wave of nervous influence they contract. This kind of response to stimuli is purely mechanical, or non-mental, and is ordinarily termed reflex action. The whole of the spinal cord and lower part of the brain are made up of nerve-centres of reflex action ; and, in the result, we have a wonderfully perfect machine in the animal body considered as a whole. For while the various sensory surfaces are severally adapted to respond to different kinds of external movement—the eye to light, the ear to sound, and so on—any of these surfaces may be brought into suitable relation with any of the muscles of the body by means of the cerebro-spinal nerve-centres and their intercommunications.

So much, then, for the machinery of the body. We must now turn to consider the corporeal seat of the mind, or the only part of the nervous system wherein the agitation of nervous matter is accompanied with consciousness. This is composed of a double nerve-centre, which occurs in all vertebrated animals, and the two parts of which are called the cerebral hemispheres. In man this double nerve-centre is so large that it completely fills the arch of the skull, as far down as the level of the eyebrows. The two hemispheres of which it consists meet face to face in the middle line of the skull, from the top of the nose backwards. Each hemisphere is composed of two conspicuously distinct parts, called respectively the grey matter and the white matter. The grey matter is external, enveloping the white matter like a skull-cap, and is composed of an inconceivable number of nerve-cells connected together by nerve-fibres. It is computed that in a human brain there cannot be less than a thousand millions of cells, and five thousand millions of fibres. The white matter is composed only of nerve-fibres, which pass downwards in great strands of conducting tissue to the lower centres of the brain and spinal cord. So that the whole constitutes one system, with the grey matter of the cerebral hemispheres at the apex or crown.

That the grey matter of the cerebral hemispheres is the exclusive seat of mind is proved in two ways. In the first place, if we look to the animal kingdom as a whole, we find that, speaking generally, the intelligence of species varies with the mass of this grey matter. Or, in other words, we find that the process of mental evolution, on its physical side, has consisted in the progressive development of this

grey matter superimposed upon the pre-existing nervous machinery, until it has attained its latest and maximum growth in man.

In the second place, we find that when the grey matter is experimentally removed from the brain of animals, the animals continue to live; but are completely deprived of intelligence. All the lower nerve-centres continue to perform their mechanical adjustments in response to suitable stimulation; but they are no longer under the government of the mind. Thus, for instance, when a bird is mutilated in this way, it will continue to perform all its reflex adjustments—such as sitting on a perch, using its wings when thrown into the air, and so forth; but it no longer remembers its nest or its young, and will starve to death in the midst of its food, unless it be fed artificially.

Again, if the grey matter of only one hemisphere be removed, the mind is taken away from the corresponding (*i.e.*, the opposite) side of the body, while it remains intact on the other side. For example, if a dog be deprived of one hemisphere, the eye which was supplied from it with nerve-fibres continues able to see, or to transmit impressions to the lower nerve-centre called the optic ganglion; for this eye will then mechanically follow the hand waved in front of it. But if the hand should hold a piece of meat, the dog will show no mental recognition of the meat, which of course it will immediately seize if exposed to the view of its other eye. The same thing is found to happen in the case of birds: on the injured side *sensation*, or the power of responding to a stimulus, remains intact; while *perception*, or the power of mental recognition, is destroyed.

This description applies to the grey matter of the cerebral hemispheres as a whole. But of course the question next arises whether it only acts as a whole, or whether there is any localization of different intellectual faculties in different parts of it. Now, in answer to this question, it has long been known that the faculty of speech is definitely localized in a part of the grey matter lying just behind the forehead; for, when this part is injured, a man loses all power of expressing even the most simple ideas in words, while the ideas themselves remain as clear as ever. It is remarkable that in each individual only this part of one hemisphere appears to be used; and there is some evidence to show that left-handed persons use the opposite side from right-handed. Moreover, when the side which is habitually in use is destroyed, the corresponding part of the other hemisphere begins to learn its work, so that the patient may in time recover his use of language.

Within the last few years the important discovery has been made, that by stimulating with electricity the surface of the grey matter of the hemispheres, muscular movements are evoked; and that certain patches of the grey matter, when thus stimulated, always throw into action the same groups of muscles. In other words, there are

definite local areas of grey matter, which, when stimulated, throw into action definite groups of muscles. The surface of the cerebral hemispheres has now been in large measure explored and mapped out with reference to these so-called motor-centres; and thus our knowledge of the neuro-muscular machinery of the higher animals (including man) has been very greatly furthered. Here I may observe parenthetically that, as the brain is insentient to injuries inflicted upon its own substance, none of the experiments to which I have alluded entail any suffering to the animals experimented upon; and it is evident that the important information which has thus been gained could not have been gained by any other method. I may also observe that as these motor-centres occur in the grey matter of the hemispheres, a strong probability arises that they are not only the motor-centres, but also the volitional centres which originate the intellectual commands for the contraction of this and that group of muscles. Unfortunately we cannot interrogate an animal whether, when we stimulate a motor-centre, we arouse in the animal's mind an act of will to throw the corresponding group of muscles into action; but that these motor-centres are really centres of volition is pointed to by the fact, that electrical stimuli have no longer any effect upon them when the mental faculties of the animal are suspended by anæsthetics, nor in the case of young animals where the mental faculties have not yet been sufficiently developed to admit of voluntary co-ordination among the muscles which are concerned. On the whole, then, it is not improbable that on stimulating artificially these motor-centres of the brain, a physiologist is actually playing from without, and at his own pleasure, upon the volitions of the animal.

Turning, now, from this brief description of the structure and leading functions of the principal parts of the nervous system, I propose to consider what we know about the molecular movements going on in different parts of this system, and which are concerned in all the processes of reflex adjustment, sensation, perception, emotion, instinct, thought, and volition.

First of all, the rate at which these molecular movements travel through a nerve has been measured, and found to be about 100 feet per second, or somewhat more than a mile a minute, in the nerves of a frog. In the nerves of a mammal it is just about twice as fast; so that if London were connected with New York by means of a mammalian nerve instead of an electric cable, it would require nearly a whole day for a message to pass.

Next, the time has also been measured which is required by a nerve-centre to perform its part in a reflex action, where no thought or consciousness is involved. This time, in the case of the winking reflex, and apart from the time required for the passage of the molecular waves up and down the sensory and motor nerves, is about $\frac{1}{10}$

of a second. Such is the rate at which a nerve-centre conducts its operations when no consciousness or volition is involved. But when consciousness and volition are involved, or when the cerebral hemispheres are called into play, the time required is considerably greater. For the operations on the part of the hemispheres which are comprised in perceiving a simple sensation (such as an electrical shock) and the volitional act of signalling the perception, cannot be performed in less than $\frac{1}{12}$ of a second, which is nearly twice as long as the time required by the lower nerve-centres for the performance of a reflex action. Other experiments prove that the more complex an act of perception, the more time is required for its performance. Thus, when the experiment is made to consist, not merely in signalling a perception, but in signalling one of two or more perceptions (such as an electrical shock on one or other of the two hands, which of five letters is suddenly exposed to view, &c.), a longer time is required for the more complex process of distinguishing which of the two or more expected stimuli is perceived, and in determining which of the appropriate signals to make in response. The time consumed by the cerebral hemispheres in meeting a "dilemma" of this kind is from $\frac{1}{5}$ to $\frac{1}{10}$ of a second longer than that which they consume in the case of a simpler perception. Therefore, whenever mental operations are concerned, a relatively much greater time is required for a nerve-centre to perform its adjustments than when a merely mechanical or non-mental response is needed; and the more complex the mental operation the more time is necessary. Such may be termed the physiology of deliberation.

So much, then, for the rate at which molecular movements travel through nerves, and the times which nerve-centres consume in performing their molecular adjustments. We may next consider the researches which have been made within the last few months upon the rates of these movements themselves, or the number of vibrations per second with which the particles of nervous matter oscillate.

If, by means of a suitable apparatus, a muscle is made to record its own contraction, we find that during all the time it is in contraction, it is undergoing a vibratory movement at the rate of about nine pulsations per second. What is the meaning of this movement? The meaning is that the act of will in the brain, which serves as a stimulus to the contraction of the muscle, is accompanied by a vibratory movement in the grey matter of the brain; that this movement is going on at the rate of nine pulsations per second; and that the muscle is giving a separate or distinct contraction in response to every one of these nervous pulsations. That such is the true explanation of the rhythm in the muscle is proved by the fact that if, instead of contracting a muscle by an act of the will, it be contracted by means of a rapid series of electrical shocks

playing upon its attached nerve, the record then furnished shows a similar trembling going on in the muscle as in the previous case; but the tremors of contraction are now no longer at the rate of nine per second: they correspond beat for beat with the interruptions of the electrical current. That is to say, the muscle is responding separately to every separate stimulus which it receives through the nerve; and further experiment shows that it is able thus to keep time with the separate shocks, even though these be made to follow one another so rapidly as 1,000 per second. Therefore we can have no doubt that the slow rhythm of nine per second under the influence of volitional stimulation, represents the rate at which the muscle is receiving so many separate impulses from the brain: the muscle is keeping time with the molecular vibrations going on in the cerebral hemispheres at the rate of nine beats per second. Careful tracings show that this rate cannot be increased by increasing the strength of the volitional stimulus; but some individuals—and those usually who are of quickest intelligence—display a somewhat quicker rate of rhythm, which may be as high as eleven per second. Moreover, it is found that by stimulating with strychnine any of the centres of reflex action, pretty nearly the same rate of rhythm is exhibited by the muscles thus thrown into contraction; so that all the nerve-cells in the body are thus shown to have in their vibrations pretty nearly the same period, and not to be able to vibrate with any other. For no matter how rapidly the electrical shocks are allowed to play upon the grey matter of the cerebral hemispheres, as distinguished from the nerve-trunks proceeding from them to the muscles, the muscles always show the same rhythm of about nine beats per second: the nerve-cells, unlike the nerve-fibres, refuse to keep time with the electric shocks, and will only respond to them by vibrating at their own intrinsic rate of nine beats per second.

Thus much, then, for the rate of molecular vibration which goes on in nerve-centres. But the rate of such vibration which goes on in sensory and motor nerves may be very much more rapid. For while a nerve-centre is only able to *originate* a vibration at the rate of about nine beats per second, a motor-nerve, as we have already seen, is able to *transmit* a vibration of at least 1,000 beats per second; and a sensory nerve which at the surface of its expansion is able to respond differently to differences of musical pitch, of temperature, and even of colour, is probably able to vibrate very much more rapidly even than this. We are not, indeed, entitled to conclude that the nerves of special sense vibrate in actual unison, or synchronize, with these external sources of stimulation; but we are, I think, bound to conclude that they must vibrate in some numerical proportion to them (else we should not perceive objective differences

in sound, temperature, or colour); and even this implies that they are probably able to vibrate at some enormous rate.

With further reference to these molecular movements in sensory nerves, the following important observation has been made—viz., that there is a constant ratio between the amount of agitation produced in a sensory nerve, and the intensity of the corresponding sensation. This ratio is not a direct one. As Fechner states it, "Sensation varies, not as the stimulus, but as the logarithm of the stimulus." Thus, for instance, if 1,000 candles are all throwing their light upon the same screen, we should require ten more candles to be added before our eyes could perceive any difference in the amount of illumination. But if we begin with only 100 candles shining upon the screen, we should perceive an increase in the illumination by adding a single candle. And what is true of sight is equally true of all the other senses: if any stimulus is increased, the smallest increase of sensation first occurs when the stimulus rises one per cent. above its original intensity. Such being the law on the side of sensation, suppose that we place upon the optic nerve of an animal the wires proceeding from a delicate galvanometer, we find that every time we stimulate the eye with light, the needle of the galvanometer moves, showing electrical changes going on in the nerve, caused by the molecular agitations. Now these electrical changes are found to vary in intensity with the intensity of the light used as a stimulus, and they do so very nearly in accordance with the law of sensation just mentioned. So we say that in sensation the cerebral hemispheres are, as it were, acting the part of galvanometers in appreciating the amount of molecular change which is going on in sensory nerves; and that they record their readings in the mind as faithfully as a galvanometer records its readings on the dial.

Hitherto we have been considering certain features in the physiology of nervous action, so far as this can be appreciated by means of physiological instruments. But we have just seen that the cerebral hemispheres may themselves be regarded as such instruments, which record in our minds their readings of changes going on in our nerves. Hence, when other physiological instruments fail us, we may gain much additional insight touching the movements of nervous matter by attending to the thoughts and feelings of our own minds; for these are so many indices of what is going on in the cerebral hemispheres. I therefore propose next to contemplate the mind, considered thus as a physiological instrument.

The same scientific instinct which led Hobbes so truly to anticipate the progress of physiology, led him not less truly to anticipate the progress of psychology. For just as he was the first to enunciate the fundamental principle of nerve-action in the vibration of mole-

cules, so was he likewise the first to enunciate the fundamental principle of psychology in the association of ideas. And the great advance of knowledge which has been made since his day with respect to both these principles, entitles us to be much more confident than even he was that they are in some way intimately united. Moreover, the manner in which they are so united we have begun, clearly to understand. For we know from our study of nerve-action in general, that when once a wave of invisible or molecular movement passes through any line of nerve-structure, it leaves behind it a change in the structure such that it is afterwards more easy for a similar wave, when started from the same point, to pursue the same course. Or, to adopt a simile from Hobbes, just as water upon a table flows most readily in the lines which have been wetted by a previous flow, so the invisible waves of nerve-action pass most readily in the lines of a previous passage. This is the reason why in any exercise requiring muscular co-ordination, or dexterity, "practice makes perfect:" the nerve-centres concerned learn to perform their work by frequently repeating it, because in this way the needful lines of wave-movement in the structure of the nerve-centre are rendered more and more permeable by use. Now we have seen that in the nerve-centres called the cerebral hemispheres, wave-movement of this kind is accompanied with feeling. Changes of consciousness follow step by step these waves of movement in the brain, and therefore when on two successive occasions the waves of movement pursue the same pathway in the brain, they are attended with a succession of the same ideas in the mind. Thus we see that the tendency of ideas to recur in the same order as that in which they have previously occurred, is merely an obverse expression of the fact that lines of wave-movement in the brain become more and more permeable by use. So it comes that a child can learn its lessons by frequently repeating them; so it is that all our knowledge is accumulated; and so it is that all our thinking is conducted.

A wholly new field of inquiry is thus opened up. By using our own consciousness as a physiological instrument of the greatest delicacy, we are able to learn a great deal about the dynamics of brain-action concerning which we should otherwise remain in total ignorance. But the field of inquiry thus opened up is too large for me to enter upon to-day. I will therefore merely observe, in general terms, that although we are still very far from understanding the operations of the brain in thought, there can be no longer any question that in these operations of the brain we have what I may term the objective machinery of thought. "Not every thought to every thought succeeds indifferently," said Hobbes. Starting from this fact, modern physiology has clearly shown why it is a fact; and looking to the astonishing rate at which the science of physiology is

now advancing, I think we may fairly expect that within a time less remote than the two centuries which now separate us from Hobbes, the course of ideas in a given train of thought will admit of having its footsteps tracked in the corresponding pathways of the brain. Be this, however, as it may, even now we know enough to say that, whether or not these footsteps will ever admit of being thus tracked in detail, they are all certainly present in the cerebral structures of each one of us. What we know on the side of mind as logical sequence, is on the side of the nervous system nothing more than a passage of nervous energy through one series of cells and fibres rather than through another: what we recognize as truth is merely the fact of the brain vibrating in tune with Nature.

Such being the intimate relation between nerve-action and mind-action, it has become the scientifically orthodox teaching that the two stand to one another in the relation of cause to effect. One of the most distinguished of my predecessors in this place, the President of the Royal Society, has said in one of the most celebrated of his lectures:—"We have as much reason for regarding the mode of motion of the nervous system as the cause of the state of consciousness, as we have for regarding any event as the cause of another." And, by way of perfectly logical deduction from this statement, Professor Huxley argues that thought and feeling have nothing whatever to do with determining action: they are merely the by-products of cerebration, or, as he expresses it, the indices of changes which are going on in the brain. Under this view we are all what he terms conscious automata, or machines which happen, as it were by chance, to be conscious of some of their own movements. But the consciousness is altogether adventitious, and bears the same ineffectual relation to the activity of the brain as a steam-whistle bears to the activity of a locomotive, or the striking of a clock to the time-keeping adjustments of the clock-work. Here, again, we meet with an echo of Hobbes, who opens his work on the Commonwealth with these words:—

"Nature, the art whereby God hath made and governs the world, is by the art of man, as in many other things, in this also imitated, that it can make an artificial animal. For seeing life is but a motion of limbs, the beginning whereof is in the principal part within; why may we not say, that all automata (engines that move themselves by springs and wheels as doth a watch), have an artificial life? For what is the heart, but a spring; and the nerves, but so many strings; and the joints, but so many wheels, giving motion to the whole body, such as was intended by the artificer?"

Now, this theory of conscious automatism is not merely a legitimate outcome of the theory that nervous changes are the causes of mental changes, but it is logically the only possible outcome. Nor do I see any way in which this theory can be fought on grounds of

physiology. If we persist in regarding the association between brain and thought exclusively from a physiological point of view, we must of necessity be materialists. Further, so far as we are physiologists our materialism can do us no harm. On the contrary, it is to us of the utmost service, as at once the simplest physiological explanation of facts already known, and the best working hypothesis to guide us in our further researches. But it does not follow from this that the theory of materialism is true. The bells of St. Mary's over the way always ring for a quarter of an hour before the University sermon; yet the ringing of the bells is not the cause of the sermon, although, as long as the association remains constant, there would be no harm in assuming, for any practical purposes, that it is so. But just as we should be wrong in concluding, if we did not happen to know so much about the matter as we do know, that the University sermon is produced by the vibration of bells in the tower of St. Mary's Church, so we may be similarly wrong if we were definitely to conclude that the sermon is produced by the vibration of a number of little nerve-cells in the brain of the preacher.

Now, if time permitted, and if I supposed that you would all care to go with me into matters of some abstruseness, I could certainly prove that whatever the connection between body and mind may be, we have the best possible reasons for concluding that it is not a causal connection. These reasons are, of course, extra-physiological; but they are not on this account less conclusive. Within the limits of a lecture, however, I can only undertake to give an outline sketch of what I take to be the overwhelming argument against materialism.

We have first the general fact that all our knowledge of motion, and so of matter, is merely a knowledge of the modifications of mind. That is to say, all our knowledge of the external world—including the knowledge of our own brains—is merely a knowledge of our own mental states. Let it be observed that we do not even require to go so far as the irrefutable position of Berkeley, that the existence of an external world without the medium of mind, or of being without knowing, is inconceivable. It is enough to take our stand on a lower level of abstraction, and to say that whether or not an external world can exist apart from mind in any absolute or inconceivable sense, at any rate it cannot do so *for us*. We cannot think any of the facts of external nature without presupposing the existence of a mind which thinks them; and therefore, so far at least as we are concerned, mind is necessarily prior to everything else. It is for us the only mode of existence which is real in its own right; and to it, as to a standard, all other modes of existence which may be *inferred* must be referred. Therefore, if we say that mind is a function of motion, we are only saying, in somewhat confused terminology, that mind is a function of itself.

Such, then, I take to be a general refutation of materialism. To use but a mild epithet, we must conclude that the theory is unphilosophical, seeing that it assumes one thing to be produced by another thing, in spite of an obvious demonstration that the alleged effect is necessarily prior to its cause. Such, I say, is a general refutation of materialism. But this is far from being all. "Motion," says Hobbes, "produceth nothing but motion;" and yet he immediately proceeds to assume that in the case of the brain it produces, not only motion, but mind. He was perfectly right in saying that with respect to its movements the animal body resembles an engine or a watch; and if he had been acquainted with the products of higher evolution in watch-making, he might with full propriety have argued, for instance, that in the compensating balance, whereby a watch adjusts its own movements in adaptation to external changes of temperature, a watch is exhibiting the mechanical aspect of volition. And, similarly, it is perhaps possible to conceive that the principles of mechanism might be more and more extended in their effects, until, in so marvellously perfected a structure as the human brain, all the voluntary movements of the body might be originated in the same mechanical manner as are the compensating movements of a watch; for this, indeed, as we have seen, is no more than happens in the case of all the nerve-centres other than the cerebral hemispheres. If this were so, motion would be producing nothing but motion, and upon the subject of brain-action there would be nothing further to say. Without consciousness I should be delivering this lecture; without consciousness you would be hearing it; and all the busy brains in this University would be conducting their researches, or preparing for their examinations, mindlessly. Strange as such a state of things might be, still motion would be producing nothing but motion; and, therefore, if there were any mind to contemplate the facts, it would encounter no philosophical paradox: it would merely have to conclude that such were the astonishing possibilities of mechanism. But, as the facts actually stand, we find that this is not the case. We find, indeed, that up to a certain level of complexity mechanism alone is able to perform all the compensations or adjustments which are performed by the animal body; but we also find that beyond this level such compensations or adjustments are never performed without the intervention of consciousness. Therefore, the theory of automatism has to meet the unanswerable question—How is it that in the machinery of the brain motion produces this something which is not motion? Science has now definitely proved the correlation of all the forces; and this means that if any kind of motion could produce anything else that is not motion, it would be producing that which science would be bound to regard as in the strictest sense of the word a miracle. Therefore, if we are to take

our stand upon science—and this is what materialism professes to do—we are logically bound to conclude, not merely that the evidence of causation from body to mind is not so cogent as that of causation in any other case, but that in this particular case causation may be proved, again in the strictest sense of the term, a physical impossibility.

To adduce only one other consideration. Apart from all that I have said, is it not in itself a strikingly suggestive fact that consciousness only, yet always, appears upon the scene when the adjustive actions of any animal body rise above the certain level of intricacy to which I have alluded? Surely this large and general fact points with irresistible force to the conclusion, that in the performance of these more complex adjustments, consciousness—or the power of feeling and the power of willing—is of some *use*. Assuredly on the principles of evolution, which materialists at all events cannot afford to disregard, it would be a wholly anomalous fact that so wide and important a class of faculties as those of mind should have become developed in constantly ascending degrees throughout the animal kingdom, if they were entirely without use to animals. And, be it observed, this consideration holds good whatever views we may happen to entertain upon the special theory of natural selection. For the consideration stands upon the general fact that all the organs and functions of animals are of use to animals: we never meet, on any large or general scale, with organs and functions which are wholly adventitious. Is it to be supposed that this general principle fails just where its presence is most required, and that the highest functions of the highest organs of the highest animals stand out of analogy with all other functions in being themselves functionless? To this question I, for one, can only answer, and answer unequivocally, No. As a rational being who waits to take a wider view of the facts than that which is open to the one line of research pursued by the physiologist, I am forced to conclude that not without a reason does mind exist in the frame of things; and that apart from the activity of mind, whereby motion is related to that which is not motion, this planet could never have held the wonderful being, who in multiplying has replenished the earth and subdued it—holding dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth.

What, then, shall we say touching this mysterious union of mind and motion? Having found it physically impossible that there should be a causal connection proceeding from motion to mind, shall we try to reverse the terms, and suppose a causal connection proceeding from mind to motion? This is the oldest and still the most popular theory—the theory of spiritualism. And, no doubt, in one important respect it is less unphilosophical than the opposite theory of materialism. For spiritualism supposes the causation to proceed

from that which is the source of our idea of causality—the mind: not from that into which this idea has been read—the brain. Therefore, if causation were to be accepted as a possibility either way, it would be less unreasonable to suppose mental changes the causes of material changes than *vice versa*; for we should then at least be starting from the basis of immediate knowledge, instead of from the reflection of that knowledge in what we call the external world. Seeing that the external world is known to us only as motion, it is logically impossible for the mind to infer its own causation from the external world; for this would be to infer that it is an effect of motion, which would be the same as saying that it is an effect of its own knowledge; and this would be absurd. But, on the other hand, it is not thus logically impossible for the mind to infer that it may be the cause of some of its own knowledge, or, in other words, that it may have in some measure the power of producing what it knows as motion. And when the mind does infer this, no logic on earth is able to touch the inference; the position of pure idealism is beyond the reach of argument. Nevertheless, it is opposed to the whole momentum of science. For if mind is supposed, on no matter how small a scale, to be a cause of motion, the fundamental axiom of science is impugned. This fundamental axiom is that energy can neither be created nor destroyed—that just as motion can produce nothing but motion, so, conversely, motion can be produced by nothing but motion. Regarded, therefore, from the standpoint of physical science, the theory of spiritualism is in precisely the same case as the theory of materialism: that is to say, if the supposed causation takes place, it can only be supposed to do so by way of miracle.

And this is a conclusion which the more clear-sighted of the idealists have expressly recognized. That subtle and most entertaining thinker, for example, the late Professor Green of Oxford, has said that the self-conscious volition of man “does not consist in a series of natural events, . . . is not natural in the ordinary sense of that term; not natural at any rate in any sense in which naturalness would imply its determination by antecedent events, or by conditions of which it is not itself the source.”

Thus the theory of spiritualism, although not directly refutable by any process of logic, is certainly enfeebled by its collision with the instincts of physical science. In necessarily holding the facts of consciousness and volition super-natural, extra-natural, or non-natural, the theory is opposed to the principle of continuity.

Spiritualism being thus unsatisfactory, and materialism impossible, is there yet any third hypothesis in which we may hope to find intellectual rest? In my opinion there is. If we unite in a higher synthesis the elements both of spiritualism and of materialism, we

obtain a product which satisfies every fact of feeling on the one hand, and of observation on the other. The manner in which this synthesis may be effected is perfectly simple. We have only to suppose that the antithesis between mind and motion—subject and object—is itself phenomenal or apparent: not absolute or real. We have only to suppose that the seeming duality is relative to our modes of apprehension; and, therefore, that any change taking place in the mind, and any corresponding change taking place in the brain, are really not two changes, but one change. When a violin is played upon we hear a musical sound, and at the same time we see a vibration of the strings. Relatively to our consciousness, therefore, we have here two sets of changes, which appear to be very different in kind; yet we know that in an absolute sense they are one and the same: we know that the diversity in consciousness is created only by the difference in our modes of perceiving the same event—whether we see or whether we hear the vibration of the strings. Similarly, we may suppose that a vibration of nerve-strings and a process of thought are really one and the same event, which is dual or diverse only in relation to our modes of perceiving it.

The great advantage of this theory is that it supposes only one stream of causation, in which both mind and motion are simultaneously concerned. The theory, therefore, escapes all the difficulties and contradictions with which both spiritualism and materialism are beset. Thus, motion is supposed to be producing nothing but motion; mind-changes nothing but mind-changes: both producing both simultaneously, neither could be what it is without the other, because without the other neither could be the cause which in fact it is. Impossible, therefore, is the supposition of the materialist that consciousness is adventitious, or that in the absence of mind changes of brain could be what they are; for it belongs to the very causation of these changes that they should have a mental side. The use of mind to animals is thus rendered apparent; for intelligent volition is thus shown to be a true cause of adjustive movement, in that the cerebration which it involves could not otherwise be possible: the causation would not otherwise be complete.

A simple illustration may serve at once to render this doctrine more easily intelligible, and to show that, if accepted, the doctrine, as it appears to me, terminates the otherwise interminable controversy on the freedom of the will.

In an Edison lamp the light which is emitted from the burner may be said indifferently to be caused by the number of vibrations per second going on in the carbon, or by the temperature of the carbon; for this rate of vibration could not take place in the carbon without constituting that degree of temperature which affects our eyes as luminous. Similarly, a train of thought may be said indif-

ferently to be caused by brain-action or by mind-action; for, *ex hypothesi*, the one could not take place without the other. Now, when we contemplate the phenomena of volition by themselves, it is as though we were contemplating the phenomena of light by themselves: volition is produced by mind in brain, just as light is produced by temperature in carbon. And just as we may correctly speak of light as the cause, say, of a photograph, so we may correctly speak of volition as the cause of bodily movement. That particular kind of physical activity which takes place in the carbon could not take place without the light which causes a photograph; and, similarly, that particular kind of physical activity which takes place in the brain could not take place without the volition which causes a bodily movement. So that volition is as truly a cause of bodily movement as is the physical activity of the brain; seeing that, in an absolute sense, the cause is one and the same. But if we once clearly perceive that what in a relative sense we know as volition is, in a similar sense, the cause of bodily movement, we terminate the question touching the freedom of the will. For this question in its last resort—and apart from the ambiguity which has been thrown around it by some of our metaphysicians—is merely the question whether the will is to be regarded as a cause in Nature. And the theory which we have now before us sanctions the doctrine that it may be so regarded, if only we remember that its causal activity depends upon its identity with the obverse aspect known as cerebration, without which identity in apparent duality neither volition nor cerebration could be the cause which in fact they are. It thus becomes a mere matter of phraseology whether we speak of the will determining, or being determined by, changes going on in the external world; just as it is but a matter of phraseology whether we speak of temperature determining, or being determined by, molecular vibration. All the requirements alike of the free-will and of the bond-will hypotheses are thus satisfied by a synthesis which comprises them both. On the one hand, it would be as impossible for *an unconscious automaton* to do the work or to perform the adjustments of a conscious agent, as it would be for an Edison lamp to give out light and cause a photograph when not heated by an electric current. On the other hand, it would be as impossible for the will to originate bodily movement without the occurrence of a strictly physical process of cerebration, as it would be for light to shine in an Edison lamp which had been deprived of its carbon-burner.

It may be said of this theory that it is highly speculative, not verifiable by any possible experiment, and therefore at best is but a mere guess. All which is, no doubt, perfectly true; but, on the other hand, we must remember that this theory comes to us as the only one which is logically possible, and at the same time com-

petent to satisfy the facts alike of the outer and of the inner world. It is a speculation in the sense of not being verifiable by experiment; but it has much more value than ordinarily attaches to an unverifiable speculation, in that there is really no alternative hypothesis to be considered: if we choose to call it a guess, we must at the same time remember it is a guess where it does not appear that any other is open. Once more to quote Hobbes, who, as we have seen, was himself a remarkable instance of what he here says: "The best prophet naturally is the best guesser; and the best guesser, he that is most versed and studied in the matters he guesses at." In this case, therefore, the best prophet is not the physiologist, whose guess ends in materialism; nor the purely mental philosopher, whose guess ends in spiritualism; but rather the man who, being "versed and studied" in all the facts appertaining to both sides of the matter, ends in the only alternative guess which remains open. And if that most troublesome individual, the "plain man" of Locke, should say it seems at least opposed to common sense to suppose that there is anything in a burning candle or a rolling billiard-ball substantially the same as mind, the answer is that if he could look into my brain at this moment he would see nothing there but motion of molecules, or motion of masses; and apart from the accident of my being able to tell him so, his "common sense" could never have divined that these motions in my brain are concerned in the genesis of my spoken thoughts.

It is obvious that from this hypothesis as to the substantial identity of mind and motion, two important questions arise; and I feel that some reference to these questions is in present circumstances forced upon me, because they have both been considered in precisely the same connection by one of the most powerful intellects that was ever sent out into the world by this University. I mean the late Professor Clifford. As my intimate and valued friend, I desire to mention his name in this place with all the affection, as well as with all the admiration, to which I well know it is so fully entitled; and if I appear to mention him only in order to disagree with him, this is only because I know equally well that in his large and magnanimous thought differences of philosophical opinion were never felt to weaken the bonds of friendship.

In his well-known lecture on Body and Mind, Professor Clifford adopted the hypothesis of identity which we are now considering, and from it was led to the conclusion that if in the case of cerebral processes motion is one with mind, the same must be true of motion wherever it occurs; or, as he expressed it subsequently, the whole universe must be made of mind-stuff. But in his view, although matter in motion presents what may be termed

the raw material of mind, it is only in the highly elaborated constitution of the human brain that this raw material is sufficiently wrought up to yield a self-conscious personality. Hence the dissolution of a human brain implies the dissolution of a human mind; and hence also the universe, although entirely composed of mind-stuff, is itself mindless. Now, all I have to say about these two deductions is this—they do not necessarily follow from the theory which is before us. In holding that the mind of man perishes with his body, and that above the mind of man there is no other, Clifford may have been right, or may have been wrong. I am not here to discuss at length any questions of such supreme importance. But I feel that I am here to insist upon the one point which is immediately connected with my subject; and this is, that whether or not Clifford was right in his conclusions, these conclusions certainly did not follow by way of any logical sequence from his premises. Because within the limits of human experience mind is only known as associated with brain, it clearly does not follow that mind cannot exist in any other mode. It does not even follow that any probability upon this matter can be thus established. The basis of analogy on which Clifford sought to rear an inference of cosmical extent, was restricted to the one instance of mind as known upon one planet; and, therefore, it is hard to imagine a more precarious use of that precarious method which is called by logicians simple enumeration. Indeed, even for what it is worth, the inference may be pointed with quite as much effect in precisely the opposite direction. For we have seen how little it is that we understand of the one mode in which we certainly know that mind does exist; and if from this little we feel impelled to conclude that there is a mode of mind which is not restricted to brain, but co-extensive with motion, is con-substantial and co-eternal with all that was, and is, and is to come; have we not at least a suggestion, that high as the heavens are above the earth, so high above our thoughts may be the thoughts of such a mind as this? I offer no opinion upon the question whether the general order of Nature does not require some one explanatory cause; nor upon the question whether the mind of man itself does not point to something kindred in the self-existing origin of things. I am not concerned to argue any point upon which I feel that opinions may legitimately differ. I am only concerned to show that, in so far as any deductions can be drawn from the theory which is before us, they make at least as much against as in favour of the cosmical conclusions arrived at by Clifford.

On February 17, in the year 1600, when the streets of Rome were thronged with pilgrims from all the quarters of Christendom, while no less than fifty cardinals were congregated for the Jubilee; into the densely crowded Campo di Fiori a man was led to the stake,

where, "silent and self-sustained," before the eyes of all nations, he perished in the flames. That death was the death of a martyr: it was met voluntarily in attestation of truth. But most noble of all the noble army to which he belonged, the name of that man is written large in history, as the name of one who had fortitude to die, not in the cause of religious belief, but in that of scientific conviction. For why did Bruno suffer? He suffered, as we all know, because he refused to recant his persuasion of the truth of the Copernican theory. Why, then, do I adduce the name of Bruno at the close of this lecture? I do so because, as far as I have been able to ascertain, he was the first clearly to enunciate the monistic theory of things to which the consideration of my subject has conducted us. This theory—or that as to the substantial identity of mind and motion—was afterwards espoused, in different guises, by sundry other writers; but to Bruno belongs the merit of its original publication, and it was partly for his adherence to this publication that he died. To this day Bruno is ordinarily termed a pantheist, and his theory, which in the light of much fuller knowledge I am advocating, Pantheism. I do not care to consider a difference of terms, where the only distinction resides in so unintelligible an idea as that of the creation of substance. It is more to the purpose to observe that in the mind of its first originator—and this a mind which was sufficiently clear in its thought to die for its perception of astronomical truth—the theory of Pantheism was but a sublime extension of the then contracted views of Theism. And I think that we of to-day, when we look to the teaching of this martyr of science, will find that in his theory alone do we meet with what I may term a philosophically adequate conception of Deity. If the advance of natural science is now steadily leading us to the conclusion that there is no motion without mind, must we not see how the independent conclusion of mental science is thus independently confirmed—the conclusion, I mean, that there is no being without knowing? To me, at least, it does appear that the time has come when we may begin, as it were in a dawning light, to see that the study of Nature and the study of Mind are meeting upon this greatest of possible truths. And if this is the case—if there is no motion without mind, no being without knowing—shall we infer, with Clifford, that universal being is mindless, or answer with a dogmatic negative that most stupendous of questions—Is there knowledge with the Most High? If there is no motion without mind, no being without knowing, may we not rather infer, with Bruno, that it is in the medium of mind, and in the medium of knowledge, we live, and move, and have our being?

This, I think, is the direction in which the inference points, if we are careful to set the logical conditions with complete impartiality.

But the ulterior question remains, whether, so far as science is concerned, it is here possible to point any inference at all : the whole orbit of human knowledge may be too narrow to afford a parallax for measurements so vast. Yet even here, if it be true that the voice of science must thus of necessity speak the language of agnosticism, at least let us see to it that the language is pure ; let us not tolerate any barbarisms introduced from the side of aggressive dogma. So shall we find that this new grammar of thought does not admit of any constructions radically opposed to more venerable ways of thinking ; even if we do not find that the often-quoted words of its earliest formulator apply with special force to its latest dialects—that if a little knowledge of physiology and a little knowledge of psychology dispose men to atheism, a deeper knowledge of both, and, still more, a deeper thought upon their relations to one another, will lead men back to some form of religion, which, if it be more vague, may also be more worthy than that of earlier days.

“ It is a beauteous evening, calm and free ;
The holy time is quiet as a nun,
Breathless with adoration ; the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity ;
The gentleness of heaven is on the sea :
Listen ! the mighty being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder, everlastingly.”

GEORGE J. ROMANES.

RUS IN URBE, OR GARDENING IN LONDON.

I. PREJUDICE.

THE London garden is, I know, a joke with country cousins. "One lilac bush that never blooms and an earwig!" say they. Or "Half a plane tree and some groundsel." Good! but the earth that will support a plane tree will support something else. "Nay!" cries the country cousin, who does not know so very much about gardens although she dwells in the midst of one, "nothing will grow in London: the air, the soil, the soot are impossible. Try it!" she winds up triumphantly: and perhaps a couple of failures with some cheap seed or other that we have artlessly shoved into some sticky mould, seem to countenance her. We "give it up," and cheerily agree that "Nothing will grow."

But this is not true: so far from true indeed, that I have seen many a little London garden outshine the country cousin's in point of colour—ay, and neatness too. Some plants will *not* grow in London (high-class roses for instance), but a great number *will* grow and thrive splendidly. Still the poverty of the atmosphere necessitates rather more care and trouble in planting and pruning than in the country. The soil is manageable, by paying for it—the air is not: and we must make up by the richness of the one for the shortcomings of the other. And as for soot, it is so far from being radically bad for the soil, that in the country soot is often dug into the earth for flower beds. It is like most other things, only injurious when there is too much of it.

No doubt people take far more interest in the fronts of their London houses than they did ten years ago, whatever they may do with their backs, and the splendid creepers that clothe certain façades in town are a standing answer to our country cousin's gibes, though they are often grey with dust, and by no means tended as

they should be. Green draperies of Virginian creeper give absolutely no trouble, and are always beautiful: the common ivy and vine, wistaria, canariensis, crataegus pyracantha, hops, in some aspects, magnolia and passion flower, and clematis and white jasmine everywhere, warmly second our slightest efforts, and are a pleasure both to ourselves and the passer-by, who has little enough to beguile the tedium of a march through our "better-class" streets.

II. DIRT.

But we ought to take intelligent care of our creepers if we have them, and not leave them to the tender mercies of aphids, caterpillars, and spiders. It is wonderful how dingy a healthy creeper gets in smoky London, so much so, that I have sometimes passed an ivy-clad house in a narrow street a hundred times without noticing the ivy.

A black brick space with or without black leaves upon it is still only black. We ourselves should be equally Ethiopian if we never washed our faces. And if we want our mantling creepers to be anything but so many distributed dust-bins, we ought to wash their faces, the oftener the better, with a strong hose, as we dust our rooms and brush our coats. This would keep off caterpillars and the other creatures that gnaw the leaves and invade the bedrooms.

It is sad to see the common jasmine, with its dainty stars of fragrant snow, flecked with soot till they look more grey than white, while its fernlike foliage is simply too black to touch. The texture of plants is wholly lost if they are not kept clean, the tiny pores get choked, and they die of "congestion of the lungs." A wistaria hung with great blue trusses of bloom is a mere disfigurement, if its colours are hardly distinguishable. But the remedy is in our own hands.

III. SPACE.

I have long wished to say a serious word about London gardens, which exist as simple spaces in London in far greater numbers than many people suppose, and sometimes cover a very respectable area in square feet. In St. John's Wood, Chelsea, and Bayswater, of course, there are still handsome old gardens containing an acre or so a-piece, full of fine timber and good plants, and wherein orchid houses produce as good results as anywhere in England. But in the heart of Tyburnia, Mayfair, and "the City," there are also many vacant plots meant for gardens, forgotten, hardly known of even by their owners, packed with a good depth of soil.

There are also broad spaces occupied by leads, with which nothing as a rule is done; meantime the tenants complain of "waste of

room" in the older houses, and the philanthropic want streets demolished to create "spaces" for the people.

The spaces are there, were they only recognized, and might be laid out in pretty gardens, one to each house, or a recreation ground common to all the residents, in many a fashionable old "square" which refuses to throw open the central garden to the children of the poor—and very properly, I think as a mother, whilst there are no back gardens to the houses; for high-wrought rich children require an outlet from the prim nursery as much as poor children from the fever-den—and the classes cannot mix whilst the habits of the poor remain uncleanly. The fleas in the grass alone forbid that.

What is more precious than a good space between our streets and between house and house? In Marylebone, for instance, the spaces are often considerable, whether vacant or partly occupied by stables.

IV. LEADS.

Mieux vaut peu de chose que rien, and if we have nothing but broad leads, they are of infinite value, the very lungs of crowded quarters. But more often than not, this precious space, close to open doors and windows, is rendered positively malarious by neglect. We trust to the rain to clear our leads of evil germs. The garden is the cemetery of mice and kittens. The earth sours and agglutinates under the fogs and bad gases. The very chimneys are not blacker than Mayfair leads. Who could sleep in a bedroom that never was dusted—who could eat in a kitchen that never was cleaned? The very air would be unwholesome, and none would cry shame sooner than those whose back premises are worst kept.

There is absolutely no reason why leads should not be scoured, whitened or reddened like the front steps, tiled prettily, railed round, shaded with canvas, carpeted in fine weather, and rendered as good a feature of the house as any verandah. There is no adequate reason why leads should not be covered with boxes, grottoes, rockeries for plants, or even laid out with a made soil for a regular garden. If you care nothing for beauty, at least remember that plants are sanitary ministers that once appointed never neglect their work.

Although outer air introduced between houses and roads by outlying leads and back-yards is of inestimable value, vegetation is the best atmospheric purifier.

V. HEALTH.

Nothing is more wondrous than the joint and balanced action of animal and vegetable life, mutually providing sustenance for one

another. Plants exist by inhaling carbonic acid gas, and give off oxygen as refuse. Human lungs, on the contrary, demand oxygen and give off carbonic acid gas as refuse. Science shows us that plants seem to possess a power of producing cold analogous to the power of animals in producing heat, and the coolness of groves is owing not only to shade but to the transpiration of moisture by the innumerable growing leaves.

Plants again are fed by the refuse of animals, in excrement and decomposition by death. Animals feed on the vegetables. The wondrous chemistry of Nature thus makes the animal and vegetable worlds actually dependent on each other; and they are always allied with mutual benefit.

A pretty and amusing proof of these facts is seen in the old-fashioned Vivarium, in which snails, newts, and other little "beasts" may be observed living amid certain weeds and growths in water hermetically sealed against the outer air; each creature subsisting upon the other's "leavings."

The crowded slum receives refreshed air from every tree, creeper, and little window plant that we can introduce. The suffocating ball-room is relieved by every growing palm and fern that the florist supplies. How short-sighted is it, then, to neglect in the increasing heat and unhealthiness of town life in the "season" one easy means of improving the atmosphere as well as the appearance of town!

Instead of planting our leads, they are often merely concealed by ground glass as a hopeless eyesore, and left totally uncared for; or built over, and the space destroyed that was meant to isolate the houses—an important safeguard in case of infectious diseases in the proximity.

Instead of cultivating the little back garden, it is left to become a mere black hole of rotten slime and all uncleanness. Many modern builders omit any space behind the house now that every foot of ground is worth money, and the tenant does not even know what he loses, whilst paying annually higher in diminished vitality than he could ever pay for putting in the salutary flowers and bushes.

VI. METHOD.

And now for the question, what to do, supposing a miserable, walled-in, sooty place is discoverable behind your house.

The London parks, especially Battersea Park, show us what can be done with money, but it is a mistake to suppose that so vast an outlay in "bedding-out plants" is necessary in order to have a bit of garden. Moreover the wide airy parks admit of exhibitions that cannot be expected in a closed-in space. However, we must begin by a thorough renovation.

The first thing to do is to remove entirely the dank, sour, exhausted soil which clogs the beds in many neglected London gardens.

Ten shillings will go a long way towards this. Good rich loam and manure can be ordered through any respectable florist or store, and a shillingsworth of seeds, with a barrowful of gravel, will make a decent scene of a dirty little wilderness. Tile edging is cheap. A small fountain with a pipe laid on to a top cistern, costs little. Rockeries are easily got up. Turf itself can be persuaded!

Any struggling, dead-alive creeper should be carefully detached, and the wall painted, whitewashed, or scraped behind it. This will dislodge an infinity of flies' eggs, worms, and pupæ which will harm the creeper if not kill it ere long. Cleanliness is half the secret of success with a garden; and in the dry air of a town insects multiply with amazing celerity. "Blight," thrip, strings of caterpillars, aphids, "honey-dew," daddy-long-legs, and woodlice are all made uncomfortable by the hose and paint-pot; common worms do little harm and enrich the earth—but they must not be confounded with the "unspeakable" slug and wire-worm! Every garden seat or other fixture should be shifted now and again, to annoy the pests that take refuge under them. It is easy to become quite bloodthirsty when one has a garden, and this is a step in advance. Now as to planting.

Many annuals grow as well in the worst air as the best; almost all smooth-leaved plants will thrive in London because the leaf resists the action of the sooty air. Still some positions are so bad that seeds will actually not germinate, or will not grow beyond a few inches' height. In these cases *half-grown* plants transplanted with a little fresh soil will often succeed very well. And although the soot descending in "blacks" day and night prevents the blossoms from remaining as clean and delicate as country flowers, yet sufficiently frequent treatment with the hose (five minutes' work say twice a day) will keep them clean enough to be a real pleasure to look at.

The secret of success with flowers in London, indoors and out, is *attention*. Love them, keep them clean, watch them, and they will repay you with a gratitude almost human.

Some London gardens are disagreeable to sit in because, having no protecting foliage, they are completely overlooked and very hot. Such gardens will often grow numerous flowers, pleasant to the eye. Early flowering shrubs, such as the delicious lilac, the flowering currant with its pink beauty, and sometimes the "pluie d'or" (laburnum), and glorious rhododendrons will thrive. The *aspidistra lurida*, and marvel of Peru, flags, sunflowers, dahlias, and many more will stand heat and drought with perfect equanimity. Fig-trees, variegated laurels, the elegant sumach, and other fast growers may be planted to afford a little shade to tender roots.

Perhaps, however, the commonest fault in town gardens is not that

they get too much sun, but that they don't get enough. Either they are shaded by trees, which exhaust the soil, or by houses near, which check the free circulation of air. In either case a battle is inevitable with existing conditions ; but if you have resolution enough to experiment, the victory is always to mind over matter.

VII. TREES.

One thing must be said—if you are so fortunate as to possess a tree behind the house, do not let the local builder persuade you it is “unhealthy.” Whatever be the case in the country, we surely cannot have too many trees and bushes about us in the dry thin air of a city. All that transpires moisture in the air, and takes it from the ground, and absorbs bad gases is most precious, and the bare, proverbial “builder's garden” is a mass of mistakes.

Value your privilege ! Spare the tree, woodman, douche it well, and as often as you can. Moisture prevents caterpillars, so apt to swarm in London gardens through the drought of the atmosphere laden with heat of many fires and many lungs. Wash the trunk often—say as often as the windows are cleaned in dry weather. The tree will thank you, spring and summer, with great bursting rosy buds and broad leaves that attract thrushes, blackbirds, cherry-choppers, starlings, dainty finches, rooks with their dreamy caw, robins, occasional wood pigeons, and even tomtits—even nightingales, divinest songsters, abound in St. John's Wood gardens, and have been heard of in Chelsea. All these sweet birds, besides the clever, merry sparrow, will build in a London tree.

VIII. FLOWERS.

Under its boughs you can easily have, not, indeed, very superfine turf, but plants that love shade, Solomon's seal, foxgloves, musks, saxifrages, periwinkle, lilies of the valley, primroses, creeping Jenny, London pride, wild hyacinths, daffodils, hardy geraniums, calceolarias (acclimatized), all sorts of ferns and stonecrops, &c. &c. These can be grown in the very worst places, it appears to me.

Beyond where the sun falls, sunflowers of all sorts, poppies, pinks, chrysanthemums, wallflowers, daisies, hollyhocks, tall yellow and white lilies (nearly all bulbous things are suitable), nasturtiums, lupins, fritillaries, sweet William, honesty, thrift, Aaron's rod (nice old names !), pyrethrum, lobelia, dahlias, sweet peas, evening primrose, and even mignonette and zinnias, with plenty more, are likely to thrive.

High-class roses, as I have said, will not thrive, and it is of no use to try them, even under glass ; the velvet leaves cannot throw off the soot in the air, the pores are choked, and death is inevitable.

The little old-fashioned white rose and the half-wild blush rose will do very well sometimes; and the exquisite moss rose can be cultivated—but not with ease, and only where there is plenty of air. Pansies, violets, *variegated* pelargoniums, forget-me-not, and laurustinus do not like London; nemophila and variegated grass thrive well, but are so besieged by cats that they are hopeless to grow. I will not enter upon the further merits and demerits of certain trees, shrubs, and flowers, but I may say that scented herbs, mint, rosemary, lavender, balsams, verbenas, marjoram, &c., are nice to have under one's window, and they thrive capitally as a rule. A regular kitchen garden is quite come-at-able if there is space.

IX. TURF.

This is the *crux* of London gardening! mere green grass. What one goes through to get a plot of real, fine, springy turf in towns only the earnest gardener knows. But I have heard an ingenious, and successful amateur say that turf is a mere question of manure, even under trees, where the dripping from the boughs above and the suction of the roots beneath destroy the sustenance of the tender grass. *He* gets rich turf under London trees that nearly sweep the ground, of course providing for the free circulation of air beneath—without which turf has no chance at all—but it costs plenty in brain, nerve and muscle.

The right thing is to dig away all the old earth from the trees' roots every year or so, manure cannily, and refresh the soil. Any amount of seed must be added to renew weak patches. Gardeners say, don't manure trees; but most gardeners are pitifully ignorant, not to say prejudiced, and the proof of the pudding is in the eating. Trees are found by amateurs who have experimented *con amore* to thrive infinitely better if they *are* manured; the turf beneath thrives infinitely better too: argal, as Lancelot Gobbo would say, never mind the gardener and his assertions that this and that "won't do." Manure the trees; nurse the grass by lifting it and enriching the soil beneath. Plant under the foliage (if you wish) any half-grown hardy blossoming plants, which will do thoroughly well with occasional "stopping," although seeds will not come up to do you much credit, the plants are so drawn up in shade.

Personally, I don't believe in top-dressing, except once in a way; it kills as much as it coaxes to grow, and nothing comes up but the new seed. Patch bare spots with seed, sprinkled over with fine soil to save it from the birds; mow constantly, roll, water heavily in dry weather, and for this the waste water from the dressing-rooms is more than useful. Turf is, however, better watered as little as possible after it is once thick enough. Sprinkling daily encourages

the rootlets to come to the surface, instead of striking *down* for moisture, and then a single fierce day will burn up all your grass for good, may be.

Gardeners like top-dressing ; some because it is very expensive, some because they have a hidden interest in particular seeds, some because it levels the ground nicely, and of course it is useful to correct the subsoil, or when the lawn is worn into holes and hillocks. But I advise it only occasionally.

If the plot of grass is small, it is perhaps no costlier—and certainly less trouble—to returf each year where the trees have killed the grass or little feet have worn it off. Five shillings will cover a large patch of bare earth.

Is not this better than blackness and desolation, though small be the space and a little trouble to keep neat? And most of these things that will grow in the ground will grow also on leads in boxes or pots of earth renewable each spring. Pepys used to spend many happy evenings making music and “taking the ayre” on his leads. He probably had them swept and garnished with a few flowers. He did not sit singing on a muck heap like Nero on the wreck of Rome. He had the place kept tidy.

X. HARDENING.

A word to explain what I mean by acclimatized calceolarias and geraniums growing under trees. I have found that the common sorts of these flowers are very robust, but they take a year to harden so that they will bloom in the worst corners under London trees. The first summer the plants want a good deal of nursing ; probably because they have been raised in the country and under glass ; and, when bought off an itinerant barrow, they have already received a slight shock from exposure. Except in very sunny, well-soiled spots, they are apt to shoot up weak and spindly, with quantities of aphis, or “green fly,” and consequently the blossoms miserable, or none. By-the-by, fight the green fly : he is a terrible fellow. When he is young and has wings, he can be caught (with industry) and saved the trouble of breeding in the ordinary way. But when he is older, if allowed to live, he becomes viviparous, and emits young as he breathes, without any assistance from without. Prevention (the hose) is better than cure (tobacco and tar water). Anyhow, he is a deadly enemy, destroying all the young and juicy shoots of plants. Slugs eat the roots, and when the slug is sated, cats smash what he leaves behind, and if the plant is left to itself, it dies the death.

But, tended through its first summer, its roots examined and freed from grubs if it droops, gently sprinkled with the hose daily, kept dwarf by frequent “stopping,” and dead leaves removed, the

plant will often do very fairly well till autumn. Then take a number of "cuttings"—you don't want a gardener for this, almost any strong shoots will serve—stick them in earth, say five or six in a pot, and keep them indoors during the winter, for neither calceolarias nor geraniums will stand frost. These cuttings, rooted and grown bushy by the ensuing spring, will be ten times as hardy as the parent plant. They have become acclimatized to London air and soil. I have had such calceolarias thrive with almost savage strength in places where literally no seed would come up, without sun or soil to speak of, blooming all the summer through, and filling ugly gaps with golden bells and scarlet trusses that are a "sight good for sair een."

XI. GLASS.

Persons whose London gardens, or leads, are too much overlooked would do well to glaze over the whole or a portion (no longer an expensive process). Wonderful effects can be attained in privacy thus, and a conservatory makes an airy tea-room in summer, and a charming outlet at all times. Otherwise little green-houses can be erected at a cost of from £2 10s. to £10, in which grapes soon repay the original outlay. Numerous cuttings can be preserved here during the winter, along with sufficient flowers in bloom to brighten the rooms for several months. A little heat is advisable (oil not gas stoves), but a good deal can be done without heat. The plants of which I have been speaking require none.

The roofs of London houses, as well as leads and backyards, might be utilized oftener than they are. Capital green-houses and cold frames for nursing purposes could be placed there to raise half-hardy plants for spring use. A great deal of sun's heat is reflected from slate and cement, and I doubt not that whoever chose to devote some personal attention to fruit-growing aloft would find it pay.

XII. CATS AND CATS.

The worst enemies of London gardens are not so much caterpillars as cats. It is worse than disappointing to find the fresh lobelia, variegated grasses, and nemophila, the regular breakfast of a pack of mangy, howling cats—creatures that possess no homes, no principles, no remorse. Cats swarm at times, and make not only night but day hideous with their yells, growls, and miauling.

Seedlings have but little chance where cats abound. Half-grown plants resist their approaches better, but a stout lily is easily broken by a couple of strong Toms at war. Of course a little wire-netting, which is cheap at some stores, will prevent a good deal of ravage, and glazed frames are useful; but I am of opinion that the time has

come to show the feline race that they are not our masters, and we kept for their convenience, as hitherto we have led them to suppose. Why are we to do without a garden because cats like salad in bloom? Why, after having got a garden, are we to see it daily dug up? Is the world made for cats? Do we permit other half-wild animals to parade our roofs, run in and out of our houses, fight, court, scratch up, devour, yelp, die as they please all about the place? Do we allow vagrant horses and cattle to wander through the streets, bellow at the house door, breed promiscuously in our cellars? Is not every dog, horse, goat, hen, donkey, monkey expected to have an owner, and those that have no owners, are they not regarded as vermin like rats and beetles, and destroyed by police? Why do not people rid themselves of a pest that is always disagreeable, and sometimes even dangerous—witness the recent Ashton case, in which a man and woman were consigned to the hospital for daring to dispute their own house with strange cats!

A cat which has no owner is legally destructible by gun, poison, or hanging; but a cat which has an owner must not be destroyed without notice. As it is, however, actionable to impose a nuisance on neighbours, the owner of a cat which harms our garden may be sued for damages.

This is well, but suing takes time and nerve-force, and the proper remedy for many evils would be the levying a tax—however small—on cats, as dogs are taxed. Small it should be, for a kitten is one of the few amusements of the poor, to pet and to worry, but any nominal tax would ensure the early drowning of all kittens not pretty enough to be worth the license, and that means oh! how much nocturnal peace! Every one who values his cat, keeps it, or ought to keep it, indoors at night. High-bred cats—most beautiful and inoffensive of ornaments—are delicate, and subject to bronchitis and many ills, like high-bred dogs, through exposure. High-bred cats too, it is noteworthy, are not as a rule mischievous nor predatory. Well-fed, they have no need to steal. Small-boned, and small-clawed, their gardening excavations bear no comparison in horror to those of the mere cur-cat, which, like the cur-dog, is mostly an ill-tempered, powerful brute, with something of a fiendish element in its shrewdness and tenacity, which aids it to survive the many hardships of its miserable lot.

By-the-by, if amateurs took half the pains to breed cats that they take to breed dogs, cats would afford us similar profit and pleasure. It is hardly generally known how large a sale there is for good cats, nor what high prices they fetch in the market. Persian, French blue, Siamese, Manx, and others, to say nothing of really good English breeds (pure), are lovely house pets, with their plush coats and jewel-like eyes, and by no means incompatible with a

garden. They are affectionate; they are silent (only the cur yelps, as 'Arry whistles in the street); they can be taught nearly all that is taught to dogs; they will beg, fetch and carry, leap high through hoops, retrieve, and be otherwise amusing. High-bred cats can be chained or caged without suffering—what common cat would bear it? Their intelligence, though different in character to a dog's, is nearly as high, and by breeding might be variously modified.

In fact, the high-bred cat is as different a beast from the yelling mongrel as a Bayard is different from the common burglar. Even the kitchen pet-cat differs from the drawing-room pet-cat. Neglect makes the nomad cat what he is: it would be kindness to anticipate his usually violent end, and any lover of animals will agree with me that the whole breed and social status of these useful and neglected creatures would be raised (and much woe would be spared us) were they recognized by the tax-gatherer. We all value what costs us something.

XIII. "WANTON WASTE."

Thus a very little trouble, a few seeds, a few square feet of glass, a hose, and a cat-tax might be instrumental in increasing the beauty and orderliness of towns.

It is indeed matter for regretful notice, how seldom English people of any class make the most of anything except their grievances. They "muddle away" so much that is good—waste splendid material—lose opportunities! How few of our poor keep poultry and rabbits, though five shillings a month will support a dozen of either, and they can be made so profitable! Who keeps bees? though any slum within a mile of a park might be full of hives properly conducted, and that would cheapen honey.

In France and Holland every available slip of ground is utilized for some good purpose. Our suburbs, crowded with small houses, each with its would-be "garden," are positive miracles of slovenliness. Passing in the train, we can take stock of the back premises of row after row, where a few beans, marrows, artichokes, and other vegetables (to say nothing of a fruit tree) might be a treat to the eye, a pleasure to father and children to tend, and a help to the pot. And what meets the indignant eye?

Nothing but half-washed clothes drying, broken barrels, broken victuals, broken pipes, bottles, and cans—lumber thrown into the waste space where the humble scarlet-runner and the window garden might soon become a vigorous rival to the public-house.

To rich and poor Londoners alike, I would recall the wisdom-words, both sacred and profane, "Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost," and "waste not, want not."

M. E. HAWES.

THE PRIMITIVE GHOST AND HIS RELATIONS.*

IN his *Roman Questions*, that delightful storehouse of old-world lore, Plutarch asks—"When a man who has been falsely reported to have died abroad, returns home alive, why is he not admitted by the door, but gets up on the tiles, and so lets himself down into the house?" The curious custom to which Plutarch here refers prevails in modern Persia, for we read in "*Hajji Baba*" (c. 18) of the man who went through "the ceremony of making his entrance over the roof, instead of through the door; for such is the custom, when a man who has been thought dead returns home alive." From a passage in Agathias (ii. 23) we may, perhaps, infer that the custom in Persia is at least as old as the sixth century of our era. A custom so remote from our modern ways must necessarily have its roots far back in the history of our race. Imagine a modern Englishman, whom his friends had given up for dead, rejoining the home circle by coming down the chimney instead of entering by the front door. In this paper I propose to show that the custom originated in certain primitive beliefs and observances touching the dead—beliefs and observances by no means confined to Greece and Rome, but occurring in similar if not identical forms in many parts of the world.

The importance attached by the Romans in common with most other nations to the due performance of burial rites is well known, and need not be insisted on. For the sake of my argument, however, it is necessary to point out that the attentions bestowed on the dead sprang not so much from the affections as from the fears of the

* For a fuller discussion of special points the reader is referred to the forthcoming number of the "*Journal of the Anthropological Institute*."

survivors. For, as every one knows, ghosts of the unburied dead haunt the earth and make themselves exceedingly disagreeable, especially to their undutiful relatives. Instances would be superfluous; it is the way of ghosts all the world over, from Brittany to Samoa.* But burial by itself was by no means a sufficient safeguard against the return of the ghost; many other precautions were taken by primitive man for the purpose of excluding or barring the importunate dead. Some of these precautions I will now enumerate. They exhibit an ingenuity and fertility of resource worthy of a better cause.

In the first place, an appeal was made to the better feelings of the ghost. He was requested to go quietly to the grave, and at the grave he was requested to stay there.†

But to meet the possible case of hardened ghosts, upon whom moral persuasion would be thrown away, more energetic measures were resorted to. Thus among the South Slavonians and Bohemians, the bereaved family, returning from the grave, pelted the ghost of their deceased relative with sticks, stones, and hot coals.‡ The Tschuwasche, a tribe in Finland, had not even the decency to wait till he was fairly in the grave, but opened fire on him as soon as the coffin was outside the house.§

Again, heavy stones were piled on his grave to keep him down, on the principle of "*sit tibi terra gravis*." This is the origin of funeral cairns and tombstones. As the ghosts of murderers and their victims are especially restless, every one who passes their graves in Arabia, in Germany, and in Spain is bound to add a stone to the pile. In Oldenburg (and no doubt elsewhere) if the grave is shallow the ghost will certainly walk.||

One of the most striking ways of keeping down the dead man is to divert the course of a river, bury him in its bed, and then allow the river to resume its course. It was thus that Alaric was buried, and Commander Cameron found the same mode of burial still in vogue for chieftains amongst a tribe in Central Africa.¶

The expedient of enclosing the grave with a fence too high for the ghost to "take" it, especially without a run, is common to Finland and the South Seas.**

Another simple but effectual plan was to nail the dead man to the coffin (the Tschuwasche again),†† or to tie his feet together (among

* Sebillot, "Traditions et superstitions de la Haute-Bretagne," i. p. 238; Turner, "Nineteen Years in Polynesia," p. 233.

† Gray, "China," i. pp. 300, 304.

‡ Ralston, "Songs of the Russian People," p. 319; Bastian, "Mensch," ii. p. 329.

§ Castrén, "Finnische Mythologie," p. 120.

|| Sonntag, "Todtenbestattung," p. 197; Brand's "Popular Antiquities," ii. p. 309; Wuttke, "Deutsche Aberglaube," § 754, cp. 739, 743, 756, 758, 761; Klemm, "Culturgeschichte," ii. p. 225; Waitz, "Anthropologie der Naturvölker," ii. pp. 195, 324, 325, 524; *Id.* iii. p. 202.

¶ "Across Africa," i. p. 110.

** Castrén, *op. cit.* 121; Bastian, ii. p. 368.

†† Bastian, ii. pp. 337, 365.

the Arabs), or his neck to his legs (among the Troglodytes, Damaras, and New Zealanders).* The Wallachians drive a long nail through the skull and lay the thorny stem of a wild rosebush on the corpse.† The Californians clinched matters by breaking his spine.‡ The corpses of suicides and vampires had stakes run through them.§

Other mutilations of the dead were intended not so much to keep the dead man in his grave as to render his ghost harmless. Thus the Australians cut off the right thumb of a slain enemy, that his ghost might not be able to draw the bow,|| and Greek murderers used to hack off the extremities of their victims with a similar object.¶

Again, various steps were taken to chase away the lingering ghost from the home he loved too well. Thus the New Zealanders thrash the corpse in order to hasten the departure of the soul;** the Algonkins †† beat the walls of the death chamber with sticks to drive out the ghost; the Chinese knock on the floor with a hammer;‡‡ and the Germans wave towels about, or sweep the ghost out with a besom,§§ just as in old Rome the heir solemnly swept out the ghost of his predecessor with a broom made specially for the purpose.||| In ancient Mexico professional "chuckers-out" were employed, who searched the house diligently till they found the lurking ghost of the late proprietor, whom they there and then summarily ejected.¶¶

The favourite "beat" of the ghost is usually the spot where he died. Hence, in order to keep him at least from the house, the Kaffirs carry a sick man out into the open air to die, and the Maoris used to remove the sick into sheds. If a Kaffir or Maori died before he could be carried out, the house was tabooed and deserted.*** There are traces in Greece, Rome, and China of this custom of carrying dying persons into the open air.†††

But in case the ghost should, despite of all precautions, make his way back from the grave, steps were taken to barricade the house against him. Thus, in some parts of Russia and East Prussia an axe or a rock is laid on the threshold, or a knife is hung over the door,‡‡‡ and in Germany as soon as the coffin is carried out of the house all the

* Strabo, xvi. 17; Diodorus, iii. 33; Wood, "Natural History of Man," i. p. 348; Yates, "New Zealand," p. 136.

† H. F. Tozer, "Researches in the Highlands of Turkey," ii. p. 92.

‡ Bastian, ii. p. 331.

§ Bastian, ii. p. 365; Ralston, p. 413; heads of vampires cut off (Wuttke, § 765; Töppen, "Aberglauben aus Masuren," p. 114; Tettau u. Temme, "Volkssagen," p. 275).

|| Tylor, "Primitive Culture," i. p. 451. ¶ Suidas s. *μασχαλισθῆναι*, *μασχαλισματα*.

** Klemm, iv. p. 325; Yates, "New Zealand," p. 136.

†† Brinton, "Myths of the New World," p. 255. ‡‡ Gray, "China," i. p. 280.

§§ Wuttke, §§ 725, 737; F. Schmidt, "Sitten u. Gebräuche in Thüringen," p. 85; Köhler, "Volksbrauch," p. 254. ||| Festus, s. v. *everriator*; cf. Gray, "China," i. p. 287.

¶¶ Bancroft, "Native Races of the Pacific States," i. p. 641.

*** Lichtenstein, "Travels in Southern Africa," i. pp. 258, 259; J. Campbell, "South Africa," p. 515, sq.; Taylor, "New Zealand," p. 170; Yates, "New Zealand," p. 86.

††† Euripides, "Alcestis," v. 234 sqq. cf. 205; Scholiast on Aristophanes, "Lysistrata," v. 611; Seneca, Epist. L. xii. 3; Gray, "China," i. p. 279. In modern Greece, as soon as the corpse is out of the house, the whole house is scoured (C. Wachsmuth, "Das alte Griechenland im neuem," p. 120). ‡‡‡ Ralston, p. 318; Wuttke, §§ 736, 766.

doors and windows are shut, whereas, so long as the body is still in the house, the windows (and sometimes the doors) are left constantly open to allow the soul to escape.* In some parts of England every bolt and lock in the house is unfastened, that the ghost of the dying man may fly freely away.†

But if primitive man knew how to bully, he also knew how to outwit the ghost. For example, a ghost can only find his way back to the house by the way by which he left it. This little weakness did not escape the vigilance of our ancestors, and they took their measures accordingly. The coffin was carried out of the house, not by the door, but by a hole made for the purpose in the wall, and this hole was carefully stopped up as soon as the body had been passed through it; so that when the ghost strolled quietly back from the grave, he found to his surprise that there was no thoroughfare. The credit of this ingenious device is shared equally by Greenlanders, Hottentots, Bechuanas, Samoieds, Ojibways, Algonkins, Laosians, Hindoos, Tibetans, Siamese, Chinese, and Fijians. These special openings, or "doors of the dead," are still to be seen in a village near Amsterdam, and they were common in some towns of central Italy, as Perugia and Assisi.‡ A trace of the same custom survives in Thuringen, where it is thought that the ghost of a man who has been hanged will return to the house if the body be not taken out by a window instead of the door.§

The Siamese, not content with carrying the dead man out by a special opening, endeavour to make assurance doubly sure by hurrying him three times round the house at full speed—a proceeding well calculated to bewilder the poor soul in the coffin.||

The Araucanians adopt the plan of strewing ashes behind the coffin as it is being borne to the grave, in order that the ghost may not be able to find his way back.¶

The very general practice of closing the eyes of the dead appears to have originated with a similar object; it was a mode of blindfolding the dead, that he might not see the way by which he was carried to his last home. At the grave, where he was to rest for ever, there was of course no motive for concealment; hence the Romans,** and

* Sonntag, p. 169; Wuttke, §§ 737, 725; Gubernatis, "Usi funebri," p. 47; Lamert, "Volksmedezin," pp. 103, 105, 106.

† Dyer, "English Folklore," p. 230; Brand, "Popular Antiquities," ii. p. 231.

‡ Yule on Marco Polo, i. p. 188; Crantz, "Greenland," i. p. 237; Tylor, "Prim. Cult.," ii. p. 26; Waitz, "Anthropologie," iii. p. 199; Williams and Calvert, "Fiji," p. 168; Sonntag, p. 51; Bastian, "Mensch," ii. p. 322; Klemm, ii. p. 221, 225; *id.*, iii. p. 293; C. Beck, "Temples and Elephants," p. 262; Pallegoix, "Siam," i. p. 245; Bowring, "Siam," i. p. 222; Gubernatis, p. 52; C. J. Anderson, "Lake Ngami," p. 466. A dead Pope is carried out by a special door, which is then blocked up till the next Pope dies. § Wuttke, § 756.

|| Pallegoix, "Siam," i. p. 245; Bowring, "Siam," i. p. 222. In some parts of Scotland the body used to be carried three times round the church (C. Rogers, "Social Life in Scotland," i. p. 167).

¶ Klemm, v. p. 51; Wood, "Natural History of Man," ii. p. 565.

** Pliny, N. H., xi. 150.

apparently the Siamese,* opened the eyes of the dead man at the funeral pyre, just as we should unbandage the eyes of an enemy after conducting him to his destination. The notion that, if the eyes of the dead be not closed, his ghost will return to fetch away another of the household, still exists in Germany, Bohemia, and England.† In some parts of Russia they place a coin on each of the dead man's eyes.‡

With a similar object, the corpse is carried out of the house feet foremost, for if he were carried out head foremost his eyes would be turned towards the door, and he might therefore find his way back. This custom is observed, and this reason is assigned for it, in many parts of Germany and amongst the Indians of Chile.§ Conversely, in Persia, when a man is setting out on a journey, he steps out of the house with his face turned towards the door, hoping thereby to secure a safe return.|| In Thuringen and some parts of the north of England it used to be the custom to carry the body to the grave by a roundabout way.¶

I venture to conjecture that the old Roman usage of burying by night** may have originally been intended, like the customs I have mentioned, to keep the way to the grave a secret from the dead, and it is possible that the same idea gave rise to the practice of masking the dead—a practice common to the prehistoric inhabitants of Greece and to the Aleutian islanders.††

To a desire to deceive the dead man I would also refer the curious custom amongst the Bohemians of putting on masks and behaving in a strange way as they returned from a burial.‡‡ They hoped, in fact, so to disguise themselves that the dead man might not know and therefore might not follow them. Whether the widespread mourning customs of smearing the body with mud or paint, mutilating it by gashes, cutting off the hair or letting it grow, and putting on beggarly attire or clothes of an unusual colour (black, white, or otherwise), may not have also originated in the desire to disguise and therefore to protect the living from the dead, I cannot here attempt to determine. This much is certain, that mourning customs are always as far as possible the *reverse* of those of ordinary life. Thus, at a Roman funeral, the sons of the deceased walked with their heads covered, the daughters with their heads uncovered, thus exactly

* C. Bock saw that the eyes of a dead man at the pyre were open (in Siam), and he says that in Lao it was the custom to close the eyes of the dead ("Temples and Elephants," pp. 58, 261).

† Wuttke, § 725; Dyer, "English Folklore," p. 230; Grohmann, "Aberglauben," p. 188.

‡ Gubernatis, "Usi funebri," p. 50.

§ Wuttke, § 736; Klemm, ii. p. 101.

|| "Hajji Baba," c. i. fn.

¶ F. Schmidt, p. 94.

** Servius on Virg. *Æn.*, i. 186. Night burial was sometimes practised in Scotland (C. Rogers, "Social Life in Scotland," i. p. 161), and commonly in Thuringen (F. Schmidt, p. 96). Cf. Mungo Park, "Travels," p. 414.

†† Schliemann, "Mycenæ," pp. 198, 219-223, 311 sq.; Bancroft, "Native Races," i. p. 93. The Aztecs masked their dead kings (Bancroft, ii. 606), and the Siamese do so still (Pallegoix, "Royaume de Siam," i. p. 247).

‡‡ Bastian, ii. p. 328.

reversing the ordinary usage, which was that women wore coverings on their heads, while men did not. Plutarch, who notes this, observes that in like manner in Greece men and women during a period of mourning exactly inverted their usual habits of wearing the hair—the ordinary practice of men being to cut it short, that of women to leave it long.*

The objection, deeply rooted in many races, to utter the names of deceased persons,† sprang no doubt from a fear that the dead might hear and answer to his name. In East Prussia, if the deceased is called thrice by his name, he appears.‡ This reluctance to mention the names of the dead has modified whole languages. Thus among the Australians, Tasmanians, and Abipones, if the name of a deceased person happened to be a common name—*e.g.*, the name of an animal or plant—this name was abolished, and a new one substituted for it.§ During the residence of the Jesuit missionary Dobritzhofer amongst the Abipones, the name for tiger was thus changed three times.|| Amongst the Indians of Columbia near relatives of a deceased person often change their names, under the impression that the ghost will return if he hears the familiar names.¶

I must pass lightly over the kindlier modes of barring the dead by providing for the personal comforts of the poor ghost in his long home. One instance, however, of the minute care with which the survivors will provide for the wants of the dead, in order that he may have no possible excuse for returning, I cannot refrain from mentioning. In the German district of Voigtland,** with its inclement sky, they never forget to place in the coffin an umbrella and a pair of goloshes. Whether these utensils are intended for use in heaven, or elsewhere, is a question which I must leave to theologians.

A pathetic example is afforded by some Indian tribes of New Mexico, who drop milk from the mother's breast on the lips of her dead babe.††

The nearly universal practice of leaving food on the tomb or of actually passing it into the grave by means of an aperture or tube, is too well known to need illustration. Like the habit of dressing the dead or dying in his best clothes,‡‡ it probably originated in the selfish but not unkindly desire to induce the perturbed spirit to rest in the grave, and not come plaguing the survivors for food and raiment.

Merely mentioning the customs of building a little house for the accommodation of the soul either on the grave, or on the way to

* Plutarch, "Rom. Quest.," 14. † Tylor, "Early History of Mankind," p. 142.

‡ Wuttke, § 754.

§ Tylor, *ibid.*, p. 144 *seqq.*

|| Klemm, ii. p. 99; Dobritzhofer, "The Abipones," ii. p. 208 *seqq.*

¶ Bancroft, "Native Races," i. p. 248.

** Wuttke, § 784.

†† Bancroft, i. p. 360.

‡‡ Gray, "China," i. pp. 278-280; Klemm, ii. pp. 104, 221, 225; *id.* iv. p. 38; Marshall, "Travels amongst the Todas," p. 171.

it,* and of leaving straw on the road, in the hope that the weary ghost would sit down on it and never get as far as the house,† I now come to two modes of barring the ghost, which from their importance I have reserved to the last—I mean the methods of barring the ghost by fire and water.

First, by fire. After a funeral certain heathen Siberians, who greatly fear the dead, seek to get rid of the ghost of the departed by leaping over a fire.‡ Similarly at Rome, mourners returning from a funeral stepped over fire,§ and in China they sometimes do so to this day.|| Taken in connection with the Siberian custom, the original intention of this ceremony of stepping over fire at Rome and in China can hardly have been other than that of placing a barrier of fire between the living and the dead. But, as has been the case with so many other ceremonies, this particular ceremony may well have been practised long after its original intention was forgotten. For customs often live on for ages after the circumstances and modes of thought which gave rise to them have disappeared, and in their new environment new motives are invented to explain them. As might have been expected, the custom itself of stepping over fire often dwindled into a mere shadow of its former self. Thus the South Slavonians returning from a funeral are met by an old woman carrying a vessel of live coals. On these they pour water, or else they take a live coal from the hearth, and fling it over their heads.¶ The Brahmans contented themselves with simply touching fire,** and in Ruthenia the mourners merely look steadfastly at the stove or place their hands on it.††

So much for the barrier by fire. Next for the barrier by water. "The Lusatian Wends," says Ralston,‡‡ "still make a point of placing water between themselves and the dead as they return from a burial, even breaking ice for the purpose if necessary." In many parts of Germany, in modern Greece, and in Cyprus, water is poured out behind the corpse when it is carried from the house, in the belief that if the ghost returns, he will not be able to cross it.§§ Sometimes by night they pour holy water before the door; the ghost is then thought to stand and whimper on the further side.|||| The inability of spirits to cross water might be further illustrated from the Bagman's ghastly story in Apuleius,¶¶ from Paulus' "History

* Klemm, ii. p. 297; Bastian, ii. p. 328; Marco Polo, i. c. 40; Waitz, "Anthropologie," ii. p. 195; *id.*, iii. p. 202; Chalmers and Gill, "New Guinea," p. 56.

† Wuttke, § 739; Töppen, p. 109. ‡ Meiners, "Geschichte der Religionen," ii. p. 303.

§ Festus s.v. *aqua et igne*.

|| Gray, "China," i. pp. 287, 305.

¶ Ralston, "Songs," p. 319.

** Monier Williams, "Religious Life and Thought in India," pp. 283, 288.

†† Ralston, *l. c.*

‡‡ "Songs of the Russian People," p. 320.

§§ Wuttke, § 737; A. Kuhn, "Märkische Sagen," p. 368; Temme, "Volksagen der Altmark," p. 77; Lammert, p. 105; Panzer, "Beitrag," i. p. 257; "Folk-lore," ii. p. 170; Töppen, "Aberglauben aus Masuren," p. 108; C. Wachsmuth, "Griechenland im neuem," p. 119.

¶¶ Wuttke, § 748.

¶¶ "Metamorphoses," i. 19, cf. 13.

of the Lombards,"* from Giraldu Cambrensis' "Topography of Ireland,"† and from other sources.‡

Another way of enforcing the water barrier was for the mourners to plunge into a stream in the hope of drowning, or at least shaking off, the ghost. Thus among the Matamba negroes, a widow is bound hand and foot by the priest, who flings her into the water several times over, with the intention of drowning her husband's ghost who may be supposed to be clinging to his unfeeling spouse.§ In Angola, for a similar purpose, widows adopt the less inconvenient practice of ducking their late husbands.|| In New Zealand all who have attended a funeral betake themselves to the nearest stream and plunge several times, head under, in the water.¶ In Fiji the sextons always washed themselves after a burial.** In Tahiti all who assisted at a burial fled precipitately and plunged into the sea, casting also into the sea the garments they had worn.†† In some parts of West Africa, after the corpse has been deposited in the grave, "all the bearers rush to the water-side and undergo a thorough ablution before they are permitted to return to the town."‡‡

But the barrier by water, like the barrier by fire, often dwindled into a mere stunted survival. Thus after a Roman funeral it was enough to carry water three times round the persons who had been engaged in it and to sprinkle them with the water.§§ In China, on the fifth day after a death, the mourners merely wash their eyes and sprinkle their faces three times with water.||| In Cappadocia and Crete persons returning from a funeral wash their hands.¶¶ In Samoa they wash their faces and hands with hot water.*** In ancient India it was enough merely to touch water.††† In Greece, so long as a dead body was in the house, a vessel of water stood before the street door that all who left the house might sprinkle themselves with it.‡‡‡ Note that in this case the water had to be fetched from another house—water taken from the house in which the corpse lay would not do. The significance of this fact I shall have occasion to point out presently.

When considered along with the facts I have mentioned, it can

* iii. c. 34.

† Ch. 19.

‡ Grimm, "Deutsche Mythologie," iii. p. 434; Theocritus, 24, 92-3; Homer, "Odys." xi. 26 *sqq.*; Ovid, "Fasti," v. 441; Brent, "The Cyclades," pp. 441, 442; Dennys, "Folklore of China," p. 24; Lammert, "Volksmedezin," p. 103.

§ Sonntag, p. 113.

|| *Id.* p. 115.

¶ Yates, "New Zealand," p. 137; Klemm, iv. p. 305.

** Williams and Culvert, "Fiji," p. 163, ed. 1870.

†† Ellis, "Polynesian Researches," i. p. 403.

‡‡ Wilson, quoted by Gardner, "Faiths of the World," i. p. 938; cf. Brinton,

"Myths of the New World," p. 133; Ellis, "History of Madagascar," i. p. 238.

§§ Virg. "Æn." vi. 228, where Servius speaks of carrying *fire* round similarly.

||| Gray, "China," i. p. 305.

¶¶ Wachsmuth, p. 120.

*** Turner, "Polynesia," p. 228.

††† Monier Williams, "Religious Thought and Life in India," pp. 283, 288.

‡‡‡ Pollux, viii. 65; Hesychius and Suidas s.v., ἀπόδριον. Cf. Wachsmuth, *ibid.* p. 109.

hardly be doubted that the original intention of this sprinkling with water was to wash off the ghost who might be following from the house of death; and in general I think we may lay down the rule that wherever we find a so-called purification by fire or water from pollution contracted by contact with the dead, we may assume with much probability that the original intention was to place a physical barrier of fire or water between the living and the dead, and that the conceptions of pollution and purification are merely the fictions of a later age, invented to explain the purpose of a ceremony of which the original intention was forgotten. Time forbids me to enter into the wider question whether *all* forms of so-called ceremonial purification may not admit of a similar explanation. I may say, however, that there is evidence that some at least of these forms are best explained on this hypothesis. To one of the most important of these forms of purification—that of mothers after childbirth—reference will be made in the course of this paper.

Such, then, are some of the modes adopted for the purpose of excluding or barring the ghost. Before quitting the subject, however, I wish to observe that as the essence of these proceedings was simply the erection of a barrier against the disembodied spirit, they might be, and actually were, employed for barring spirits in other connections. Thus, for example, since to early man death means the departure of the soul out of the body, it is obvious that the very same proceedings which serve to exclude the soul after it has left the body—*i.e.*, to bar the ghost, may equally well be employed to bar the soul *in* the body—*i.e.*, to prevent it escaping; in other words, they may be employed to prevent a sick man from dying—in fact, they may be used as cures. Thus the Chinese attempt to frighten back the soul of a dying man into his body by the utterance of wild cries and the explosion of crackers, while they rush about with extended arms to arrest its progress.* The use of water as a means of intercepting the flying soul is perhaps best illustrated by the Circassian treatment of the sick. It is well known that according to primitive man the soul of a sleeper departs from his body to wander far away in dreamland; in fact, the only distinction which early man makes between sleep and death is that sleep is a temporary, while death is a permanent, absence of the soul. Obviously then, on this view, sleep is highly dangerous to a sick man, for if in sleep his soul departs, how can we be sure that it will come back again? Hence in order to ensure the recovery of a sick man, one of the first requisites is to keep him from sleeping. With this intention the Circassians will dance, sing, play, and tell stories to a sick man by the hour. Fifteen to twenty young fellows, naturally selected for the strength of their lungs, will seat themselves round his bed and make night hideous by singing in chorus at the top of

* Huc, "L'Empire Chinois," ii. p. 241.

their voices, while from time to time one of their number will create an agreeable variety by banging with a hammer on a ploughshare which has been thoughtfully placed for the purpose by the sick man's bed. But if, in spite of these unremitting attentions, the sick man should have the misfortune to fall asleep—mark what follows—they immediately dash water over his face.* The intention of this latter proceeding can hardly be doubtful—it is a last effort to stop the soul about to take flight for ever. So among the Abipones, a dying man is surrounded by a crowd of old crones brandishing rattles, stamping and yelling, while every now and then one of them flings water over his face so long as there is breath left in his body.† The same practice of throwing water over the sick is observed also in China, Siam, Siberia, and Hungary.‡

By analogy, the origin of the Kaffir custom of kindling a fire beside a sick person,§ the Russian practice of fumigating him,|| and the Persian practice of lighting a fire on the roof of a house where any one is ill,¶ may perhaps be found in the intention of interposing a barrier of fire to prevent the escape of the soul. For with regard to the custom of lighting a fire on the roof, it is a common belief that spirits pass out and in through a hole in the roof.** In the same way I would explain the extraordinary custom in Lao and Siam of surrounding a mother after childbirth with a blazing fire, within which she has regularly to stay for weeks after the birth of the child.†† The object, I take it, is to hem in the fluttering soul at this critical period with an impassable girdle of fire. Conversely, among the Kaffirs a widow must stay by herself beside a blazing fire for a month after her husband's death—no doubt in order to get rid of his ghost.‡‡ If any confirmation of this interpretation of the Siamese practice were needed, it would seem to be found in the fact

* Klemm, iv. p. 34.

† Dobritzhoffer, "Account of the Abipones," ii. p. 266. Amongst the Indians of lower California, if a sick man falls asleep, they knock him about the head till he wakes, with the sincere intention of saving his life (Bancroft, i. p. 569). Similarly, Kaffirs when circumcised at the age of fourteen are not allowed to sleep till the wound has healed (Campbell, "Travels in South Africa," p. 514).

‡ Gray, i. p. 278; Pallegoix, i. p. 294; Bowring, i. p. 123; Klemm, x. 254; "Folklore Journal," ii. p. 102. In Tiree a wet shirt is put on the patient, *id.* i. p. 167.

§ Lichtenstein, i. p. 258.

|| Ralston, "Songs of the Russian People," p. 380.

¶ Klemm, vii. p. 142.

** Wuttke, §§ 725, 755; Bastian, "Mensch," ii. pp. 319, 323; *id.*, "Die Seele," p. 15; Ralston, "Songs," p. 314; J. T. Brent, "The Cyclades," p. 437; Deunys, "Folklore of China," p. 22; Lammert, "Folkmedezin," p. 103.

†† Carl Bock, "Temples and Elephants," p. 259; Bowring, i. p. 120; Pallegoix, i. p. 223. Cf. Forbes, "British Burma," p. 46; Darmesteter, "Zend-Avesta," i. p. xciii.; Ellis, "History of Madagascar," i. p. 151. A relic of this custom is seen in the old Scotch practice of whirling a fir-candle three times round the bed on which the mother and child lay (C. Rogers, "Social Life in Scotland," i. p. 135). Amongst the Albanians a fire is kept constantly burning in the room for forty days after birth; the mother is not allowed to leave the house all this time, and at night she may not even leave the room; and any one during this time who enters the house by night is obliged to leap over a burning brand (Hahn, "Albanesische Studien," p. 149). In the Cyclades, for many days after a birth, no one may enter the house by night. The mother does not go to church for forty days after the birth (Brent, pp. 180, 181). ‡‡ Lichtenstein, i. p. 259.

that, during her imprisonment within the fiery circle, the woman washes herself daily for a week with a mixture of salt and water,* for salt and water, as we know from Theocritus,† is a regular specific against spirits.

Of course it is possible that these fiery barriers may also be intended to keep off evil spirits, and this is the *second* supplementary use to which the proceedings for barring ghosts may be turned. This would appear to have been the object with which, in Siberia, women after childbirth cleansed themselves by leaping several times over a fire, exactly as we saw that in Siberia mourners returning from a funeral leap over a fire for the express purpose of shaking off the spirit of the dead.‡

In China, the streets along which a funeral is to pass are previously sprinkled with holy water, and even the houses and warehouses along the street come in for their share, in case some artful demon might be lurking in a shop, ready to pounce out on the dead man as he passed.§ Special precautions are also taken by the Chinese during the actual passage of the funeral; in addition to the usual banging of gongs and popping of crackers, an attempt is made to work on the cupidity of the demons. With this view, bank-notes are scattered, regardless of expense, all along the road to the grave. The notes, I need hardly observe, are bad, but they serve the purpose, and while the ingenuous demons are engaged in the pursuit of these deceitful riches, the soul of the dead man, profiting by their distraction, pursues his way tranquilly behind the coffin to the grave.||

In the Hervey Islands, in the South Pacific, after a death the ghosts or demons are fought and soundly pummelled by bodies of armed men, just as the Samogitians and old Prussians used to repel the ghostly squadrons by swordcuts in the air.¶

In Christian times bells have been used for a like purpose; this, of course, was the intention of the passing bell.** The idea that the sound of brass or iron had power to put spirits to flight prevailed also in classical antiquity,†† from which it was perhaps inherited by mediæval Christianity.

I have still one observation to make on the means employed to bar ghosts, and it is this. The very same proceedings which were resorted to *after* the burial for the purpose of barring the ghost, were *avoided* so long as the corpse was in the house, from fear no doubt of hurting and offending the ghost. Thus we saw that an

* Bock, *op. cit.* p. 260.

† xxiv. 95-96.

‡ Meiners, "Geschichte der Religionen," ii. p. 107.

§ Gray, "China," i. p. 299.

|| Huc, "L'Empire Chinois," ii. p. 249; Gray, *l. c.*; Doolittle, "Social Life of the Chinese," p. 153 (ed. Paxton Hood).

¶ Gill, "Myths and Songs from the South Pacific," p. 269; Bastian, ii. p. 341. Cf. Wood, "Nat. Hist. of Man," ii. p. 562.

** Brand, "Popular Antiquities," ii. p. 202; Forbes Leslie, "Early Races of Scotland," ii. p. 508.

†† Lucian, "Philopseudes," c. 15; Ovid, "Fasti," v. 441; cf. Prof. Robertson Smith in "Journal of Philology," vol. xiii. No. 26, p. 283, *note*.

axe laid on the threshold or a knife hung over the door after the coffin has been carried out, have power to exclude the ghost, who could not enter without cutting himself. Conversely, so long as the corpse is still in the house, the use of sharp-edged instruments should be avoided in case they might wound the ghost. Thus for seven days after a death, the corpse being still in the house, the Chinese refrain from the use of knives and needles and even of chopsticks, eating their food with their fingers.* So at the memorial feasts to which they invited the dead, the Russians ate without using knives.† In Germany a knife should not be left edge-upward, lest it hurt the ghosts or the angels.‡ They even say that if you see a child in the fire and a knife on its back, you should run to the knife before the child.§ Again, we saw that the Romans and the Germans swept the ghost, without more ado, out of his own house. On the other hand, the more considerate negroes on the Congo abstain for a whole year from sweeping the house where a man has died, lest the dust should annoy the ghost.|| Again, we have seen the repugnance of ghosts to water. Hence, when a death took place, the Jews used to empty all the water in the house into the street, lest the ghost should fall in and be drowned.¶ In Burma, when the coffin is being carried out, every vessel in the house containing water is emptied.** In some parts of Bohemia, after a death, they turn the water-butt upside down, because if the ghost happened to bathe in it and any one drank of it afterwards, he would be a dead man within the year.†† We can now appreciate the significance of the fact mentioned above, that in Greece the lustral water before the door of a house where a dead body lay, had always to be fetched from a neighbouring house. For if the water had been taken from the house of death, who could tell but that the ghost might be disporting himself in it?‡‡ In Pomerania, even *after* a burial, no washing is done in the house for some time, lest the dead man should be wet in his grave.§§ Amongst the old Iranians no moisture was allowed to rest on the bread offered to the dead, for of course if the bread was damp, the ghost could not get at it.||||

Once more, we saw that fire was a great stumbling-block to ghosts. Hence in the Highlands of Scotland and in Burma the fires in a house used always to be extinguished when a death took place, no doubt lest they should burn the ghost.¶¶ So in old Iran

* Gray, "China," i. p. 288. † Ralston, "Songs of the Russian People," p. 321.

‡ Grimm, "Deutsche Mythologie," iii. pp. 441, 454; Tettau u. Temme, p. 285; Grohmann, p. 198. § Grimm, *ibid.* p. 469.

|| Bastian, "Mensch," ii. p. 323. On the day of the funeral the Albanians refrain from sweeping the place on which the corpse lay. Hahn, "Albanesische Studien," p. 152.

¶ Gardner, "Faiths of the World," i. p. 676.

** Forbes, "British Burma," p. 95.

†† Grohmann, § 193.

‡‡ Hence among the Jews all *open* vessels in the chamber of death were "unclean" (Numbers xix. 15).

§§ Wuttke, § 737.

|||| Spiegel, "Eränische Alterthumskunde," iii. p. 705.

¶¶ Brand, ii. p. 285; James Logan, "The Scottish Gael," ii. p. 387; Forbes, "British Burma," p. 94.

no fire was allowed to be used in the house for nine days after a death,* and in later times every fire in the Persian empire was extinguished in the interval between the death and burial of a king.†

It might perhaps be thought that the common practice of *fasting* after a death was a direct consequence of this disuse of fire; and there are facts which appear at first sight to show that it was so. Thus the Chinese, though they are not allowed to cook in the house for seven days after a death, are not prohibited from eating food which has been prepared elsewhere; indeed, during this period of mourning their wants are regularly supplied by their neighbours.‡ From this it would appear that the prohibition only extends to food cooked in the house of mourning. But this explanation will not suit the German superstition, that while the passing bell is tolling no one within hearing should eat.§ For here the prohibition evidently extends to all the food in the neighbourhood. The key to the solution of this problem will perhaps be found in the Samoan usage.|| We are told that in Samoa "while a dead body is in the house, no food is eaten under the same roof; the family have their meals outside or in another house. Those who attended the deceased were formerly most careful not to handle food, and for days were fed by others as if they were helpless infants." Observe here, firstly, that the objection is not to *all* eating, but only to eating under the same roof with the dead; and, secondly, that those who have been in contact with the dead, may eat but may not touch their food. Now considering that the ghost could be cut, burned, drowned, bruised with stones, and squeezed in a door (for it is a rule in Germany not to slam a door on Saturday for fear of jamming a ghost),¶ it seems not unreasonable to suppose that a ghost could be eaten, and if we make this supposition I venture to think that we have a clue to the origin of fasting after a death. People in fact originally refrained from eating just in those circumstances in which they considered that they might possibly in eating have devoured a ghost. This supposition explains why, so long as the corpse is in the house, the mourners may eat outside of the house but not in it. Again, it explains why those who have been in contact with the dead and have not yet purified themselves (*i.e.*, have not yet placed a barrier between themselves and the ghost) are not allowed to touch the food they eat; obviously the ghost might be clinging to them and might be transferred from their person to the food, and so eaten.

* Spiegel, *ibid.* p. 706.

† Diodorus, xvii. c. 114.

‡ Gray, "China," i. pp. 287-8. Cf. Apuleius, "Metam.," ii. c. 24. Similarly amongst the Albanians there is no cooking in the house for three days after a death, and the family is supported by the food brought by friends. Hahn, "Albanesische Studien," p. 151. So amongst the Cyclades, Brent, "The Cyclades," p. 221.

§ W. Sonntag, "Todtenbestattung," p. 175. Similar superstition in New England "Folk-lore Journal," ii. p. 24).

|| Turner, "Nineteen Years in Polynesia," p. 228; cf. Taylor, "New Zealand," p. 163; "Old New Zealand, by a Pakeha Maori," p. 124 *sqq.*; Ellis, "Polynesian Researches," i. p. 402.

¶ Wuttke, § 752.

This theory further explains the German superstition mentioned above, that no one within hearing must eat while the passing bell is tolling. For the passing bell is rung when a soul is issuing for the last time from its mortal tabernacle, and if any one in the neighbourhood were at this moment to eat, who knows but that his teeth might close on the passing soul. This explanation is confirmed by the companion superstition that no one should sleep while the passing bell is tolling, else will his sleep be the sleep of death.* Put into primitive language, this means, that as the soul quits the body in sleep, if it chanced in this its temporary absence to fall in with a soul that was taking its eternal flight, it might, perhaps, be coaxed or bullied into accompanying it, and might thus convert what had been intended to be merely a ramble, into a journey to that bourne from which no traveller returns.

All this time, however, Plutarch has been waiting for his answer; but, perhaps, as he has already waited two thousand years, he will not object to be kept in suspense a very little longer. For the sake of brevity in what remains, I will omit all mention of the particular usages, upon a comparison of which my answer is based, and will confine myself to stating in the briefest way their general result.

We have seen the various devices which the ingenuity of early man struck out for the purpose of giving an "iron welcome to the dead." In all of them, however, it was presupposed that the body was in the hands of the survivors, and had been by them securely buried; that was the first and most essential condition, and if it was not fulfilled no amount of secondary precautions would avail to bar the ghost.

But what happened when the body could not be found, as when the man died at sea or abroad? Here the all-important question was, What could be done to lay the wandering ghost? For wander he would, till his body was safe under the sod, and by supposition his body was not to be found. The case was a difficult one, but early man was equal to it. He buried the missing man *in effigy*,† and according to all the laws of primitive logic, an effigy is every bit as good as its original.‡ Therefore, when a man is buried in effigy with all due formality, that man is dead and buried beyond a doubt, and his ghost is as harmless as it is in the nature of ghosts to be.

But it occasionally happened that this burial by proxy was prema-

* Sonntag, *ibid.*; cf. Wuttke, § 726. In Scotland it was an old custom not to allow any one to sleep in the house where a sick person was at the point of death (C. Rogers, "Social Life in Scotland," i. p. 152).

† The practice of burial in effigy prevailed in ancient Greece, Mexico, and Samoa, and it prevails to this day in modern Greece, Albania, India, and China. See Chariton, iv. c. 1; Bancroft, "Native Races of the Pacific States," ii. p. 616; Turner, "Samoa," p. 150; C. Wachsmuth, "Das Alte Griechenland im neuem," p. 113; Hahn, "Albanesische Studien," p. 152; Monier Williams, "Religious Thought and Life in India," p. 200; Gray, "China," i. p. 295. Compare Doolittle, "Social Life of the Chinese," p. 164; Apuleius, "Metam.," i. c. 6; Brent, "The Cyclades," pp. 223, 224; Servius on Virgil "Æn.," vi. 366.

‡ For evidence, see Tylor's "Early History of Mankind," p. 116 *sqq.*

ture—that in fact the man was not really dead, and if he came home in person and positively declined to consider himself as dead, the question naturally arose, was he alive, or was he dead? It was a delicate question, and the solution was ingenious. The man was dead, certainly—that was past praying for. But then he might be born again—he might take a new lease of life. And so it was; he was put out to nurse, he was dressed in long clothes—in short, he went through all the stages of a second childhood.* But before he was eligible even for this pleasing experience, he had to overcome the initial difficulty of getting into his own house. For the door was as ghost-proof as fire and water could make it, and *he* was a ghost. As such, he had to do as ghosts do: in fact, not to put too fine a point on it, he had to come down the chimney.† And down the chimney he came—and this is an English answer to a Roman question.

* Plutarch, "Rom. Quarst.," v.

† See the passages cited in note ** to p. 115.

JAMES G. FRAZER.

CRICKET.

IN a season of comparative repose—repose at any rate compared with the hurly-burly of one marked by the descent upon the cricketing world of two foreign elevens, if we may use such a word of Australian brothers and American cousins—it may not be amiss to devote a thought to the progress that cricket has made in the last decade and is still making in the estimation of the English people, and to consider whether that progress has been for good or ill to them. Let it be granted that some out-door exercise is good for mind as well as body—and we think we can show that the progress has been for good—and indeed, we think we shall not be begging the question if without any extended argument we take that for granted. It is almost, if not quite, an axiom in England that our field sports and pastimes have done much towards teaching those who take part in them first to obey, perhaps eventually to command, and thereby helping to form those capabilities which go to make a good soldier of either the regular or citizen army. Again, pastimes serve good purpose in causing the young noblemen and gentlemen of England to rub shoulders with those who are lower than themselves in the social scale, but in the republic of the playground are, perhaps, their superiors, and so force upon the minds of the former a respect for industry, honesty, sobriety, and any other of the qualities that are necessary to produce an efficient athlete; feelings which but for these remarkable English pastimes might have never been developed, or even if so, would very possibly have been smothered under the weight of self-importance. Remarkable then we call them, and justifiably we think; for must not history take note of them? And in ancient or modern history where is there mention of pastimes? Athletic sports, as understood in England—*i.e.*, running and jumping,

and the brutal contests of the arena doubtless receive the notice of the historian ; but where is there mention of any pursuits of a character so innocent, one would say so insignificant, if one did not know the attractions they have for many thousands in this and other English-speaking countries, as football and cricket ?

But let us confine our attention to cricket. Can the historian ignore what cricket has done towards bringing together the mother country and her Australian colonies ? We think not, and therefore we think ourselves justified in calling it a remarkable game, perhaps the most remarkable the world has ever seen. This fact at least is worthy of note, that practical colonial statesmen have not ignored, and do not ignore, that cricket can be a factor in creating amongst Englishmen an interest in those great offshoots from the mother country. We are inclined to question whether the excitement in Australia has been greater over the transmission of a body of colonial troops to assist the mother country in the Soudan than it was over the successes of the first Australian Eleven that visited these shores. The theorist, however, may say, " I grant you that some outdoor exercise is good and indeed necessary ; but is there not a great waste of time over such a game as cricket—time which would be much better spent in the consideration of such economic problems as might lead to solutions having a beneficial result for mankind ? " Well, putting aside altogether the difficult problem whether the circulation of capital, and consequent employment of labour, which does result from a game so universally pursued as cricket, is or is not of benefit to the community, we should be inclined to say, " If the minds of those who take an active part in the game were devoted to nothing else, the answer might be in the affirmative." But that is not the case. Let the theorist inquire among his friends, and not seldom will he find that some athletic pursuit has exercised its sway over their earlier days. He will find perhaps that the millionaire, who devotes much of his thought and wealth to the improvement of his estate, and is an enthusiast on the subject of church architecture, was in his University Eleven ; that the judge spends his leisure evenings at Lord's ; that the statesman pulled an oar in his University Eight ; that the rising barrister's name is celebrated in tennis court annals ; that the philanthropist, who spends his evenings with the poor, may occasionally be seen no inconspicuous figure in the football field, and that the hardest of hard-worked M.P.s was never beaten in the racquet court ; and if he finds that answer to his inquiries, perhaps he will admit that the field of athletics need not necessarily, and indeed seldom does, prevent the man who has been able to excel there to excel also in after years in graver pursuits. And, the greater covering the less, he will find this applies also to cricket ; for as the young gentleman who has been a distinguished figure in the cricket-field

finds the graver duties of life forcing themselves on his attention, he leaves the former for the latter, not without a heartache perhaps, but none the worse a man that the republic of the cricket-field has given him a closer acquaintance with all sorts and conditions of men, and with probably a practical knowledge of human nature that will serve him in good stead through life, which he might have acquired with difficulty, if at all, in the class-room or the study.

So much for the effect of the national game on those who learn it at school, practise it at college, and carry their enthusiasm for it to Lord's, the Oval, or the country cricket-field. They may be numbered by tens; but what is its influence on the hundreds, nay thousands, who practise cricket on the village green, or in the neighbourhood of towns and cities seek in it a relaxation from the many toils imposed by civilization on a suffering humanity? Has cricket done good to these, and is it doing them good? Now here we have to start with an accomplished fact, which is that the English people are laying hold of the game more and more every year; and it would indeed be a serious thing if we had reason to believe that it brought them harm.

It always was an essentially English game, supported by country gentlemen, and practised on village greens; but now that has taken an extended form. The splendidly appointed grounds which are to be found in or near every large town are supported by the sixpences of the people. Ten years ago most county cricket clubs eked out an uncertain subsistence on the generosity of one or two patrons; now the more wide-spread interest in the game gives them a more than sufficient income. Where hundreds dawdled up of an afternoon to see a big match, now thousands arrive early on the ground to secure a good place. Shall we ever forget the curious sight presented to the astonished gaze of any one who chanced to pass round Kennington Oval in August, 1884, on the morning of the great match, England *v.* Australia. The backs of those standing or sitting in the outermost ring of spectators can be seen from the road that encircles the ground; and that morning it was as if each person had loaned out his back as an advertisement for one of the daily papers. They were being used as preventives against sunstroke, but one was immediately struck with the anxiety there must have been to secure a coign of vantage to induce the earliest comers to sit in so hot a place.

We can remember very well when Manchester cared nothing for cricket; now, if the crack bat of every local club, who manages to get fifty runs indifferently against moderate bowling, is not tried for the county eleven, the unfortunate committee is besieged with indignant protests, hinting broadly at favouritism, and demanding the dismissal from office of the captain and most of the committee.

Now, to some minds, doubtless, there is much that is absurd in all this; why should there be such excitement over three sticks and a bit of red leather? Never mind the why, my theorist—accept it, and accept this too, that it is very much better that the teeming swarms of a city should be interested in something that will take them into the open air, than that they should spend their time in a stuffy taproom, talking maudlin politics over beer and pipes, and losing more than the threepence or sixpence it would cost them to obtain admittance to the cricket-ground over a game of all-fours; played with a dog's-eared pack of cards, or than that they should lounge away their afternoon in the heated alleys of the town. Politics! let them talk politics by all means in proper season; for Heaven's sake let them study the science, for in all conscience it is very necessary that the rulers of a country should understand it; but induce them also to come out of the courts, and the alleys, and the slums, into God's air and sunshine, and they will not be worse politicians one bit; and, if you can get them out in the air, let them go and take part in, or look on at, one of our manly old English pastimes; they will get more good from it than from seeing half a dozen thoroughbreds flash by a post once every half-hour during an afternoon. Waste of time, again! Well, perhaps there is, if time is always to mean money. They will not be earning that; but will not every young aspirant to cricketing honours be treasuring up in his mind how Mr. Grace keeps that bat so straight over the leg-stump, and yet always seems to get the ball away to short-leg; or how years seem to make no difference to Mr. Hornby's determination always to try his hardest; or how Peate goes on pitching the ball so near the same spot that at last it begins to look quite bare; and will he not be registering a solemn determination in his mind to try his best, in the hope of some day emulating these giants; and will you say that his time is wasted if he has been encouraged to try to do his best at something—play it may be—but still at something? We think not; at any rate, we believe he will be a better man for it, and that his work will not suffer because he has been encouraged to do his best at play.

Let us not be misunderstood; this is no fanciful creation of a brain diseased by monomania. The people are every day showing a keener interest in athletics; and it becomes the duty of those who lead to endeavour to direct that interest and the energy it will develop into proper channels. But to be able to do so they must be prepared to hold their own. We fancy we see signs of dilettantism coming over young England in respect to cricket—a disinclination to go through the drudgery of the game, which alone can ensure eventual excellence, and a consequent hankering after the milder excitement of lawn tennis. We trust we are entirely wrong,

and that gentlemen will continue to be the equals, if not the superiors, of the professionals in the cricket-field. Whilst that continues, the game will continue to be the pure game it is, untouched by the lowering tendencies of the betting-ring and its degrading accompaniments; it will remain a simple trial of skill and endurance, honoured by those who take part in it, and an honour to the country that has produced it. But once let the former class begin to lose their proficiency at it, and they will drop back into the inferior position of patrons; they will no longer lead, they will barely encourage; the betting-ring will insert its foot, will little by little gain an ascendancy, and the question, "Has the encouragement of cricket as a pursuit for the people any advantages?" may then, when put, receive a different answer to that which it is entitled to at the present day.

HARRIS.

CONTEMPORARY LIFE AND THOUGHT IN FRANCE.

VICTOR HUGO is dead. This is the event of the last six months— if the importance of an event is to be measured by the feeling it creates. Not only in literary and political circles, not only in Paris itself, but throughout the whole of France, from the workshop to the Academy, from the *salon* to the garret, all other objects, all other cares have been giving way to the one idea, "Victor Hugo is dying," "Victor Hugo is dead." There was no more talk of the new Government, nor of Tonquin, nor of Afghanistan, nor of the Exhibition, nor of M. Zola's "Germinal;" we talked of nothing but Victor Hugo's illness—and the blank left by his death. Not even in the last moments of Thiers or of Gambetta were the bulletins waited for with such anxiety; and the funeral of Victor Hugo can only be compared with the return of the remains of the first Napoleon.

All this emotion, this intensity of grief and enthusiasm, might surprise the mere spectator, might seem to him an exaggeration, even an affectation. He might think that Lamartine was as great a poet, and a greater politician; that he exerted a stronger influence on the minds of his contemporaries; that he had more ideas, more original ideas, more profound ideas, than Victor Hugo; and yet nobody took any notice of Lamartine's death. He might think that in prose Michelet was the greater writer; and yet the funeral honours rendered to him, solemn and touching as they were, were nothing in comparison to these. He might think of the consummate art with which the friends of Victor Hugo have exploited his genius and puffed his claims; and he might ask himself whether all this is not a little stagy, whether there is not something in it of that sort of factitious notoriety which is so easily set going by those who have command of the press.

Yet he would not be right in thinking all this. It is true, no doubt, that in the honours paid to Victor Hugo, in the expression given to the general emotion, there was something of that instinct of display by which Frenchmen are always unconsciously carried away; there was also a good deal of national vanity—a wish to glorify France by glorifying Victor Hugo; but none the less the feeling was profound

and the enthusiasm genuine. And I will add that the homage was not unmerited.

In judging a great writer we have to take account not only of his purely literary qualities, but also of the part he played as a man, the thing he stood for to his country and his contemporaries. No one would think of comparing Voltaire as a dramatic poet to Racine, as a philosopher to Descartes, as an historian to Montesquieu; yet Voltaire exerted such an influence on the age he lived in, he was so true an incarnation of the spirit of his time, he did so much to make France splendid in the eyes of Europe, that we rightly place his name above that of Descartes, of Racine, and of Montesquieu. In the same way, the fame of Victor Hugo does not rest on the mere beauty of his written works, but on the place he filled, on the influence, political as well as literary, of his life itself, to which circumstances gave a peculiar grandeur and a symbolic import.

Born in 1802, buried in 1885, Victor Hugo almost fills the century. He was just passing out of childhood when France, after the fall of the First Empire, was entering on her double renaissance, political and literary; he dies at a moment when the weary century, bereaved of all its greatest men, seems dropping into senile drowsiness. After having astonished the Academicians of 1817 by his precocious talent, he lived to astonish a younger generation, almost eighty years later, by the spectacle of a physical and intellectual vigour which age seemed unable to abate. Since he was, without dispute, the most illustrious of living poets, not only in France but in all Europe, he ended by becoming a sort of national monument. By common consent, no harsh judgment or disrespectful criticism was brought to bear upon him; it was thought just and well that the man who had thus honoured his country should be left in his latter days to the undisturbed enjoyment of his peaceful laurels. This conspiracy of reverence and admiration, together with the idolatrous worship of a few devotees (such as Paul de Saint Victor, whose posthumous work, "Victor Hugo," lately published, is one long dithyramb; or the editors of the *Rappel*, a journal started by Hugo to the honour and glory of Hugo), ended by giving the poet, even in the eyes of the most ignorant classes, a place apart, as a sort of demigod. He was canonized during his own lifetime.

The very phases of his history lent themselves to this apotheosis of Victor Hugo. They symbolized those of the life of France herself in the nineteenth century. Emphatically an objective poet, he poured into his verse not his own soul, his own feelings, his own thought, but the common emotions of humanity, the splendours of Nature, the action of history, the changing mood of modern France. He himself compared himself to a "sonorous echo" set in the midst of things to vibrate to every sound and shock. And as there is no glory of his country that he has not proclaimed, no passion that he has not expressed, so there is no party which does not find something in him to admire, which does not put forward some claim to him. The son of a soldier of the Republic and the Empire, and of a Legitimist lady of La Vendée, he is, as it were, the synthesis of the two tendencies which divide modern France. First he sings the Bourbon rule; then, with the Liberals of the Restoration, the imperial conquests, and the legendary figure of Napoleon: he is at the head of the Romantic

movement, in which neo-Catholicism and Mediævalism mingle with revolutionary demands for liberty in art. After 1830 he belongs to the ranks of the Orleanist Liberals, and is made a peer of France, while Lamartine is one of the chiefs of the Democratic Left. In 1848 his old Napoleonist proclivities make him a partisan of Prince Louis Bonaparte; but the moment Louis Bonaparte aspires to the Dictatorship he turns against him, and flings himself with all his ardour into the ranks of the Republican party, there to remain till death. In very truth he had long been one of them. From the time of the Restoration a breath of revolution breathes through his plays. In "Hernani," in "Marion Delorme," in "Ruy Blas," it is the insurgents, the conspirators, the underlings who take the sympathies of the spectator; through their mouth the poet puts forth the popular claims and scourges the crimes of royalty and its ministers. The Romanticism of Hugo was no mere literary theory, no mere revival of mediævalism, with its combination of the comic and the tragic; it was a movement of pity for the poor, the lowly, the deformed, even the wicked, before whom he was setting an open door in a political as well as a literary sense. From his earliest years Victor Hugo had at heart that "pitié suprême" of which he sang in the hour of death; he was from the first the opponent of capital punishment, the advocate of mercy, and implicitly, by his love of the masses, the partisan of universal suffrage. It was the very same element in his character which made him the poet of Napoleon, whom he regarded as the incarnation of a people, and the champion of the defeated Communists. This love for the rebel and the oppressed, for the nations as against their masters, made him the apostle of Greek, and Polish, and Italian independence. Here again he stood in the foremost rank of Liberalism.

But what put the finishing touch to the fortunes of Hugo was his opposition to the Empire in the Assemblies of 1850 and 1851, followed by his exile in Guernsey. In his "Napoléon le Petit," in his "Châtiments"—the finest of his works—in the solemn oath he took and kept to return to France no more till the Empire should have fallen, he stands on his rock like the figure of the Commander, warning the imperial Don Juan of the approaching day of Divine vengeance. The rock of Guernsey became to the public imagination the antithesis of the rock of St. Helena; and the Republic was to come back with Victor Hugo, as the Empire had come back with the ashes of Napoléon.

The Empire fell. Victor Hugo, faithful to his word, returned to take his share in the sufferings and dangers of beleaguered Paris. From that time forward he lived among us, surrounded by the admiration and respect of all, as the representative of the literary epoch just passing away, and as a sort of living impersonation of Republican and Democratic principles. And yet this very impersonation presented a sort of contradiction to the Democratic idea; for the almost servile adulation he received was itself a striking evidence of the persistent tendency of mankind to make to itself heroes, kings, and gods.

The question whether the importance of his literary work at all equals that of his personal influence, is one that every one must answer for himself; but however much or however little sympathy may be felt for the character and style of his work, it must be admitted

that he will hold a very distinguished place in the literary history of the nineteenth century. His most indisputable merit is that of having brought a renovating influence to bear on the form and language of French poetry. He has at once enriched our literature with new forms—going further back than the seventeenth century, to the varied lyric forms of the fifteenth and sixteenth—and our poetic vocabulary with new words, by fearlessly introducing a crowd of terms which had hitherto been considered too familiar or too technical; and at the same time he has rendered versification both freer and more precise by giving greater importance, variety, and richness to the rhyme, and by disregarding the rules hitherto accepted as to the cesura and the termination of the sense with the line. All our poets of the last fifty years are agreed in honouring Victor Hugo as the restorer of Parnassus, as a benefactor who has bequeathed to them an incomparable instrument, who has not only renewed the strings of the French lyre, but added to their number. They call him “the Father.” That he has himself in other ways done much to injure the language, by forcing its tones and hues, by the abuse of certain words, by the multiplication of antitheses, and by giving way to exaggeration and to declamation, every man of taste must admit; but these defects of genius must not make us ungrateful for services rendered.

If Victor Hugo shares with no one the honour of this resuscitation of French poetic forms, he cannot in the same way advance an exclusive claim to the honour of having created the Romantic movement; but in this movement also he undoubtedly played the principal part. As early as 1824, in the prefaces to “Cromwell” and “Les Orientales,” he traced its outline; and all the most illustrious Romanticists—Dumas, Ste. Beuve, Théophile Gauthier—have acknowledged him as the head of the school. If Madame de Staël and Chateaubriand were the true originators of the movement, if Lamartine and Balzac and George Sand exercised, both in poetry and fiction, an influence comparable to his, it was none the less Victor Hugo who first formulated the principles of the new literature. Some of these principles—as, for instance, the theory of the grotesque—are by no means incontestable, and in a general way it may be said that the Romantic school, as a school of literature, ended in an abortion, or at least fell into rapid decay; but its general tendencies triumphed, and in that triumph Victor Hugo himself counted for much. These general tendencies were to the abandonment of the old literary methods and so-called classic rules, to liberty and spontaneity in art, to the free combination of the tragic with the comic, the epic with the lyrical, and the lyrical with the satirical; to the renunciation of the “unities” of Aristotle, and the unrestricted choice of subjects belonging to all times and countries; to the study of individual truth and local colour, instead of the exclusive study of general truth and universal types of feeling; to the widening of the intellectual horizon by an acquaintance with foreign and no longer only with classic literatures; to the endeavour to repossess ourselves, by the study of the Middle Ages, of the sources of our national existence. By these sound and legitimate aims, by this noble and successful effort, Romanticism, in spite of all that was exaggerated and superficial and unnatural in some of its productions, has come to be associated with

all the best literary work of the century, with the re-creation of history by Thierry and Michellet, with all recent research into the history and literature of the Middle Ages and of foreign countries, and with the modern forms of fiction and poetry. Victor Hugo was never, properly speaking, an historian; but as a novelist and a poet, epic or dramatic, he has done historical work. That his history was always true, I will not venture to say. Hugo is not a critic, not even a man of learning; he had little regard for science, and from this point of view was utterly out of harmony with the spirit of the age; but he was a seer, and the force of his imagination re-invested with life the epochs and persons of the past.

And here we touch on the really great and original thing in him—his epic genius. His dramatic genius may be disputed, for his reading of character is superficial—his people speak all alike, and his subjects are more strange than touching. In lyric art we may rank him below a poet like Shelley, whose verse reveals a mind of rare sensibility and nobleness, while by the magic of his words he flashes upon us the intuition of the mystery of life, of Nature, and of the infinite. We may feel his philosophy both vague and meagre in comparison with the emotional subtlety of a Sully Prudhomme. But Victor Hugo has given France an epic literature. He has once more given the lie to the reiterated assertion, that Frenchmen have not the epic faculty. He has added a link to the interrupted chain of French epic poetry, which stretches back from him through Agrippa d'Aubigné to the great poems of the Middle Ages. The finest of his plays—"Les Burgraves"—is an epos; the finest thing in the "Châtiments"—"L'Expiation"—is composed of four fragments of epic poetry; the "Légende des Siècles" is a series of mediæval epics; his very lyrics have the epic march; and it is no exaggeration to say that "Notre Dame de Paris," "Les Misérables," "Les Travailleurs de la Mer," "L'Homme qui Rit," and "Quatre-vingt-treize" are so many prose epics. To the service of this epic genius he brings the richest, the most glowing, the most forceful, the most superb imagination. Others have spoken to the mind and heart in language more touching, more melting, more melodious; no one has startled the sense with images so vivid and so unexpected. His visions are hallucinations which give reality to the impossible. His kind-heartedness, his sympathy for the masses and for the unfortunate, lends to his epic creations a profoundly human character; they are not marbles and bronzes, like the heroes of *L'Île de l'Isle*—they are men of heroic size. The very simplicity of his thoughts and feelings, what his detractors call his commonplaceness, has helped to make him accessible to those who care little for poetry generally, and to earn for him that popularity which he so ardently—too ardently—coveted, and which, of all writers who have ever lived, he perhaps possessed in the most eminent degree.

Victor Hugo has given much to his century; he has also been its most emphatic exponent. It has sometimes been said that he was an isolated phenomenon, that he had nothing in common with the true French genius—with its measure, its harmony, its grace, its soft brilliancy, its disdain of bombast and bluster and bad taste. The criticism has not much in it. Even in the past, this definition of our native genius applied, after all, to a very small number of writers.

Corneille was no more measured than Hugo; we find plenty of bad taste and rhodomontade in the sixteenth century, and at the beginning of the seventeenth, and in Diderot. And besides, our democratic France of the nineteenth century is not the old France; she has changed her mind in literature as well as in politics and religion. If a poet like Musset belongs, by one side of him, to the old classic line, men like Lamartine on the one hand and Baudelaire on the other are purely modern phenomena; and Victor Hugo, with his emphasis, his Cyclopean mirth, his vague religiousness, his tender-hearted socialism, his credulous humanitarianism, his political syncretism, and his visionary history, appears to me an authentic product of that half-barbarous, democratised, restless France, beaten about by every wind of doctrine, yet always generous, proud of her past, and hopeful in her civilizing mission, which has been bequeathed to us by the Revolution.

This France is to-day divided by hostile passions. Even the death of Hugo, which united so many hearts in one common mourning, itself afforded an occasion for the manifestation of these passions. The funeral arrangements indeed, which were of unexampled magnificence, were carried out in perfect order in the presence of a concourse of people such as Paris has hardly ever witnessed; but it cannot be forgotten that anarchists and revolutionists had threatened to create a disturbance by parading the red flag; that a week before, at the commemoration of the 24th of May, they had actually provoked a sanguinary conflict with the police at Père Lachaise; and that the Catholics have been deeply offended by the decree which has once more deprived them of the church of Ste. Geneviève, to make it again, as in 1792 and 1831, the Pantheon of the nation. A strange Pantheon, indeed—as near the gibbet and the Seine as the Capitol was to the Tarpeian Rock; for neither Voltaire, nor Rousseau, nor Mirabeau was long permitted to enjoy the shelter of its solemn asylum. The Archbishop of Paris entered his protest against the decree; all the Catholic schools forbade their pupils to watch the procession; and amongst those who urged that the Pantheon should be opened for Victor Hugo, there were some who thought less of honouring the poet than of insulting the Church.

The profound division of feeling which at present exists in the country gives an enhanced importance to the coming elections, which are to take place, most likely, in August or September. The elections will be by *scrutin de liste*, according to the law lately passed by both Chambers, which also increases the number of deputies—already too large—by about fifty, bringing it up to about 570. The *scrutin de liste*, which requires every elector to vote for a list comprising all the deputies for the department, diminishes the pressure of personal influence, but adds immensely to the scope of political passions. It is an advantage and a disadvantage: an advantage, because the deputies will be less tied to mere local interests, and will look at things from a broader point of view, and also because the names upon the list must be names known throughout the whole department, and therefore of a certain standing; but also a disadvantage, because the electorate, always more or less blind and leadable, is sure to become still more so under the new system. It must obey something: it obeys the newspapers, it obeys its ringleaders; it obeys most of all its ungoverned

impulses. Under the *scrutin de liste* the force of every current of popular opinion will be so augmented that the whole aspect of the representation of the country may be changed in a single day. An election by *scrutin de liste* the day after the loss of Lang Son might have put the reins of government into the hands of the reactionaries, or the Radicals.

With universal suffrage and the *scrutin de liste* it is inevitable that, unless we are to give ourselves over to the chapter of accidents, the elections must turn, not on questions of principle, of which the populace cannot judge, but on the Ministerial question—that is to say, on the question of persons. Universal suffrage may be capable, if need be, of deciding whether it prefers to be governed by M. Ferry or M. Brisson; but it can offer no opinion on free trade or the separation of Church and State. From this point of view the Ferry Government has been most unfortunate. If the elections had been in their hands, the question before the electors would have been the maintenance or the overthrow of the Cabinet, and M. Ferry would have known exactly what to expect from his friends and his foes. If he had triumphed, he would have had a solid majority with which to carry on the Government. The Ministry of M. Brisson is a stop-gap Ministry, without unity of purpose, called into existence for the sole object of keeping M. Ferry out till the elections are over. No one will come before the electors as a partisan of the Brisson Cabinet. The battle will have to be fought out on the programme; and the Royalists and extreme Radicals, who have the advantage of a very simple programme, and who flatter certain popular passions, may hope to carry the day in many places where they have hitherto been in a minority.

The fall of M. Ferry was due to the merest accident; but it must be admitted that such an accident could never have happened if there had been a real Government majority in the Chamber, united by common principles and loyal confidence, instead of a chance majority united by nothing but its electoral interests. On Saturday, the 30th of March, the interpellation on the affairs of Tonquin found M. Ferry with his majority still at his back; but it was clear that Tonquin was weighing heavy on their minds, and that as election time drew nearer they were growing more and more anxious to throw the responsibility of it upon some other shoulders than their own. Indeed, it had been so from the first. They were delighted that he should undertake the expedition, they were even disposed to blame him for hesitation and timidity; but they did not want to have war officially declared; they wished the Government, by skilful reticence, to keep all responsibility to itself till the time should come when every deputy might say to his constituents, "See what a fine colony I have given you," or might say, "It is no fault of mine; the Government never consulted me." Now, M. Ferry's strength lay precisely in his independence of all the parliamentary groups, which made it possible for him to have a policy of his own, and a serious and consecutive policy; but here also lay his weakness, for the moment the majority ceased to see in him the pledge of its own security at the elections, it deserted him without the slightest hesitation.

On Sunday, March 31, came the news of the deplorable retreat from Lang Son. Then followed one of those curious bursts of infatuation

to which the French nation, with its extreme nervous excitability, is so peculiarly liable, and which the telegraph now flashes from one end of the globe to the other with the speed of lightning. It was the natural consequence of an exaggerated confidence—the confidence of the majority in the stability and conduct of the Government, of the Government in the support of the majority; the confidence of everybody that we should soon come to an end of Chinese resistance; the rash confidence of General Négrier, who need never have gone fighting beyond Lang Son. To this unreasonable confidence succeeds a no less unreasonable panic; the troops at Lang Son take to their heels with nobody behind them, because General Négrier is wounded; Colonel Herbinger orders a perfectly needless retreat; the Commander-in-Chief, Brière de l'Isle, hastens to telegraph home a communication which he has not verified, and which represents all as lost; the Government publishes the news forthwith, orders the evacuation of Formosa, and has not so much as the courage to defend its own conduct and policy in the Chamber next day; the supporters of the Government lose their heads altogether, and advise its resigning without waiting for a vote of the Chamber; the Moderates, like M. Ribot, lend their aid to overthrow it, without realizing that they are playing into the hands of the Radicals; the populace and the newspapers respectively demand the immediate sending of 50,000 men to the Chinese capital, and the immediate recall of the troops and evacuation of Tonquin. No one can have witnessed this panic, no one can have seen the irrational excitement of men like MM. Ribot and Clémenceau and Raoul Duval over this insignificant incident, and heard the crowd yelling its applause for M. Paul de Cassagnac, M. Rochefort, and Marshal MacMahon, without trembling at the want of moral equilibrium which this occurrence has brought to light.

All this agitation was the more deplorable because it really was not quite sincere. The Chamber professed to be in despair about the situation of our army in Tonquin; it was really in despair about the effect of the news on the coming elections. The only thing to be done was to throw it all on M. Ferry, and to make him the scapegoat of the majority. It was his weakness; it was his imprudence; he had not dealt frankly with Parliament. This was the cry; and out of all the three hundred deputies who had been applauding him for the last two years, there was not one to take up his defence. Nay, more; in the hope that M. de Freycinet would form a Ministry from the ranks of the Republican Union, they wanted M. Ferry to retire of his own accord, a self-convicted criminal. He had the sense and firmness to refuse. He fell with dignity; and he left behind him a political situation which designates him as the only possible leader of a moderate Republican Government.

Hardly was his fall completed when circumstances began to avenge him. The majority which had deserted him was not long in discovering that it had simply destroyed a most advantageous electoral platform. The preliminaries of peace with China were signed before the new Ministry was even constituted; and M. Ferry, driven from office by a momentary defeat in Tonquin, was found to have actually secured Tonquin to the French nation. As to the formation of the new Ministry, the negotiations for it were the strangest of comedies. The

Radicals would not endure a single member of the outgoing Ministry, nor a single deputy known for his sympathies with M. Ferry; and as it was at the same time impossible to get a majority without the votes of the Republican Union, it was necessary to find men of no party in particular, who should make up their minds beforehand to do nothing, since the moment they began to act in one way or another, they were sure to be turned out.

In the first place, M. Brisson had to be induced to exchange the Presidency of the Chamber for that of the Council. It was a real sacrifice, because the position he had held was an impregnable one, above all parties and friendly to all, and it pointed clearly to the Presidency of the Republic in 1886. As Prime Minister, he runs the risk of losing his popularity and making enemies. A Jacobin by character and principles, a man of almost haughty integrity and of clearly defined though narrow views, he can hardly feel much at home in the midst of these lean and hungry electoral appetites and this Parliamentary anarchy; but the requirements of his candidature for the Presidency of the Republic will ensure his effacing himself as much as possible. M. Allain-Targé is an old Gambettist Minister, turned Radical by the fall of Gambetta. M. de Freycinet is the very opposite of M. Brisson; he is as supple as M. Brisson is stiff; he is a man of the Directory beside a man of the Convention. He has long been labouring for the defeat of the Ferry Government, and he is the real head of the Cabinet. But he will not do anything, any more than M. Brisson. If M. Brisson represents ideas he cannot dream of applying, M. de Freycinet represents no distinct political idea at all. He has worked with Gambetta, with M. Waddington, with M. Ferry. Nobody knows what he is, what he thinks, or what he wishes; but he likes to be a Cabinet Minister, and he speaks to admiration. His policy is a negative policy, all half-measures and concessions and postponements; it is a weakening and demoralizing policy, for France ought to know where she is going and what is being done with her. M. Goblet, the Minister of Public Instruction, is a man of character and intelligence; he is honest, and very liberal in his views, with a perhaps excessive dislike of centralization. His presence in a Cabinet of M. Brisson's is an absurdity; but what does it signify when the Cabinet is there to do nothing? It is only holding the post against M. Ferry.

They will do just as much as cannot be left undone. They will pass the budget pretty much as it was prepared by the late Government. They have already passed the second reading of the Army Recruitment Bill, making three years' service compulsory for all alike—an absurd and impracticable law, which is only being passed to satisfy the levelling instinct in the constituencies, and with the certainty of its never being applied, since the Senate will not have time to deal with it before the dissolution, and if it had, would have the good sense and patriotism to throw it out. The law for the transportation of convicts has also been passed. The principle of this law has been much disputed. It has been maintained that transportation was much more costly than a well-managed system of confinement, and that to send the criminals to unhealthy colonies was to impose on them a penalty disproportionate to their crimes. Never-

theless, the absolute necessity of relieving France, and especially Paris, of the roughs that infest it, has silenced all other considerations, juridical, economic, or humane. The horrible crimes that are constantly being committed—like those of Gamahut, who strangled Madame Ballerich for a miserable gain, and Marchandon, who led a luxurious life at Compiègne, and murdered the lady whose service he had entered in Paris—the even more odious usurpation of the Paris pavement by a vile crowd of bullies and sharpers—have roused in favour of the Récidivist Bill such a movement of public opinion as the Senate itself has not ventured to withstand.

As a matter of fact, the new Ministry will have done nothing but liquidate the inheritance of the old; for it was unfortunately M. Ferry's Government that passed the first reading of the Recruitment Bill, and that carried the Récidivist Bill prepared by the Government of Gambetta. The peace with China, the treaty of annexation of Cambodia, the treaty of commerce with Burmah, all these are legacies of the Ferry Government. In the Suez Canal conference and in Egypt, M. de Freycinet, perhaps against his will, has followed implicitly the policy of his predecessor.

This collapse of the Government, under such abnormal circumstances, leaves us at liberty to form an estimate of M. Ferry's political character and career. At three points he appears to me to have shown a real superiority, and to have made good his claim to be considered a true statesman. In the first place, he has given a new start to public instruction—a start it cannot now lose; and in a levelling democracy like that of France, this development of schools of all grades—however much its rapidity may have been regretted from a financial point of view—was absolutely necessary if we are to meet Germany on an equal intellectual footing. In the second place, M. Ferry, notwithstanding some faults of detail, has in his foreign policy pursued a line of conduct marked not only by political wisdom, but by a certain greatness. He came to the head of affairs at a moment when Egypt had been abandoned, and when we were already involved in Tonquin, in Madagascar, and on the Congo. He pursued these enterprises as energetically as the temper of the Chambers and the national resources would allow; above all, he used these colonial questions—as he used the affairs of Egypt—not only as a means of regaining for France her place in the European concert, but as a means of constituting her the representative and interpreter of European interests. To say that M. Ferry has made himself the tool of Bismarckian tactics is to speak unjustly, if not insincerely. M. Ferry adopted the only attitude worthy of the country after her misfortunes,—that of seeking to protect the general interests of the European powers. This at least is certain, that during these two years of a very clear and wide-awake foreign policy, the same in Egypt, in Tonquin, at the Berlin conference, at the Paris conference, France has gained credit not only with the Governments of Europe, but with the Oriental nations. It might no doubt have been possible for France, while retaining this attitude of disinterested integrity, to stand on a more friendly footing with England, and in some ways to associate her interests with hers; but unfortunately, ever since 1870, England has constantly followed the traditions and hereditary impulses of an out-

worn policy, and has seen in France an imaginary rival, when it is from Germany alone that she can really have anything to fear.

The third point on which M. Ferry has proved himself a statesman is this—that he has been able during these two years to create and keep together a Government majority, to take the responsibility of his own acts and opinions, and to make the country feel that its course was directed by able men, who knew what they were about; and further, that he had the courage to break with the extreme Republican Left. M. Ferry has been constantly at the breach; he has been the personification of his whole Ministry; he has been—he and Gambetta alone, and he more than Gambetta—a true Prime Minister of the Republic.

Not that he has been faultless in his Ministry. Some of his mistakes may be due to circumstances; for some he must himself be held responsible. The most serious charge I have to bring against him is that in home affairs he has too much followed a policy of expediency, without fixed principles. When once he had taken a resolution, he maintained it vigorously enough; but often he allowed himself to be decided by circumstances and the mood of the Chamber, sometimes against his own better judgment. He inserted Article 7 and executed the decrees without being under any illusion as to their moral or practical worth; he allowed the passing of the law on the reconstitution of the magistracy, though he knew it to be a bad one, in order to avoid a worse; and he offered no opposition to the Recruitment Bill, which was plainly abominable, in the conviction that if passed it could never be carried out. He was then steadily pursuing his educational projects and his diplomatic negotiations, and he made these concessions because he thought them necessary to keep his majority intact; but I think it was a mistake. It was a mistake, because he thus lost credit with the moderate men who were his true partisans; and it was a mistake because he was stronger in the Chamber than he thought himself, and if he had spoken more plainly to the deputies they would probably have followed him. But, unfortunately, he had been brought into power by a party which was not strictly his own, the Gambettist party, and he had been obliged to accept their programme. Besides, in matters of home policy he seems to be wanting in fixed ideas. Whether on social questions, or on financial and economic questions, or on the question of decentralization, he seems to allow himself to be guided rather by the convenience of the moment than by any definite plan or even tendency. In a general way he opposed the excesses of the Radicals, but that in itself does not make a policy. He had too much faith in parliamentary tactics, in a policy of the lobbies, in the necessity of keeping his majority together by a series of compromises and concessions. In my opinion, he was strong enough to have imposed his will on the majority; and I believe that none but a Minister enjoying a great personal ascendancy, and using that ascendancy in a somewhat authoritative manner, can counteract the abuses of parliamentary government. These abuses have grown to such a height in France—the Chamber of Deputies has given such lamentable proofs of its want of cohesion and its indifference to the great interests of the country—that, if some remedy be not soon found, public opinion will rise and

condemn a form of government which tends to loosen all the joints of the administration, and to end in political indecision and financial recklessness.

This last has been one of the faults of M. Ferry. He is not personally responsible for the excessive expenditure which has thrown our budgets into confusion; and the panic of 1882 added unexpected difficulties to a financial crisis complicated by a commercial and industrial crisis raging all over Europe. But M. Ferry was wrong in not treating the financial situation more seriously, in not setting himself to find a remedy for it, and in leaving the Ministry of Finance in the hands of an honest but incapable man, M. Tirard. M. Léon Say has pointed out, in a remarkable article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, how all the traditional principles of our financial organization have been abandoned, and how the present extraordinary budget is creating an ever-increasing deficit.

This habit of M. Ferry's, of falling too easily into a hand-to-mouth policy, and of showing himself too docile to every impulse of the Chamber, has also led him into some mistakes in the matter of Tonquin. These mistakes have been mainly two: that of having too long delayed the sending of a sufficient force to Tonquin, for fear of disquieting the country by the demand for soldiers and the Chamber by the demand for funds; and that of having, after the affair at Bac Le, pursued an impossible vengeance, and wasted both men and money for the sake of nothing but the treaty of Tien-tsin and a very false notion of national honour. And yet, in spite of these faults and errors, M. Ferry will have one of the most honourable pages in our parliamentary history. His name will be always associated with educational reform, with the organization of our protectorate in Tunis, and with the creation of our colonies in Tonquin and on the Congo. With this he may console himself for the defeat of the 1st of April, when the deputies duped themselves, and, for fear of being sacrificed by the electors, sacrificed the only person who could have saved them.

The conclusion of peace with China, notwithstanding the unfavourable conditions under which it took place, was greeted with a sigh of relief, for it makes room for pressing questions of finance and commerce and agriculture. The crisis does not seem to have had the exceptional gravity which was attached to it last winter; the distress of the labouring classes does not seem to have gone on increasing. The attempts of the Anarchists to stir them up seem to meet with no more response than before. And yet the industrial and especially the agricultural situation is one of great urgency. The taxes on cereals and cattle imposed by the Chamber are rather an electoral than a practical relief. Unhappily the agricultural crisis is really dependent on the depopulation of the country—or rather on the absence of any increase of population, so that production is gaining on consumption; on the ignorance of the cultivator, who will not improve his methods; and on the demoralization of the labourer, whose demand for wages rises as his capacity for work diminishes. That the distress of last winter was real, the long files of workmen stationed in front of the booths where the "Œuvre de la bouchée de pain" was distributing its meagre pittance, gave eloquent proof. If this distress were to go on, the trade syndicates, which are becoming more and more numerous

and which are being rapidly and intelligently organized, might exert a very formidable social influence. It is time our legislators should busy themselves, not with passing Bills intended to flatter popular instincts, but with preparing measures calculated to bring about a better social condition, to protect the workman against the risks of accident, of sickness, and of slack seasons; it is time that they should follow, prudently but resolutely, in the path opened out by Prince Bismarck; above all, it is time for the Liberal middle class to learn its duty to the working classes. They have often enough been told that the Revolution of '89 was the tradesman's revolution, and that the time is come for the workman's '89. The Catholics, who have never lost the art of organization, and who know how to speak to the people, are turning these socialist passions to their own account. The Workmen's Club Association (*Œuvre des Cercles Ouvriers*), directed by M. de Mun, is organizing syndicates composed partly of workmen and partly of masters; it recommends participation in profits, the suppression of strikes by a system of arbitration, and a number of other sensible and practical measures, equally advantageous to masters and men. Of course the medal has its other side: this powerful association, which has more than 200,000 workmen on its rolls, enlists them in the name of Catholicism, imposes on them certain religious forms, and rouses in them a double fanaticism, social and religious. Not long ago a deputation of manufacturers went to Rome to bear to the Pope the homage of these 200,000 men; and at the closing sitting of their Congress, a Jesuit preacher spoke from the pulpit of Notre Dame in language so revolutionary, and made so startling an appeal to the principle of social equality, as to appal the masters themselves.

Nothing is more significant of the gravity of the situation than the triumphal entry of the strike into fiction. The tailors' strike, which amused and inconvenienced Paris for a few weeks, might furnish matter, at most, for the vaudeville or the operetta; but the miners' strike, with the spectacle of fierce passions displayed in the outrages at Montceau les Mines, affords a more serious subject. The theatre has already made use of it, but in worthless plays which attracted little attention. Fiction has now followed suit, and M. Zola has made it the motive of his "*Germinal*,"—one of his most remarkable works. Cherbuliez, indeed, in his "*Olivier Mangaut*," had been the first to attempt the portrayal of the strike and the ways of agitators; but his refined palette does not furnish the strong and simple colours required by such a subject. He gives us an amusing picture of a gipsy, a sort of commercial traveller in socialism and revolutions; but a workman he cannot do. M. Zola, on the contrary, with his rough and heavy manner, and his heroic style, has swept a mighty canvas, and given us a picture not to be forgotten. He has, unfortunately, not abstained from those gross and even foul descriptions in which he delights; but he has so made his miners' families live before you, he has so faithfully depicted their sufferings and made their passions speak with such a human voice, that all this filth is, as it were, swept and washed away by the great torrent of pity which flows through this extraordinary book. Dickens' "*Hard Times*" is a work of far more delicate perception, of a far purer instinct of humanity; but in this brutal work of M. Zola's the living fountain of compassion springs up with indescribable force. It

is this compassion for the miserable and even for the guilty which alone can bring about a permanent moral improvement. Neither Récidivist laws, nor the reorganization of the police, whose powers and whose vices we have just been learning from M. Macé's "*Police de Sureté*" and M. Andrieux's "*Souvenirs d'un Ex-Préfet de Police*," can bring about a reform of public morals, if public morals will not reform themselves. And they do not seem in a reforming way at present. Obscene literature is still allowed a degree of liberty which is nothing less than an outrage on morality; and the absence of any satisfactory law of libel places the revolver in the hands of women whose honour is attacked, like Mme. Clovis Hugues, and of men who, like the brothers Ballerich, are vilified by a shameless press.

Turning from these scenes of Parisian life, which remind us of California fifty years ago, we are glad to find refuge and refreshment in really fine works of literature and of art. These last months have given us much enjoyment of this kind.

To begin with art. I need not say very much about the Salon this year—not because it is less good than usual, but because it is so very much as usual. Always the same abundant manual dexterity, always the same unhealthy choice of dubious, or eccentric, or sensational subjects; always the same absence of imagination and of any profound perception of human beauty. There are, as usual, some admirable portraits—those by M. Wencker and M. Fantin in particular; there are, as usual, some fine landscapes of Harpignies, Yon, Zuber, Adam, Binet, Damoye, and others. One very unfavourable symptom, which shows no sign of improvement, is the want of knowledge of drawing, that primary and indispensable basis of all sound painting; and this neglect of the most essential thing in art becomes more conspicuous in proportion to the skill shown in the handling of colour. Men of indisputable talent, whose fame is already made—men like Roll and Gervex, Clairin and Carolus Duran, and even Benjamin Constant—startle us, not only by their gross errors in drawing, but by their obvious determination not to trouble themselves to draw either distinctly or correctly. M. Bouguereau has received the medal this year, not for any real artistic power or originality, but simply because the pains he takes in the drawing of his figures have at last compelled the esteem, if not the admiration, of the judges. In this immense fair, crowded with works of art, I find only three or four of which I need speak particularly. And first I will place by itself apart the statue sculptured by M. Mercié for the tomb of Mme. Charles Ferry. It is called "*Memory*," and represents the figure of a young woman seated in a somewhat languid attitude, her delicate girlish features seen through a transparent veil. Never, since the statue of "*Youth*," sculptured by M. Chapu for the tomb of H. Régault, and the "*Charity*" of M. Dubois, has French sculpture produced a work of such perfection. Grace and force and beauty of line, nobility and tenderness of feeling, all are here; it is a creation of incomparable harmony and sweetness, a true masterpiece. M. Mercié handles the brush as skilfully as he handles the chisel, and he exhibits this year a "*Michael Angelo studying Anatomy over a Corpse*," in which he shows remarkable qualities as a colourist. Amongst the paintings, the most interesting are those of MM. Rochegrosse, Humbert, Jules

Breton, Lerolle, Lhermitte, Agache, and Sinding. M. Rochegrosse is quite a young man, but from his first appearance in the Salon, in his "*Vitellius*" of three years ago, he has given proof of dramatic capabilities of the highest order. His "*Andromache and Astyanax*" of 1883 confirmed the expectations raised by his previous work. It displayed an originality of composition, a vigour, and a genius for colour, which distanced all competitors. His "*Jacquerie*" this year places him definitively in the front rank of our historical painters. It represents the insurgent peasantry attacking a château where the women and children have been left alone. The fierce, gaunt, hungry faces of the mob, their postures, like those of wild beasts checked and hesitating for a moment on the threshold of the seigneurial mansion before they fling themselves upon it, to murder, to ravish, and to burn; the group of women—the grandmother pressing the youngest child to her bosom, the mother stepping forward alone before her butchers, with a gesture of terror and entreaty, but retaining all her native dignity—all this forms a striking whole; and it is free from the exaggerations of the "*Andromache*," besides having more warmth and harmony of execution. In quite another way, M. Lerolle also deserves commendation. If M. Rochegrosse delights in violent emotions and scenes of carnage, M. Lerolle on the other hand prefers gentle feelings and idyllic scenes—a shepherdess fetching home her flock at the close of the day, her head aureoled by the setting sun—or the infant Jesus in the manger. This year he has daringly laid his scene in the organ-loft of a village church, where the painter's own family are chanting the hymns. A young man plays the organ, a young girl is standing up and singing, and two others sit by, waiting their turn. With consummate art, M. Lerolle has made it evident by the mere distribution of light that we are in the upper part of the church, high above the floor of it, which is not seen in the picture at all; and against this diffused light his figures stand out with a poetic, almost a seraphic effect. The little group of portraits becomes a picture; the feeling of the religious music and of the retired and rustic sanctuary is given with singular delicacy and intensity. M. Humbert is another of the tender and delicate sort. The great decorative panel which he has filled with peasants crossing a river at the end of the day's work, and welcomed by their wives and children on the bank, is harmonious in tone and at once simple and noble in feeling. This pleasant page of rural poetry may be placed beside Jules Breton's "*Retour des Champs*" and "*Où l'on voit l'Alouette*," in which the great rustic painter proves how little age has done to impair his originality of invention and his skill of hand. M. Lhermitte, who treats subjects of the same description after a more realistic fashion, shows us in his picture "*Le Vin*" that high art is to be found, not in the conventional importance of its subjects, but in the force with which their distinctive character is caught and expressed. It is this, again, which gives value to M. Agache's "*La Fortune*." Fortune is an old, blind, deaf, hard-featured crone, seated on a throne behind which revolves the gigantic wheel of the lottery of human life, while at her feet appears a crowd of suppliant heads and hands. This somewhat heavy but solid picture is extremely effective. The vast Lapland landscapes of M. Sinding are admirable for their truth and majesty. The one in which his Lapps are climb-

ing the hill to greet the rising sun after their long winter night almost startles us with its poetry. Besides these few works of really superior merit, the most interesting thing in the Salon is the room devoted to crayons. This branch of art has made astonishing progress within the last few years. Not only have we rediscovered the secrets of harmony and delicacy known to the last century, but we have learnt to give to the work of the crayon a warmth, variety, and softness which enable it to compete with oil painting. M. Galbrund, who is just dead, was the originator of this revival of crayon-drawing. M. de Nittis, who died last year, and M. Emile Lévy followed in his wake, and soon surpassed him. They have now a considerable number of followers; and after the example of the Water-colour Society, a Crayon Society has been founded, which opened its first exhibition last May, and gained a well-merited success. Here we have seen once more those admirable sketches of De Nittis which will remain till all time the truest and most charming record of the *Parisienne* of our day—ranking far above the fifteen pictures of James Tissot, entitled “*La Femme à Paris*,” in which that remarkable painter falls below himself; as also the whole series of drawings by La Tour, the inimitable master of the last century.

In addition to those of the Water-colour and Crayon Societies, an attempt was made to start a third exhibition—the Black and White. Unfortunately it was ill got up, too many mediocrities were admitted, and the exhibition was a total failure.

The ladies also have an exhibition of their own, and this year it has been one of exceptional interest, as bringing together all the works of a young Russian woman of genius, Mademoiselle Baschkirtseff, who died at the age of twenty-two. She seems to have been a fine creature, with rare intellectual gifts, a solid artistic education, and a very high degree of artistic inspiration. An admirer of Bastien Lepage, she was, like him, at once a realist and a poet. She had not only the poetry that springs from the love of Nature, but that which springs from the love of humanity, and especially of the poor and lowly. Like him, she united the fire of genius with the hearth-glow of human sympathies.

Bastien Lepage himself soon followed her to the grave, and his works also have been collected and exhibited—with the exception, unhappily, of the finest of them all, the “*Jeanne d’Arc*,” which is in America. This collection will confirm the reputation of the young peasant who, in a career of only fifteen years, secured for himself the first place among contemporary artists as a painter of rustic incident, a landscape painter, and above all a portrait painter. Some of his portraits will live among the masterpieces of painting of all times. Apart from his gifts of vision and of touch, his genius was characterized by goodwill and sincerity, and this sincerity, this simplicity of nature, gave him an accent of touching eloquence. A friend of his—himself a painter of rustic life, but with the pen instead of the brush—M. André Theuriet, has written a touching notice of his friend, in which he has admirably interpreted the mind and genius of the artist. This little notice, written from the heart, will remain one of the most exquisite works of this delightful novelist.

In striking contrast with the Bastien Lepage collection was the

Delacroix collection, opened at the same time. In place of that precise and scrupulous drawing, that truth of form carried to its utmost limits, we find here a rapid touch, which gives the general air and movement rather than the lines, the expression of the faces rather than their features; in place of the sober colouring that seeks to render Nature as she is, a startling symphony of colour which aims at beauty rather than at truth; instead of the reproduction of the familiar and the modern in its somewhat dull reality—and, it must be said, the absence of imagination which characterizes Bastien Lepage—we have all human history, all human poetry, thrown palpitating on the canvas; we have an ever-vivid imagination recalling to life the heroes of antiquity and of the Middle Ages, and adding a visible commentary, a sort of tangible reality, to the creations of Shakespeare and Byron and the narratives of the Bible. This painter is the painter of Romanticism: he has its often superficial and declamatory exuberance; he has also its movement, its life, its passion, its colour.

Gustave Doré, whose pictures have also been exhibited previous to their dispersal by sale, was another instance of marvellous imagination; but he was neither a draughtsman nor a colourist like Delacroix. His works, so rich in invention, now sublime, now delightful, now laughable, seem always to have the character of improvisations, and lack the solidity and seriousness of durable work. Nevertheless, this amazingly gifted man, who threw off illustrations of Dante, the Bible, Rabelais, and Balzac as fast as the brush could fly—who was at once sculptor, landscape painter, historical painter, religious painter, and caricaturist—was assuredly one of the finest artistic spirits our time has seen.

The time would fail me to tell of all our other exhibitions. There are the works of Ribot, that master of chiaroscuro (especially oscuro); of Eva Gonzalès, who died so young, and yet had given proof—though too much under impressionist influences—of such distinguished talents; and of Menzel, the great designer, the Meissonier of Berlin. There is the collection of Portraits of the Century, containing some hundreds of works as remarkable for their historic interest as for their artistic value; where Goya, Gainsborough, and Lawrence are seen by the side of Tongres, Ricard, Baudry, and Bonnat. There is the exhibition of Old Masters for the benefit of the Alsace-Lorrainers. Never have we been so overrun with exhibitions. It is an inundation, a deluge; and really it is time to bank it up a little, or music and literature will have cause to complain.

Music has been dull this year. The Grand Opera, after the death of M. Vaucorbeil, has with difficulty reconstituted itself under MM. Ritt and Gaillard. They have given but one new opera, M. Reyer's "Sigurd," and even that is not new, for it was performed last year in Brussels. It did not take with the Paris public, and gave the impression of a timid Wagnerism. The Comic Opera has been equally barren, though M. Massé's "Cleopatra," a posthumous work, profited somewhat by the regret felt in artistic circles for the death of that amiable composer. In the great Sunday afternoon concerts no new symphonic work has been produced. It has been Wagner's music—the second act of "Tristan and Isolde"—that has had the most marked success.

The theatre has been more successful than the opera. A harsh, dreary, and brutal comedy by M. Becque, "La Parisienne," revolted

the public; and yet this piece of pitiless observation leaves the impression that its author might become a dramatist of great power if he could bring himself to lay aside his determination to see nothing but base minds and ignoble actions. M. Sardou has not taxed his imagination very heavily in the composition of his "*Theodora*," borrowed mainly from the Byzantine studies of M. Marrast; but he has put genuine archæological and decorative science into the scenery and costumes, which make an admirable setting for the always powerful acting of Sarah Bernhardt. The most brilliant success of the winter has been M. Dumas' "*Denise*"—though it is not to be compared to the triumphs he won with his "*Demi-Monde*" and "*L'Etrangère*." The thing which gives an exceptional attraction to M. Dumas' plays, apart from his marvellous dialogue, is the social and moral purpose with which they are fraught. In "*Denise*" M. Dumas marries his hero to a girl who has not long before been seduced by another man, by whom she has had a child. Contrary to those current notions of morality which would place her only hope of retrieval in a marriage with her seducer, he shows that such a marriage would mean to her dishonour and despair, and that celibacy is a thousand times to be preferred. It is unfortunate that this daring thesis should have been put forward with a certain amount of declamatory exaggeration, and mixed up with impossible psychological complications; for there is a good deal of truth in it.

While M. Becque has been trying to drag the theatre down into the most brutal realism, the public seems rather to ask for more room for poetry and the softer sentiments. M. A. Theuriet, in his "*Deux Barbeaux*," has given us a delightful picture of the ways and doings of a little town, and he had quite an emotional success. Daudet's "*Arlésienne*," a lyric drama, flowery with all the poetry of Provence, to which the exquisite music of Bizet adds a poetry of its own, has had a real triumph, so much the more striking because when it first appeared, twenty years ago, it was received with universal indifference.

Literature has been fairly active these last six months. Fiction has indeed produced nothing very remarkable except M. Zola's "*Germinal*," and—by way of contrast—M. Bourget's "*Crucelle Enigme*," a piece of fine-spun morbid psychology; but the translations of Russian novels have been read with avidity. Thanks to M. de Vogüé—who has made it his business to introduce the Russian literature in France, and who, moreover, has shown himself a brilliant historian in his "*Sons of Peter the Great*" and a most dainty storyteller in his "*Winter Stories*"—Tolstoi and Dostoiévski are become the fashion. Dostoiévski's "*Crime and its Punishment*," especially, has caused an immense sensation. The Russian world, with its sharp contrasts, its mixture of all that is freshest with all that is most world-worn in human nature, its terrible energies and its infinite languors—with the profound mysteriousness of its vast solitudes and its immense and silent populations—has awakened in France an intense curiosity; and when the Russian speaks he is sure of a hearing.

Are we to reckon also among the stories M. Anatole France's "*Livre de Mon Ami*"? They are at once a story and a biography, these reminiscences of childhood. Certainly they make one of the most exquisite books we have had for a long time. M. France is one of our

best writers—delicate, natural, simple, charming. He has kept a child's impressibility and freshness of mind, and he tells his child-story with enchanting grace. They are little nothings—unpretending and insignificant; and yet you yield yourself to their charm, your soul expands in the atmosphere of them, and you discover in them the subtlest metaphysic, the most penetrating poetry.

History has of late been more fertile than fiction. Research is busy trying to penetrate to the sources and trace the development of our national institutions. M. F. de Coulanges in his "*Etudes sur quelques problèmes d'Histoire*" brings a marvellous power of analysis and of firm and precise exposition to bear on several of the most important questions connected with the formation of feudal society—the agricultural system, the Teutonic idea of property, the forms of justice under the Merovingians. M. Luchaire give two volumes to the "*History of the Institutions of France under the four first Capetians*"—a work of solid erudition and finished form, in which he abundantly proves his point as to the formation of the Capetian monarchy and the close ties which bound it to the Carolingian. M. Longnon has at the same time commenced the publication of an *Historical Atlas of France*, in which, for the first time, our historical geography is scientifically treated. M. Gaston Paris' book on *French Mediæval Poetry* is scarcely to be called history, but it is full of views of very wide range, bearing on the development and character of French mediæval civilization. The same author has also published two volumes on Francis I., left in manuscript by his father, M. Paulin Paris, which absolutely revolutionize some parts of the history of that reign, especially those which relate to Louise of Savoy and the Duchesse d'Etampes. He clears them both from the reproach of having exerted a baneful influence on French policy. The noble volume of M. Müntz on the "*Renaissance in Italy and in France under Charles VIII.*" lights up a whole region of the history of art and civilization in France. Coming down to the eighteenth century, we find the Revolution still a fruitful field of research and debate. M. Sturm has been working at its finance, and comparing it with that of the older régime; M. Sorel is studying its diplomatic history. His first volume, "*L'Europe et la Révolution Française*," contains a real philosophy of the history of France from the point of view of European politics, and in particular a profound analysis of the causes of her influence on the eighteenth century. Since De Tocqueville wrote his "*L'Ancien Régime et la Révolution*" there has not appeared in France an historical work of such philosophic range. The lofty impartiality, the calm and penetrating thought, the firm and lucid style which distinguish this book make it one of the cardinal works of our historical literature.

As to the history of our own time, it is *Memoirs*, always *Memoirs*. M. Darimon tells "*The Story of the Five*," the first opposition offered to the Empire; M. de Maupas, "*The Story of the 2nd of December*," and of his own not very important part in the imperial administration; M. Monselet and M. Arsène Houssaye give each his personal recollections and those of the literary world in which he lived. M. Catulle Mendès recounts the formation of the modern Parnassus. But to all these *Memoirs*, more or less sincere, I prefer the two volumes of Edgar

Quinet's "*Lettres d'Exil*," addressed to Michelet and other friends. There we find the history of the best part of France during the Empire—the echo of the sufferings, and thoughts, and hopes of all who freely thought and wrote during those years of servitude.

Before concluding this review of the activity of the last six months, I may draw attention to the fact that the College of France has added two new professorships to its staff—that of Zend and Persian Language and Literature, held by M. James Darmesteter, one of our most eminent orientalist and most sparkling writers ; and that of Slavonic Language and Literature, held by M. L. Leger, who knows more about the Slav idioms than any other man in Europe.

I may also add that two clever writers are lately dead—Edmond About and J. Vallès. Their loss has been but little felt ; for the talents of the former, once so brilliant, had long since died out ; while the latter, who tried to form a literary style on violence and malignity, wearied the public ear he sought to catch, and ended by exciting less of interest than of pity or disdain. That melancholy succession of boulevard revolutionists, of whom Vallès and Rochefort have been the most brilliant and deplorable representatives, who made political abuse and calumny a sort of sport in which they tried to surpass each other, is happily disappearing ; but it has done much to pervert the tone of the press and the public taste, and it has tended to disgust many with a political system which seemed to favour the development of such opinions and of such language.

G. MONOD.

CONTEMPORARY RECORDS.

• I.—ORIENTAL HISTORY.

PERHAPS the most important discovery made in the Oriental field of research during the past winter has been the discovery of the site of Naukratis by Mr. Flinders Petrie. Naukratis was the centre of the early Greek settlements in Egypt, and even after the foundation of Alexandria preserved its old reputation and commercial importance. Founded by the Milesians in the time of Psammetikhos I., and for long the only trading port in Egypt open to the Greeks, it became under Amasis the common factory of the twelve leading States of the Greek commercial world. In modern times the site had not only been lost, but a mistaken interpretation of the words of Herodotos had led scholars and explorers to seek for it in what we now know to have been a totally wrong direction. Its discovery was one of the objects originally aimed at by the Egypt Exploration Fund, but that the object should have been so speedily realized was wholly unexpected, and is due to the acuteness and energy of Mr. Petrie.

The winter before last he purchased a broken statuette representing a male figure in the dress and style of the archaic or Græco-Phœnician images found by Gen. di Cesnola in Cyprus. The statuette was said to have come from the neighbourhood of Damanhûr, and he therefore determined to find the spot from which it had been actually brought. The result was the discovery of extensive mounds, called Telen-Nebîreh, "the Mound of the High-place," between four and five miles to the west of the station of Tehel-Barûd, on the railway line between Cairo and Alexandria. The mounds are close to a canal which leads from Lake Mareotis to the western arm of the Nile, and is at present of no great size. The peculiarity of the mounds Mr. Petrie found to consist in the fact that they are composed almost entirely of fragments of Greek pottery, without sign or trace of anything Egyptian being mixed with them. The pottery is of all periods—some of it resembling the early pottery of Rhodes and even of Mykênæ; other fragments being of the kind known as Corinthian or Phœnico-Greek; while others, again, belong to the Classical, the Macedonian, and the Roman epochs. Along with this pottery specimens of ware are met with which seem peculiar to the place itself. It was thus evident that a site had been found where materials existed for tracing the history and development of Greek pottery, and of the art that accompanied it, from the earliest to the latest period of its manufacture. The extent of the site, coupled with the character of its pottery, made it difficult not to believe that the long-lost city of Naukratis had at last been recovered.

The excavations carried on this winter by Mr. Petrie have removed all reasonable doubt that this is really the case. Among the Greek

inscriptions he has procured is an honorary decree made by "the city of the Naukratians" in favour of Heliodoros, priest of Athênê and keeper of the archives. Even the site of the famous Hellênion; the greatest and most renowned, according to Herodotos, of all the sanctuaries of the Egyptian Greeks, appears to have been found in a large temple enclosure on the south-western side of the mounds. Here Mr. Petrie has uncovered a gate of the Ptolemaic epoch, and has excavated a group of somewhat enigmatical chambers, built of crude brick, and without either windows or doors. They may have been the store-chambers of the temple, like the similar chambers discovered by M. Naville at Pithom.

The chief result we may expect to derive from the excavations at Naukratis will be the early history of Greek art, more especially ceramic art. It is the only site of which we know as yet where we have an uninterrupted series of examples of Greek ware, from the age when the Greeks were content to be the pupils of the Phoenicians to the later periods of its manufacture. At the same time, it does not seem that the history of Naukratis itself goes back to an earlier epoch than that of Psammetikhos I. Below the heaps of potsherds Mr. Petrie has found only a thin stratum of Egyptian objects, which belong at the earliest to the first years of the 26th dynasty (about B.C. 650). Immediately underneath is the virgin soil.

While Mr. Petrie has thus been bringing a Greek city to light in the Delta, M. Maspero has been immortalizing his name by uncovering the Temple of Luxor at Thebes. The hovels of mud brick which concealed its ruins have been swept away, and the dust and rubbish which filled its halls have been removed. It is now one of the most prominent landmarks on the Nile, and worthy of ranking by the side of the finest temples of Egypt. For the first time, some idea can be gained of the great hall, with its forest of columns, built by Amenophis III. in the 16th century before our era.

Within a couple of miles of Luxor, the immediate neighbourhood of the Temple of Karnak has yielded a number of documents which promise to throw a flood of light on the economic and social condition of Upper Egypt in the Roman period. These are inscribed potsherds or *ostraka*, containing receipts of payment of taxes, lists of taxpayers, and other matters of a similar kind.* Three or four years ago the *fellahin* of Karnak began to excavate the mounds of an old ruined village on the north side of the Temple, for the sake of the nitrous earth of which they were largely composed. They found that the bricks of which the houses were built had been bonded by imbedding two or three *ostraka* in them, and they found, further, to their astonishment, that these *ostraka* had a value in the eyes of Europeans. The village, which, it would appear from one of the *ostraka*, was called Pi Kerai, the origin of the modern name of Karnak, has now been pretty thoroughly explored, but not before it has yielded more than 2,000 potsherds, inscribed partly in Demotic partly in Greek. Similar Greek *ostraka* had been previously met with at Dakkeh in Nubia, and more especially at Elephantinê, copies and

* See Birch, Wiedemann, Sayce, and Revillout, in the "Proceedings of the Society of Biblical Archæology," March, May, and June, 1883; May and November, 1884; February and May, 1885.

translations of many of which have lately been published by Dr. Birch. But the ostraka of Karnak are for the most part written in cursive hands, far worse and more difficult to read than those of Elephantinê, and it is only within the last year that the attempt to decipher them has been successful. They cover a longer space of time than those found at Elephantinê, since they begin with the reign of Augustus and end with those of Aurelius and Claudius Tacitus. They furnish us with a complete insight into the system of taxation in Roman Egypt, the taxes that were levied and the amounts paid. Among the taxes are the poll-tax, the workmen's tax, the linendrapers' tax, the saddlers' and woolpickers' tax, and the taxes on salt, palms, and castor-oil. The Demotic ostraka discovered along with them are of earlier date, and the larger number of them, according to M. Revillout, belong to a certain Paus, son of Pselkhons, who owned property on the north side of Thebes in the time of Ptolemy Philadelphos. Potsherds were easier to obtain than papyrus, which had become scarce and dear; hence the great use made of them in keeping the public accounts. Greek and Demotic papyri are, however, by no means rare, and M. Revillout has recently been editing some of the Ptolemaic period, which supplement and illustrate the ostraka of Karnak and Elephantinê.* One of these gives the sums obtained from the imposts levied in the age of Ptolemy Philometor, no less than 4,277 talents being raised in a single year. At this time, beer, wine, nitre, and lentils were among the objects taxed; while a tax of 1 per cent.—analogous to our income tax—was imposed upon property, payment being made partly in silver, partly in copper. Another papyrus contains the daily expenditure of a certain Dionysios on behalf of his master. One day we learn that he spent in all 75 copper drachmæ—that is to say, 25 for bread, 20 for salted meat, 10 for wood, 15 for cucumbers, and 5 for salt; another day, there seems to have been a dinner party, the expenditure being 15 copper drachmæ for a bird, 80 for a ragout, 5 for salted meat, 5 for vegetables, 30 for bread, 20 for kiki oil, 10 for wood, 15 for a bath, and 120 “to Stibôn for the ragout.” On another occasion the laundress's bill came to 40 drachmæ.

The number of papyri of the Greek and Roman periods recently brought to light, either in Egypt itself or in the museums of Europe, is really astonishing. An account has already appeared in THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW of the MSS. found on the site of a scribe's record chamber in the mounds of Medînet el-Fayûm, the old capital of the Fayûm. A similar record chamber was discovered last winter at Eshmunên, the ancient Hermopolis Magna, where MSS. of papyrus, leather, and paper, have been found covered with Arabic writing, and belonging to the first age of the Mohammedan occupation of Egypt. The most valuable MS. of the kind is one secured last winter at Ekhnâm by M. Maspero. It is a fairly complete copy of a lost Gnostic work belonging to the third century, and written in a form of Coptic presupposed by the three known dialects of that language, and intermediate between them and the Egyptian of the Demotic period. Each leaf of the MS. consists of two sheets of papyrus pasted together, the under surfaces being written over with cursive Greek. Possibly the fragments of a lost classical author may be preserved in them.

* “Revue Egyptologique,” iii. 3 (1884).

Among recent Oriental publications there are only two which may be specified as likely to interest the general reader. One is the commencement of a new history of Babylonia and Assyria, by Dr. Hommel, which forms the last volume but one of Oncken's "*Allgemeine Geschichte*."* Dr. Hommel is always abreast of the newest facts and theories, and this particular volume has a special value of its own from its containing a detailed sketch of the history of cuneiform decipherment. It also contains one of those daring speculations of which the author is somewhat fond. Rejecting the attempts that have been made to derive the Phœnician alphabet from the Egyptian hieratic characters or from the Hittite hieroglyphics—a view recently espoused by the eminent historian Eduard Meyer—Dr. Hommel seeks its origin in the pictorial hieroglyphics, out of which the cuneiform characters developed before 4000 B.C. But he can hardly have realized the difficulties involved in such a hypothesis. The earliest known Phœnician inscription is of the ninth century before our era, and it is difficult to understand how a nomad and semi-barbarous people like the Semites at the time when they are supposed to have borrowed the Babylonian hieroglyphics, could have preserved them so long without leaving a trace of the fact behind; or how, granting that they did so, it could be possible for us to discover any similarity between two systems of writing whose monuments are separated from one another by an interval of more than 3,000 years.

The second work to which I would draw attention is the third volume of the exhaustive "*History of Ancient Art*" which is being published by Prof. Perrot and M. Chipiez. The volume deals with the art of Phœnicia, and has been translated into English, the English edition being divided into two volumes.† No pains have been spared to render the work complete, and to bring into a single focus the scattered discoveries and researches of the last few years. For the first time we have an account of Phœnician art, thoroughly exhaustive as far as is possible at present, and abounding with details which have been interpreted and classified by the master-hand of Prof. Perrot. The work is richly illustrated, like the volumes on Egyptian and Assyrian art that have preceded it. The characteristics of the Phœnician tomb are for the first time clearly defined, and the position occupied by the Phœnicians in the history of art brought into relief. They were intermediaries between the East and the West, with no originality of their own, except in the domain of industry, where their practical and utilitarian spirit came into play. Their art was at the outset a copy of that of Egypt, subsequently modified by admixture with elements that were derived from Assyria. It was an art in which, as Prof. Perrot sums up, "the only thing they can claim as their own is the recipe, so to speak, for the mixture."

A. H. SAYCE.

* Part 95, "*Geschichte Babyloniens und Assyriens*." Berlin. 1885.

† "*History of Art in Phœnicia and its Dependencies*." Eng. tr. by W. Armstrong. Chapman & Hall. 1885.

II.—GENERAL LITERATURE.

MESSRS. CROWE AND CAVALCASELLE have now completed their biography of Raphael, of which the first volume appeared three years ago.* Raphael and his works have naturally been the subject of essays and biographies without number, but there has never till now been an exhaustive and comprehensive survey of the whole activity of this great painter, and his relations to the art and artists of previous centuries. To this task the two authors, whose combined labour has already done so much for Italian art, have addressed themselves in a thorough and conscientious manner, and have produced a work which, if it does not solve every unsettled question in connection with Raphael's career, has certainly shed new light on many, and will probably remain for a long time the standard work on the subject.—Dr. Abbott has added another to the many lives of Bacon which have recently been published,† and it will probably prove one of the most generally serviceable of them all, because the others are either very long and exhaustive, like Spedding's, or very brief and summary, like those of Fowler and Church. Dr. Abbott has done his work well, and is often very successful with his plan of throwing fresh lights on particular passages of Bacon's life by means of particular passages in his writings. The controversy about the Chancellor's character gets of course a fresh beating. Dr. Abbott takes a more unfavourable view of the matter than any other recent biographer, and draws attention to some important but hitherto comparatively neglected evidence, proving definite perversion of justice, not through bribes, but through influence.—Mr. Egmont Hake continues his "Story of Chinese Gordon," ‡ and a second volume dealing with Gordon's last mission. The epithet Chinese seems now inappropriate, and to provincialize our latest hero. Mr. Hake has little information to give us that has not already appeared in the ordinary channels, but a connected narrative of the events is acceptable and useful, and would have been still better had Mr. Hake observed throughout a calm and impartial spirit.—The "Life of Frank Buckland" § is a very delightful book. Mr. Bompas has put it together with great skill, mostly out of Mr. Buckland's own letters, journals, or articles, and gives us a very distinct picture of a man of curious but charming individuality, who lived among his beasts in an honest brotherly way, like the people in old popular tales, and comforted himself in death by the belief that he "was going a long journey, where I think I shall see a great many curious animals." From first to last the book is readable and full of interest.

TRAVELS.—"Russia under the Tzars," by the able Russian revolutionist who writes under the pseudonym of S. Stepniak,|| is for the most part a description of the condition of Russia during the last

* "Raphael: his Life and Works." With particular reference to recently discovered records and an exhaustive study of extant drawings and pictures. By J. A. Crowe and G. B. Cavalcaselle. Vol. II. London: John Murray.

† "Francis Bacon: an Account of his Life and Writings." By Edwin A. Abbott, D.D. London: Macmillan & Co.

‡ London: Remington & Co.

§ By his brother-in-law, George C. Bompas. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

|| Translated by William Westall. 2 vols. London: Ward & Downey.

fifteen years. The first few chapters indeed contain a very pleasing account of the aboriginal liberties of the people, which still survive to some extent in the *Mir*, and of the gradual growth of the autocracy to a position of solitary omnipotence. But the rest of the work describes, often in a thrilling way, the political oppression which began in the reign of the last Czar, and the crusade against every sort of culture, under the idea of its being politically dangerous, which has reached its height in the present reign. The author, who was himself the great organizer of the Terrorist Conspiracy, which met terror with terror, and eventually killed Alexander II., has still high hopes of a revolution, but these are now centred in the probability of a military insurrection.—Paris has probably undergone more and greater changes than any other city in the world, and although each successive change has swept away many ancient landmarks, still enough remains to associate the present city with almost any age of its past. Mr. Hamerton selects a number of the more characteristic of those architectural landmarks for description and engraving; and what with his knowledge of Paris, his knowledge of art, and his literary skill, he has produced a delightful and beautiful book.* The letterpress and the etchings are both admirable.—Under the title “Caledonia” † an Italian writer gives a pleasant account of Scotland and part of England. His first chapter begins with York, and antiquarians might dispute with him the question as to whether his title should cover so far. He is himself an antiquarian, and what with this and his observant ability, his work will be satisfactory to those who wish to see themselves as others see them. His admiration of Ossian, Scott, and Burns is almost to the manner born; and his quotation of Ariosto and others in connection with Scottish subjects has a curious literary effect, as well as his translation of Gaelic verses into Italian. It goes without saying that he has the usual lapses of even the most intelligent foreigners.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Captain Oliver ‡ has published a very straightforward and ungarnished account of the dispute between France and Madagascar. Except in the matter of the Tamatave blockade, he is more elaborate than Mr. Shaw in details; and, moreover, brings his history up to so recent a date as last December. He has not dealt so much with those actual causes of hostility, which are traced by M. Saillens, in his “*Nos Droits sur Madagascar*,” in part to the jealousy of French Jesuits, and in part to the schemes of Réunion planters for acquiring a source of unlimited coolie labour, as with those alleged grievances touching the vexed question of the smuggling dhow *Toule*, and especially the claims of the French to the sovereignty of the north-west of the island. These claims, based upon the voluntary cession of their territory by various chieftains from 1840–1850, were distinctly annulled by the treaty which the Emperor Napoleon signed in 1863, acknowledging Randama II. to be sovereign “without restriction.” This treaty, at one time disavowed by the Malagasy Government for

* “Paris in Old and Present Times. With special reference to changes in its Architecture and Topography.” By Philip Gilbert Hamerton, Officier d’Académie. London: Seeley & Co.

† “Caledonia.” Emilio Piovanelli. Milano: Fratelli Treves, Editori.

‡ “The True Story of the French Dispute in Madagascar.” By Captain S. Pasfield Oliver. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

reasons which the author does not criticize, was practically renewed in 1868; and it was only on the arrival of M. Baudais as consul in 1881 that these claims were instituted afresh. Captain Oliver's book is a simple narrative of events, which speak so plainly for themselves that, as the writer remarks in reference to a deliberate inaccuracy on the part of M. Baudais—to which a statement of M. Challemel-Lacour's to Lord Lyons affords an interesting parallel—"comment is superfluous."—In "After London," * Mr. Jefferies has drawn an imaginary picture of a future "wild England." The relapse to barbarism is vaguely attributed to the alteration of magnetic currents consequent upon a tilting of the earth's axis. Amongst the most significant features of a condition partly feudal, partly Greek, is the lack of all printed literature. Another sign of the times is the loss of the art of tea-drinking, and, curiously paradoxical, the increased influence of the female sex. But the object of the writer is principally to show the effect of such a change upon the natural world, and here full play is given to his wide experience and the peculiar grace of his masterly simplicity. For convenience he adopts the narrative style, and tells the story of Sir Felix, the dissatisfied and speculative heir of the rustic Baron Aquila. But the narrative element is for the most part subordinated to the descriptive: it is trivial in details, and in scope unfinished. The author's delicacy, however, is very delightful, and his conscientious rejection of humorous possibilities is worthy of all praise.—Mr. Sutherland Edwards' work on "Russian Projects against India" † is mainly an account of successive designs upon Khiva, from the fatal expedition of Prince Bekovitch in the early part of the eighteenth century, till the place capitulated to General Kauffmann in 1873. It is the story of Russian insistence and hardihood, and miraculous indifference to obstacles. The writer has ventured on very little political speculation, but confined himself almost entirely to historical facts. Even that prospective ambition to which the fall of Khiva was the first stepping-stone, is here discussed only in the written words of actual Russian authorities, such as Captain Mouravieff or the Emperor Paul, and in later times the Generals Duhamel and Skobelev, whose "projects" the writer gives at some length. The book is wanting in finish, and seems to have been brought to an untimely conclusion; but so far as it goes its style is direct and workmanlike.—Dr. Croumbie Brown continues his useful little works on the forests and forestry of different countries. His latest volume ‡ treats of the forests of Poland and several of the other parts of Russia, and of the systems of forest exploitation that are in force there.

* "After London." By Richard Jefferies. London: Cassell & Co.

† London: Remington & Co.

‡ "Forests and Forestry in Poland, Lithuania, The Ukraine, and the Baltic Provinces of Russia. With Notices of the Export of Timber from Memel, Dantzic, and Riga." Compiled by Groumbie Brown, LL.D., &c. Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd.



THE FIGHTING STRENGTH AND FOREIGN POLICY OF ITALY.

I remember reading, many years ago, a speech of Lord Ellenborough's in the House of Lords, in which he observed that the foreign policy of every State is largely affected by the condition of its forces of offence and defence. I believe this to have been always true; I believe its truth was never more apparent than now, and that in the proximate future it will be more apparent still. Those States which possess an army and navy in a high state of efficiency are readier to advance claims and less ready to withdraw them; while, on the other hand, just as in the multitude of lawyers there is much litigation, so the multiplying of soldiers makes many wars; or, at least, where there are great armies and powerful fleets there springs up the desire to act, and in doing so, to gratify at once the vulgarest interests and the noblest ambitions, since war is the only road to advancement for those who survive, as well as the road to glory for those who fall.

Before entering, therefore, on the discussion of the foreign policy of Italy, let us see what is at present her fighting strength.

The laws which regulate the recruitment of the army are those of June 7, 1875, of May 3, 1877, and of June 29, 1882. The first and most important of the three was modelled on the Prussian system. All citizens were declared subject to military service. All citizens born in the same year were to form part of the same class of the conscription, and were to join the army in the year in which they should have attained their twentieth year—or even earlier, should extraordinary circumstances require it. All who were passed as fit to bear arms were to be personally liable to serve from the time of the levy of their class till the end of December in the year in which they should have completed their thirty-ninth year. This duty was not,

however, to be exacted in all cases alike. It was to be determined by law, year by year, how many of these capable citizens were to be taken by lot for active service. They were to be enlisted either for permanent or for temporary service (*ferma permanente, ferma temporanea*). Permanent service was to last eight years, the whole of that time being spent with the colours; temporary service was to last twelve or nine years, according to the corps to which the men belonged; three years out of the twelve, or four out of the nine, being spent in the ranks, and the rest on furlough. All these together were to constitute the first category. The other citizens, not drawn by lot for service in the ranks, were to constitute a second category, enlisted for twelve years' service. In time of peace the whole twelve years, with the exception of a few weeks' training, were to be spent on furlough. Finally, under certain domestic conditions, the citizen was excluded from both these categories. Under this head come the sons, or the eldest sons, of widows, and the only sons of living fathers.

On the basis of these three categories rests the organization of the three parts into which the Italian army is divided—a standing army, a militia liable to active service, and a militia not liable to active service (*milizia mobile*, or Landwehr; *milizia territoriale*, or Land-sturm).

The men of the first and second categories all belong for the first part of their time to the standing army; those enlisted for temporary service in the first category for nine or five years; those of the second category for eight. These include—

96 Regiments of infantry, consisting of 288 battalions, with a total of 1152 companies.

12 Regiments of *bersaglieri*, consisting of 36 battalions, with a total of 114 companies.

6 Alpine regiments, consisting of 20 battalions, with a total of 72 companies.

12 Regiments of field artillery, consisting of 120 batteries and 36 train companies.

2 Brigades of horse artillery, consisting of 4 batteries.

5 Regiments of garrison artillery, consisting of 60 companies.

2 Brigades of mountain artillery, consisting of 8 batteries.

4 Regiments of engineers, consisting of 32 companies of sappers, 10 train companies, 8 pontoon companies, 2 companies of *lagunari*, 4 railway companies, 6 telegraph companies.

22 Cavalry regiments, numbering 132 squadrons.

12 Sanitary companies.

12 Commissariat companies.

The strength of an infantry company in time of peace is 100 men;

in time of war it will now have 225 men present in the field. When all the classes of recruits yearly called out to serve are of the strength now fixed, it will muster 240 men.

The batteries have 8 guns; the squadrons in time of war number 120 horses each.

The whole of these forces, arranged in twenty-four infantry divisions, which constitute twelve *corps d'armée*, and in an undetermined number of cavalry divisions, would amount in time of war to an effective total of some 430,000 men, who would form the army of the first line. In time of peace the number of men present may be reduced by somewhat more than half, with about 14,000 officers and 40,000 horse.

The annual expenditure necessary to maintain this force in time of peace comes to about 211 millions; but in addition to this there is a yearly average of 45 millions spent on the army which comes under the head of extraordinary expenditure.

The mobile militia is composed of the men of the first category during the last three or four years of their temporary service, and of the men of the second category during the last four years of their liability to serve.

The strength of the mobile militia is as follows:—

- 123 Battalions, composed of 492 companies, forming 41 regiments.
- 20 Battalions of *bersaglieri*, containing 80 companies.
- 36 Alpine companies.
- 11 Brigades of field artillery, consisting of 32 batteries and 10 train companies.
- 26 Companies of siege and coast artillery.
- 2 Field batteries.
- 14 Companies of sappers (engineers).
- 2 Pontoon companies.
- 1 Company of *lagunari*.
- 2 Railway companies, 2 telegraph companies, 4 train companies.
- 12 Sanitary companies.
- 12 Commissariat companies.

The special militia of the island of Sardinia also forms part of the mobile militia. It consists of 3 regiments of infantry, comprising 9 battalions and 36 companies, 1 battalion of *bersaglieri*, composed of 4 companies, 1 squadron of cavalry, 2 batteries of field artillery and 2 sections of garrison and train artillery, 1 company of sappers, 1 sanitary company, 1 commissariat company.

The Sardinian mobile militia includes all soldiers of the line on

unlimited furlough, whether of the first or second category, who belong to the island, until they pass into the territorial militia.

When once the rotation of the classes is completed, and taking into account the latest improvements introduced, the strength of the mobile militia will be somewhat increased. It will have 48 infantry regiments instead of 41, 13 brigades of artillery instead of 11, 2 additional mountain batteries, &c., &c.

The forces of the mobile militia may either be formed into *corps d'armée*, divisions, and infantry brigades; or they may be left independent. They amount in all to little less than 200,000 men.

Finally, the territorial militia consists of all those men of the first and second categories who have already completed their time in the standing army and the mobile militia, and those who have gone through their eight years of permanent service, up to the thirty-ninth year of their age. It includes also, up to the same limit of age, those who have been assigned to the third category.

The forces of the territorial militia consist of—

320 Battalions of infantry, comprising 1,280 companies.

30 Alpine battalions, comprising 72 companies.

100 Companies of siege artillery.

30 Companies of engineers.

12 Sanitary companies.

12 Commissariat companies.

Eight of the above-mentioned infantry battalions, together with one company of siege artillery, one sanitary company, and one commissariat company, form the territorial militia of the island of Sardinia.

The forces of the territorial militia will, when the rotation of classes is completed, amount to more than a million of men, of whom, however, only so many will be employed as can be incorporated in the distribution of troops above described.

Such are the land forces of the kingdom of Italy. As to its naval armaments, they are based on the scheme of naval organization voted by Parliament in 1877. According to this scheme, the effective strength of the navy was to be brought, within a period of ten years from 1878 onwards, up to 16 fighting ships of the first class, 10 of the second class, and 20 of the third; with 2 transports of the first class, 2 of the second, and 8 of the third, besides 12 smaller vessels.

Within the ten years already elapsed since 1875, the following new ships have been completely equipped for service:—Ironclads, *Duilio*, *Dandolo*, and *Italia*; torpedo-ram *Giovanni Bausan*; five cruisers, one transport, four despatch-boats, two gunboats, and about forty torpedo-boats, together with some smaller vessels of slight importance;

while within the same decade we have launched the ironclads *Lepanto* and *Ruggiero di Lauria*, not yet completely equipped.

All these new ships are armed with modern guns and torpedoes of the most improved pattern.

So that, counting with these the ships that we had prior to 1877, the available fleet of Italy now includes—

	Tonnage.
3 Modern ironclads (<i>Duilio</i> , <i>Dandolo</i> , and <i>Italia</i>)	36,236
10 Ironclads built before 1866	41,160
1 Torpedo-ram (<i>Bausan</i>)	3,020
4 Cruisers (<i>F. Gioja</i> , <i>A. Vespucci</i> , <i>Savoia</i> , and <i>C. Colombo</i>)	10,200
13 Despatch and gunboats	11,122
14 Transports	13,777
6 Vessels of various sorts, of the old type	19,476
17 Small vessels, for local use	2,300
40 Torpedo boats	1,297
	<hr/>
	138,588

In addition to these we have, already launched and in course of equipment—

	Tonnage.
2 Ironclads (<i>Lepanto</i> and <i>Ruggiero di Lauria</i>)	22,200
9 Torpedo boats	306
	<hr/>
	22,506

Finally, we have in course of construction—

4 Ironclads (<i>Morosini</i> , <i>Doria</i> , <i>Re Umberto</i> , <i>Sicilia</i>)	48,000
3 Torpedo-rams (<i>Etna</i> , <i>Vesuvio</i> , <i>Stromboli</i>)	10,500
7 Torpedoes	520
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	59,020

The *personnel* of the navy is partly military, partly civil. The military *personnel* numbers—

General staff (officers)	722
Naval engineers „	147
Medical staff „	110
Commissariat „	238
Petty officers	1,812
Corporals and privates	9,017

The civil includes—

Chief mechanics	269
Accountants and apothecaries	66
Local clerks	63
Professors and masters	37
Ministerial employés	127

The budget for naval expenses this year amounts to 79,033,715.92 *lire*; of which 56,699,715.92 comes under the head of ordinary expenditure, and 22,334,000 of extraordinary.

In May last, Parliament passed what we now* call the *bilancio d'assestamento*—that is, the definitive budget for the financial year, which now counts from June 30 of one year to July 1 of the next. The estimate, ordinary and extraordinary together, amounted, roughly speaking, to 1,395,000,000 *lire*; of which 328,000,000 are divided between war and marine, 248,000,000 going to the former and 80,000,000 to the latter. This is a lower expenditure, in proportion to the population, than that of other States, such as Germany and France, but it is higher in proportion to the revenue; and the burdens to which both personal and landed property are subjected in Italy, to produce a revenue which this year shows a deficit of more than 26,000,000 *lire*, are so heavy that it is not only impossible to add to them, but absolutely necessary to lighten them; while we have in addition every sort of impost in force in other countries, and all of them heavier than elsewhere. We still keep up the monopolies of salt and tobacco (salt being sold at an exorbitant price, the reduction of which is urgently demanded, in the interest especially of the poorer classes and of agriculture), and the Government lottery, the gross proceeds of which come to 72,500,000 a year. On the other hand, the sums spent on the army and navy, which swallow up so large a part of the revenue, are held by competent persons to be quite insufficient for carrying out the scheme of naval and military organization which I have described—not to speak of those who consider that scheme itself inadequate, and ask for one which would give us a more numerous and better trained army of the first line, and a larger fleet. Even with the present organization there are many who maintain that the soldier must be better paid and better fed, and that the men must be kept longer under arms, or at least that no furlough must be allowed, for the sake of economy, till the time of service with the colours prescribed by the law has been completed. It is also generally thought that we have not spent enough on fortifications, guns, and ammunition. At this very moment the Chamber is voting another 200,000,000, to be spent in this way within the next six years; and still the military deputies complain that the sum is too low and the time allowed too long. Last year it voted another seventy-five millions to hasten the completion of the ships included in the scheme of July 1877, in addition to the hundred and forty-six millions which had already been granted for that purpose.

It is very natural that a country which makes, in proportion to its means, such sacrifices as these for its army and navy, and is in constant danger of being called on for still greater sacrifices, should be disposed to favour a policy by which it might hope to reap some further advantage from its efforts besides the mere security from attack; and this feeling has grown all the stronger from the invariable good

* Since the new financial law of 1883.

fortune which accompanied us in all our enterprises down to the time when the kingdom of Italy was completed by the acquisition of Rome. Between that time and this many changes have taken place out of Europe in the interest of the principal European powers; and it cannot be wondered at that a nation which, if not young, is renewing its youth, should find it somewhat tantalizing that not one of these changes should have been to its advantage, but all of them to its manifest detriment. These changes sprang out of the war between Russia and Turkey in 1877.

It ought to be remembered that down to March 19 of the preceding year the government had remained in the hands of that Moderate party which had ruled first Piedmont and then Italy, almost without interruption, ever since 1848. The leader of that party, the man in whom it found its best and fullest expression, was Count Cavour. He had created the party; he had been the heart and soul of it, even before his own accession to power in 1850; he was still the heart and soul of it after his death in 1861; those who succeeded him in office were still Cavourians. Whatever opinion may be held of the internal policy of that party—and in my opinion it was on the whole a sound one—no one can deny that its foreign policy was simply admirable. In 1859 it succeeded, by the aid of the French army, in acquiring Lombardy; and it succeeded, moreover, in sending that army back to France when it had done with it. In 1860 and 1861 it availed itself of the goodwill of France and England to increase the territory of the kingdom of Italy—then composed of Piedmont and Lombardy—by the Duchies, Tuscany, the Romagna, the Marches, Umbria, Naples, and Sicily. In 1866, at the time of the alliance with Prussia, though fortune had favoured Italy neither by sea nor by land, it obtained Venetia from the hands of France, to whom it had been ceded by Austria. In 1870 it took the opportunity afforded by the Franco-Prussian war, and occupied Rome on its evacuation by the French. What part it might have taken in the war between Russia and Turkey it is impossible to guess, as the opportunity for action was denied it. The last despatch of Viscount Venosti, Minister for Foreign Affairs in the last Government of that party, is dated January 30, 1876. In this, as in his earlier despatches, the leading idea is that the *status quo* must be somehow maintained in the Turkish Empire; but that, with this very view, it was by all means desirable to obtain from the Porte large and well-guaranteed concessions to its Christian subjects. But this theory could not but be affected by the events which followed, and obliged to conform itself to them.

The first Ministry of the Progressist party, which succeeded in March 1866, was formed by Signor Depretis, and in that the Minister

for Foreign Affairs was Professor Melegari, a man of very moderate opinions, a professor of constitutional law, who had for some years been Minister at Berne. He was succeeded in December of the next year by Signor Depretis himself, who in his second ministry united the portfolio of Foreign Affairs with the Presidency of the Council. On the fall of Signor Depretis in March 1878, Signor Cairoli, another chief of the same party, became Prime Minister, and Count Corti, who had been our representative at Constantinople, Minister for Foreign Affairs. Signor Cairoli's government lasted only till December of the same year, when it was turned out by Signor Depretis, who himself took the two offices as before. In July 1879 Signor Cairoli returned to power, and followed the example of his predecessor by uniting the two functions in his own hands. He retained them through his third ministry, formed in November of that year, till a vote of the Chamber in May 1881 compelled him to resign. He was again succeeded by Signor Depretis, who then gave the foreign portfolio to the present Minister, Signor Mancini.

It would be tedious and useless to discuss the policy of each of these successive ministers. Members, as they professed to be of Progressist governments, sprung from the ruins of the Moderate party, they all in fact maintained an excessively cautious foreign policy. Not only did they make no advance on the policy of their predecessors, but they seem to have thought that, in order to gain credit with foreign cabinets, they must abstain from showing any sort of aspiration which might lead to its being supposed that they were likely to disturb the peace of Europe. Neither as a Government nor in any other way did they enter into any relation with the Progressist or Radical parties of other countries. Professor Melegari and Count Corti were both of them trained diplomatists, disposed by their own traditions to maintain the most careful relations with foreign governments. Signor Depretis has no liking for the adventurous in any form; and Signor Cairoli, who in home affairs may be considered the most Radical of the five, has not ability enough to conceive and carry out foreign combinations of any importance. Lastly, Signor Mancini, who was great as a lawyer, was new to the affairs he had to deal with in the office now entrusted to him.

As a matter of fact, the causes of the change by which the direction of affairs passed from the hands of a moderate into those of an advanced party were all connected with questions of internal policy. They may all, indeed, be reduced to one. During the sixteen years when the Moderates were directing the policy of the kingdom, the power and influence of the opposite party had naturally gone on increasing, till the time had come when they felt themselves in a position to take the helm and to partake and distribute the sweets of office. But this growth of influence was owing simply to

the home policy of the Moderate party itself, and especially to the continual increase of taxation, not to speak of the ill-will generated by disappointed ambitions. What the country expected from the party which succeeded it was not a more successful foreign policy, but a better and less expensive home government, a reduction of taxes, and, in some cases at least, a redistribution of favours and offices. Those who had this last object in view were not altogether disappointed; but in the matter of home government the country has in reality gained nothing. And it was to this alone that its eyes were turned. As to foreign affairs, it did not trouble itself about them. From 1876 down to the present time, in spite of all appearances to the contrary, the Italian Government has been allowed to do—still more, to leave undone—whatever it liked abroad, short of running into obvious danger or extravagance, so long as its action at home did not offend the influential classes or thoroughly alienate any part of its supporters.

Nevertheless, this interval—from 1876 to 1885—is distinguishable into two periods. The first ends with the entry of the French into Tunis in May 1881; the second is not ended yet. These two periods are marked by an important difference in the relations of Italy with France. Even before 1876—as early as 1866—it seemed to many Italians that France was making us feel a little too much the weight of the benefits she had conferred on us in 1859. Even the cession of Venetia, made by Austria to the Emperor of the French, and by the Emperor of the French to the Kingdom of Italy, was rendered offensive to many by the manner in which it was done. Nevertheless, so long as the Empire lasted, the Moderate party, which was then in power in Italy, maintained its alliance with it. Even the alliance with Prussia in 1866 was not concluded without the sanction of the French Emperor. But when the Empire fell, the Moderate party had no reason for maintaining the same attitude towards the Republic; while, on the other hand, the advanced party, which had opposed the Imperial alliance, would willingly have contracted with the Republic the very same relations which had seemed so intolerable when they bound us to the Empire. But at the time when the Progressists succeeded the Moderates in 1876, the scornful and even menacing policy of France towards Italy left no opportunity for these favourable dispositions to show themselves. The new Government even thought it necessary to dispel any suspicion in the mind of Prince Bismarck that such favourable dispositions existed. So that when Count Corti, who was Foreign Minister in the first Cairoli Government, went to Berlin as the plenipotentiary of the Kingdom of Italy, his chief care was to act in everything in accordance with Germany, and consequently with Austria. And thus it came to pass, strangely enough, that while at

Berlin our diplomacy was favouring Austrian interests as the only means of satisfying Germany, in Italy the Radical friends of the Government were getting up an agitation for the liberation of the rest of Italy—that is to say, Istria and the Trentino—from the Austrian dominion, and demonstrations hostile to the Austrian representatives were taking place both in Venice and in Rome, to the dismay of Count Corti, who insisted on Signor Cairoli's ordering his home policy in such a way as not to destroy the effect of his foreign policy.

This resolution to keep on good terms with Germany and Austria was one of the reasons why the Italian Government was careful to abstain from any special understanding with other Powers during the interval between the Treaty of San Stefano (March 3, 1878) and the opening of the Berlin Congress (June 13). Replying on June 6 to a communication from the Italian ambassador at St. Petersburg, Count Corti writes:—"I can but associate myself most completely in the declaration with which your Excellency concludes your report, that Italy will enter the Congress absolutely free from special engagements of any kind whatever with the Russian Imperial Cabinet. The same may also be said with truth of our relations with all the other Cabinets."

And it was perfectly true. For the same reason, again, the Government declined to enter into any agreement with England, as appears from the answer given to advances made by her earlier in the year. To the Italian ambassador in London, who had informed him a day or two before that Lord Derby seemed to count on Italy for the defence of common interests in the Mediterranean and in the Black Sea, Count Corti reports, on March 28, the following conversation between himself and the English ambassador in Rome:—"In view of the changes which the present war may bring about in the balance of power hitherto maintained with respect to the communications between the Mediterranean and the Black Sea, the Governments most immediately interested in those waters ought, in the opinion of the Queen's Government, to be agreed in considering the preservation in this respect of their commercial and political interests in the Black Sea and in the Straits—and, consequently, any act whatever which may threaten the violation of those interests—as a question of general import; and they therefore ought, from time to time, so far as may be practically possible, to agree as to the measures which might become necessary for the safeguarding of those interests. In reply, I assured Sir Augustus Paget that His Majesty's Ministers attach a high value to the maintenance of the most cordial and intimate relations with the British Government; that in commercial matters England and Italy doubtless have common interests in relation to that region; that we shall therefore be glad to receive and

to take into our most serious consideration such communications and representations as the Government of the Queen may lay before us; but that His Majesty's Government do not feel it possible to enter into engagements on this point which might lead to the necessity of action." In short, the Italian Government declined every proposal which could possibly drag it into a war. It must be confessed that public opinion went with it. There was no inclination in the country to have recourse to arms for any purpose whatever. Still, it used to be supposed that Governments existed not in order to follow, but in order to lead.

Meantime, another series of events, springing out of those which had taken place in Western Turkey, was developing itself in Egypt. It ended, as everybody knows, in the deposition of Ismail Pasha in June 1879. This was the consummation desired by England and France, while Italy viewed it with an unfavouring eye. Nevertheless, during all the vicissitudes that preceded it, England showed as much good-will to Italy as was possible to her while acting with France, who was bitterly hostile to us. It was her wish that, in the Egyptian Cabinet, in which the Minister of Finance was to be an Englishman, and the Minister of Public Works a Frenchman, the Minister of Agriculture and Commerce should be Italian. This proposal was rejected by the Egyptian Government itself. Italian diplomacy was fain to put up with the rebuff, but its claim was a just one; and England and France can hardly now congratulate themselves on having been left in Egypt alone.

It cannot be wondered at that Parliament and the country received with great satisfaction the announcement that the Government of Signor Cairoli had sanctioned the acquisition by the Rubattino Company of the railway from Tunis to Goletta, which the Tunisian Railway Company had determined to sell. The Bill brought in on the 12th of July 1880, which guaranteed to the Rubattino Company an annual interest of 6 per cent. in gold on the sum laid out, seemed a highly politic measure; and, if the truth must be told, it met with the approbation of most of the opponents of the Government, and in particular with that of Signor Minghetti and Signor Sella, the two chiefs of the Moderate party. Others, with greater foresight, saw in it an act of extreme imprudence, unless we were prepared to maintain, by force of arms, that influential policy in Tunis to which such a measure seemed to point. As a matter of fact, it gave France a pretext for occupying Tunis herself; a step which might have been long postponed had no such occasion been given, though it must, in any case, have taken place sooner or later; and it is not impossible that, even so early as the Congress of Berlin, France had already secured the secret acquiescence of England. It is not easy to describe the grief and alarm which the invasion of

Tunis created in Italy. A glance at the map is enough to show how near Tunis is to Sicily; and the Italians remembered Carthage. When the news reached Rome of the treaty concluded on May 12, 1881, between the French Republic and the Bey of Tunis, by which France obtained the protectorate, the fate of the Cairoli Ministry was sealed. It fell on the 14th. Signor Cairoli had been cruelly deceived by French diplomacy. The French ambassador in Rome had assured him that what was just about to happen should not happen; and he in all good faith had repeated these assurances to the Chamber.

The policy of France had so far produced this result—that there were now but very few Italians, and those exclusively of the Republican and Radical parties, who were not thoroughly alienated from her, and convinced that not only was it necessary to give up counting on her in any way in future, but that we must secure ourselves against her by some other alliance. It was also felt that, with the Cairoli Ministry, the Progressist party which had come into power in 1876, had exhausted its last combination compatible with the existence of the Monarchy. If its foreign policy had not been fortunate—and it had seemed to the country so unfortunate that the government would at that moment have reverted into the hands of the Moderates, had the chief of that party, Quintino Sella, who was intrusted by the King with the task of forming a cabinet, shown a little more courage and decision—its home policy had ended by greatly increasing the confidence and audacity of the parties opposed to the monarchical constitution. Nor was the prevalence of these parties quite without perilous consequences abroad. Germany did not like it, and Prince Bismarck made no attempt to conceal his dislike; while Austria, who saw herself menaced in the Trentino and Istria, gave signs of not intending to submit patiently to rash provocation.

In this state of things, it was natural that the Government which was to succeed that of Signor Cairoli should also itself be formed from the same Progressist party, since the Moderates had confessed their inability to do anything, but that it should be of a more moderate stamp, and should detach itself more completely from the extreme Radical Left, thus giving greater prominence to monarchical principles at home, and putting itself in agreement with Germany and Austria abroad. Signor Mancini, who was selected by Signor Depretis as his Foreign Minister, had two excellent qualities for enabling him to bring our foreign policy into accordance with home requirements: he was in reality a man of exceedingly moderate opinions, and he was very docile to suggestions coming from above. King Humbert I., a man of great sense and of noble heart, does not take the active part his father took in affairs of State, and he keeps most scrupulously within the limits of his rights as a constitutional prince. But he could not but be aware how ruinous was the policy

of Signor Cairoli, both at home and abroad—at home, because he was on the wrong track altogether, and abroad, because he was not on any track at all; and he could not but perceive the necessity of our siding with Germany and Austria, and basing our policy on this alliance, if we were to hold our own against France without and against subversive elements within. At any rate, the Minister for Foreign Affairs was of this opinion, whether he formed it for himself, or whether, as I suspect, but do not know, it was suggested to him by the King.

The visit of the King and Queen, in October 1881, to the Emperor and Empress of Austria showed very plainly what was now to be the policy of Italy. In resolving on this policy, and in subordinating every other feeling to his sense of the public interest, the King of Italy gave fresh proof of that sound practical judgment which distinguishes him. It was not, however, distinctly agreed that the visit should be returned, and it was not returned. This gave great dissatisfaction to the country, or at least to those in the country who consider and remember these things; for Italy loves her Sovereigns, and resents any act on the part of a foreign Sovereign which seems wanting in courtesy to them. One of the reasons of the warm sympathy felt by Italy for Germany is the friendship which, as everybody knows, exists between King Humbert and the Prince Imperial of Germany, a friendship which the Prince Imperial loses no opportunity of displaying.

In the Parliaments of the three States thus brought together, there have not been wanting declarations as to the alliance formed at the close of the year 1880 or the beginning of 1881, but they have not been such as to make it possible to explain, with any certainty, the substance and terms of the treaty. The duration of the alliance is known to have been fixed at five years; but the precise object it aims at can only be conjectured. It undoubtedly guaranteed Italy against French invasion, while it bound her to join her army with that of Germany and Austria in case of war breaking out between those two States and France. We may be pretty sure that Prince Bismarck did not leave it to the Italian Government to distinguish between an offensive and a defensive war on the part of France, nor bind himself, on the other hand, to aid us against the French, even in case the provocation came all from their side. It certainly was a great advantage to Italy, that her policy should be thus directed into a settled and steady course, for she had lost credit by her many vacillations between 1876 and 1880. Nevertheless, it cannot be denied that the satisfaction caused by the announcement of the triple alliance was soon followed by a certain disillusion. The existence of the alliance in no way hindered the complete occupation of Tunis by the French; and Italy soon found that she could not count

on its support in any expansion beyond her own frontier. It offered no obstruction, but neither did it tender any assistance. A little later on, it became apparent that it suited the views and interests of Prince Bismarck to stir up France to extend her territory elsewhere than in Europe, even though this extension took place in a mode and direction injurious to Italy at present, and likely to prove not less so in the future.

Hardly had Tunis submitted to the French protectorate before the conviction began to penetrate the Italian political mind that France must not be allowed to advance into Tripoli. Tripoli, it was thought, ought rather to be Italy's compensation for leaving Tunis to France. That Tripoli should be Italy's share of the north coast of Africa had already been suggested by some one at the time of the Berlin Treaty, but the Government did not care to follow it up. It may be doubted whether the idea is even now much more matured. The difficulties placed in the way of such an acquisition by the relations of Tripoli to the Ottoman Empire—different as they are from those of Egypt and Tunis—are not fully present to the public mind; nor is less difficulty to be anticipated from the opposition of France, who has an easy means of reaching Tripoli by land from Tunis, while an Italian army must necessarily go by sea. Moreover, the military and economical advantages to be derived from the possession of Tripoli are far inferior to those which might have been expected from Tunis. And finally, Mussulman fanaticism would give us no less trouble in Tripoli than it has given the French in Algeria. All these inconveniences, which escape the more ardent Italians, do not escape the Government; and I believe the Minister for Foreign Affairs to be quite sincere when he declares to foreign Ministers, and in Parliament, that he cherishes no designs whatever for an expedition against Tripoli, although, as he rightly adds, he would not allow it to be occupied by any other Power. He considers it essential—and this is the common opinion of all our politicians—that Tripoli should either remain Turkish or become Italian. Only it appears to me that neither the Ministry nor the public has any very clear idea as to the course to be taken in case France should consider that it had better become French.

In any case, one of our most effectual safeguards lies in the aid and concurrence of England. It has been shown above how, at the most opportune moment, her proffered alliance was declined. The chief men of the moderate party—as, for instance, Signor Minghetti, and of the advanced party—as Signor Crispi, have repeatedly upbraided Signor Mancini with having again refused this alliance in 1882, when England resolved to rescue Egypt from Arabi, who, on his part, wished to rescue her from England and all the other European Powers. Signor Mancini has always denied—not that the con-

currence of Italy was requested, but that it was ever refused. He says that he asked for time, and postponed his answer. He also alleges in his own defence, the widespread feeling in favour of Arabi, and against England. Many Italians lost their heads, and took Arabi for the representative of the very same national principle to which we owe the reconstruction of Italy. The military preparations of England, moreover, seemed slow, scanty, and inadequate. The news of the victory of Tel-el-Kebir came all unexpected, and was received with astonishment, in spite of the marvellous precision with which the English general had foreseen and foretold it.

The foreign policy of Italy might never have roused itself from the inertia into which it had sunk under the shelter of the Triple Alliance, had it not been for that movement of colonial expansion to which—particularly during the Congo Conference—Germany, of all others, seemed especially to surrender herself. From what has been already said, it may be easily imagined that the country could not but feel mortified at having itself no share in the movement. But in Germany the Government and the nation were ready, and knew what they meant; in Italy the nation and the Government were alike unprepared, and any action of the Government would have come upon the nation as a surprise. The German Government followed with its standard where the activities of the nation had already gone before; with us there were no existing interests of Italian subjects in Asia or Africa which the Government could feel itself called upon to protect.

In this uncertainty as to the data of the problem, it may well be supposed that Signor Mancini would have preferred not to take action at all; and that he did so rather because he was urged on by public opinion than because he was himself convinced that anything could be or ought to be done. Left without guidance of any sort, the step he took was natural enough. As early as 1870 the Rubattino Company had bought the territory of Assab; not without an understanding with the Government, which, little by little, was showing its hand. The transaction was not agreeable to the Egyptian Government, and it was hampered with many restrictions by the English. What use it could possibly be to Italy was never very clearly explained; but there never was a shadow of a doubt that the arrangement ought to be maintained. A Bill brought in by Signor Mancini in June 1882, after long and difficult negotiations with England, declared the territory of Assab an Italian colony, and defined its limits; and certain powers were granted to the Government for the organization of the colony. Another Bill, brought in in June 1884, was to provide a sum of 625,000 *lire* for carrying out some maritime works there; but this bill has never yet been passed, for at the time it was presented to Parliament the Ministry clearly

did not anticipate an extension of the Italian dominion on the Red Sea beyond Assab; and when this extension took place, with a rapidity beyond all expectation, the Chamber delayed the passing of the Bill, perceiving that the new situation would require to be met by very different provisions.

The Italian Government now occupies, on the west coast of the Red Sea, Beilul, Massowah, Arafali, M'Kullu, and Arkiko. In order to understand what sort of a foreign policy this is and where it is likely to lead to, we should need to know with what idea the occupation was undertaken, and what understanding was come to beforehand with England. Now here we are altogether in the dark. Signor Mancini, in his declarations, has oscillated between the desire to make it appear that Italy proposed to herself nothing more than was already done, and the desire to insist on the necessity of entering on a definite course of action with regard to Africa, either in concert with England, or, at the worst, alone. On the other hand, members of the English Government spoke as if they had never had any understanding whatever with the Italian Government, but simply had been made aware of its intentions and had not opposed them, while, with regard to Massowah, they had drawn attention to the stipulations of the treaty of Adowa, concluded between England and Abyssinia in June 1884. It is difficult, not to say impossible, to understand how the English Government, which had viewed our acquisition of Assab with such jealousy that no precautions were enough to satisfy it, should now be willing to let us occupy, if we cared to do so, every part of the coast which it does not occupy itself; but this, perhaps, is not the only thing in the present policy of England which has been somewhat obscure. On the other hand, Signor Mancini made no official announcement to Parliament of the occupation of these posts; and he professed, while occupying them, to respect not only the immediate authority of Egypt but the suzerainty of Turkey, and to have gone to the Red Sea in order to do them the service of maintaining public order—a service which neither Egypt nor Turkey had asked of him, and for which neither of them appears to be much obliged.

But, impossible as it is to explain or understand this policy, it is worth while to point out what is thought of it by the Italian public. It cannot be denied that the announcement made towards the end of January, that our ships were to sail for the Red Sea, for what purpose nobody quite knew, filled the country with delight. We had been idle so long, and with such an army, such a fleet of ships! We had stood so long with folded arms, looking on while others were making conquests, perhaps to our detriment! Moreover, the pretext itself pleased us. We were going with arms in our hands to demand satisfaction for the murder of Bianchi and his companions

by the Danakils; for Bianchi's murderers were not to remain unpunished, like those of Giulietti and Biglieri, whom the Egyptian Government promised to find and punish, and then, notwithstanding the intervention of England, who offered to mediate between Egypt and Italy, did nothing at all in the matter. We were delighted at the occupation of Beilul; we were delighted at the occupation of Massowah. The country was carried away by the generally received idea that the campaign of Italy in the Red Sea was to run parallel, as Signor Mancini expressed it, with that of England in the Soudan, and welcomed the initiative of the Government, which was placing us in a position to take our share in a large and general movement. We were glad to have a chance of testing the worth of our soldiers and seamen, and we were grateful to England for giving us the opportunity. This gratitude was shown most conspicuously at the fall of Khartoum. The death of Gordon was no less lamented in Italy than in England; and it may safely be affirmed that had the English Government in that emergency requested the aid of the Italian army, public opinion would have forced the Government to give it without condition and without delay.

But, little by little, all these dreams were dissipated. There remains to us the possession—with no certain title—of some few posts certainly of no immediate use to us, even if they should turn out valuable in some distant future. There remains the anticipation of no small waste of men and money in an inhospitable and undesirable region. There remains the possibility of a war with Abyssinia first, and with Egypt afterwards, when the position of Egypt will have become somewhat different from what it is at present. Brave as our army may be, eager as it may be to prove itself in the field, earnestly as the nation desires to see it put to the proof, no one can imagine that an expedition further into the interior of Africa could bring us either glory or profit. The policy which has placed us where we are has proved to the Italian people that it was neither clear in its conception nor practical in its aims. The Minister who thought to increase his reputation by it, has so lost credit that the Chamber first publicly voted against him on the most frivolous pretext, and afterwards, voting secretly by ballot, passed his estimates by a majority of only one—a thing unprecedented in Italian parliamentary history. Of the first blow he took no notice; to the second he was forced to succumb. His resignation carried with it that of the whole Cabinet; but, for reasons too long to explain, Signor Depretis was again charged with the task of constructing a Government, there being no one who, in the present condition of the Chamber, could be expected to be more successful. Signor Depretis, who had defended his colleague to the best of his power and asserted the solidarity of the Government, brought back to office with him almost exactly the same Cabinet as before—

excluding, of course, Signor Mancini, and himself provisionally undertaking the administration of Foreign Affairs. He is said to have urged Count Robilant, our ambassador at Vienna, to accept the post, but without success. In what way this exchange of Signor Mancini for Signor Depretis is to affect our policy in the Red Sea it is impossible to say, since it was just as much the policy of the second as of the first. Nor has the Chamber, while expressing its dissatisfaction both by its secret and its open vote, ever clearly indicated what were the things it wished to alter. Signor Depretis, when questioned as to his intentions, simply replied that they would be regulated by circumstances, and he was pressed no further. The country would not, I think, willingly abandon Massowah and the other posts already occupied; but neither would it willingly see our possession of them remain subject to the suzerainty of Egypt, in whose name the taxes are still collected, and whose flag floats beside our own. Any retrograde movement would be extremely displeasing to it, while this little step in advance would satisfy it, without awakening any general enthusiasm. The acquisition would be rendered easy by our present relations with Abyssinia, which, by the latest accounts, are much improved; and no opposition is expected from the new English Government, since the Conservatives will not like to seem less friendly to Italy than the Liberals. In any case we shall not be disposed to let our own Government involve itself in any enterprize in the interior of the Soudan. General Ricci, who has lately returned from Massowah, expressed himself very strongly in the Chamber against any such enterprize; and his opinion was received with approbation, as it appears to me, both by the Chamber and by the country.

In summing up, it may be said that the foreign policy of Italy has not yet found its way in the new situation created by the Treaty of Berlin. In Europe it rests, and will continue to rest, on the German and Austrian alliance—at least so long as the government does not fall into the hands of the Radicals, which does not seem likely to happen at present; while in Asia and Africa it does not intend to reduce itself to abstention, but has not yet been able to shape for itself a distinct aim, nor to decide on the best means of attaining it.

R. BONGHI.

CHOLERA : ITS CAUSE AND PREVENTION.*

THE interest excited in cholera by its presence in Europe during last summer and autumn was reawakened in the spring by the prospect of a war which might have brought us face to face with an enemy much more formidable than the armies of Russia. War is no longer in immediate prospect, so that for the present we need not think of cholera in connection with Asia Minor or the Black Sea. But the epidemic which is now raging with such pitiless fury in the Mediterranean provinces of Spain makes us all feel that the threat of 1884 may be fulfilled in 1885. There is probably no serious ground for apprehending that we shall have to do with cholera in England this year; the chance, however, is sufficiently near to make it reasonable to inquire whether any useful information as to the causes of cholera, or the way in which it can best be guarded against, has been gained since the last time that the disease visited our shores.

In dealing with cholera, as in other matters in respect of which conduct must be guided by knowledge of some kind, the question what sort of knowledge is best and most valuable, comes prominently to the front, and is one on which those who profess to follow the scientific method, and those who profess to be guided by what they are pleased to call common sense, are apt to entertain different opinions. The question is in reality not between two kinds of knowledge, but between two ways of acquiring the same kind of knowledge. Those of us who have studied cholera at home in the hospital ward or in the laboratory approach the subject on one side. Those whose lives, like that of my friend Dr. J. M. Cuninghame, the Sanitary Commissioner with the Government of India, have for the

* The substance of a lecture delivered at the Royal Institution on Friday evening, May 15, 1885.

most part been spent in a prolonged encounter with cholera year after year, as it presents itself in prisons and armies and among the multitudinous populations of our Indian Empire, from another. But we are all seeking the same kind of knowledge, and what is more, we all tend to the same conclusions. If, for example, a comparison be made of the recent work published by Dr. Cunningham, "Cholera: What can the State do to prevent it?" in which he professes to confine himself to considerations of common sense and deprecates the interference of science with practical questions, with the lecture given a few months ago to the people of Munich by Professor von Pettenkofer, who is acknowledged to be one of the highest scientific authorities on the etiology of cholera, it will be found that the German *Gelehrter* and the English administrator say practically the same thing.

As this paper is intended for the perusal of persons who do not specially concern themselves with pathology, I will enter as little as possible upon subjects of controversy, regarding it as of much more importance that those notions as to the cause and nature of cholera, about which there is no dispute, should be generally understood, than that the claims of rival investigators should be vindicated. In the slow process by which new knowledge is acquired, strife is a necessary and unquestionably a productive element. Burning questions arise wherever and whenever scientific investigation bears, or appears to bear, on practical action. Eventually they find their solution; but in the meantime it is almost impossible for those who are immediately concerned in discussing them to guard against the influence of personal antagonisms and predilections. As regards all recent questions of this kind, I think that I am myself in a position to look at them from a distance, for I have had no direct concern with cholera since 1866. I will therefore ask the reader to regard me neither as a contagionist nor as a localist, and to dismiss the "comma-bacillus" from his mind until we have had time to take a general view of the tendencies which this great world plague has manifested in its dealings with mankind since it first found its way into Europe.

It is agreed by all authorities that cholera is native in India, and particularly in the district where it is now "endemic"—namely, in the district which corresponds roughly to the deltas of the Ganges and Brahmaputra and the district of Cuttack. As, however, it for the most part confined its ravages to the native populations, with whom at that time our relations were much less direct and intimate than they are now, it excited no general interest, and was indeed so little known to medical men that when in 1817 the disease broke out at Jessore, near Calcutta, it was believed to be an entirely new malady. Even now there are some writers who speak of Jessore as the "cradle of cholera" and the year 1817 as the starting-point of

its history, notwithstanding that the inquiries which were then initiated showed not only that in Bengal the disease was an annual visitor, but that in Calcutta itself it was fatally prevalent in the native town several weeks before Dr. Tytler was called to see the first case at Jessore.

The great epidemic of 1817 and 1818 was distinguished from previous ones by its extent and destructiveness, but chiefly by the circumstance that in this year it became for the first time a serious obstacle to English conquest. How or when it began it is probably impossible to determine, for evidence exists of its presence in July 1817 within a few weeks at places so distant from one another as Patna and Dacca. Two months later it was at Benares, Allahabad, and Mirzapore; and in October of the same year an event occurred which at once gave the disease a significance it had not before possessed. The Marquis of Hastings, with an army of over ten thousand Europeans and a much larger native force, was in the Bundelcund, not far from Allahabad, where cholera was then raging. Cholera had on several previous occasions interfered with military operations, but this time it attacked Hastings' European troops with a violence of which there had before been no example. The pestilence continued for several weeks with unabated destructiveness, until early in November the army was withdrawn from the Bundelcund and moved westwards in its march towards Gwalior, on which the mortality at once subsided. Thousands of dead and dying were left behind, but cholera was left behind with them, and a lesson was learned which has since been often repeated in Indian experience—that when a military force is encountered by cholera, removal from the infected locality is the only effectual way of checking it.

In 1818 cholera overspread the whole Indian Peninsula. Westward it extended up the Ganges valley to Delhi and Agra, and eventually found its way across the Sutlej to Lahore. Southwards it flanked the line of the Vindhya, attacked Nagpore, and thence spread to other places in Central India. Along the east coast there were destructive epidemics at Vizagapatam, in the deltas of the Godavery and Kistnah, at Madras and Pondicherry, and various other places further south. In 1819 Ceylon, which had been similarly invaded in 1804 and probably often previously, suffered very severely. The spread of cholera in the island was naturally enough attributed to the commercial intercourse between Trincomalee and the infected ports on the coast of Coromandel. Whatever may be said for or against this belief as regards Ceylon, it is difficult to offer any other explanation of the outbreak which occurred the same year in Mauritius than the obvious one that it was carried over the sea by trading ships, for even though the evidence which exists that the Mauritius epidemic took its start from the arrival, with cholera on board, of

the ship *Topaze*, were proved to be defective, it could scarcely be accounted for in any other way than as a result of commercial intercourse. From Mauritius cholera spread to Madagascar and the Portuguese settlements on the east coast of Africa.

In the course of 1820 cholera seems to have spread over Asia. In that year it was at Canton and Nankin, and travelled up the Yang-tse-kiang into the interior of China, and finally reached the capital. In the same year it is said that 150,000 persons died of it in the island of Java. Celebes, the Moluccas, and the Philippines were invaded at the same time. Burmah, Siam, and Singapore had been ravaged the previous year, and it was believed that the latter place, where so many streams of commercial movement meet, was the source whence the infection was distributed over China and the Malay Archipelago. The explanation was probably correct. By the universal infection of all the ports of our Indian dependencies in 1819 the channels of European commerce in the East were more thoroughly contaminated than they had ever been before. Modern experience teaches us that though cholera is very unapt to spread in this way, it may do so ; and I confess it appears to me quite impossible to doubt that in those early years of its history it did so.

From 1820 onwards we have evidence that cholera has never been absent from Bengal, and has behaved throughout in the same way that it does now. The best general idea of the extent of its influence and of the differences which subsist between years of great epidemic prevalence and others, may be gained by an examination of the series of maps which have been published by the Indian Government. The conclusions which these maps suggest, and which are confirmed by the more minute and exhaustive study of cholera statistics which has been made by Dr. Bryden,* may be summarily stated as follows.

Within certain areas, the limits of which comprise the alluvial plains adjoining great rivers, and particularly in the deltas of such rivers, cholera is always present. Outside these so-called endemic areas some places are distinguished by their liability to the epidemic prevalence of the disease, others by their special immunity, and in general no relation can be traced between liability to epidemic prevalence and personal intercourse with infected districts ; so that, however clear it may be that the infection of cholera is capable, under certain conditions, of being conveyed from place to place, Indian experience affords no ground for attributing any importance to such conveyance as a means of the spread of cholera in that country.

Let me now try to give an account of the circumstances which led to the escape of cholera, if such an expression may be used,

* See "Epidemic Cholera in the Bengal Presidency." By James L. Bryden, M.D. Calcutta. 1869.

from its Indian home into Europe. As probably every reader knows, the first European country invaded by cholera was Russia, and the first European town of any importance was Orenburg, on the Ural, one of the great feeders of the Caspian. How did cholera find its way from the Indian Peninsula to the Caspian? The only answer that can be given is that the communication took place by way of Persia, and that Persia itself was invaded, not, as has been sometimes said, by Afghanistan, but by the Persian Gulf. In 1821—that is, a year after the epidemic of Zanzibar—there was a destructive outbreak of cholera at Muscat in Arabia and at the Persian port of Bushire, and a little later at Bagdad. From these littoral beginnings the epidemic spread during the next year (1822) over the whole of Persia and great part of Asia Minor. In 1823 it was in Damascus and Aleppo, having at the same time or previously existed in Iskanderoun and other places on the Mediterranean. It is usually stated that in 1822 cholera crossed the Caucasus for the first time, the only ground for the statement being that in that year it prevailed at about the same time at Tiflis and at Astrachan. In reality, cholera seems to have reached Astrachan, not over the Caucasus, but by creeping along the Caspian shores from Resht, which was the first place invaded. In the Caspian, as in India, it found a suitable soil in the deltas of the Terek and the Volga, and finally ascended the Ural, as has been already noted, to Orenburg. Beyond these limits cholera failed to penetrate further into Europe either by the Mediterranean, the Black Sea, or the Caspian, its disappearance in Syria and in Astrachan being simultaneous. There seems good reason for believing that it was entirely absent for six years (1823 to 1829), but in August 1829 it reappeared in Orenburg without its being possible to ascertain with any certainty whence it came. All that can be asserted is, that it was at the same time widely scattered over Central Asia, in Afghanistan, at Teheran, at Khiva and Bokhara, as well as on the shores of the Caspian, and that in consequence it was on this occasion believed to have rather come by Central Asia than from Persia.

In 1830, the year after the Orenburg epidemic, cholera made its first great advance into Europe. In August of that year there were destructive epidemics at Astrachan (where there is good reason for believing that the cholera had wintered), at Zaritzin, at Saratov, at Kasan, and finally at Penza—all, with the exception of the last, on the Volga. A few weeks later it was at Taganrog, Kertch, Sebastopol, Cherson and Odessa, and finally, in September 1830, began the epidemic of Moscow, which was rendered memorable by the self-sacrifice and devotion of the Russian Emperor. In 1831 cholera for the first time spread over Central Europe. Beyond the broad fact that Russia was first invaded, it is quite impossible to say how this momentous result was brought about, as the reader may at once

satisfy himself by comparing the following dates, which are derived from Dr. Peters' "History of the Travels of Asiatic Cholera," published in the Reports of the United States War Department:—Moscow, September 1830 to March 1831; and in the latter year, Petersburg, June; Warsaw and Cracow, April; Dantzic, March; Berlin, August; Hamburg, October. In October 1831 cholera appeared at Sunderland and became epidemic there and in the neighbouring towns, Newcastle, Gateshead, Shields; but it was not until a large number of persons had been attacked and died that it was admitted to be Asiatic. There is evidence that during the preceding summer the disease had been introduced into the port of London, and had even spread among the maritime population; but notwithstanding that no special precautions appear to have been taken, London itself remained exempt until early in the spring of 1832.

In the summer of that year it prevailed in most of the seaport towns of England and Ireland, and was carried across the Atlantic by Irish emigrants. For when, in June 1832, the disease broke out in a lodging-house in Quebec* which had received a number of these emigrants, destroyed fifty-six lives, and in the next fortnight spread everywhere in the town, it is impossible to doubt that these persons brought with them to their new home the seeds of cholera. The history of the invasion of Montreal, which occurred about simultaneously, was but a repetition of the experience of Quebec. During the autumn of 1832 and the year following, cholera ascended the St. Lawrence to Chicago, and thence found its way to the Upper Mississippi, where it very seriously interfered with the military operations against the Indians. In 1833 it appeared in Cuba, whence it spread later in the same year to Mobile, New Orleans, Tampico, and other ports on the Gulf of Mexico, and eventually to Mexico and Vera Cruz. Epidemics continued to occur in the Spanish-speaking countries of the New World until 1834–35, in the former of which years Spain itself was for the first time invaded. The great epidemics of Madrid and Barcelona were followed by a general extension along the Mediterranean coast—Cette, Marseilles, Toulon, Nice, Genoa, and Naples being attacked in the order in which they have been mentioned. As there was an interval between the Mediterranean spread and the great wave which had affected England in 1832, it seemed as if the disease, which was communicated to the New World from the Old, had been returned back to it from the West Indies. Whether this was so or not is scarcely worth inquiry. It would be much more interesting if we could explain how it was that the Mediterranean, which was in 1832 exposed to every conceivable chance of infection, was not invaded until 1834; and why, having seized upon such ports as Marseilles and Genoa, it showed no

* Dr. Peters, *loc. cit.* p. 564.

tendency to travel northwards to the country it had previously invaded. Let me add that cholera did not leave Europe until 1837, after which the Western World was free from it for a decade.

Cholera reached the Caspian for the third time in April 1847, its arrival being the outcome of a general spread of the disease in Persia and Central Asia. It soon found its way into the interior of Russia and broke out for the second time in Moscow, two months after it had appeared, almost simultaneously, at Astrachan and Constantinople. By the winter of 1847-8 it was at Riga, and spread, during the following summer, just as it had done before, along the Baltic coast, reaching Hamburg in September.

The conveyance of cholera into England, and from England to America, was but a repetition of what had happened in 1832; and the same sort of evidence existed at New Orleans and at New York, in which places the epidemic began simultaneously (December 1848) of importation by emigrants. From 1847 Western Europe was again free from cholera for six years, notwithstanding that it was always present somewhere in the East. 1853 was a cholera year: it was marked by a fearful epidemic in St. Petersburg, which again spread along the Baltic coast, reaching London and Liverpool in July, but not becoming epidemic until the following year.

After a dozen years of immunity, cholera again appeared in Europe in 1865. On this occasion it was generally believed that the pestilence reached Europe, not as before by the Caspian and Black Sea, but by the Mediterranean. There is no doubt that cholera was rife at Jedda and Mecca in the spring of 1865, also that it prevailed from the beginning of June in Alexandria, and appeared in Malta on the 20th of that month, and about the same time at Marseilles, and subsequently on the coast of Spain (Valencia). As was the case last summer, the seed was conveyed to Paris, and on that occasion bore fruit in the deaths of about 7,000 persons in five months. There was also, as many readers will remember, a small epidemic at Southampton, the origin of which was traced by Dr. Parkes to the arrival of ships with cholera on board from Alexandria; but with this exception Western Europe remained free until the following year. Nor in all probability would England have ever suffered as it did in 1866, had the sporadic spread of cholera from the Mecca pilgrims been our only risk. At the time that all these events were going on about the Mediterranean a new storm was brewing in the old quarter—in North Germany. The appearance of cholera on August 29, 1865, at Altenburg, a place situated in the very middle of Germany, was one of the strangest events which is on record in relation to cholera in Europe. The epidemic in that district, which is exclusively watered by tributaries of the Elbe, lasted for four months (*i.e.*, until the very middle of winter), culminating in October, and

destroying 500 people. All of these deaths occurred in some half-dozen towns lying to the southward of Leipsic. This was followed by a general dissemination of cholera in Germany. By July 1866 it was already at London and Liverpool. The Prussians in their march into Bohemia passed through the country that had been the seat of the epidemic in the previous year, and on their return from their short but victorious campaign encountered it in Halle and Leipsic, in which places by that time it had gained headway, and suffered so severely that more soldiers' lives were lost by cholera than by the weapons of the Austrians. Since 1866 we in England have again had a long period of immunity, notwithstanding that we have been repeatedly threatened. In Germany a succession of epidemics occurred between 1873 and 1875, none of which reached England. Although these, from the completeness with which they were investigated, afford materials for a very instructive study of the subject, I must for the present content myself with the sketch already given of the epidemics which have affected this country.* It may, perhaps, suffice to enable the reader to see that in these successive spreads of cholera over the civilized world it follows certain general laws—as, for example, that it loves great rivers, and particularly their deltas and estuaries, and that it is capable of being conveyed over sea and land, following for the most part the lines of commercial intercourse. On either side of this general view, which the unbiassed intelligent reader of cholera history finds himself compelled to take, range the opposite opinions of contagionists on the one hand, who believe that cholera came to Europe in 1830, because the *materies morbi* accidentally escaped from India; and, on the other, the believers in the spontaneous origin of cholera, who think that they mean something when they say that the cause of cholera is “atmospheric” or “telluric.”

Let us now see what can be learned by looking at the subject from the consideration of its pathological nature. With this view we will take as our starting-point the assumption that cholera is a “specific” disease, which means simply that it has a particular or proper cause—a cause which is peculiar to it, and without which it cannot come into existence. In each of the diseases known as smallpox, glanders, diphtheria, cattle-plague, the cause presents itself as a tangible material which can be obtained from the body of any human being or animal affected with it, and may thus be subjected to experimental investigation. In the case of the affection called woolsorters' disease, or splenic fever, to which persons engaged in manipulating particular kinds of wool imported from

* See Günther, “Die indische Cholera in Sachsen im Jahre 1865, Leipzig, 1866;” and Pettenkofer, “Die Sächsischen Cholera-Epidemien des Jahres 1865.” *Ztsch. f. Biol.* 1866.

the East are liable, we know that the material cause not only exists in the body of the sufferer, but also in the wool by which he is infected. Cholera we believe to have a similar material and tangible cause, but no one as yet has been able to seize upon it. It has been sought for both diligently and skilfully, but it has hitherto eluded investigation. It will therefore be convenient to speak of it as the unknown entity x .

In the search after the x of cholera which now occupies so many minds, the method which the pathologist ought to follow—the only one he can follow with reasonable prospect of success—is that of proceeding step by step from the known to the unknown. Conjecture must lead the way to discovery, but those conjectures only are likely to be productive which are founded on the comparison of unknown with known relations.

The fact which we have to explain is that cholera has spread from India all over the world, and is always spreading somewhere. The knowledge we have to guide us in seeking for an explanation is that in other spreading diseases the spread consists in the conveyance of a *something* tangible from the infected person or thing to a healthy person at a greater or less distance; and the legitimate guiding conjecture is, that whatever may be known as to the nature of the conveyable something in the cases in which it can be investigated, is likely also to be true in those cases in which, as in cholera, it is for the present beyond our reach.

In the current language of pathology, the conveyable something by which infectious diseases are propagated is called *contagium*, a word which may be conveniently used, provided that it is not allowed to carry any suggestion that the disease to which it is applied spreads by personal contact or intercourse. Like other scientific terms, its use is to serve as a label for certain knowledge. Under the heading *contagium*, the pathologist says (1) that all contagia consist of organized (not merely organic) matter; (2) that this matter must, in order to be disseminated, be in a state of fine division (particulate); (3) that the particles of which it consists are living; (4) that they derive their life (not as having been themselves bits of the living substance of the diseased man or animal, but) from parents like themselves. With reference to all of these propositions, excepting the last, there is agreement of opinion. It is now eighteen years since it was proved by the investigations of Chauveau that all the best known contagia (which are liquids of the character of vaccine lymph) owe their activity to the minute, almost ultra-microscopical, particles which float in them; and no one doubts that these particles are organized, and that their power of producing disease depends on their organization. Further, we know, with reference to one or two diseases—namely, woolsorters' disease, or splenic fever, tuberculosis,

leprosy, and one form of septicæmia, that the particles in question are not only organized, but themselves organisms—i.e., living individuals deriving their life from parents like themselves. But from the moment that the pathologist begins to infer that because in these particular instances, which can be experimentally investigated, infection occurs by organisms, it must be so in the case, for example, of cholera, of which the behaviour is very different indeed from that of any of the infectious diseases above enumerated, he leaves certainty behind him and passes into the region of more or less probable conjecture. With reference to the special question which now interests us, he has to compare the mode of operation by which cholera spreads with the modes of operation of those diseases which are propagated by self-multiplying contagia—first, with a view to the estimation of the antecedent probability that they are essentially identical; and secondly, to the testing of the estimate arrived at by such experimental investigations as circumstances place within his reach.

The antecedent probabilities may be stated as follows:—If the reader will approach the subject with a mind freed for the moment from metaphysical considerations, he will see that the spread of cholera over the world must be due either to the dispersion of infected persons, or of things with which such persons have been in contact, or to the dissemination through the air of what may be called “cholera-dust.” The question whether there is such a thing as cholera-dust rests on the teaching of experience as to whether cholera can or cannot jump from one place to another at a distance without the aid of personal intercourse. If this does occur it can only be by dust—i.e., minute particles of infective material suspended in the air. If it is not so, it remains to be determined whether such events as the conveyance of cholera from Ceylon to Mauritius in 1819, from Astrachan up the Volga in 1830, from Hamburg to Sunderland in 1831, from Dublin to Montreal in 1832, and from Havre to Halifax in 1849, in all of which immigration from infected places of men with their belongings led to the appearance of cholera where it was before unknown, should be attributed exclusively to the introduction into these places of persons actually suffering from cholera, or to the circumstance that these persons, whether themselves infected or not, brought with them an infected environment. Experience all over the world is in favour of the latter alternative, for on the one hand it teaches that cholera is not “catching,” so that attending on the sick is in itself unattended with any risk; and, on the other hand, that cholera has such a power of *haunting* localities, that a house, street, town, or district where cholera prevails to-day becomes thereby more liable to a second visitation next year than it would otherwise be. Now the only way in which such a fact as this can be explained is by sup-

posing that the material cause of cholera is capable of existing in human belongings for a length of time independently of the human body from which it sprang. But in addition it suggests something as to the nature of that cause. That the contagium of cholera is capable, after many months of quiescence, of recovering its activity whenever the conditions of that activity come into existence, is a fact which, while it is otherwise unintelligible, is very easily explained on the supposition that the contagium itself is endowed with life; for it is characteristic of living things that they have the power of sleeping and waking—of hibernating, and reviving under the influence of summer warmth. In addition to this, we are led in the same direction by the consideration, which applies to cholera in common with all other spreading diseases, that whatever the x may be, it certainly possesses another essential property of organisms—namely, that it is capable of self-multiplication; for however inconsiderable may be the weight of material which is wanted for the infection of a single individual, it is clear that when cholera invades a country for the first time, the increase of that material, in the body of the first case, then in the bodies of the thousands subsequently affected, must be enormous.

The conjecture therefore that cholera, like other epidemic diseases, owes its power of spreading to a living and self-multiplying organism is so well founded that we are justified in taking it as a starting-point from which we may at once proceed to inquire—first, where this self-multiplication takes place; and secondly, how it is brought about. The first question, I think, I can best answer by stating to you the view on the subject which has received the most general acceptance.

In splenic fever, as we have seen, there is no doubt whatever that the disease of which the human being or the animal affected with it dies, proceeds *pari passu* with the development of the disease-producing organism x ; for in the hours, be they few or many, which intervene between the sowing of the seed in the body of a living animal and the maturation of the harvest—that is, between inoculation and death—the whole of the living body of the affected animal becomes so thoroughly infested that in many instances no fragment of tissue, no single drop of circulating blood, can be found which does not contain thousands and tens of thousands of the characteristic rods (or bacilli), each of which individually is capable of communicating the disease if sown into the body of a healthy animal. So also in another well-investigated instance, that of relapsing fever, we have evidence that the multiplication of x takes place in the circulation, and that the presence there of the characteristic spirilla is so associated with the appearance of the fever itself, that the one never manifests itself without the other having preceded it.

But as regards cholera, nothing of the kind can be observed. As

yet no one has been able to find the organism, either in the blood or in any living tissue, notwithstanding that the research has been conducted with every possible care. Nor has it been found either that the bodies of persons affected with cholera, or that any part of them, possessed the power of infecting other healthy persons. Consequently the opinion first arrived at and formulated by Professor Pettenkofer has come to be very generally adopted—that in cholera the multiplication of x takes place, not in the tissues of the sick person, but in his environment. Let us examine a little more closely what this means.

Under the term environment is included everything which is in relation with the external surface of the body, including the air we breathe and the water and other material which we use as food. And inasmuch as no multiplication can take place otherwise than in a suitable soil consisting of organic matter, and no such soil exists in the air, we may limit the possible seats of multiplication to the moist organic substances of various kinds which exist at or near the surface of the earth. Putting this into plainer language, it means that when the cholera x invades a previously uninfected locality in which it is about to become epidemic, the first thing it does is not to find a home for itself (as the x of smallpox, of cattle-plague, or of splenic fever would do) in the body of some healthy person, but to sow itself in *whatever material at or near the surface is fit for its reception and vegetation.*

Now, in our study of the laws of diffusion of cholera we have seen that, although cholera may be repeatedly introduced by personal intercourse into an uninfected locality without result, it finally, after a shorter or longer latency, bears fruit; and this we explain on the hypothesis that, of the two conditions which are essential to the fructification of the germ—namely, the presence of the organism itself, and the presence of a soil suitable for its growth, the latter is of more importance than the former; that, in short, the reason why a given town or country remains exempt from cholera—is not that the seed of infection fails to reach it, but that those local conditions which are necessary for its vegetation are wanting. If we call the environment y , then the cause of cholera is not $x + y$, but xy , so that whatever value we assign to x , the product disappears as y vanishes.*

If the cholera organism multiplies in the soil, not in the individual, it must, in order to exercise its disease-producing function, attack the human body by one of two channels, either by air or food; it must be taken in either by breathing or swallowing, for the skin has so little power of absorption that it need not be considered. It seems to be extremely probable that in either case x enters the

* In designating the seed, germ, contagium, or *materies morbi* of cholera x , and the soil or environment y , I follow Professor v. Pettenkofer.

organism by the same portal—namely, by the process of intestinal absorption; that is, by the same channel by which the nutritious part of our food is assimilated—i.e., that even if it were introduced by the breath, it would still act by localizing itself in the alimentary canal. Consequently, if we want to engage in the search for it, there are two places where we should expect and seek to find it—namely, first, in the soil; and secondly, in the intestine of infected persons. Hitherto attention has been exclusively given to the investigation of the absorbing apparatus of the alimentary canal as the spot in which *x* would be likely to be caught as it were *flagrante delicto*.

In illustration of this, let me now refer to the efforts which have been made at various periods to carry out this inquiry. Without going back to the attempts made by Dr. Snow in the epidemic of 1854, I will content myself with a rapid survey of what has been done in more recent times, premising that there is no necessary connection between the notion which I am now advocating—namely, that the cholera *x* resides in the soil, and produces cholera by finding its way into the intestine, and the belief that the intestinal contents of persons suffering from cholera are directly pernicious and infecting.

In 1870 a morphologist of great distinction (Professor Hallier) published a remarkable series of observations, in which he endeavoured to show, on purely morphological grounds, that the birth-place (or rather the nursery) of cholera is the rice-plant—that a parasite which grows on this plant, so essential to the populations of the endemic area of Bengal, becomes in the course of successive transformations the cholera fungus; that this fungus throws off spores which are the immediate producers of cholera; and that by means of the endurance and extreme levity of these spores, they serve as agents by which cholera is spread all over by the wind; and so on. Of Hallier it is sufficient to say that, however distinguished he might be as a botanist, he was a bad pathologist, and that his method was fundamentally wrong, inasmuch as he proceeded throughout on the assumption that the morphological characters of an organism supposed to be infective may be taken as evidence of its infective nature; whereas pathology admits nothing to be a contagium unless it can be observed in action as such. For one thing, at all events, we may be grateful to the Jena botanist. It was for the purpose of investigating his theory that those indefatigable cholera workers, Drs. Lewis and Cunningham, were sent to India, where, although they spent more time and labour in correcting Hallier's mistakes than it took Hallier himself to fall into them, they were thereby afforded opportunity of acquiring information of the highest practical and scientific value. It would take too long to refer to other efforts in the same direction, but it may be readily understood that the question of the material cause of cholera was too important to be neglected, and that as soon

as cholera seemed once more to threaten Europe it again urgently claimed the attention of scientific pathologists. Accordingly, in 1883, Dr. Koch, who is the author of two of the greatest discoveries of modern times in relation to spreading diseases, was deputed by the German Imperial Government to proceed to Egypt, and then to India, to investigate cholera.

Stated in few words, the results of Dr. Koch's inquiries were— (1) That the *x* in cholera has the form of a curved rod, which Dr. Koch likens to a comma (as written not as printed); and (2) That the disease (cholera) is caused by the presence, growth, and multiplication of this organism in the apparatus for absorption contained in the lower part of the small intestine, and by the consequent formation there of an animal poison which produces the collapse and the other fatal effects of cholera.

These statements, as soon as they became publicly known, assumed a very great importance, because they appeared to afford support to a doctrine with which they have no necessary connection—namely, that of the communicability of cholera by direct personal intercourse with the sick. The mere fact of the existence of countless myriads of organisms of a particular form in the intestinal liquid, although very interesting in itself, affords no evidence that they are the culprits, unless two other things can be proved respecting them—namely, that they possess the power of producing cholera wherever they exist, and that they are capable of maintaining their life, not merely within the intestine, but also in the soil; for, as we have seen, the evidence that the material cause of cholera is capable of existing outside of the body and of spreading over the world independently of the presence of persons affected with the disease, is so conclusive, that no explanation of cholera can be accepted which does not take this into account.

Now in India the question of the prevention of cholera is a very practical one. Here, cholera is chiefly a question of preserving life; in India it is one of commerce, and consequently of national prosperity. If it were believed in India that the cholera patient is himself a source of infection, that each individual comma is a source of danger, India would be compelled to adopt prophylactics of the same kind as those which were adopted last year by the ignorant and short-sighted administrators of Italy and France. And it was, I believe, on this ground judged necessary by Her Majesty's Indian Government to send out a special Commission for the purpose of reporting generally on the practical bearing of the German investigations. The Commission was under the general guidance of Dr. Klein,*

* The Commission consisted of Dr. Klein, F.R.S., and Dr. Heneage Gibbes. The Report has only just been published, but the scientific results of the inquiry were communicated by Dr. Klein to the Royal Society in February last.

who was selected on the recommendation of the highest scientific authority in this country, as being the person who in England, by his previous researches, had shown himself *facile princeps* in inquiries of this nature. The finding of the Commission was, that although Dr. Koch was perfectly accurate in his statement of fact, he had gone too far in inference. In other words, that although the so-called cholera bacillus swarms in the intestine of every person affected with cholera, it does not there play the part which is attributed to it.

I shall, I think, most usefully conclude this paper by stating as clearly as I can in what way the knowledge and experience already obtained as regards the cause of the spread of cholera by the two methods of inquiry which are available for the purpose (and which for the moment I will call the epidemiological and the bacteriological) may be brought to bear on practical questions. And here I will ask the reader to note once more amid the apparent differences of opinion which exist at the present moment, as regards some questions which have lately come prominently to the front, between persons whose competency cannot be denied; that such persons are nevertheless in agreement, not only with respect to the sources of danger and the means of guarding against them, but also as to the most fundamental theoretical questions. Thus, for example, while we hesitate to admit that the particular organisms which Dr. Koch has so carefully investigated have anything to do with the causation of cholera, the conclusions arrived at nearly twenty years ago by the two leading authorities of that time—Simon in England and Pettenkofer in Germany—that cholera depends on an organism, and that its spread cannot be accounted for in any other way, are as certainly true now as they were then. But this certainty arises not from any direct evidence which has up to this time been offered with reference to a particular bacillus, but from the various facts which go to show that in places infected or haunted by cholera something else exists besides the infected persons. So that if we could imagine all the infected persons in such a locality to be removed by some act of absolute power, such an act would not stop the progress of the epidemic, for cholera would still be there.

Of the two methods of inquiry above referred to, the bacteriological applies to the nature of the contagium itself, and the epidemiological to the nature of the envioning conditions which favour its development. Hitherto the investigation of the latter has been by far the most successful. But it would be a great mistake to allow the apparent failure of such researches as those of Dr. Koch in Egypt and in India to discourage the efforts which are now being made everywhere by earnest and devoted workers to accomplish what has baffled so able an investigator. Whenever the discovery is

made, it will not only serve as a key to the understanding of cholera as a disease, and thereby tend to render its treatment a little less hopeless than it is at present, but it will serve as the necessary completion of the knowledge we have gained from the combined experience of the medical profession in India, in Europe, and in America, with reference to the behaviour of cholera as an epidemic disease. To make this clear, all that is necessary is to summarize statements which have been already placed before the reader in the course of this article. What we have learned is that the liability of a locality to cholera depends, first, on the physical characters of the soil; and secondly, on certain changes which it undergoes in the course of the seasons. The peculiarity of the soil which favours cholera is unquestionably want of natural or artificial drainage, combined with the presence in the liquid with which it is soaked of such organized material, derived from the tissues of plants or animals, as render it a fit soil for the development and vegetation of microphytes. The seasonal change which favours cholera is that which expresses itself in the drying of such a soil under the influence of summer temperature. In Europe this takes place in July, August, and September, in which last month, as the following table* strikingly shows, cholera attains its maximum of destructiveness:—

Month . . . Mortality . .	April. 112	May. 446	June. 4,392	July. 8,480	Aug. 33,640	Sept. 56,561
Month . . . Mortality . .	Oct. 35,271	Nov. 17,630	Dec. 7,254	Jan. 2,317	Feb. 842	March. 214

But be it ever remembered that these two liabilities of time and place do not explain everything. No combination of soil and season, however favourable, will produce a harvest unless the seed has been sown. It holds as true now as it ever did, that “if we possessed the requisite knowledge, the disease could always be traced back in lineal descent to its origin in some poor Hindoo on the banks of the Ganges, as certainly as the pedigree of a horse or dog can be followed to his remote ancestors.”

Notwithstanding the overwhelming evidence which now exists in proof of the harmlessness of the so-called “rice-water evacuations,” it is not the less certain that the mechanism by which the infection of the soil takes place (*i.e.*, by which the disease from being epidemic becomes epichthonic) is its contamination by the discharges of sick persons. For there is no other possible way by which the soil can acquire the morbid property which facts compel us to attribute to

* The numbers express the mortality from cholera in Prussia during the thirteen years, 1848–1860.

it. Similarly, it may be regarded as absolutely certain that the influence of the soil on those who are infected by it is due to the penetration into their bodies of infective material, either by respiration or swallowing; that, in the absence of proof of "cholera-dust," it is a matter of urgent necessity to avoid the use of water which contains such material as from its chemical nature may be reasonably considered capable of harbouring infective microphytes.

In this country and in our Indian possessions experience has led us to do the very things which science, were her opinion asked, would approve as of primary importance. In Calcutta, the measures of sanitary improvements, particularly drainage works, which have been carried out under the highly efficient sanitary administration there, have during the last dozen years led to a diminution of the cholera mortality to something like a third of its previous average, and similar good results have been obtained elsewhere in India, in so far as it has yet been possible to bring about the necessary reforms. In London we have been lavish in our underground expenditure. Our water supply is good and abundant, and our subsoil is dry, so that dwellers in the west and north need not feel much apprehension even though cholera were again to fix itself in the east. But we may, I think, venture to anticipate that this year, at least, we shall not be tried. Cholera, had it intended to attack us this season, would already have been on the march. The eastern provinces of Spain are suffering severely, and it can scarcely be hoped that other parts of the Mediterranean will remain exempt; but Central Europe is free. Hitherto cholera has come to us from Holland or Germany, not from Southern Europe, so that until the Rhine, the Elbe, the Oder, or the Vistula are threatened we need be in no immediate apprehension as to the Thames or the Mersey. But in venturing on this favourable forecast, I would beg the reader to understand that I speak with no authority, and recognize his competence to judge as well as I can of its value. Neither science nor experience affords a key to the reasons why cholera now follows one course, now another, in its wanderings over the world.

J. BURDON SANDERSON.

PRICES AND GOLD SUPPLY.

"The common argument, that there will not be enough gold to carry on the trade of the world with, does not stand a moment's examination."—J EVONS.

THE progressive fall in prices, and the alarm connected with the declining yield of the gold-fields of the world, constitute a matter of primary importance to a commercial nation like ours. I purpose, with the utmost brevity, to examine the question under four heads :—I. The rise and fall of prices since 1850. II. The relation between gold supply and prices. III. The causes that operate on price levels. IV. The prospects of prices in the future.

I. THE RISE AND FALL IN PRICES.

In the Appendix to this paper the reader will find a table of prices in Great Britain for twenty principal articles of commerce in the last 103 years, from which anybody can construct the usual index numbers, when the result will be found as follows :—

TABLE A.

Years.		Index Nos.	Years.		Index Nos.
1782-90	...	2,000	1841-50	...	1,914
1791-1800	...	2,572	1851-60	...	2,035
1801-10	..	3,264	1861-70	...	2,190
1811-20	...	3,187	1871-80	...	2,092
1821-30	...	2,171	1881-83	...	1,870
1831-40	...	2,114	1884	...	1,797

There was a steady rise from 1790 till 1810, followed by a rapid fall after 1820, and a gradual decline between 1830 and 1850; then came another period of rise, and now we have a fall to a lower level than experienced since 1782.

The rise which began at the outbreak of the Crimean War culminated in 1864, since which date there has been an almost

uninterrupted decline. If any person will take the trouble, as I have done, to compute what the gross import and export trade of Great Britain would have been in each year since 1854, at the scale of prices for the decade 1841-50, and compare the same with the actual amount as given in the Board of Trade returns, he will find as follows:—

TABLE B.

Year.	Trade in millions £.			Ratio.	
	According to 1841-50 scale.	Board of Trade Returns.	Scale of 1841-50.	Board of Trade Returns.	
1854	242	249	100	103	
1855	231	240	"	104	
1856	274	289	"	105	
1857	279	310	"	111	
1858	275	282	"	103	
1859	296	309	"	104	
1860	323	347	"	108	
1861	319	342	"	107	
1862	307	350	"	114	
1863	298	396	"	133	
1864	287	435	"	152	
1865	318	437	"	138	
1866	348	481	"	139	
1867	363	456	"	126	
1868	392	475	"	121	
1869	403	485	"	120	
1870	459	503	"	110	
1871	505	554	"	110	
1872	528	611	"	116	
1873	516	626	"	121	
1874	529	610	"	115	
1875	548	598	"	109	
1876	567	576	"	102	
1877	578	593	"	103	
1878	582	562	"	96	
1879	602	555	"	92	
1880	662	634	"	95	
1881	670	631	"	94	
1882	695	655	"	94	
1883	731	667	"	92	
1884	718	623	"	87	

It appears that the maximum rise (52 per cent. over the level of 1841-50) was near the close of the American war, and we have, moreover, evidence that prices in the United States (measured in gold) rose much higher than in Great Britain. The prices of eighteen principal articles in that country ("Dictionary of Statistics," p. 375), enable us to fix the index numbers, and to compare the price levels with those of England.

TABLE C.

Years.		United States. Index Nos.		Price Level.	
				United States.	Great Britain
1841-50	...	1,800	...	100	100
1851-60	...	2,251	...	125	106
1861-70	...	2,802	...	155	114
1871-80	...	2,395	...	133	109

The fall in prices, therefore, during the last decade has been much less in England than in the United States, and when people talk of uniform depression of prices all over the world, they use an incorrect mode of expression, for the industries of all countries are not affected alike. In Canada, for instance, the price level has actually risen, the fluctuations since 1851 having been as follows :—

1854-59	...	100		1871-80	...	121
1860-70	...	112		1881-83	...	122

Taking the world, however, on the whole, we find that prices rose in 1861-65 to a level 30 per cent. over that of 1841-50, and that the last twenty years have seen a steady decline.

II. THE RELATION BETWEEN GOLD SUPPLY AND PRICES.

This is such a self-evident fact, according to many persons of "light and leading," that it needs no demonstration; and yet it is a delusion. Some thirty years ago, Michel Chevalier startled mankind by asserting that the influx of gold from Australia and California was going to plunge Europe in ruin and confusion, a prediction which proved wholly ungrounded; but he had certainly more show of reason on his side than the people who are now clamouring about a gold famine. The stock of gold in the world (coined and uncoined) in 1850 was of an estimated value between 620 millions and 650 millions sterling; the production in the following ten years was 281 millions, an increase of 11 per cent.; and in the next decade, 264 millions, bringing up the stock to nearly 1,200 millions, or double what we had in 1850. If Chevalier's apprehensions had been well-founded, the prices of all commodities would have doubled; but we find that the level of prices began to fall steadily from 1864, when the mines were most productive. The following table shows the position of prices in Great Britain side by side with the stock of gold in the world.

Year.		Stock of Gold.			Price Level in Great Britain.
		Millions £.	Ratio.		
1850	...	630	100	...	100
1860	...	911	144	...	108
1870	...	1,175	187	...	110
1880	...	1,429	227	...	95
1884	...	1,504	239	...	87

Thus the world has two and a half times the stock of gold that it had in 1850, and prices are 13 per cent. lower. It is almost a wonder that nobody has yet started a theory that the multiplication of gold causes prices to fall.

Newmarch very properly ridiculed all theories connecting prices with gold supply. In his inaugural address to the Statistical Society, in November, 1869, he said, "In the early years of the gold discoveries, I arrived at an opinion, then considered heretical—namely, that the effect of the discoveries would not be to augment general prices, and this is now recognized as an orthodox conclusion."

About the same time, Professor Jevons, alluding to the Chevalier theory, said, "Those who predicted a revolution in monetary affairs, from the great flood of gold since the new discoveries, have been thoroughly disappointed."

But long before the time of Newmarch, several other profound thinkers had discovered the fact that there is practically no connection or relation between gold supply and prices.* In the eighteenth century, Adam Smith wrote, "The continued influx from the American mines in the sixteenth century was quite inadequate to produce any progressive effects upon the general price of commodities in Europe."

In 1826, Professor Nassau Senior wrote, "It is a lamentable sign of ignorance that the fall in prices is supposed to be connected with metallic currency."

In 1830, McCulloch wrote, "It has been customary to ascribe the fall in prices since 1815 to the diminished supply of bullion from the mines, but I doubt if this circumstance has had any influence in that way."

Tooke, in his evidence before the House of Commons, said, "The quantity of precious metals may remain constant, and the trade in a country be doubled, but the prices of commodities will not vary in the least degree." Again, in his "History of Prices," he says, "It is a fallacy to suppose that the range of prices depends on the quantity of money. The stock of gold coin in the world in 1856 was one-third more than in 1848, but the range of general prices was not materially influenced."

* If gold supply had anything to do with prices, we should expect to see greater uniformity in the variation of the latter. For example, in 1884 the world had six times as much *gold money* as 100 years ago, and the total stock of gold was just three times what it was in 1790; but if we compare prices in Great Britain, we find the most extreme diversity, viz.:—

	1792-90.	1884.		1792-90.	1884.		1792-90.	1884.
Beef . .	100	273	Iron . .	100	55	Tallow . .	100	95
Butter .	100	196	Lead . .	100	58	Tea . . .	100	22
Coal . .	100	64	Oil . . .	100	102	Timber . .	100	109
Coffee .	100	80	Rice . . .	100	42	Tobacco . .	100	114
Copper .	100	82	Spirits .	100	145	Wheat . . .	100	67
Cotton .	100	35	Silk . . .	100	84	Wool . . .	100	30
Flax . .	100	93	Sugar . .	100	51	Gen. aver.	100	90

We must, however, be prepared to hear that the alarmists of the present day reject all the foregoing authorities as out of date. They will tell us that the conditions are changed, the world is marching on much faster than before, and that unless the gold mines continue to produce 20 millions sterling per annum we shall be in danger of bi-metallism or something worse. I fear that the language of Messrs. Goschen and Giffen may lead inexperienced people to infer two fallacies—first, that the coinage of the world depends upon the product of the gold-fields; secondly, that the actual reserve of uncoined gold is comparatively small. Happily we have conclusive evidence that the mints of the world draw less than 50 per cent. of their supply from the gold-mines, and that the existing amount of gold coin is less than half the actual stock of gold in use.

Between 1795 and 1879 the Latin Union coined gold to the value of 349 millions sterling, and in the latter year the amount of that coinage existing was only 193 millions—that is, the money had been coined twice over in 84 years. Between 1850 and 1880 the world coined 1,022 millions sterling of gold, yet the stock of gold coin in the latter year exceeded that of 1850 by only 490 millions: the money had been twice minted in 30 years. During that interval the average coinage of the world had been 34 millions per annum, of which 18 millions consisted of old coin, and the remaining 16 millions were made up partly from the mines, partly from old candlesticks, snuff-boxes, &c., of the last generation. Now the annual coinage from 1870 to 1884 averaged 14 millions sterling, of which we must infer that one-half came from old coins, so that the utmost drain on the mines for this purpose could not have exceeded 7 millions, or a little more than one-third of their yield. Even adopting the lowest figures, the mines at present yield 17 millions per annum.

The total product of the mines since 1850 has been as follows:—

	1850-60. Millions £.	1861-70. Millions £.	1871-80. Millions £.	1881-84. Millions £.
United States . . .	102	98	70	24
Australia . . .	104	82	72	20
Russia . . .	38	40	48	22
Spanish America, &c..	38	44	50	10
	282	264	240	76

The increase of gold coinage from 1850 till December, 1884, was 531 millions sterling, or 61 per cent. of the above yield, leaving a balance of more than 300 millions, which may sooner or later be used for coin.

So far from the reserve of uncoined gold diminishing, it is increasing faster than population, which ought to be sufficient proof

of the absurdity of an "impending gold famine."*. The following table shows the quantities coined and uncoined at various dates since 1830:—

TABLE D.

Millions £ sterling.

Year.					
	Gold Stock.		Coin.	Uncoined Reserve.	
1830	540	...	146	...	394
1840	570	...	156	...	414
1850	630	...	205	...	425
1860	911	...	433	...	478
1870	1,175	...	575	...	600
1885	1,504	...	736	..	768

The uncoined reserve has nearly doubled since 1850—that is, it has increased more than twice as fast as the aggregate population of Europe, the United States, and the British Colonies.

It will be said that I have not made allowances for "consumption," a term so much abused that some people speak of gold as if it were grain or tobacco, to be eaten or destroyed. The annual loss of gold, by attrition, shipwreck, fires, &c., is very small, not quite two tons, or £280,000. According to Jevons, gold coin loses 2 per cent. in 100 years—that is, £147,000 per annum on the actual amount, 736 millions. The loss by shipwreck cannot possibly be higher than one-sixth of the ratio of loss in sea-borne merchandise—say, £2 for every £1,000 shipped; and as the quantity of sea-borne gold in 1871–80 averaged £50,400,000 per annum, the loss by shipwreck would be £101,000. If we allow £32,000 for loss by fires, we make up a total wear-and-tear of £280,000, or two tons, the existing stock being a trifle under 11,000 tons.

McCulloch used to reckon for jewellers, loss, wear-and-tear, &c., about $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent., which would be nearly 4 millions sterling a year of our present stock. The "consumption" by jewellers is probably even more now; but this nowise affects the question of a possible gold famine, since the jewellers' consumption goes to swell the uncoined reserve. It would appear that 80 years ago the uncoined reserve was better understood than to-day, for I find in the *Edinburgh Review* of 1803 the following passage:—"The precious metals have a two-fold use, for manufactures and coin. If there is a deficiency of coin, the plate will be melted and coined. If there is a superabundance of coin it will be melted and manufactured."

Indced, at present the world seems to have more gold money than

* Professor Bonamy Price thinks a gold famine possible, because "the yield of the mines must depend on the cost of production." But in the United States the principal economists agree that "every dollar of the precious metals extracted from the earth has cost \$1 20 cents." And in Australia the average yield is only 21 oz gold (say £80) per miner yearly, which is hardly equal to the cost of food and wages of any ordinary shepherd. The pursuit of gold-mining being in a manner a lottery, may be carried on for centuries at a loss—that is, one man getting a good return and three others not earning more than the cost of food.

it knows what to do with. In the *Daily News* of June 17 of the current year the following statement occurs:—"It is remarkable that excessive stores of gold are lying in the reserve banks of the Continent and America as well as here. Nowhere does there appear to be a currency demand for gold. Again and again we are told that the low prices in wholesale markets are due to scarcity in the world's supply of gold. Where is the scarcity?"

If the same amount of commerce required always the same amount of gold, Mr. Goschen's fears might be real, for he reminds us of the enormous increase of trade in recent years. Let us compare the increase of the world's commerce since 1864 with that of cheques.

	In millions £.			
	1864.		1884.	Increase.
Sea-borne merchandise, monthly . .	61	...	115	54
Cheques in London and New York .	628	...	1,270	642

Trade has risen 54 millions monthly, cheques 642 millions, or twelve times as much as trade. Perhaps it will be said we use credit to a dangerous degree; but I confess I prefer the English system to that of Spain and Portugal. The cheque-system is to commerce what steam-power is to machinery, and almost in the same degree supersedes coin that railways have superseded mail-coaches.

The world could do with little more than half the present stock of gold coin if all countries made £1 sterling go as far as we do in England. The following table shows the principal commercial countries, and how much gold coin they have in use compared with the volume of their trade.

	Millions £.				
	Commerce.		Gold Coin.		Coin Ratio.
Great Britain . .	700	...	124	...	18 per cent.
France	360	...	197	...	55 „
Germany	350	...	75	...	21 „
Italy	102	...	30	...	30 „
Spain and Portugal .	55	...	38	...	70 „
United States . . .	310	...	130	...	42 „
	1,877		594		31 „

As soon as the banking system is better developed, other countries will be able to do their trade with 20 per cent. of gold, which will release much of the coin at present carried about by the peasantry in Spain and elsewhere.

Notwithstanding the great increase of trade since 1860 we find the annual average of sea-borne gold is diminishing; it was 51½ millions in ten years, ending 1870, and less than 50½ millions in the decade ending 1880. In the first decade it averaged 6 per cent., in the second only 4 per cent., of the value of sea-borne merchandise.

In the face of all these facts (and of an uncoined reserve of 768 millions) we may assure nervous persons that there is no danger of a gold famine, and that there is no more connection between gold supply and prices than there was when Adam Smith, Nassau Senior, McCulloch, Tooke, and Newmarch, lived and enjoyed well-deserved esteem. But it is to be regretted that men of such eminent talents as Messrs. Goschen and Giffen should condescend to pick up Michel Chevalier's exploded theory.

III. THE CAUSES THAT OPERATE ON PRICES.

Nothing is more fully confirmed by experience than Tooke's remark, that "war has a tendency to raise prices by obstructing or diminishing the supply of commodities." We see, for example, that during the war against Buonaparte in 1801-10, the level of prices (Table A) in Great Britain was 63 per cent. higher than in 1782-90, and that the decade after that of Waterloo was marked by a fall of 32 per cent. During the peace which ensued for 40 years there was a steady decline until the Crimean War, which was attended by a rise; but the greatest shock which the commercial world received in recent times was caused by the American War, the price level for the years 1862-66 being 137 (Table B), that is, 37 per cent. over that of 1841-50. Since then (excepting the two years immediately following the Franco-German War) there has been a steady decline.

Peace, as a natural consequence, brings a fall of prices, for, as Newmarch says, "Whatever causes augment the real wealth and resources of the world, serve not only to stimulate trade, but also to keep down prices. The object of all scientific methods applied to commerce and the arts is cheapness, and the tendency of prices is towards decline, by reason of the enlarging facilities and power of production."

McCulloch says: "What affects prices is an increase or diminution of the labour necessary to produce the commodity;" and Tooke says: "Causes affecting the cost of production, and the supply and demand for each commodity, account for variation of prices."

If we compare the products of human industry in 1884 with those of 1860 (see Appendix) in ten great branches—namely coal, iron, grain, cotton, sugar, coffee, wine, wool, tea and tobacco—we find the *quantities produced* give us the index numbers of 1,000 in 1860, and 1,842 in 1884; that is, a rise of 84 per cent. But in the same interval the steam-power of the world rose from 11½ millions to 29 millions horse-power,* an increase of 152 per cent. We may therefore say that the labour of two men in 1884 was more productive than that of three in 1860, and this alone would account for a fall of at least

* "Dictionary of Statistics," p. 423.

30 per cent. in prices. Probably the fall (which has been only 17 per cent. since 1858–60) would have been 30 per cent. if no wars had intervened.

In freights by land and sea there has also been a great saving, in consequence of the greater efficiency of seamen, the result of steam-navigation and improved shipbuilding and harbour accommodation. The ratios of tons of merchandise borne by each British seaman in twelve months were :—

In 1860	101 tons.
„ 1870	132 „
„ 1881	234 „

The merchant fleets of all nations at present are manned by 692,000 sailors, who carry, on an average, 185 tons per man yearly; but if the proportion were the same as in 1860, we should require almost 1,500,000 sailors for the trade of the world, involving an expense of at least 50 millions sterling more than at present. Here is a saving of 4 per cent. on the gross value of commodities, which at present ranges between 1,300 and 1,400 millions.

In the third place, we have cheaper rates of bank interest, the averages for twenty years showing as follows :—

	1861–70.	1871–80.
Great Britain	4.23	3.28
Germany	4.56	4.30
Italy	5.69	4.85
Holland	3.98	3.40
Europe	4.30	3.71

With so many causes operating for a fall of prices we need not go to Australia for an explanation, but may rather feel surprised that the fall has not been greater.

IV. THE PROSPECTS OF PRICES.

It is hardly necessary for me to add that, unless some terrible disasters befall mankind, we are on the safe and steady march to a lower level of prices, to the greater expansion of trade and the benefit of the world. Lower prices may cause a passing loss to the tradesman or manufacturer; but commercial interests soon right themselves. In England calico is now sold at $3\frac{1}{4}$ pence per yard, which was sold at 13 pence in the year 1820, yet the industry is more productive to the nation than it was then, as we see on comparing the value of manufactures and deducting the cost of raw material :—

Millions sterling.					
Year.	Cost of ^a Raw Cotton.		Value of Cotton Manufactured.		Gain to the Nation.
1820	...	7	...	27	20
1881	...	39	...	95	56

Mankind is still more a gainer, for our *monthly* exportation is now 420 million yards, against 21 millions in 1820: that is, twenty persons of other nations can now afford to buy English cotton goods for one in 1820. What is true of cottons may be said of other things. When steel pens were worth sixpence a dozen the trade was very small, but now that we can buy them at a penny a dozen both the manufacturers and the public are gainers.

We hear a great deal about over-production, which, applied to crops, means that heaven is too bountiful, and to other things that man is too industrious. The obstacles to commerce, higher tariffs, &c., which have been of late years increasing in many countries, have tended to diminish the markets of consumption; but if we could to-morrow sweep away custom-houses, and throw open all ports to free-trade, the factories of England, the United States, France, Belgium, &c., would be unable to supply the demand for their products.

Legislators who endeavour to keep up prices belong to the same school of economy as the mafactors who used to burn down San Francisco in order to raise the value of timber. Glaziers have been known to thank heaven for a destructive hail-storm, and some sugar-merchants would, perhaps, rejoice if the island of Barbadoes were submerged by an earthquake.

Meantime the welfare of mankind is associated with low prices, and every improvement of machinery, every fresh facility for commerce, points in that direction. Statesmen and merchants should keep their attention on this fact, and endeavour to promote a cheapened cost of production, accompanied by a corresponding fall in prices, the better to widen the markets of consumption for British products. Let them not be deluded by the theory of a relation between prices and gold supply; it has been buried in the grave with Michel Chevalier, and the ashes of the dead ought to be allowed to rest in peace.

M. G. MULHALL, F.S.S.

APPENDIX.

TABLE OF PRICES IN GREAT BRITAIN FOR 103 YEARS.

	1782-90.	1791-1800.	1801-10.	1811-20.	1821-30.	1831-40.	1841-50.	1851-60.	1861-70.	1871-80.	1881-94.
Beet, cwt. . . s.	26 ...	36 ...	48 ...	53 ...	40 ...	44 ...	42 ...	46 ...	50 ...	60 ...	70
Butter, „ . . s.	52 ...	69 ...	88 ...	101 ...	80 ...	75 ...	81 ...	82 ...	104 ...	110 ...	102
Coal, ton . . s.	14 ...	15 ...	12 ...	13 ...	13 ...	10 ...	8 ...	9 ...	10 ...	12 ...	9
Coffee, cwt. . s.	84 ...	115 ...	125 ...	91 ...	87 ...	73 ...	38 ...	51 ...	64 ...	88 ...	72
Copper, „ . . s.	81 ...	111 ...	157 ...	129 ...	101 ...	93 ...	89 ...	98 ...	89 ...	76 ...	67
Cotton, „ . . s.	163 ...	191 ...	130 ...	130 ...	78 ...	70 ...	44 ...	61 ...	147 ...	66 ...	58
Flax, „ . . s.	41 ...	46 ...	75 ...	64 ...	43 ...	41 ...	35 ...	46 ...	55 ...	49 ...	40
Iron, ton . . s.	83 ...	101 ...	131 ...	146 ...	119 ...	102 ...	60 ...	66 ...	59 ...	74 ...	52
Lead, „ . . £	19 ...	20 ...	35 ...	26 ...	21 ...	18 ...	19 ...	22 ...	21 ...	21 ...	13
Oil, tun . . £	40 ...	55 ...	66 ...	71 ...	45 ...	52 ...	48 ...	53 ...	58 ...	46 ...	40
Rice, cwt. . . s.	19 ...	22 ...	33 ...	35 ...	31 ...	32 ...	21 ...	12 ...	12 ...	10 ...	8
Silk, lb. . . s.	19 ...	20 ...	26 ...	21 ...	15 ...	16 ...	15 ...	18 ...	23 ...	19 ...	16
Spirits, gallon s.	33 ...	57 ...	54 ...	50 ...	30 ...	34 ...	38 ...	41 ...	31 ...	49 ...	48
Sugar, cwt. . s.	30 ...	52 ...	41 ...	50 ...	34 ...	33 ...	33 ...	31 ...	33 ...	26 ...	19
Tallow, „ . . s.	41 ...	52 ...	69 ...	66 ...	36 ...	41 ...	45 ...	52 ...	45 ...	40 ...	39
Tea, lb. . . d.	44 ...	35 ...	35 ...	35 ...	28 ...	20 ...	12 ...	15 ...	18 ...	16 ...	12
Timber, load. s.	44 ...	61 ...	116 ...	105 ...	50 ...	55 ...	80 ...	63 ...	63 ...	56 ...	51
Tobacco, cwt. s.	68 ...	64 ...	70 ...	115 ...	60 ...	66 ...	56 ...	86 ...	104 ...	73 ...	72
Wheat, bush. d.	76 ...	102 ...	125 ...	134 ...	90 ...	84 ...	80 ...	82 ...	78 ...	71 ...	58
Wool, lb. . . d.	39 ...	48 ...	102 ...	80 ...	35 ...	29 ...	29 ...	21 ...	18 ...	14 ...	12

INCREASE OF HUMAN INDUSTRY SINCE 1860.

	1860.	1881.	Index Nos.	
	1860.	1881.	1860.	1884.
Coal, million tons .	141	364	100	260
Coffee, tons . . .	370,000	590,000	100	160
Cotton, million lbs.	2,390	4,330	100	180
Grain, million tons.	152	219	100	144
Iron, tons . . .	7,900,000	19,930,000	100	251
Sugar, tons . . .	2,160,000	4,080,000	100	194
Tea, million lbs. .	164	394	100	240
Tobacco, tons . .	560,000	770,000	100	138
Wine, million gallons	1,920	2,160	100	112
Wool, million lbs. .	980	1,620	100	164
			1,000	1,843

GOLD COINAGE OF ALL NATIONS.

Amount coined (in millions £) from 1850 to 1883 inclusive.

	Total Coined.	Re-minted.	Net Increase.	Existing Coin in 1884-85.	Amount in 1850.
Great Britain . . .	155	138	82	147	65
British Colonies . .	65				
France	299	117	182	198	16
Germany.	91	26	65	75	10
Russia	110	86	24	30	6
Austria	14	7	7	10	3
Italy	17	4	13	30	17
Spain and Portugal .	31	8	23	38	15
Belgium and Holland.	29	9	20	26	6.
Scandinavia. . . .	5	2	3	5	2
United States . . .	254	158	96	130	34
	1,070	555	515	689	174

Other nations, including Switzerland, Greece, Servia, Roumania, Turkey, Egypt, Persia, Japan, Spanish America, &c., have 47 millions, bringing up the grand total to 736 millions sterling.

CURRENT OF GOLD (IN MILLIONS £).

By	Imported.			Exported.		
	1861-70.	1871-83.	23 years.	1861-70.	1871-83.	23 years.
Great Britain . . .	171	212	383	112	206	318
France . . .	189	176	365	119	114	233
United States . . .	31	78	104	113	83	196
Australia . . .	9	12	21	108	95	203
Other countries . . .	112	164	276	60	130	199
	512	637	1,149	512	637	1,149

M. G. M.

SPENCER—HARRISON—ARNOLD.

AN ECLECTIC ESSAY.

EVEN at a time when beyond all the experience of our generation the British Empire was surrounded by difficulties, even amid Ministerial crises—in the very moment of preparations for a General Election—public attention was some weeks ago stirred in an unwonted degree by a quarrel between two philosophers. To the astonishment of everybody who knew him for a single-minded, gentle-hearted thinker, Mr. Herbert Spencer was suddenly laid under the suspicion of having, from mercenary motives, taken advantage of the absence of any copyright law in America, and given his sanction to the unauthorized publication, together with work of his own, of two essays and an epistle by Mr. Frederic Harrison; further, the charge against him proceeded to declare, that after he had been privy to this literary theft from Mr. Harrison, he weakened Mr. Harrison's arguments in the presentation by the addition of critical notes. Into the details of this recent dispute it is not necessary to enter. Enough that Mr. Spencer acted unadvisedly in rendering assistance to a breach of that unwritten law of copyright which all English authors in their own interests would wish to observe; that Mr. Harrison's impulsive rhetoric in bringing his charge of piracy with its hint of immorality went beyond not only the facts, but, as subsequently appeared, his own belief and intention; that Mr. Spencer's notes to Mr. Harrison's essays were not answers to arguments, but corrections of statements as to Mr. Spencer's own views; and that Mr. Spencer having acknowledged his error, and by an offer to pay damages, suppressed the peccant volume, has received from Mr. Harrison explanations which, it is to be hoped, will enable the Prophet of Agnosticism and the High Priest of Comtism to resume their ancient friendship.

It is not to the quarrel, but to the book that I desire to direct

attention. But for the quarrel we might by this time have had the book in England. Perhaps it is not too much to hope that, the quarrel being mended, if not ended, the book will be issued in this country. To me it seems the most valuable contribution to the Great Debate which we have had since the posthumous publication of John Stuart Mill's "Three Essays on Religion." Its personal form gives to it something of dramatic interest; and while the reticence of Mr. Herbert Spencer is suggestive, the brilliant eloquence of Mr. Frederic Harrison is instructive. The latter is not always fair, and he is several times convicted of carelessness in representing his opponent's arguments, but he is always sincere and his tone is high and inspiring. The void left by Mr. Spencer's reticence, moreover, is filled by the explanations of two of his disciples, Professor Youmans, of New York, and the Count d'Alviella. They take the hints which Mr. Spencer gives them, conclude his conclusions, and bring forth for us out of his philosophy a God who can be worshipped—a God who is a more rightful object of worship than that Humanity which, in the liturgy of Dr. Congreve (disavowed by Mr. Harrison) is "the Queen of our devotion, the Lady of our loving service, the one centre of all our being, the one bond of all ages, the one shelter for all families of mankind, the one foundation of a truly Catholic church," to whom must be ascribed "all honour and glory. Amen." *

My purpose is not to enter into a controversy for which I am not qualified by so much as exercise in the use of a philosophic and scientific terminology. If I were to endeavour to adopt the language which is Mr. Spencer's mother tongue and Mr. Harrison's daily dialect, I should have to cast it from me again "because I have not proved it." But the discussion is nothing at all if it is not intended to influence the minds of laymen who have other business to do than to master the lingo of the Schools. It touches the very heart of daily life. In essence, if not always in form, it is what may be called in the true sense of the word a popular discussion; and, if one follow "with modesty enough and likelihood to lead it," an excursion into the sphere where the giants have fought may be pardoned and may not be without its own value. I cannot write "Macbeth" or act his character on the stage; but I can set forth what impression a performance of "Macbeth" makes upon my mind. I cannot write like Mr. Spencer or Mr. Harrison, nor presume to enter into controversy with them; but as they write for such as I, it is not unseemly that I should explain what effect their engagement in polemic war has had upon my own views.

It is impossible, however, to consider them alone. A controversy dealing with God, belief, worship, conduct, by the very terms used suggests Mr. Matthew Arnold. It would add to the completeness

* "The Nature and Reality of Religion," p. 218.

of the Harrison-Spencer volume, if it is to be issued in this country, were "A Comment on Christmas,"* by Mr. Arnold, appended thereto. Then we should have the threefold presentment of what our unsatisfied searchers after a creed are constantly putting into form. None of them is content with a mere negation. Each is trying to find a foundation on which he may build. Each in turn exhibits the deficiency and inefficiency of the other. Is it fanciful to say that if they are put together, and the admissions made by one to another are rightly insisted upon, they give to us a faith which is sufficient for us?

Mr. Spencer's object is not in the main what may be called religious, save so far as Religion is served by truth. What he thinks of setting forth is the Scientific Fact. He finds behind all phenomena a mystery to which it is difficult to give even a name. It is; nothing is more certain than its existence; it is the absolute certainty, the Ultimate Reality, an Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed. But what it is, how it is, the whence and the whither thereof, no man knoweth. It is the Great Enigma, known to be, yet itself unknown, the transcendent of human thought, the Unknowable. Science attests so much, and Mr. Herbert Spencer brings his Scientific Fact to the help of Religion. "This is all very well," Mr. Harrison comes in by saying, "but is of no good. It is not Religion. Religion is belief, worship, conduct. Your scientific belief in 'a sort of a something' inspires no worship, and can have no effect upon conduct." Even "the sort of a something" which Mr. Spencer describes is, in the opinion of Mr. Harrison, too definite for Science. Science does not know that it is Ultimate Reality, or Infinite or Eternal, or the Source of all things; and Science has no business with capital letters. Science, with or without capital letters to aid it, does not know whether the "sort of a something" is Unknowable. It knows only that it is unknown. An indefinite unknown is not a subject for belief; it cannot be worshipped; it cannot be made useful to the guidance of life. It suggests no consolation to the bereaved, offers no light to the perplexed, creates no hope, inspires no affection, and therefore, in a religious sense, gives no code, makes no law. Mr. Harrison finds Mr. Spencer's mere hint and ghost of a God useless, and, as a practical man, he ignores it. But (with an apology for the adoption of those capital letters which to Mr. Spencer must be taboo) he offers him an object which can be defined; an object which can, therefore, be believed in; an object which can be worshipped, if you will give to the word worship its old English instead of its modern meaning; an object which can be made an inspirer of conduct. "The final religion of enlightened man is the systematized and scientific form of the spontaneous

* THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW for April.

religion of the natural man. Both rest on the same elements—belief in the Power which controls his life and grateful reverence for the Power so acknowledged. The primitive man thought that Power to be the object of Nature affecting man. The cultured man knows that Power to be Humanity itself controlling and controlled by Nature according to natural laws. The transitional and perpetually changing creed of Theology has been an interlude. Agnosticism has uttered its epilogue. But Agnosticism is no more religion than differentiation or the nebular hypothesis is religion.”*

The issue is thus joined. Mr. Spencer has offered as a foundation for religion the Ultimate Reality which transcends thought, which is the Unknowable, but which we know to be Infinite, Eternal, the Source of all things—“from which all things proceed.” Mr. Harrison for the purposes of religion will have nothing to do with this conception. He rejects it with scorn; and his rejection of it calls forth from Mr. Spencer a remarkably striking bit of self-revelation. In his heart of hearts he believes something more about the Infinite and Eternal Energy than he puts on paper. He believes that by It all things are created and sustained, and if he had not the part of a hard philosopher to play he would so have written. It is hardly too much to declare that Mr. Spencer has given us enough to show that if he “let go the painter,” and uttered a Confession of Faith instead of producing a description of a Scientific Fact, he could use the words which Goethe puts into the mouth of Faust:—

“Him who dare name
And who proclaim,
Him I believe?
Who that can feel,
His heart can steel,
To say: I believe him not?
The All-embracer,
All-sustainer,
Holds and sustains he not
Thee, me, himself?
Lifts not the Heaven its dome above?
Doth not the firm-set earth beneath us lie?
And beaming tenderly with looks of love,
Climb not the everlasting stars on high?
Do I not gaze into thine eyes?
Nature’s impenetrable agencies,
Are they not thronging on thy heart and brain,
Viewless, or visible to mortal ken,
Around thee weaving their mysterious chain?
Fill thence thy heart, how large soe’er it be;
And in the feeling when thou utterest art blest,
Then call it, what thou wilt,—
Call it Bliss! Heart! Love! God!
I have no name for it!
’Tis feeling all;
Name is but sound and smoke
Shrouding the glow of heaven.”†

* “The Nature and Reality of Religion,” p. 47.

† Miss Swanwick’s translation.

Agnosticism is something more than "Don't Knowism" when it reaches to this height; and to this height it has evidently reached in Mr. Spencer's inner mind. Nevertheless, though it went to the highest heights of Deism, it would fail to persuade Mr. Harrison. Such a confession of faith as Goethe puts dramatically in the mouth of the hero of his play, comes aptly, the Comtist apologist would say, from the lips of the seducer, for it contains nothing likely to prevent his crime. Even if Mr. Spencer's confession had gone far beyond the stage of Faust's creed it would be useless. There is no revelation in it for a man who wants a belief which will inspire worship and guide conduct. A revelation for man must come through Humanity. As to what is outside Humanity, it is neither good nor bad. It is *It*, and *It* is unknown. Humanity is known—known to the cultured man as "the Power which controls his life."

Alas! Mr. Spencer is not, in Mr. Harrison's sense, a cultured man. He does not feel grateful reverence to Humanity: rather the contrary; he is very much inclined to say that man "in a loomp is bad," whom instead of worshipping he, as a man amongst men, seeks to make better. His retort upon Mr. Harrison is crushing. He shows that whatever assumptions may have been made as regards the Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed, the creed which gives us an Ideal Humanity formed of the whole human race erects a falsehood to be believed in—sets up the non-existent to be worshipped. In logic Mr. Spencer argues from particulars to particulars; and when he thinks that the universal man is made up of particular men, each fallen short of the glory of perfection, his rejection of the Ideal Humanity as the Unreal Humanity is sweeping. Yet there does remain that question of Religion and Conduct. It is a fact that Mr. Spencer's Infinite and Eternal Energy is of no use to us in a moral sense. It has really nothing to say to us, either by way of warning or reproof, and no word of warning or reproof could come to us from it save in and through Humanity. If Mr. Spencer has destroyed the *Être Suprême* of the Comtists, and we have no choice save between him and Mr. Harrison, we shall go without anything worthy of the name of Religion at all. For "The Data of Ethics" supplies us with nearly everything for conduct except adequate motive.

And here Mr. Matthew Arnold breaks in to make a most interesting diversion. His severe lucidity sees both sides. His first object is to satisfy the scientific accuracy of Mr. Herbert Spencer and to take for granted nothing which cannot be proved. Idealist Pantheist as he really is, steeped to the finger tips in a poetic faith which he cannot sustain by logic, all his pulses throbbing in response to phrases and thoughts which find no echo in the minds of the two combatants between whom metaphorically he steps, he ruthlessly deprives himself

of all that *knowledge* will not yield to him. He does, indeed, give a moral attribute to the Eternal Energy by saying that it "makes for righteousness," but, if pressed, he admits his meaning to be no more than that Nature is natural. His craving for morality—for conduct, which is three-fourths of life—then arises to correspond with Mr. Harrison's craving for a practical religion, and it must be satisfied. Does it find satisfaction in Mr. Frederic Harrison's offer of a credible, worshipful, inspiring Humanity? I cannot help thinking that it is Mr. Matthew Arnold's sense of humour which comes to his aid, and prevents him in this war from being the ally of the Prophet of Newton Hall. He does not publicly laugh at Mr. Harrison; the excuse he alleges for not accepting his form of worship being, when put into plain English, that he is not "used" to Comtism. He has a strong love for tradition, and, as literature, the Prayer Book is dear to him. Positivism has no real literature; for who would give St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans for the "*Philosophie Positive*?" who would surrender Isaiah for the sake of gaining Mr. Frederic Harrison, with all the brilliancy of his rhetoric and the impetuous rush of his argumentative impulsiveness? Yet Mr. Arnold sees the essential point in Mr. Harrison's contention, as he admits the essential rightness of Mr. Spencer's caution against assumptions. He sees that a religion for man must come through Humanity or (to put it in another way), that a religion for Humanity must come through man. With his love for tradition and for literature, his lucidity as regards science, his craving for conduct, and his perception that conduct is hardly to be served by an Infinite and Eternal Energy to which no character can be given, the inner call for the higher life within him forces him back upon the promptings of his own highest nature, and, for the sake of righteousness, he deliberately sets to himself the task of re-establishing the old religion upon a new basis. He is the widest though not the deepest of the trio of philosophers. He tries to get a God; he does his best to establish an Ideal Man to be worshipped. But when his conceptions are analyzed, the God disappears into a stream of tendency, and the Ideal Man becomes a dream. Nevertheless, he will sing psalms to God, and bow the knee at the name of Jesus. Under what impulse, for what cause? To satisfy that spirit within him which longs for whatsoever things are good, whatsoever things are pure and of good report. He positively revels with delight in St. Paul's list of virtues, abhors with loathing the vices in the Pauline catalogues, and in obedience to what the Quakers would call the Inner Light, he produces an apologia of his own invention for Christian worship. Mr. Arnold, if he talked to Mr. Spencer, would not say, "The Spirit within me testifieth that Jesus is the Son of God," but "Within me is a conviction that the life which Jesus

wished men to live is such as floats upon the stream of tendency by which all things fulfil the law of their being." He is not at all disturbed by the thought that it is equally the law of the being of the covetous man to steal, or of the violent man to fight, or (to use Mr. Spencer's triumphant illustration of human weakness) of Conservatives to wear primroses in honour of Lord Beaconsfield, or (to use Mr. Arnold's own illustration) of the French people to worship Lubricity. Mr. Arnold, in the phraseology of the old school, has "seen Jesus," and though there is no Incarnation, though "miracles do not happen," though there was no Resurrection, yet the vision of pureness, self-control, sacrifice, righteousness, of the dying to re-live in the Eternal Order in the Christian Story, satisfies him as to what is the right law of Nature and Humanity. He goes to church at Christmas and says the Collect which speaks of the only begotten Son who takes our nature upon Him, and is born of a pure Virgin—though there was no taking of our nature and no Virgin; on Easter Sunday he addresses God as having through Jesus Christ overcome death and opened the gates of everlasting life—though death is evermore triumphant and there is no more future than Mr. Harrison believes in; and having indulged in these fantasies, he beseeches us all to imitate his example. Then we shall hold festival of the virtues which Jesus in the story exemplified, and so, by a process of self-delusion, help ourselves to exemplify them. George Eliot, gaining strength to translate Strauss's destructive chapter on the Death of Christ by continually gazing at a crucifix upon her writing-table, adopted a method which many thought extraordinary; but Mr. Matthew Arnold would make it the ordinary method of the daily life of all true-hearted, clear-seeing men. His "lucidity" has led him to meet Mr. Herbert Spencer, and to adopt the main proposition of Mr. Harrison; but while his desire for conduct has fixed upon him the inadequacy of Mr. Spencer's theory to keep men righteous—while his sense of humour has saved him from Mr. Harrison's impossible liturgies, whether they become as extravagant as in Dr. Congreve's ritual or not—he seems to have fallen at last into preaching what Mr. Spencer would detest, and Mr. Harrison reject—the gospel of a salvation to be wrought by constant acts of conscious insincerity.

To sum up, Mr. Spencer gives us the hint of a God discovered by Science, but no adequate religion; Mr. Harrison the hint of a religion found in and derived from Humanity, but no worshipful God; and Mr. Matthew Arnold has added to Mr. Spencer's hint of a God found in Nature, and Mr. Harrison's hint of a religion found in Humanity, a worship based upon fable and fiction, with which he asks us, self-deluded, to beguile ourselves, that we may feed the spirit within us, which needs the satisfaction of a true life.

All this is so manifestly ineffectual, so deficient, or so fantastic and illusory, that an inquiry naturally arises as to the reason for the threefold failure. What is it sets these thinkers and inquirers upon separate lines, when their palpable object is the same? What is it keeps them apart? It is no Hibernicism to say that they are divided by their one distinct point of agreement. They are all deeply committed to a horror of Anthropomorphism. To Mr. Spencer an attribution to the Eternal of anything like that which we know in ourselves is the one fallacy of all others. He declares with emphatic reasoning that even the higher Anthropomorphism, for which we pleaded a little toleration, must be dropped. Mr. Harrison is more rigidly exclusive still, and will not permit the word "proceed" to be used of the workings of the Great Unknown which he refuses to worship; and Mr. Matthew Arnold has warned us against the "magnified and non-natural man" until his disciples are afraid of the least shadow of Humanity in their conception of the Deity. Now, what I want to insist upon is, that this prohibition, though it is no more than a prohibition upon language, is a prohibition upon the only language which would ever reconcile what is essential and true in the consideration of each of our philosophers. If I am not to apply to the workings of the Infinite and Eternal Energy such words as I apply to the acts of a man, no language about It is possible at all. Mr. Spencer, seeing the Creator and Sustainer of all life in the exterior world, coming to Mr. Harrison, to whom the highest he can conceive is Humanity, or to Mr. Arnold, whose inner spirit thirsts for a righteousness which will bring Man into subordination to Nature, has no coins or counters with which to make the needed exchange of his discovery for the fruits of their contemplation. Nature, Humanity, the spirit of man, must ever remain apart. The instinct of worship to which Mr. Harrison appeals, the passion for righteousness to which Mr. Arnold appeals, can never really meet in such a communion as is necessary before the Infinite and Eternal Energy which Mr. Spencer proffers as the foundation for religion can be made of religious use. And here is the extraordinary thing: those who would describe the apprehension they have of the greatest Reality of all, think that they are doing themselves a service by the cautious adoption of language not derived from the highest they know, but from that which is accepted as the lower form of existence, that which is neuter and lifeless. To speak of "Him" is wickedness; to speak of "It," or, better still, "it," is to be scientific. For this reason Mr. Spencer, having his consciousness of God, can make no religious use of his conception; for this reason Mr. Harrison discards God and tries to worship the highest he can write and speak about, which is Humanity; for this reason Mr. Arnold vexes himself with the solemn use of fable, that he may

save men from the moral consequences of the loss of God. God in Nature, God in man, God in the soul—the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit—are, so to speak, eternally separated, and we are forbidden to use the only language whereby they can be regarded as One.

It may not be scientific, it may not be philosophical: it may be called Faith, and Faith may be regarded as assumption: but when Mr. Spencer tells me that "the power which manifests itself in consciousness is but a differently conditioned form of the power which manifests itself beyond consciousness," then I recognize that what to me is the highest of all known forms, Humanity itself, presents that unknown or unknowable Reality to defy the dissector as the Ultimate Reality in external Nature does the analyst. Proceeding to greater lengths, I say that I am justified in believing that the spirit within is a revelation of the spirit without, that they are "differently conditioned forms of the same power." If, then, so far as we *can* go, we find one Power working in Humanity and in Nature—and Humanity is the highest manifestation to our minds of Nature—we ought not only not to be prohibited from describing that Power with anthropomorphic symbolism, but anthropomorphic symbolism is the only language which we can employ. It is symbolism, no doubt. Consciousness in man, says Mr. Spencer, is a succession of states; to say that the Absolute has a succession of states is to be contradictory. Yet I should assert, as a statement controlling the whole controversy, that the Infinite and Eternal Energy, from which all things proceed, becomes consciousness in us; and that if it is consciousness in us, then consciousness may be predicated of it. That we cannot conceive of infinitude and eternity is no reason why we should refuse to set the Infinite Eternal before us in the only way which will enable us to understand the relations of a man as a part of Humanity and a man as a spiritual animal to the Nature of which he forms a part. For it must be remarked that each of our trio of philosophers brings his own sheaf with him in this controversy to establish something as to the nature of man. Mr. Spencer wants no liturgy and argues that the Deity can dispense with praise—though if the praise of God be for the good of man, surely the Deity would demand praise—but he, too, stands in awe before his conception of the Infinite and Eternal Energy; he, too, predicts a long continuance of the religious instincts of men. So strong are those instincts that Mr. Harrison must needs make an abstraction of Humanity to satisfy them. So strong are those instincts that Mr. Matthew Arnold insists upon the insincere use of the old forms lest their abandonment should cause moral disaster. In the very nature of Man is this desire for worship, this awe before the Inscrutable, this setting up of Humanity as its religious symbol, this attempt to find in form the preservative of righteousness.

What is then the conclusion? I am approaching this subject from only one side, and it is many-sided. I am approaching it solely from the side of Agnostic Pantheism; and I make bold to aver that if the unknown or unknowable Power within man and the unknown or unknowable Power without are the same, then the higher a man is, according to our conception of what is highest, the more he can teach us and represent to us of the Infinite and Eternal; and that if there has been such a thing as a Perfect Man, the highest thing we can know, he must become the absolute representative of that Unknown or Unknowable which is the Power working in us and in the world. If we had the Highest Man, at once the Ideal of the Race, and its interpretation of itself to itself, he would be the final interpreter of the moral workings of the Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed, "by which all things are created and sustained." By what methods are we to find that Highest Man? By Mr. Matthew Arnold's method—by the Spirit within us, still one with the Spirit without us, differently conditioned forms of the same energy, enabling us to recognize the absolute good. If such a man has been and can be recognized, then Mr. Harrison needs no longer a religion of abstractions, and Mr. Arnold, if he will drop his horror of Anthropomorphism, may have a worship without insincerity, either in essence or form. We can speak of the Father; of Love as being in God; of the Will of God; of the strivings of the Spirit; and we shall speak with rightful assurance. We shall then think, and write, and speak with more profit than if we talk of *It*, or try to pretend an unfelt gratitude to a Humanity which neither created nor sustains, a Humanity which is largely deserving, not of gratitude, but of censure. The Perfect Man once found to reveal the Infinite and Eternal Energy to us, we may learn from him enough about the Spirit of the Universe to believe that He can speak to us, even by miracle.

S. ROWE BENNETT.

PESSIMISM ON THE STAGE.

HAMLET.

FROM Schlegel's Commentaries to Professor Dowden's, J. Feis's, and George Macdonald's recent studies, what multitudes of explanations and analyses have been given of the tragedy of "Hamlet"! It has been said that a fresh one is published almost yearly. I hope, therefore, I shall not be considered presumptuous in attempting a little sketch in which I shall endeavour to explain Hamlet's character from a sociological standpoint. I know this will be by no means an easy task; I recollect reading in a book of Mr. Frank Marshall's, who had devoted fourteen years to the study of "Hamlet," that he had found out how little he knew about it.

I was studying "Hamlet" at the time of the "Coup d'Etat" of 1852. This event dismayed me. Before the year 1848 I looked forward with confidence to a general disarmament, to peaceful progress, and to the coming triumph of liberty in the world; and, a little later, when Lamartine addressed words of affection and friendship, in the name of Republican France, to all other nations, he seemed to me to be realizing the Utopia of poets and prophets. A new era was commencing; as Beranger writes:—

"La paix descendait sur la terre
Semant de l'or, des fleurs et des épis ;"

and the swords would be turned into ploughshares. Democracy would become established without violence or bloodshed, as the result of a regular and apparently irresistible movement. The sovereignty of the people seemed to be assured, and St. Simon's programme of the moral, intellectual, and material amelioration of the masses appeared likely to be set on foot. But alas! these bright dreams were visionary! The days of June partly marred their

splendour, and soon afterwards, on a dark winter's night, an adventurer, armed only with the power borrowed from the memory of an odious despot, drives out the people's representatives, shoots those who resist, stifles liberty, and reinstates absolute and autocratic government. This unexpected triumph of evil was a great blow to me, and a cause of deep anguish.

I could not help questioning whether justice was to be found at all in the world. I said to myself: A perverse man rules supreme. The just and the true friends of the people and of liberty are exiled and imprisoned. How can God permit such violation of His equitable laws?

In reading "Hamlet" I found the expression of similar sentiments. It seemed to me that his mind was troubled by sight of the triumph of evil over good, by the distressing enigma ever meeting us in human societies where, as in Nature, happiness is not reserved to the deserving, and trouble to sinners. I found Louis Napoleon marching to the Tuileries, through the pools of blood of December, in Hamlet's imprecation, when speaking to his mother of his father's assassin, her husband, he says:—

"A murderer and a villain,
A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe
Of your precedent lord; a vice of kings;
A cutpurse of the Empire and the Rule,
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket!"—Act iii. sc. 4.

Under the empire of these feelings of indignation and despair I thought I attained a better conception of Shakespeare's drama.

Hamlet is an accomplished prince, to whom all the pleasures of life are apparently reserved. He is young and handsome, and a throne awaits him. He is a philosopher and a poet, and well versed in sword-craft. He has studied at the Wittenberg University, and his thoughtful and reflective mind penetrates to the depths of the great problem of human life. As becomes his age, the young philosopher loves a maiden whose charm and whose very name are poetry personified. As Ophelia says, he has a noble mind:—

"The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword:
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
The observ'd of all observers."—Act iii. sc. 1.

When the ghost of his father appears to him and reveals the abominable crime committed by his uncle, his mother's husband, the usurper of the throne, the spectacle of triumphant and unpunished crime so overwhelms him that his mental faculties are in danger. Suffering not only affects Hamlet, like most men, in his sentiments,

but it completely upsets his metaphysical theories, and attacks his reason.

“Yea, from the table of my memory
I’ll wipe away all trivial fond records ;
All saws of books, all forms, all pleasures past,
That youth and observation copied there ;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmixed with baser matter ; yes, by heaven !
Oh ! most pernicious woman !
Oh, villain, villain, smiling, damned villain !
My tables, meet it is I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain ;
At least I’m sure it may be so in Denmark.”—Act i. sc. 5.

Crime smiling and remorseless—this is what disturbs and confuses all his notions of justice. Agony, doubt, and despair take hold on Hamlet, and he is haunted by the idea of suicide. His faith in the universal order of things is attacked more severely than his love for his father. Henceforth, buried in the bitterest reflections, he must commence a fresh existence. Good-by, dear studies ; good-by, pleasure ; good-by, love ; good-by, Ophelia. He bursts all the bands which bind him to life, and buries himself completely in his one dominant thought ; and how admirably Shakespeare describes the effect of this on the young prince :—

“*Ophelia*.—My lord, as I was sewing in my chamber,
Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbrac’d ;
No hat upon his head ; his stockings foul’d,
Ungarter’d, and down-gyred to his ankle ;
Pale as his shirt ; his knees knocking each other ;
And with a look so piteous in purport
As if he had been loos’d out of hell
To speak of horrors,—he comes before me.

* * * *

He took me by the wrist, and held me hard ;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm ;
And with his other hand thus o’er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face
As he would draw it. Long stay’d he so ;
At last,—a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,
He rais’d a sigh so piteous and profound,
That it did seem to shelter all his bulk,
And end his being.”—Act ii. sc. 1.

He very soon reaches a despairing state of pessimism. In his sight the most beautiful aspects of Nature are darkened by evil. All is going wrong :—

“I have of late lost all my mirth, foregone all custom of exercises ; and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory ; this most excellent canopy, the air,

look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof, fretted with golden fire,—why it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilential congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? Man delights not me; no, nor woman either.”—
Act ii. sc. 2.

One of the most eloquent singers of modern pessimism, Madame Ackermann, designates man as “that summary of all miseries,” and uses terms so bitter that Hamlet would not have disowned them. The poetess thus addresses Nature:—

“Oui, je souffre, et c'est toi, Mère, qui m'extermines,
Tantôt frappant mes flancs, tantôt blessant mon cœur.
Mon être tout entier, par toutes ses racines,
Plonge sans fond dans la douleur.
J'offre sous la ciel un lugubre spectacle,
Ne naissant, ne vivant, que pour agoniser.
L'abîme s'ouvre ici, là se dresse l'obstacle;
Ou m'engloutir, ou me briser.
Mais jusque sous le coup du desastre suprême,
Moi, l'homme, je t'accuse à la face des cieux.
Créatrice, en plein front reçois donc l'anathème
De cet atôme audacieux.
* * *
Qu'envahissant les cieux, l'immobilité morne
Sous un voile funèbre éteigne tout flambeau,
Puisque d'un univers magnifique et sans borne
Tu n'as su faire qu'un tombeau.”

In Leopardi we find the same state of absolute and complete despair, but there it is resigned and without revolt. In Hamlet's case it is more thrilling from the fact of its being more human, more life-like, more varied in its expression.

It has always been a subject of astonishment that Hamlet was so long before avenging the death of his father. The reason for this is apparent. The creed of the philosopher, who believed in the triumph of the good and the punishment of the wicked, has received a more severe shock than the filial affection of the son. These general thoughts and reflections trouble him and weigh on his mind far more than the mere personal desire for revenge. Will the death of the murderer re-establish an order of justice in society? “The world's a goodly prison, in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons, Denmark being one of the worst” (act ii. sc. 2). “To be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand” (act ii. sc. 2). “How very stale, flat, and unprofitable seem to me all the uses of this world” (act i. sc. 2). “Oh, cursed spite, that ever I was born to set it right” (act i. sc. 5). “For in the fatness of these pury times, virtue itself of vice must pardon

beg" (act iii. sc. 4). Does not this last quotation resume the whole moral situation under the Second Empire in France? How well Hamlet paints the perversity which has invaded everything when he says to Ophelia, "If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry,—be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny." "To a nunnery, and quickly too." "What should such fellows as I do, crawling between heaven and earth? We are arrant knaves all, believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery." "Why shouldst thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my mother had not borne me" (act iii. sc. 1).

Here Shakespeare expresses exactly the sentiments of the early Christians, of the millennarians, and of the ascetic school. The corruptions of the world by which they were surrounded filled them with horror. They longed for the kingdom of God, for justice to reign universally, and for the perfect happiness of the faithful; but how is this to be established? By the end of the world—that is to say, by a cosmic revolution, when fire from heaven is to descend and purify all things. As these eschatological hopes failed to be realized, and the world continued as perverted as heretofore, but one course was left open to those persons who longed for purity and holiness, to flee to the desert and cry out with Hamlet, "To a nunnery, to a nunnery." This was the feeling which peopled the Thebaides in the first centuries after Christ, and later on, the convents and monasteries, especially as the year 1,000 approached, which was considered to be the date of the long-expected end of the world.

The nothingness of human life was the dominant idea of Middle-age Christian asceticism. The art of this period often depicted the horrible realities of death and the grave, in the most striking and powerful manner; for instance, the death's head in the Church of Santa Maria del Popolo, on the Piazza del Popolo at Rome, says to the living: *Hodie mihi cras tibi*. At the Campo Santo at Pisa, Orcagna's frescos show us brilliant cavalcades of ladies and gentlemen, whose horses suddenly stop, startled at the sight of putrefying corpses! Hamlet's dark thoughts call up similar imageries:—

"The King.—Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

Hamlet.—At supper.

King.—At supper! Where?

Hamlet.—Not where he eats, but where he is eaten. A certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we eat all creatures else to eat us, and we eat ourselves for maggots: your fat king and your lean beggar is but variable service—two dishes, but to one table: that's the end."—Act iv. sc. 3.

Longfellow's "Grave," from the Anglo-Saxon, dwells on the same morbid idea:—

“Doorless is that house,
And dark it is within ;
There thou art fast detained,
And Death has the key.
Loathsome is that earth-house,
And grim within to dwell.
There thou shalt dwell,
And worms shall divide thee.”

At the cemetery, Hamlet is interested in handling the skulls dug up by the grave-diggers and in indulging in reflections as to the persons to whom they belonged—“Alas! poor Yorick;” and, addressing the skull of a courtier, he says—“This might be my lord such-a-one and now my lady worms” (act v. sc. 1). In what admirable language he depicts the nothingness of man: “Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander till he find it stopping a bung-hole?”

“Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:
Oh that the earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the winter’s flaw!”—Act v. sc. 1.

In Holy Writ, Ecclesiastes offers another type of pessimism. He also bears witness that this world is given up to evil; but, instead of despairing about it until his mind wanders, he draws the conclusion that he had best take life as it is and rejoice, while it lasts, as there is no to-morrow. “There is a vanity which is done upon the earth; that there be just men, unto whom it happeneth according to the work of the wicked; again, there be wicked men, to whom it happeneth according to the work of the righteous. I said that this also is vanity. Then I commended mirth, because a man hath no better thing under the sun than to eat, and to drink, and to be merry” (Ecclesiastes viii. 14, 15). Hamlet, also, is in a state of despair, but he would disdain to take refuge in epicurism, which he considers degrading: “What is a man, if his chief good and market of his time be but to sleep and feed? A beast; no more” (act iv. sc. 5).

Occasionally he reproaches himself for not having revenged the death of his father. This thought takes possession of him when he sees the army of Fortinbras marching to battle and death, without motive, while he does not act, though he have “cause, and will, and strength, and means, to do’t” (act iv. sc. 5). But his horror of iniquity, his disgust of the world tempt him rather to suicide than to ideas of vengeance. His pessimism and his despair might be called impersonal:—

“Oh that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew!
Or, that the Everlasting had not fix’d
His canon ’gainst self-slaughter.”—Act i. sc. 2.

And again after his interview with Polonius:—

Polonius. My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

Hamlet. You cannot, sir, take from me anything that I will more willingly part withal—except my life, except my life, except my life.”—Act ii. sc. 2.

Thus, almost decided to have done with life, hanging, as it were, at the verge of the abyss, he pronounces the famous monologue, “To be, or not to be,” so full of bitter meaning and pessimist views:—

“By a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish’d.
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor’s wrong, the proud man’s contumely,
The pangs of despis’d love, the law’s delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover’d country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of.”—Act iii. sc. 1.

It has been questioned whether Hamlet had really lost his reason, or whether he acted madness to be able the better to prepare his vengeance. Neither of these suppositions is correct, in my opinion. The words of the king, his uncle, are, I think, a true indication as to the state of mind of the disconsolate philosopher:—

“What he spake, though it lack’d form a little,
Was not like madness. There’s something in his soul
O’er which his melancholy sits on brood.”—Act iii. sc. 2.

This problem which so disturbs Hamlet’s reason is none other than the one which troubled Job. How is it, if God be just, that the wicked triumph, while the righteous suffer? As Renan explains, the old-world theory that each one here below is treated according to his merits was all very well in patriarchal times, when nobility, virtue, and riches went generally hand-in-hand. In the extreme simplicity of a wandering existence, the only really miserable ones were those who deserved such a lot, by refusing to work or otherwise grossly misconducting themselves! But as soon as the Shemites became acquainted with the resources of trade and commerce, the accumulation of capital, and the monopolization of the soil, the whole state of

society became completely transformed. Scoundrels and villains lived in comfort and plenty, tyrants were rewarded, and brigands borne with honours to the grave, while the deserving were but too often despoiled and reduced to beg their bread. Job, the primitive wanderer, faithful to the customs of his fathers, complained bitterly of this cruel injustice introduced by a complicated civilization, of which he could understand neither the aim nor the extent. "The cry of the poor, hitherto unknown—for the poor existed only in the inferior races, scarcely worthy of the name of men—began to make itself heard, and spoke in accents full of passion and eloquence." The sight of the existing social iniquities, of men's miseries, of that inexplicable injustice of death which strikes indiscriminately the just and the unjust; in a word, the spectacle of society and of Nature as they are, filled Job with despair. Like Hamlet, life and the world were most distasteful to him. "If I justify myself, mine own mouth shall condemn me, I would despise my life. There is one thing, therefore, I said it, He destroyeth the perfect and the wicked. The earth is given into the hand of the wicked" (Job ix. 20, 21, 22, 24). "My soul is weary of my life" (x. 7). "Wherefore do the wicked live, become old, yea, are mighty in power? How oft is the candle of the wicked put out! and how oft cometh their destruction upon them!" (Job xxi. 7, 17, 18). For the Christian, the solution of this agonizing enigma is to be found in the life to come, when all will be as it should be, and when each will receive reward or punishment according to his deserts, but the primitive Shemite possessed but a very vague idea of any such future existence; we read, therefore, that amends are made to Job in this world; that he again becomes rich and powerful, and lives in peace and comfort to a good old age. "After this lived Job an hundred and forty years, and saw his sons, and his sons' sons, even four generations" (Job xlii. 16).

In Shakespeare, on the contrary, Hamlet and Ophelia die as miserably as the King and Queen. Implacable destiny smites alike the innocent and the guilty, and our feelings of justice are unsatisfied.

The debate between pessimism and optimism, so eloquently commenced by Job, and continued in Greece, between Heraclitus and Democritus, is again reopened by Voltaire and Rousseau, in two celebrated writings, which are well worth perusal. Voltaire, deeply moved by the terrible disasters resulting from the earthquake of Lisbon in 1755, writes some verses which are a sort of indictment of Nature and Providence, showing how wretched is man's condition.—

"Éléments, animaux, humains, tout est en guerre;
Il le faut avouer, le mal est sur la terre."

And of man he says :

"Il rampe, il souffre, il meurt; tout ce qui naît expire.
De la destruction la nature est l'empire."

"Ainsi du monde entier tous les membres gémissent ;
 Nés tous pour les tourments, l'un par l'autre ils périssent ;
 Et vous composerez, dans ce chaos fatal,
 Des malheurs de chaque être un bonheur général !
 Leibnitz ne m'apprend point par quels nœuds invisibles,
 Dans le mieux ordonné des univers possibles,
 Un désordre éternel, un chaos de malheurs,
 Mêlé à nos vains plaisirs de réelles douleurs,
 Ni pourquoi l'innocent, ainsi que le coupable,
 Subit également ce mal inévitable.
 Je ne conçois pas plus comment tout serait bien :
 Je suis comme un docteur ; hélas ! je ne sais rien."

Voltaire further illustrates the same idea in his well-known novel, "Candide."

On August 17, 1756, Rousseau replied to Voltaire justifying optimism. His letter is a little vague and declamatory ; but it contains an excellent maxim and a touching passage which I will quote. The maxim is borrowed from Cato, and is as follows: *Nec me vixisse pœnitet, quoniam ita vixi ut frustra me natum non existem*—"I do not regret to have lived, because I have so lived as to be persuaded that my life has not been in vain." The passage is as follows:—

"Rassasié de gloire et désabusé des vaines grandeurs, vous vivez libre au sein de l'abondance ; bien sûr de votre immortalité, vous philosophez paisiblement sur la nature de l'âme et si le corps ou le cœur souffre. Vous avez Tronchin pour medecin et pour ami. Vous ne trouvez pourtant que mal sur la terre. Et moi, homme obscur, pauvre et tourmenté d'un mal sans remède, je médite avec plaisir dans ma retraite et trouve que tout est bien. D'où viennent ces contradictions apparentes ? Vous l'avez vous-même expliqué : vous jouissez, moi, j'espère et l'espérance embellit tout."

In order firmly to become convinced that Shakespeare intended to paint in Hamlet a man in despair about the iniquities of the world, and not merely a son avenging the death of his father, one need but study in ancient drama a precisely similar subject, but where mere vengeance is depicted as it was understood in primitive ages. Egisthus has killed Agamemnon with the assistance of Clytemnestra, whom he has married. They are reigning in Argos, happy and powerful, like the King and Gertrude in Denmark, when Orestes is urged by the oracle of Apollo to avenge the death of his father. This drama has been treated by the three great tragic writers. In Æschylus and Sophocles the thirst for revenge stifles every other feeling ; in Euripides, pity has a voice also in the heart of the avenger. In Æschylus, Orestes, after having slain Egisthus, advances towards his mother, and, addressing Pylades, says:—

"Dare I to shrink and spare ? Speak, Pylades.
 Pylad. Where then would fall the heat at Delphi, given yet unfulfilled ?

Where then thine oath sworn true?
 Choose thou the hate of all men, not of gods.
Orest. Thou dost prevail; I hold thy counsel good. (*To Clytemnestra.*)
 Follow; I will slay thee at his side,
 With him whom in his life thou loved'st more
 Than Agamemnon. Sleep the sleep of death,
 Be that thy doom,
 For hate when love, and love where hate was due!"

Clytemnestra implores his clemency, but he is inflexible, and exclaims, as he drives her out before him—

"My father's fate ordains this doom for thee."

In Sophocles' "*Electra*" the vengeance is no less summary, but at least we do not see on the stage a mother slain by her own son, in spite of her prayers and supplications. *Electra* shows forth, with even more savage energy than *Orestes*, that it was the general opinion in ancient Greece that to slay the guilty is a sacred duty. *Electra*, like *Judith*, is the instrument of justice, and this is why the Greeks admire her when she is planning her mother's assassination. "Let us perish if needs be," she says to her sister, "but we will avenge our father's death." As at the present day, in Corsica, or among the Albanians, vengeance was considered in the time of Sophocles as the most glorious of duties. The words of the chorus in "*Electra*" are—

"Justice straight shall come,
 Thy sovereign seer, by whom I see,
 Crowned with the might of a righteous deed—
 Shall come, my child, and make no tarrying;
 So is my heart grown strong
 Since this fair dream made
 Music in mine ears."

Electra is ready to die, when she has assured her vengeance; she says to her sister—

"Bethink thee too what honourable report
 For thee and me, consenting thou shalt win,
 Who countryman or stranger seeing us,
 Shall not with such like praises honour us:
 'Behold ye these two sisters, O my friends,
 Who wrought deliverance for their father's home,
 Who against foes firm-planted in their pride
 Drew swords the foremost, sparing not their lives:
 These ye should love, these twain should all revere:
 Yea, in all feasts and high solemnities
 These women, brave as men, let all men praise.'"

* * * *

Thus speaks a daughter "worthy of her noble blood."

In Sophocles, Orestes hesitates no more than in Æschylus' "Choephores." He enters the palace for the purpose of killing his mother, and on his passage bows to the tutelary deities who guard the entrance. As he smites Clytemnestra, Electra calls out, "Strike harder still." Her conduct reminds one of Charlotte Corday; she might also be called "l'ange de l'assassinat," as says Lamartine.

In Euripides, as in Hamlet, two feelings struggle for the mastery: the thirst for vengeance is fought against by filial affection. One feels that a fresh phase of civilization is entered upon. New sentiments have sprung into life. Æschylus' Orestes represents man in barbarous ages, dominated by one single thought. There is no inward conflict whatever; he hurries on to action, unhesitatingly and without any deliberation. Professor Lombroso, in his curious work entitled "L'Uomo delinquente," explains that criminals by instinct and nature act in the same way, and they are wholly different from those who may be called "chance" criminals. The first may be likened to the tiger killing its prey, without the smallest spark of pity or remorse, whereas the moral and cultivated man is agitated by conflicting feelings. His passions and instincts are frequently at variance with his principles and belief. His heart, in which the brute survives, would often lead him to commit acts which his ideas of duty forbid. When about to act, he feels himself urged to continue and at the same time to draw back—there is a struggle. Here, then, the scene changes, and the strife is no longer, as at Æschylus' time, depicted as abroad in the world, against tangible obstacles, men or things, but it is transferred to the hearts and minds of individuals. This difference is very clearly perceptible in the "Electra" of Euripides. In Æschylus and Sophocles Orestes kills his mother unhesitatingly. In Euripides he endeavours to escape from the performance of a duty which horrifies him. He even goes so far as to doubt the word of the oracle who commanded him to accomplish the vengeance. Clytemnestra appears on her chariot, in all the pomp of royalty, surrounded by her Trojan slaves. Electra and Orestes are lying in wait to destroy her:—

Orest. What shall we do? Our mother shall we kill?

Elect. On seeing her, hath pity seiz'd thy heart?

Orest. She bore me, bred me. Her how shall I slay?

Elect. As she thy noble father slew and mine.

Orest. Oh, Phœbus, wild and rash the charge thou gav'st!

Elect. Who then are sage, if Phœbus be unwise?

Orest. The charge to kill my mother: impious deed!

Elect. What guilt were thine t' avenge thy father's death?

Orest. Now pure, my mother's murderer I should fly.

Elect. Will vengeance for thy father be a crime?

Orest. But I shall suffer for my mother's blood.

Elect. To whom thy father's vengeance then assign?

Orest. Like to the god, perchance, some demon spoke.

Elect. What, from the sacred tripod! Vain surmise.
Orest. Ne'er can my reason deem this answer just.
Elect. Sink not, unmann'd, to weak and timorous thoughts.
Orest. For her, then, shall I spread the fatal net?
Elect. In which her husband caught by thee was slain.
Orest. The house I enter. Dreadful the intent:
 Dreadful shall be my deeds. If such your will,
 Ye heavenly Powers, so let it be; to me
 A bitter, yet a pleasing task assign'd."

In Euripides, Orestes hesitates an instant, but ends by killing his mother; in Shakespeare, Hamlet, who has also a father's death to revenge, shudders at the idea of parricide, and finishes even by forgiving:—

"Soft! now to my mother.
 Oh! heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever
 The soul of hero enter this firm bosom;
 Let me be cruel, not unnatural;
 I will speak daggers to her, but
 Use none."—Act iii. sc. 2.

He then reminds her of her crime, with so much violence that the guilty woman is overcome at the thought of her sin and asks her son's pardon. At this moment the ghost of the murdered monarch appears, not, as Agamemnon in the tragedy of Æschylus, to urge the son to slay his mother; on the contrary, to plead for her; he says to his son, "Oh step between her and her fighting soul" (act iii. sc. 4). Hamlet obeys this injunction and at once urges his mother to repent, asks pardon of her for his bitter reproaches, and concludes by these words, in which the merciful spirit of modern days is admirably reflected:—

"Once more, good night:
 And when you are desirous to be blessed,
 I'll blessing beg of you!"—Act iii. sc. 4.

"What delicacy is here expressed! What depth of filial feeling! What confidence in the power of repentance to change the heart! What a contrast with the bloodthirsty cry of Electra, in Sophocles, "Strike yet again, double your blows!" The spirit of heroic times was a spirit of violence and vengeance, and the key-note of antique drama was terror. The spirit of modern times is the Christian spirit, which is made up of tenderness and pardon. The divine words, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do," were not pronounced in vain. The spirit of the Gospel has penetrated our civilization even to our theatre, and places our stage far above that of antique times, where primitive ferocity and barbarity held their sway.

Hamlet is essentially misanthropic ; he says " man delights not me, no, nor woman neither ; " but how different from the " Misanthrope " depicted by Molière ! The latter is chafed by mere social conventions, by insincere protestations of friendship, by exaggerations of politeness, by false praises, by women's coquetry, and men's deceit—in a word, by the whole routine and method of society ; whereas Hamlet's thorough disappointment in all things strikes deeper ; he sees the bitter realities of human life, and himself feels the touch of treason and crime ; he realizes the nothingness of all things, and the absence of all justice here below. To the famous question, Is life worth living ? he replies with the most bitter conviction, No, a thousand times, no. After receiving his death-wound he says to Horatio :—

" If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world
Draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story."—Act v. sc. 2.

Molière's " Misanthrope " is a comedy, but Shakespeare is drama in its darkest and most distressing form. The harshness and bitterness of human destiny have never been more eloquently depicted.

As a rule, tragedies merely represent the passions of the human heart, such as love, ambition, revenge, or, at most, some elevated sentiment, such as love of country or of liberty, as in William Tell and in Brutus. In " Faust," Goethe attempted a philosophical drama, but he imperfectly combined the philosophy with the tragic action of the play. The abstract and metaphysical part is faintly outlined, and does not touch our feelings. Marguerite, her love, her misfortune, and remorse, alone move us. Goethe simply added an academical thesis to the human drama, but the former does not sufficiently penetrate his work to produce the desired effect. In " Hamlet," on the contrary, the hard problem of the justice, or rather of the injustice which universally prevails, and the prosperity of evil-doers, is the key to the whole play. This question occupies entirely the heart, thoughts, and imagination of the hero ; it rules all his conduct, and inspires words and reflections which illuminate it to its depths. We understand that the very soul of Shakespeare was in his subject, which must have profoundly moved and afflicted him. Like Brutus, in despair about the cause of liberty and the republic, addressing the phantom which appeared to him on the eve of the battle of Philippi, he also must have asked " What is justice ? "

But let us sum up our preceding conclusions. The sight of this world, where the wicked triumph and the just suffer and perish, is a distressing enigma. The evolutionist argues that this is the price of progress, that if the wicked are the more robust, it is right that they

should get the upper hand, for, in perpetuating the race by natural selection, their progeniture would steadily increase in strength at each succeeding generation, and thus these apparent iniquities would be justified, as Spencer says, by the imposing spectacle of the universal and general transformation and perfecting of the human race; hitherto, however, this theory, which would culminate in the worship of might has not found acceptance in men's consciences. On the contrary, it has been most strenuously opposed. Conscience, indeed, protests strongly against such injustice becoming general; at times it consoles itself, as in the Christian's case, with the hope of a better world; at times, it is sunk in despair, as with the pessimist; or again, like the millennarian of old or the nihilist of to-day, it curses all things and sighs for the destruction of a social order, which is irremediably delivered over to all that is evil. This ceaseless and varied protest against injustice forms the grandest side of humanity. It is the root of every reform operated, and of all progress accomplished. Without this the nations of the world would still be ground down beneath the yoke of the accomplished fact; they would be without an ideal. Men would have ceased to comprehend one of the finest of antique dicta, *Victrix causa Diis placuit, sed victa Catoni*, and would incessantly repeat, as every logical Positivist cannot fail to do, "might is right."

Job is indignant at the sight of the triumph of sin, and his eloquent voice is raised in protestation against even God himself, but, in accordance with the primitive ideas of ancient Israel, he, the just man, is ultimately reinstated and rewarded here below. Hamlet's despair is more absolute and hopeless than Job's; it makes his mind wander, tempts him even to suicide, completely shatters his will, and, reduced to this condition, he forgets his ideas of vengeance. He bewails the loss of justice rather than of his father. He completely abandons himself to a pessimism darker than Schopenhauer's, for he does not resign himself to evil as to a natural and necessary law. Crime so appals and horrifies him, that he would fain take refuge from it in death, if he only felt sure that it would be the "end of this long calamity called life," utter destruction and oblivion. This, I think, constitutes the profound morality of Shakespeare's drama. What can be more strengthening and edifying than to oppose and cry down injustice? What more demoralizing than tacitly to accept it? When certain laws which are only suitable to natural science are borrowed from biology and applied to social relations, men's moral senses must inevitably become deadened, and the thirst for perfection be destroyed. Generations educated in this school would never effect such revolutions as those of the sixteenth century, or of 1789. They would be perfectly ready to submit to every tyranny, considering it as a decree of Nature!

EMILE DE LAVELEYE.

WHAT CAN HISTORY TEACH US?

GRIMSTON. Proof-sheets again, I see. "Chapters in European History." Of making many books there is no end. And, I suppose, as long as the public will buy, authors will write. But, of all subjects that can occupy the mind of man, this of human history seems to me to be one of the vainest. You remember Goethe's saying: "The history of the world in the eyes of the thinker is nothing but a tissue of absurdities, a mass of madness and wickedness, nothing can be made of it."

LUXMOORE. I yield to no one in admiration of Goethe's greatness. But it had its limits. His judgments are sometimes narrow, as this seems to me to be. His methodic spirit was not at home in history. I recognize the madness and the wickedness in the annals of the world as fully as any one can. But I certainly think that some further facts may be drawn from them. Here comes our friend Temperley. I wonder what he would have to say about it?

TEMPERLEY. About what? You know I am one of Shakespeare's "dumb wise men."

GRIMSTON. *Seul le silence est grand.* But your Grandeur must know that Luxmoore has written a book of history, and I am telling him, upon the authority of Goethe, that it is but lost labour.

LUXMOORE. The truth is, our too candid friend and I are both blessed—cursed, he would say—with the taste for great questions. And what a great question is that of the moral significance of history.

TEMPERLEY. Well, I should like to hear very much what you and Grimston have to say about it. I am an excellent listener, as you know; and, having no opinions in particular of my own on the subject, I can promise benevolent neutrality to both of you. You meet on

the common ground that history discloses a vast number of facts about the past career of humanity. The point at issue is, I suppose, Can we learn anything from those facts regarding the great enigma of human existence? or can they even yield us any practical lessons for the guidance of life?

GRIMSTON. Yes; we meet on the common ground of facts—the *débris* of the past. But remember, that those facts are confined to a very limited period of the existence of our race, that they are most fragmentary and imperfect, and that no man living, however encyclopædic his knowledge, can be acquainted with more than a few of them. Not very promising materials for a philosophy of history!

LUXMOORE. True, the historic period of humanity goes back but a little way, and, of course, much of the record of human action during that time is lost. But much remains. A vast number of details are enwrapped in hopeless obscurity. They would not add much to our real information if we knew them. The general facts stand out with sufficient clearness in the life of the race—a vast series, throwing abundant light upon man and his environment and development. Surely this is unquestionable.

GRIMSTON. Three or four thousand years! Make it five thousand, as you certainly may. But what is this but a mere fragment of the ages during which our race has existed and has had a history? However, I will be generous, and will let you throw in the prehistoric period too. I am far from undervaluing the marvellous display of scientific induction by which our knowledge of the past has been extended beyond any historical monuments. Indeed, I confess that this unconscious history seems to me to be of much more value than what I read in the professed historians whose narrative, I strongly suspect, is mainly what Napoleon called it, “a fable agreed upon.” Myths are truer than literature; language does not lie. Comparative mythology reveals to us the condition of our race in remote ages, when no historian existed or could exist; comparative philology discloses to us archaic facts, which are, even now, the most important factors in our every-day life: the filiation of races, nascent religions, aboriginal laws, the fundamental constitution of human speech, when, as our friend Sayce suggests, vocal signs superseded pictorial as vehicles of man’s thought. But our geologists go back further, and show us the River Drift and Cave men of their Tertiary period and the strange forms of earlier animate existence in the two periods which preceded it: while our astronomers and chemists, lifting the veil of ages higher still, reveal epochs well ascertained, though incalculable, before the earth could have become the seat of life. Think of the planetary period, the solar period, the molecular period, nay, the atomic period, containing the promise and potentiality of all that was to come after. Remember what you no

more doubt than I do—that the whole solar system is but a point in the vast order of the universe. And then consider what man really is, what the importance of the individual or the race can possibly be in the sum of things. A mere parasite of the earth, crawling on this planet for some brief hour of its brief existence—while the earth again is a mere satellite of a star, one of the countless myriads of the like conglomerations of nebulous atoms peopling space—man is a very nothing : his supposed royalty is the emptiest of illusions. We are such stuff as dreams are made of ; and yet you talk of a science, or philosophy of human action, and seek in that, I suppose, the key to the great enigma. “ Oh, Madness ! Pride, Impiety ! ”

TEMPERLEY. You might quote the “ Essay on Man ” too :

“ All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, and God the soul : ”

but probably you won't answer our friend so.

LUXMOORE. No. I would rather follow Grimston just now to the limits of our knowledge. Time is no more. Space ceases. If you like to put it so, Kant's antinomies warn us, Thus far shalt thou go, and no further. We are brought face to face with the Infinite. And in the presence of the Infinite, small and great, past and present, are words quite devoid of meaning. Can we shut up the Absolute within the region of the Relative ? bound It by the Forms and Categories and what they reveal ? The philosophy of history, like all philosophy, brings us at length to the noumenal. Follow it far enough, and the science of history, if there be such science, leads to that which transcends phenomena. The nothingness of man ! Most true.

“ We feel that we are nothing : for all is Thou and in Thee.
We feel that we are something : that also has come from Thee. ”

TEMPERLEY. Well, don't let us become dithyrambic and lose ourselves in “ Infinite Idealities, Immeasurable Realities. ” Let us avoid Cloud Cuckoo Town, and keep on *terra firma*. Grimston's point, I take it, is, that in the face of what we now know of the great world order, we must all admit that as the earth is not the centre of the Universe, so it is not the special scene or stage on which the drama of divine justice is played before the assembled angels of heaven. I am repeating the words of some one else, I think, but I don't remember who, nor does it matter. I think we must agree with Grimston that the view of our race, and of its importance in the sum of things, taken by those who saw in the sun only a great light to rule the day, in the stars merely “ blessed candles of the night, ” is not possible to us.

LUXMOORE. We must speak cautiously, and according to our knowledge and that is confined to our planet. Of the modes and

vicissitudes of existence in other worlds we know nothing whatever. And so we have no means of comparison: no data from which to construct a theory of the Universe. What is my soul in the measureless creation?—ἐν ἀμετρήτῳ κρίσει—asked the wise man two thousand years ago. And we can only echo the What? Still the highest fact in the order of existence of which we have knowledge—after the Absolute and Eternal—is Man. And, as Temperley suggests, we shall do well to confine ourselves strictly to our proper theme, which is whether what we know of man's past career can teach us any moral lesson, and, if so, what.

GRIMSTON. You glide skilfully away from thin ice, my dear Luxmoore. But you are right. What can history teach us? is our subject. Well, let us suppose that you have collected your facts, religious, commercial, physiological, industrial, literary, artistic, political, and military, and have operated upon them according to the most approved modern methods: analyzing and classifying them, exhibiting their relations and interdependence, seizing the general ideas which underlie them, and deducing the laws which complete and prove them: let us suppose you have accomplished this laborious task with that passion for exactness, patience in research, judicial appreciation of authorities, with which I willingly credit you: then comes the question, what philosophy is to be the outcome of it? Shall we say with Taine, that in the vast battle-field of human existence, with all its confusion and tumult, everything obeys the command of Necessity, and moves towards an inevitable end? or with Littré, that history is a natural phenomenon explicable by the theory of physiological determinism? or with Bunsen, that it is mainly the growth of the religious conscience of mankind? or with Hegel, that it is the development of spirit—the essence of which is freedom—in an unbroken continuity of cause and effect, and that all its phenomena are reasonable and intelligible? or with Schiller, that it is a long contest between self-will and the universal will? or with Buckle, that the great motive force in it is intellect manifested in physical science? or with Renan, that time and a tendency to progress explain everything? Shall we adopt Comte's law of the three states? or subscribe to the nine propositions in which Kant sets forth his cosmopolitical idea? Shall we agree with Schelling, that history is the evolution of the Absolute, a gradual self-manifestation of God? or shall we go back to St. Augustine and his two cities, or to Bossuet's variation on the same theme? or adopt Schlegel's later attempt to solve the enigma by the creed of Catholicism? I might continue my catalogue of philosophies of history almost indefinitely. But our dumb wise man yonder will perhaps prefer "not to die a listener." Don't you think, however, when we consider the conflict of authority between historical philosophers, that history had better let philosophy alone, and confine

itself to narrative, as Thiers did? "L'histoire c'est le portrait," was a *dictum* of his, I remember.

LUXMOORE. Well, but even Thiers had his philosophy of history, such as it was: a philosophy of materialistic fatalism which may be formulated in his hero's famous phrase, that God is on the side of the heaviest battalions. Indeed, every historian above the rank of a chronicler or annalist must be more or less of a philosopher. Man is so made that he seeks himself everywhere: in the story of the past, as in the physical world.

"Borné dans sa nature, infini dans ses vœux
Imparfait ou déchu, l'homme est le grand mystère."

For the rest, I think there is much to be learned from all the writers on the philosophy of history whom you have mentioned, and from many more whom you spared us. Perhaps Buckle is the least instructive of them, belonging as he did to the straitest sect of Determinism. Besides, with all his energy and perseverance, he was unfortunately quite unable to distinguish a good book from a bad one.

TEMPERLEY. Well, but what we want to know is your own view of the philosophy of history. The question asked long ago by the Latin poet goes to the heart of the matter:

"Curarent Superi terras, an nullus inesset
Rector, et incerto fluerent mortalia casu."

Do you hold that history is, in any sense, a revelation? Can we find in it God? Providence? a divine Government of the World?

LUXMOORE. Yes, and No. Here too it is true that the eye sees what it brings with it to see. Religious faith is spoken of by theologians as an illumination—a spiritual sight. History is a looking-glass. The man whose eyes have been opened will assuredly see God there, for he sees Him everywhere. And as assuredly the man whose eyes are holden will not see Him there, for he sees Him nowhere. *Quid cæco cum speculo?*

GRIMSTON. That seems like a variation on the old tune, "Sapientes qui sentiunt mecum."

LUXMOORE. I know it must sound so. And, in a sense, you are right. Cardinal Newman has said, "It is a great question whether Atheism is not as philosophically consistent with the phenomena of the physical world taken by themselves—that is, apart from psychological phenomena, apart from moral considerations, apart from the moral principles by which they must be interpreted, apart from that idea of God which wakes up in the mind under the stimulus of intellectual training—as the doctrine of a creative and governing Power." And whether this be so or not as regards the material world, it certainly seems to me to hold good as to human history.

GRIMSTON. Newman has always appeared to me one of those men

whose doubts are a good deal better than their certainties. There is a saying of Renan's, which I dare say you remember, about the Great Unconscious Artist who seems to preside over the apparent caprices of history. Well, I account that—I am speaking in sober sadness—to be a most religious and reverent saying. When we consider what the annals of the world really are, the sadness, the hopelessness, the aimlessness, the desolation, written upon every page of them—I say that the conception of an Unconscious First Cause is most reverent and religious, for the best excuse for such a creation is that the Creator did not know what He was doing.

LUXMOORE. I do not deny that you may read von Hartmann's Unconscious or Schopenhauer's Will into history. I do not deny that the facts lend themselves to many interpretations. Change the lights and you change the landscape. The question is, I suppose, whether it is possible to view the facts in Bacon's *lumen siccum*, and to let them speak for themselves. I do not pretend to be able to deduce from history, to your satisfaction, the doctrine of an All Holy, All Wise, and All Loving Father of all. I admit that the phenomena, *taken by themselves*, if they point to any Deity at all, indicate rather Siva, the Destroyer, than Vishnu, the Preserver. But if you look at the macrocosm without in the light shed by the microcosm within, if you call to your aid what, as I judge, is the most certain of all our knowledge, I mean those primary ethical truths which rest upon the intuitions of the practical reason, I think that history does witness for the Living and True God, and that it is a Preacher of great moral verities.

TEMPERLEY. You admit, at all events, if I apprehend you rightly, that the old ecclesiastical way of writing history is no longer possible: that St. Augustine's historical philosophy or Bossuet's is out of date. And indeed I suppose that no man outside a Catholic Seminary would now maintain that the Church is a sufficient answer to the enigma of the World.

LUXMOORE. St. Augustine and Bossuet are right, in my judgment, as to their fundamental thought. Their synthesis is imperfect. How could it help being so? It is impossible to read the "City of God" or the "Discourse on Universal History" without falling under the spell of those mighty masters. The majestic march of their narrative, their pictorial phrases, the wealth of meaning which they often concentrate into a single word, the loftiness of their ethical tone, and that indescribable something of the prophet which we find in them—especially in St. Augustine—take us captive. But if we weigh the matter coldly and critically, we must allow that their vision was limited: that the pictures which they have drawn, however finely conceived, are wanting in historical perspective: that their philosophy to a large extent—Bossuet's almost entirely—depends upon

an arbitrary arrangement of a narrowly restricted collection of facts fitting in with their theories. The beauty and sublimity of ancient Hellas, the majesty and wisdom of the great Roman Commonwealth, made no adequate impression upon them. Of the vast civilizations of Asia, which carried commerce, physics, philosophy, theosophy, so far, while Europe lay still in its primeval forests, they had no knowledge. And of those conquests of the modern mind over the physical world which have so altered our ways of thought and action they did not even dream.

GRIMSTON. Yes : they would have found it difficult to dovetail Buddhism or the Newtonian astronomy into their scheme of things : while as to Darwin's discoveries—but I spare you. I admit with you that their great literary gifts impose on one. But their dominant idea—is it not that until the age of Augustus the whole world was given over to decadence and corruption, with the doubtful exception of a small Semitic tribe—well described by Buckle as “an obstinate and ignorant race, which owed to other peoples any scanty knowledge they ever attained”?

LUXMOORE. No. I do not find that their dominant thought. It seems to me that the great, the most true, idea which informs their pages is the idea of Evolution, which I take to be the irrefutable lesson of human history, and the real basis of historical philosophy.

TEMPERLEY. This is interesting. If you are not playing with the word—which I do not suppose—and can establish your position, you will be binding old and new together, to some purpose.

LUXMOORE. It is clear to me that in the moral as in the physical world, Evolution, Progress, Development, is the universal law. Everywhere there is expansion and concentration : advance from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous, from the less to the more determined, by a gradual explication of latent force ; while, on the other hand, there is a process of differentiation from simplicity to complexity, as the multiplicity of parts becomes co-ordinated and subordinated, in order to the preservation and expansion of the whole.

TEMPERLEY. Well, I suppose that one of the most definitive conquests of the modern mind is the establishment of the unity of all natural forces and operations. Does any thinker of account now doubt the identity of universal being? All the sciences are drawing together, and everywhere there is solidarity and development. Laws apparently the most diverse are but variations on this eternal theme. I think there can be no doubt—Luxmoore, I feel sure, won't doubt it—that social and moral problems, I may say religious problems too, assume quite a new aspect in the light cast upon them by the physical sciences.

LUXMOORE. No, I do not question it. Solidarity or the vital unity of things, their necessary subjection to one law and consequent adapta-

tion each to each, is undeniable, if we would not stultify science. The spectroscope shows it as regards matter: the microscope as regards bodily organisms: the recurrences, averages, seeming fatalities of history as regards man—the spirit robed in flesh. If all things are *ex uno*, there must be solidarity. And it is an article of the universal creed that all things are *ex uno*. Are they also *in unum*? tending towards a centre, which is at the same time an apex, drawing them not only onwards, but also upwards? Surely they are, and there is the law of evolution, the existence of which, as it seems to me, no one capable of forming a sane opinion on the matter can now question. The controversy begins when we ask whether that law is subordinate, or supreme. Let us pass it by, for the time at all events. It would take us too far. I hold that all our knowledge radiates from one centre, and that it all points to one truth. Leibnitz says that a single monad, an imperceptible atom, is a mirror of the universal order. Much more so is man, the sum of so many and so diverse monads. In him all the powers of nature meet. The infinitely complex phenomena which unite in him are all reducible to one law. And by a necessity of our nature we seek that law, in history as in physics.

GRIMSTON. I like this. But explain further, please. Although, indeed, I am afraid that it will be as Talleyrand said: “Si nous nous expliquons, nous cessons de nous entendre.”

LUXMOORE. To come, then, to our proper theme. If we take the whole career of man on this planet, so far as we know it, and the human race as a whole, surely the fact is beyond dispute that, materially, socially, ethically, there has been vast progress. Of the subjugation of the external world I need hardly speak. From the day that the first skin was made into a garment, the first flint shaped rudely into an arrow-head, the first crooked stick used to scratch the ground, to this age of broadcloth, breech-loaders, and steam ploughs, the victory of mind over matter has gone on progressing: for on that day the law of natural selection was vanquished: man burst the bonds in which nature is bound, and asserted his freedom. Again, look at the social order. The unit of archaic society is the family. The individual does not exist. Gradually he is evolved with his attributes of personal liberty and private property, and we can trace the steps of the progress from the cumbrous legal fictions by which the *filius familias* acquired his freedom, and the right of testamentary disposition was established, down to the latest effort of contemporary jurisprudence for the emancipation of women. And so in ethics, the notion of obligation—*τὸ δέον*—which is the root of the moral idea, no doubt exists in our nature. It is a form of the mind: an attribute of human personality, conscious of self and non-self. “Justice,” said the ancient jurists, is the constant and perpetual will to

render to each his due—"constans et perpetua voluntas suum cuique tribuendi." The whole history of ethics is the history of the development of that idea. Even in our poor relations, the lower animals, respect for one another's rights is the best test of their progress.

TEMPERLEY. I don't know why you should say "even." Surely ethical phenomena, like physical and intellectual, may be generalized. The difference is vast between the various scales of being: but it is a difference of degree, not of kind. There is really only one animal. But, don't let me break in upon your argument.

LUXMOORE. Well, it will be better perhaps that I should not venture upon an excursion into the subject to which your words point, though the temptation is strong. I was saying that the moral progress of mankind, viewed as a whole, seems to me a palpable fact. It may be said that the great principles of ethics were as well known in the days of Moses, of Gotama, of Socrates, as in the days of Kant: that no real development of them is possible. But I say No: ethical ideas, like all others, have grown in the human mind. Think of the views held by Cato—that fine type of Roman excellence—regarding slavery. And then compare them with those of Wilberforce. Is there no growth there? I cite the first instance that occurs to me. I might give a hundred others. But I go on to say that side by side with this unquestionable fact of moral progress there is another to me no less unquestionable. The religious idea is the indispensable guardian of the ethical, and the only source of its authority.

TEMPERLEY. Surely that is a strong statement.

GRIMSTON. And surely an untenable one. Were the antique cults—for example, the worship of Aphrodite and Priapus—guardians of any ethical idea? Mr. Swinburne, I remember, finds in the fact that they were not a reason for judging them superior to the "creeds that refuse and restrain" in the modern world.

LUXMOORE. You mistake me. I am by no means asserting that particular cults are essential to morality. I distinguish between religion and religions. I know well that there are ages of the world in which religion must be sought by the wise outside the popular worship: in which the devout soul may say, with Schiller:

"Welche Religion ich bekenne? Keine von allen
Die Du mir nennst. Und warum keine? aus Religion."

But my contention is, that morality, in its highest and truest sense, is not merely a correct ethical taste, nor even a passion for right, nor an enthusiasm of humanity: still less a calculation of self-interest. A sanction is essential to it. The idea of obligation underlies it. Experience amply verifies the *dictum* of Kant: "Without a God and without a world invisible to us now but hoped for, the glorious ideas of morality are, indeed, objects of admiration, but

cannot be the springs of purpose and action." It seems to me to be clear from history that the moral idea has ever been most closely connected with the religious idea, which has vivified it and made it operative: more, that the two have been evolved together. The names which mark epochs for us in the history of religions are those of men to whom the great families of the human race have owed ethical conceptions at once enlarged and more imperative. Confucius, Gotama, Socrates, Mohammed, are all apostles of the moral law; and all insist upon its supersensible foundations. While to come to a greater name still, if we consider the work of Christianity in the sphere of ethics, what is it, in its essence, but this: that it has proclaimed the indefeasible supremacy of conscience as the voice of God within? that it has indoctrinated the mind of the races of mankind that have received it with a belief that the highest good is to follow the monitions of this internal guide? the supreme loss to disobey them?

TEMPERLEY. I am quite with you, as I suppose ninety-nine sensible men out of a hundred would be, in admitting the fact of progress. And I am much pleased, if you will let me say so, with your tolerant tone about non-Christian religions. It reminds me of a remark made to me the other day by an excellent French Catholic—somewhat to my surprise: "Notre religion," the good man said, "est sans doute la seule bonne: mais nous avons fait tant de mal par son moyen que quand nous parlons des autres, il faut être modestes." I could wish, indeed, that you had dwelt a little more upon the progress which has been made in the religious sphere. For example, consider the idea of Deity. Take the conception of God now generally prevalent in this country. It is perhaps true, as we have been lately told, that it leaves much to be desired: that it represents the Infinite and Eternal as "the head of the clerical interest: as a sort of clergyman: a sort of schoolmaster: a sort of philanthropist." Well, but that is a great advance upon the fetish of savage tribes or upon the Hebrew Jehovah, before whom Samuel hewed Agag in pieces, or upon the Deity honoured by the fiery rites of the Inquisition. I was reading the other day, in an old ecclesiastical history, how at the sack of Toulouse, during the crusade against the Albigenses, most of the inhabitants of the city having been put to the sword, a few hundreds were preserved from the common fate, in order that they might be burned alive to satisfy the piety of the pilgrims, who beheld the spectacle with immense delight—*cum ingenti gaudio*—the devout chronicler says. I take it that the religious instinct has now been educated to such a point throughout the civilized world as to make a return to such peculiar expressions of piety impossible. Even in Spain, the stronghold of sanguinary superstitions, there has not been an *auto da fé* for a century.

GRIMSTON. And to whom do we owe this curbing of fanaticism? To Voltaire more than to any one else.

LUXMOORE. "Messieurs, vous sortez de la question." I am not going to defend the Inquisition, or the civil legislation which gave such terrible effect to its judgments. A formal apology for both, logically sufficient, would be easy. But I prefer to say frankly, that I believe a return to the stake as the guardian of religious uniformity impossible: and one reason why it is impossible is because we have advanced to a juster conception, in this respect, of the spirit of Christ than was possessed by our fathers. Voltaire, again, profoundly irreligious and inhuman as he was—I say inhuman, because of his tone about the common people—I quite allow to have been, in some respects, a minister of true progress. He exploded some lies: gave the death-blow to some cruelties: and opened fields of thought—as in history—which sounder thinkers have since fruitfully cultivated. And now, after this digression, shall we go back to our proper theme?

GRIMSTON. You trump our best cards. But to proceed. History, you contend, reveals a clear advance of our race in physical science, in social organization, in ethical and religious conceptions. But has this advance added to the greatest happiness of the greatest number? Happiness, you will object, is a vague word. Take it how you will. Say, if you like, "Virtue alone is happiness below." Do you think that there is more virtue in the world now than there was a century, ten centuries, two thousand centuries ago? I much doubt it. I incline to think the sum total of virtue and vice always pretty much the same. Or take happiness in the Benthamite sense of plenty of pig's wash. There is more pig's wash in the world, you say: much of it very savoury, and the average quality of the whole better. But what advantageth it to the rank and file of the herd? Progress? Yes: and, as Mr. George has been reminding us, Poverty. Think of the antinomies of civilization and industry. Consider the condition of the great majority of the populations of our large cities, aggravated, as it is, by the spectacle of senseless profusion daily flaunted in their faces. It has been said, and with simple truth, that our present state of society is in many respects one of the most horrible the world has ever known: boundless luxury and self-indulgence at one end of the scale: and at the other a condition of life as cruel as that of a Roman slave, and more degraded than that of a South Sea Islander. Contemporary history, like past history, if we take any but the most superficial view of it, is essentially tragedy—as individual life is. Schopenhauer asks with great force, "Whence did Dante take the materials for his 'Inferno' but from this actual world of ours? And yet he made a very proper hell of it." Optimism, when not mere thoughtless babble, is a wicked way of thinking: for it is a bitter mockery of the unspeakable suffering of humanity.

TEMPERLEY. *Ohe jam satis!* my dear Grimston. Don't give us any more Schopenhauer, please. The dark side of life, individual and collective, is only too evident. Who can doubt that there is a rift in the constitution of things? There is a terrible passage in De Maistre where he speaks of the earth as an immense altar, ever crying for the blood of man and beast. It is a probable hypothesis enough that history should be viewed as a vast expiation of some aboriginal fault. Plausible too is that other theory that Siva and Vishnu are merely different energies of the same power.

LUXMOORE. If any fact is unquestionable it is this of the abounding misery in the world. The creature is subject to vanity: is in the bondage of corruption. The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together. Everywhere, in every age there is evil: within and without. The waste and ruin in history have their counterpart in the physical world and in the heart of man. The phenomenal is a vast outrage on the ideal. But in spite of immense drawbacks I think that the progress of our race, on the whole, is unquestionable: that the gradual evolution of humanity is a patent fact. Well, then, has this fact any meaning? Is there a normal working of things in the moral world as in the physical? Surely there is. I agree with Mr. Spencer—and it is always a pleasure to me to find myself in accord with so clear a thinker—"that good and bad results cannot be accidental, but must be the necessary consequences of the constitution of things," and that "it is the business of moral science to deduce from the laws of life and the conditions of existence what kinds of actions tend to produce happiness, and what kinds to produce unhappiness." It seems to me that history teaches a moral lesson of the most tremendous kind: and that here its teaching is in unison with the teaching of the physical world.

TEMPERLEY. And so we get back to St. Augustine and his "two cities," I suppose.

LUXMOORE. We get back to the great thought which dominated the mind of St. Augustine, and which the whole advance of the human intellect from his day to our own has brought into clearer relief: the thought of the universal reign of law. As Music, Geometry, the movement of the stars, the necessary relations of numbers, speak to him of an universal order, and of One who has established it, so does the course of human history reveal One "*qui profert numerose sæculum*," who rules the "*fluxum sæculorum ordinate turbulentum*." It seemed to him impossible—he has unfolded the argument with singular beauty and skill in a well-known chapter of the "*De Civitate*"—that while order and design and harmony are impressed upon every minutest feature of the physical world, the course of human events, the vicissitudes of commonwealths, the rise and fall of empires, should have been left to irrational chance or blind fate.

In the manifold striving and endeavour, travail and sorrow, of mankind, he delighted to see "toil coöperant to an end." "Deus ordinem sæculorum tanquam pulcherrimum carmen ex quibusdam quasi antithetis honestavit," he finely says. And here, let me note in passing, he is the mouthpiece of an aspiration common to the race: the interpreter to itself of

"the prophetic soul
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come."

What is the magnificent myth of Prometheus, the great founder of civilization, who taught the Cave men the use of fire, numbers, and writing, nay, astronomy, medicine, navigation, divination, and who, bound to the rock and gnawed by the vulture, predicts the eventual fall of tyrannous Zeus and the triumph of justice—what is it but the embodiment of the thought of progress? What is that most beautiful eclogue of Virgil—the sweetest strain of the sweetest of singers—but a *fantasia* upon the same theme? The doctrine of Zoroaster—whatever may be obscure in it—clearly points to the ultimate triumph of light and truth, when, as we read in the "Zamyâd Yast," the victorious Saoshyant and his helpers shall restore the world, which will thenceforth never grow old and never die, when life and immortality shall come and the Evil Principle shall perish. Even in India, dominated as it was by its fatalistic philosophy, there was the ideal, due, as Rhys Davids thinks, to reminiscences of Vedic thought, of the perfectly wise Man, the Buddha, who, when all flesh has corrupted its way upon earth, appears and founds a Kingdom of Righteousness. But Christianity, unfolding a divine purpose which runs through the ages and culminates beyond time—Christianity, which has been truly called a transcendent theory of progress, has cast this ideal into the mould in which it has most potently affected mankind: how potently, who can say? Is not the belief in progress at this very time at the root of all that is most hopeful in the world? Catholics and Protestants, Jews and Freethinkers, Pantheists and Positivists, Mystics and Materialists—all acknowledge the influence of this idea. Even Mr. Cobden confessed its sway, and interpreted it of "a calico millennium." It is the source of all that is most excellent in all. If you could destroy it—but you cannot, for it is rooted in human nature—you would smite the earth with a curse far more terrible and appalling than any mankind has ever known. You ask me what history can teach us. Well, here is one lesson. History exhibits this thirst for perfection, this gradual moving upwards towards the attainment of it, as a chief note of the career of our race. Here, as in the rest of the universe, there is a never-ceasing process of evolution, a perpetual becoming. The plant, the animal, the man, the social order issuing from man—all display a progressive metamorphosis. In the

physical world this striving after perfection seems to be blind, unintelligent: whether it is really so or not, I do not undertake to say. But in man it is certainly conscious: and the highest form of it is the religious sentiment which is a feeling after the Infinite. Supreme truth alone can satisfy the intellect: supreme love alone can fill the heart: supreme righteousness alone can content the conscience. But when we say Supreme Truth, Supreme Love, Supreme Righteousness, we say GOD. It is under the influence of this transcendent ideal that the human soul reaches its amplest development, its highest elevation in the scale of being: and Jesus Christ has given us its noblest and simplest expression, "Be ye perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect." The first great lesson that history teaches us, from the collected experiences of our race, is that man lives under the law of progress which is the striving after perfection, and of which the highest expression is the quest of the All Perfect. "Fecisti nos ad Te," says St. Augustine. And history justifies his saying.

GRIMSTON. Von Hartmann, you know, considers this notion of progress an illusion, and he has formulated its three stages. In the antique world it took the shape of happiness for the individual in the present scene: in the Middle Ages, of a vague beatitude in an imaginary heaven: the modern version of it is, apparently, the perfection of the species in an indefinite future.

TEMPERLEY. I incline to think the ancient conception is still pretty largely held. Certainly most of my acquaintances, whatever their professions, resemble in their practice that dear old French lady,

"qui pour plus de sûreté
Fit son paradis dans ce monde."

But we check our friend's eloquence. His exposition is by no means done. Pray forgive us, my dear Luxmoore, and proceed, please.

LUXMOORE. I would say that as St. Augustine has discerned, however dimly and imperfectly, this great fact of progress and the main lesson which it teaches, so he has rightly apprehended its condition—obedience to law, the innermost essence of things, which, in Hooker's fine phrase, is "the very voice of God." Man may obey or disobey this law—that is his awful and mysterious prerogative. But to follow it is the only condition of advance of freedom, according to the old saying, "Summa Deo servitus, summa libertas." It is by conformity to the laws of the external world, by virile energy—virtue, in a true sense—that the human race has so wonderfully subdued physical forces, and made them our servants. It is by obedience to the laws of human nature that man has ameliorated his social condition. His ethical advance—the most important element of his progress—is due to his following the dictates of Eternal Righteousness. That civilization is nothing else but the knowledge and observance of natural laws is the stupidest of lies. Its

elements are chiefly moral. Intellect is but its instrument. I know well that this truth has been for a season obscured by the school, or rather schools, of writers who set aside virtue, benevolence, love of God, of country, and hold out physical science as the sole factor of human progress. But it is true all the same: the first of truths: and I have no fear but that it will be so recognized when the brief hour of materialistic tyranny is overpast, for the world cannot live without it. I hold with Butler that "the law of virtue, written on our hearts, is the law we are born under," and that in obedience to it is the condition of all well-being, as for individuals so for nations. Machiavelli was right when he said that the majestic fabric of the Roman Commonwealth was built up rather by virtue than by arms. He, too, was right who said of the First Napoleon at the height of his success—"It is unjust: it cannot last." What is commonly called the force of circumstances is only another name for eternal law: for that adamant chain of moral gravitation which we cannot formulate—*ἀγραφοῦς* the Greeks well termed it—but from which we can no more escape than from its counterpart in the physical world. As in the history of the individual, so in the history of nations, God is primarily revealed under the attribute of Retributive Justice. The first fact about man is his concept of duty: "Thou Oughtest: it is thy supreme good to follow that Categorical Imperative: thy supreme loss to disobey it." And this is the first fact, too, about the aggregation of men which we call a people. In loyalty to truth, to right, to justice—all summed up in the old phrase of fearing God—is the highest law of collective human life, and it is fenced round with terrible penalties which are the natural sequence of its violation. The root of all greatness, national or individual, is a great thought; or a great action, which is merely a great thought actualized. The ideal is the moral life of the world. But the highest of all ideas is the Divine. And it is precisely as that idea has lived in the minds of peoples that they have been truly great. Piety towards the gods was the very root of Roman greatness. No truer word was ever said than Horace's, "*Dis te minorem quod geris, imperas:*" read Fustel de Coulanges' chapter "*Le Romain*" if you would know how true it is. Consider the mediæval period, rude in physical comfort and the mechanic arts, but, how great in individualities, in men: think of its monuments which still remain to us: cathedrals, such as those of Siena, Amiens, Canterbury; the pictures of Giotto, Orcagna, Fra Angelico: the song of Dante: the philosophy of Aquinas. All that was great in those ages sprang from their faith: from the divine ideal on which they lived. Or look at England or the United States in this nineteenth century. In the old Puritan beliefs which still maintain their hold over the popular mind is the

salt which keeps society from dissolution. And then turn your eyes on France, which a century ago solemnly installed concupiscence—aptly typified by the Goddess of Reason—in the place of conscience, and elevated the dumb buzzard idol, Man in the abstract, and his fictitious rights, in the place of the living God, and the duties binding upon us because He is what He is: look at France, I say, if you would see an example of the hell which a people prepares for itself when it maketh and loveth a lie. I know the country well: and every time I visit it I discern terrible evidence of ever-increasing degeneracy. The man seems to be disappearing. There is a return to the simious type. The eye speaks of nothing but dull esuriency. The whole face is prurient. The voice has lost the virile ring and has become shrill, gibberish, baboon-like. Go into the Chamber of Deputies, the chosen and too true representatives of the people. The looks, the gestures, the cries, remind you irresistibly of the monkey-house in Regent's Park. The nation—for it must be judged by its public acts—has for a hundred years been trying to rid itself of the perception which is the proper attribute of man: to cast out the idea of God, which Michelet has well called the progressive and conservative principle of civilization: to live on a philosophy of animalism: and it is rapidly losing all that is distinctively human, and is sinking below the level of the animals.

“Stern and imperious Nemesis,
Daughter of Justice, most severe
Thou art the world's great arbitress
And Queen of causes reigning here,
Whose swift-sure hand is ever near.”

GRIMSTON. I confess France seems to me to be going back to a state of nature, not as that delirious charlatan Rousseau deemed of it—“ce polisson de Jean-Jacques,” Voltaire called him: for my own part, I think it a nice point whether he was more blackguard or madman—but as it really existed when men first crawled forth on the earth, *mutum et turpe pecus*, and fought tooth and nail for acorns and sleeping-places, and other things that shall be nameless. You may read it all in your favourite Horace, who has anticipated the very latest scientific views of human origin. But to keep to our theme, you say that history reveals God primarily to you as an Avenger wroth with the work of His own hands. But why have called the human ace into existence, with all its errors and crimes, only to punish it?

LUXMOORE. Not “only.” To reward and to punish. As for your Why, it is the idlest of questions. What is clear to me, as it was to Schiller, is that the history of the world is the judgment of the world. Before nations, as before individuals, are set life and death, blessing and cursing. Their well-being depends upon their choice:

“Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.”

We are thrown back upon free-will. You shake your head; you

call it a *non ens*. To me it is the first of facts, and rests upon the strongest of evidence, the testimony of consciousness which, if it tells me anything, tells me that. I say that this is to me the first fact of individual life : and a nation is primarily an aggregation of individuals. I do not say that it is merely that. It is an organism, a corporate entity, all its parts interdependently bound, and with powers, attributes, characteristics, of its own. Still Mr. Spencer speaks most truly when he tells us that the welfare of a society and the justice of its arrangements are, at bottom, dependent upon the character of its members. I must agree with him—it is self-evident—that social phenomena have their roots in the phenomena of individual life, and those again in general vital phenomena. National spirit is, in the last resort, the spirit of the individuals composing the nation. The development of mankind is the development of the men who make up mankind. The qualities which are distinctive of any people, which inform its laws and determine its policy, and are reflected in its institutions and are expressed in its manners, are the qualities of the persons who compose the people. Here too the last word is personality.

GRIMSTON. It is a good mouth-filling word. But what do you mean by it?

LUXMOORE. Well, I have no pocket definition to offer you. Indeed, in strictness, I do not think personality can be defined : by its very nature it seems to me to be incapable of expression in phenomenal symbols. Personality is the human thing in itself : it is in its essence transcendental. I can no more define it for you than I can define reason or beauty or God. But we may know, feel, and believe what we cannot shut up in a formula. Comprehension is one thing ; apprehension, another.

GRIMSTON. But before we rest upon personality we ought to be quite sure that it is something more than an empty word. I came upon an argument the other day, in a book of Mr. Samuel Butler's, which struck me as very ingenious, and which I will present to you, but in language more decorous than his, for he uses great plainness of speech. It is this : The man of eighty is held to be personally identical with the new-born infant, out of whom he has been developed. But the new-born infant is certainly identical with the infant before birth, and this too must be thought identically the same in all stages of its embryonic existence, till we arrive at the elementary living cell to which science traces the human and every other organism. For *omne vivum ex ovo*. But that bioplasm or protoplasm has itself a history : it is not one element, but two, which are at first severally identical with the individual organisms whence they were derived : in other words, with the distinct personalities of which their child is the offspring. Thus may he claim a personal identity with both his parents : nor can it be denied, without violating first principles, that

he is, physically and organically, as much a part of them as the apple blossom is of the apple tree. If ever he *was* one with them, it follows that he *is* one with them. In like manner, by an easy chain of reasoning, we reach the conclusion that he is personally identical with all his ancestors: and finally with the individual bioplastic cell in which the whole race was summed up and lay hidden, and out of which all its innumerable representatives have been unfolded. All the blossoms are one with and in the apple tree: so are all men identified with the one human race, which is nothing but a long-lived individual. And those marvellous instances of heredity which we see in man, but still more clearly in the lower animals, he explains, reasonably enough, as mere manifestations of unconscious memory. A duck hatched by the hen makes straight for the water. Why? Because it remembers what it did when it was one individuality with its parents, and when it was a duckling before. An old piece of wolf-skin is set before a little dog who has never seen a wolf, and he is thrown into convulsions of fear by the slight smell attaching to it. Why? Because the skin brings up the ideas with which it had been associated in the dog's mind during his previous existences; so that on smelling it he remembers all about wolves perfectly well.

TEMPERLEY. I am not acquainted with Mr. Butler's writings, but his doctrine seems to present some analogy to that of Schopenhauer, who holds that the begotten and the begetter, though phenomenally different, are in themselves—according to the idea—identical; that the true person is the species, not the individual. But what does our friend Luxmoore say to this?

LUXMOORE. I incline to say to Mr. Samuel Butler, with Sganarelle: "*Je ne sais que dire car vous tournez les choses d'une manière qu'il me semble que vous avez raison: et cependant il est vrai que vous ne l'avez pas.*" The ultimate appeal is to consciousness, which testifies to the distinction between self and non-self: which declares to me that in some wonderful sense I stand alone: weighted with duties, fenced round with responsibilities, endowed with choice. Mr. Butler's ingenious theory no doubt has a true side: it points to facts inconsistent with what, to use a Buddhist phrase, I may call "the heresy of individuality," the political embodiment of which is the Jacobin doctrine of the sovereignty of the individual: a doctrine pungently and truly described by M. Renan as applicable only to a state of society in which men should be born foundlings and die bachelors. No: the individual does not stand alone: the solidarity of races, of nations, of families, is a great truth.

GRIMSTON. But how reconcile it with that other doctrine of individual responsibility?

LUXMOORE. Frankly, I do not know: but my inability to reconcile

two truths is no reason for my denying either or both. The proverb concerning the land of Israël, "The fathers have eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge," was true; and the divine word which came by the prophet, "I will judge every one according to his ways," is true also. Unquestionably a nation's wrongdoing is visited on the third and fourth generation. What man whose moral sense is not hopelessly blunted can doubt the heavy penalty which has still to be paid by England for her centuries of tyrannous oppression and senseless cruelty in Ireland? It is with collective as with single human life. The offspring of the just man reaps the reward, both in his physical and moral constitution, of his father's virtue: *fortes creantur fortibus*. Gout, consumption, scrofula, are among the penalties we pay for our ancestors' contempt of the laws of right living. Quinet has well remarked that adulterine children usually manifest in their lives the fraud and dishonour in which they are engendered: *Delicta majorum immeritus lues*. The parallelism between the individual and the corporate organism which might be established in so many other ways holds good in this also, that both are under the moral law. Progress, advance towards perfection, is the reward of obedience to it: degradation, retrogression in the scale of being, the penalty of resistance.

TEMPERLEY. I suppose we must all agree that the question, What is the significance of history? depends upon another, What is the significance of human life?

LUXMOORE. Unquestionably. I think that history may be truly described as the simultaneous evolution of the individual and of the social order in which is the individual's normal place. But I will go on still further, if you will let me. I said just now that the root of all greatness, national or individual, seemed to me to be a great thought or a great action, which is a great thought actualized. But of these great thoughts, great men are the founts. I fully agree with Mr. Carlyle—it seems to me the most valuable lesson he taught—that "universal history, the history of what man has accomplished in this world, is, at the bottom, the history of the great men who have worked here:" that all "things which we see standing in this world are, properly, the outward material result, the practical realization and embodiment of thoughts that dwelt in the great men sent into the world." I go further. I find, as I investigate the annals of our race, that from time to time Saints, Sages, and Heroes have risen up to place before men ideals; and that men, drawn by the instinct which leads us to recognize something divine in greatness, have more or less followed those ideals, and by that following have been elevated in the scale of being. Yes: the history of the world is the judgment of the world, as Schiller said. The trial of men lies, for the most part, in the readiness with which they receive, and the

loyalty with which they follow, the ideals set before them : or, if I may so express it, the Revelations made at sundry times and in divers manners by the Prophets of the Most High. That man, by a necessity of his nature, strives after perfection, that obedience to law, universal and divine, is the condition of perfection, that the great men sent into the world from time to time are the preachers of that law—these are the three great facts which seem to me to be writ large in history. And the third, like the other two, witnesses for God. Consider the ordinary human biped as he lives and moves and has his being in London, in Bagdad, in Peking, in Ava. Follow him through his twenty-four hours of work or amusement, of eating, digestion, and sleep. What is it that makes him something more than matter in movement ? The influence of some great idea, some true thought, coming to him from Jesus Christ, from Mohammed, from Confucius, from Gotama that has mainly formed the spiritual atmosphere which he breathes and by which, unconsciously, his moral being lives. And this holds good of the freest freethinker as of the most ardent believer. M. Renan speaks the simple truth when he says, “Chacun de nous doit à Jésus ce qu’il y a de meilleur en lui.” His confession, “Au fond je sens que ma vie est gouvernée par une foi que je n’ai plus,” is as true of modern civilization as of his individual self. What fact is more extraordinary, more miraculous in the true sense of the word, than this : that three short years of one human life, led, two thousand years ago, in an obscure corner of Asia, should have sent forth an influence which has changed the face of the Western world, and which is still as strong as ever—as strong, or stronger ? The personality of Jesus Christ, a poor unlettered peasant whose dolorous career was cut short by a cruel and infamous death, is at this moment the most potent force in the world.

TEMPERLEY. Yes. *Ça donne à penser.*

GRIMSTON. And so we end in the great-man theory. You have parted company with Mr. Herbert Spencer.

LUXMOORE. Unfortunately, Mr. Spencer subordinates mind to matter, character to environment : hence he is necessarily led to the extremest sensationalism.

GRIMSTON. I have taken down his “Study of Sociology.” What do you say to this passage ?—“Before the great man can remake his society, his society must make him. So that all those changes of which he is the proximate initiator have their chief causes in the generations he descends from. If there be anything like a real explanation of these changes it must be sought in the conditions out of which both he and they have come.”

LUXMOORE. Mr. Spencer’s doctrine, as I understand it, is, that it was not the great men sent into the world who moulded circumstances, but circumstances which made and fashioned them : that their

thoughts were nothing but the result of structure: their minds a mere attribute of their material substance: that to the philosophic eye they are nothing but an aggregate of conditions. I do not know anything which more forcibly illustrates the truth of Lord Bacon's hackneyed *dictum*: "Qui Deos esse negant, nobilitatem generis humani destruunt."

TEMPERLEY. Mr. Spencer would not consider that a fatal objection, probably.

LUXMOORE. I dare say he would deny that it is in logic a sound argument. But, in truth, it is an appeal to the final Court of the scientific, as of the unscientific, judgment: to consciousness which declares that man is something more than an automaton. Let us, however, look at Mr. Spencer's view a little more closely. Upon what is it really founded? Does it not rest upon the abstract and quite fallacious assumption, so potent in the minds of men since Rousseau gave it such wide currency, that the world is peopled by an infinity of units, alike not merely in their nature, which I am far from denying, but in their individual share of the gifts of Nature: equal in degree, because resembling one another in kind: all in their origin equally endowed and starting fair in the race for pre-eminence? Surely this cannot be granted by the latest philosophy any more than by the oldest: nay, not so much, for the survival of the fittest implies that all do not start equal. Let us keep to the facts. The commonest experience of actual life is enough to show us that, given the same aggregate of conditions, we cannot be confident, whether as regards the individual or society, that the same results will follow. The science of sociology has by no means got so far as this. It cannot show us even that twins will be marked by the same spiritual characteristics, or will be alike in mind, because subject to "the same aggregate of conditions" in their origin. I quite admit that the conceptions by which any historical personality becomes conscious of the facts of its own times are those in which the thought of the age in general finds expression. But it is quite another thing to say that in the antecedents and environment of such a personality we have a complete explanation of it. Is it possible, if we weigh the matter well, to refer "the vision and the faculty divine" of a great poet to merely external causes? or to account for it by talking of inherited predispositions, when, from the millions of past generations, there arises one Virgil, one Dante, one Goethe? Take, again, that great stream of enthusiasm which, ever and anon, we see welling up from a single man, and bearing, irresistibly, before it whole generations until its force is spent. Can we believe that it arose, as from its fountain-head, from any "aggregate of conditions," and was logically and mathematically deducible from a state of society which, instead of continuing, it ended?

TEMPERLEY. I remember a passage of your friend Carlyle which may be worth quoting perhaps. "The great man was the 'creature of the Time,' they say: the Time called him forth: the Time did everything: he nothing, but what we, the little critic, could have done too! This seems to me but melancholy work. The Time call forth? Alas, we have known Times *call* loudly enough for their great man; but not find him when they called! He was not there. Providence had not sent him: the Time *calling* its loudest had to go down to confusion and wreck, because he would not come when called."

LUXMOORE. Carlyle never said anything better: and he said many things excellently well. For my part—to sum up my argument—I hold that there are in man "abysmal depths of personality," which no plummet of physical science has ever sounded, or ever will sound: that it is the perception of the ideal and the power to express it, rooted in the very essence of our nature, which makes us self-conscious and self-determined: and that great men are the source and fount of ideas, the figures which alone give historic meaning and value to the ciphers—*numeri, fruges consumere nati*—as which we must account the vast majority of mankind. Those mighty spirits who rule us from their urns were, indeed, as other men, subject to the laws of time and matter: but not wholly subject: their thought, their energy, their action, their suffering, have wrought wonders beyond time and matter, and the effects of mechanical force, how subtle soever: and their lives, taken simply as evidence, might furnish foundations for grander spiritual philosophies—transcending, not denying, the truths of the physical universe—than the world has yet dared to formulate. But that is too large a subject.

GRIMSTON. Let us go back to Mr. Spencer's book. He writes: "If, not stopping at the explanation of social problems, as due to the great man, we go a step further, and ask, Whence comes the great man? the question has two conceivable answers: his origin is supernatural, or it is natural. Is his origin supernatural? then he is a demigod: and we have theocracy once removed, or rather not removed at all."

LUXMOORE. Well, what is the harm of that? Why should we not have theocracy if we can get it? The word demigod is out of fashion. I have no wish to bring it back. Still, it might serve, for want of a better, to characterize one who is marked off from his fellows of the race of men by what Cicero terms "*magna et divina bona*:" great and divine endowments: which are distinct from temperament, from environment, from evolution, from heredity: which you cannot tie up in a formula nor explain by analysis: and as the highest and rarest of which we must reckon a true, an original thought, well denominated by Krause *Schauen*, vision, intuition. But

vision, intuition of what? Of Him who is the Truth, of whom all truth is part.

TEMPERLEY. Mr. Spencer is right then. And you land us in full supernaturalism.

LUXMOORE. The words Natural and Supernatural have an invariable meaning in scientific theology, where they are employed to distinguish "the Order of Nature" from the "Order of Grace," and are antithetical, though not incompatible in the same act or faculty. Modern literature and metaphysic, overlooking or not knowing this distinction, identify the Natural, now with the Material, and now with the Orderly. From which it follows that the Supernatural sometimes signifies no more than the Hyperphysical, and sometimes, as I suspect in the passage which our friend has quoted from Mr. Spencer, no less than the Irrational. Its meaning should never be taken on trust. If by Natural Mr. Spencer means subject simply to the laws of matter, and resulting merely from material antecedents, then I deny that the origin of the great man is natural, for the origin of no man is :

"Est Deus in nobis; agitante calescimus illo :"

"We also are His offspring." But if by Natural he means what Butler—wrongly, as I think—accounts its only meaning, namely, "stated, fixed, or settled," then, since the great man appears according to a fixed plan of Divine Providence, his origin may, in this sense, be deemed natural. All is upon this supposition natural, if history, notwithstanding the abounding sin of man, which is to me one of the most palpable facts in it, be a drama, wherein all the movement is done in fulfilment of the will of the Highest : *Διὸς δ' ἐτελείετο βουλή*. All is supernatural if, by a perversion of terms, the presence and action of the Creator in His creation be called supernatural. From Him, and by Him, and of Him are all things, and in all things is He revealed : in the external world by the beauty which is the dim adumbration of His perfect loveliness : in the heart of man by the voice of conscience, His perpetual witness and indefeasible priest : in history by those great souls who from time to time light up the world's dreary and ignoble *fasti*, and whom our forefathers by a true instinct—let us not hesitate to say it—called Divine men.

GRIMSTON. Your doctrine seems to have much in common with Bunsen's : that personality, which he regards as divine self-manifestation, is "the lever of the world's history." Well, Christian Charles Josiah von Bunsen was a good man.

TEMPERLEY. Don't call him "a good man." He was better than that. Whatever we may think of his philosophy of history, we must allow that his was a singularly comprehensive and well-disciplined intellect, loyally devoted to the service of truth. His breadth of thought stands out conspicuously if you compare him with the two writers of whom we have just been talking : Carlyle and Herbert Spencer.

GRIMSTON. Carlyle and Herbert Spencer. You remind me of a good story, which has not yet found its way into print, I think. A man who numbered among his acquaintance those two eminent persons was anxious that his son, an undergraduate at Oxford, should be introduced to them. So one day he took the youth to call on Mr. Spencer, and as they were departing he said, "We are going on to see Mr. Carlyle." "Ah, Mr. Carlyle," Mr. Spencer is reported to have replied: "I am afraid he has done more to propagate error than any other writer of the century." Nothing daunted, they made their pilgrimage to Chelsea, and when their interview with the sage of Cheyne Row came to an end the father observed: "This will be a day for my boy to look back upon, Mr. Carlyle: for in it he has been introduced to two great men: yourself and Mr. Herbert Spencer." "Herbert Spencer, Herbert Spencer, an im-measu-rable ass," was the response of the oracle.

LUXMOORE. "Immeasurable!" Carlyle had a *curiosa felicitas* in his epithets. Still he might have learnt a great deal from Mr. Spencer.

TEMPERLEY. But not about his great-man theory, you think?

LUXMOORE. No: that theory seems to me to be defective: but to complete it Carlyle should have gone to quite another school than Mr. Spencer's. It is true as to its foundation, but it wants to be moralized.

TEMPERLEY. How "moralized"? Carlyle certainly had an intensely strong feeling of ethical law. He conceived of God, so far as I can understand, as the personification of that law.

LUXMOORE. That is so. But his doctrine of great men I think defective, in that it fails to inculcate this verity—that they are authoritative teachers so far as they follow the divine illumination in them: in other words, so far as they are ethical: so far as they correspond with the truth of things: so far and no further. You know the saying of Butler: "If conscience had power as it has authority, it would govern the world." It is the supreme authority—for it is divine—which ought to govern, and which, in effect, does in the long run govern. Great men interpret the law of the universe, which is the law of God and therefore the perfection of ethics, more clearly than others, because they discern it, in one province or another, by the intuition of genius, which is inspiration. All truth is part of God: all knowledge is knowledge of God: and He alone is the light which illumines our minds. A man is great so far as he walks in that light. Hence you may truly call a great man the Categorical Imperative individualized.

GRIMSTON. Most edifying: although, perhaps, merely a copy-book maxim in fine words. But is it true? Do you call Goethe the Categorical Imperative individualized?

LUXMOORE. You could not have chosen a better example to illustrate my meaning. Goethe's great endowment was his marvellous vision in certain intellectual provinces, and his absolute veracity. He sees things as they are, and he paints them as they are. Carlyle well says, "The word that will describe the thing follows of itself from such clear intense insight of the thing." He had, in a supreme degree, the morality of the intellect. And his power lies there. Outside that sphere who looks up to him as a teacher? You ask a great man, "What do you see?" And he tells you. He may say—as the Greatest said—"I bear testimony of myself, and my testimony is true." It is of no use to consult him about matters which he does *not* see. You would not go to St. John Baptist for a theory of *Bildung*, nor to Goethe for the doctrine of sexual purity.

TEMPERLEY. Your general conclusion, then—for I must go—would seem to be a kind of union of idealistic optimism and realistic pessimism. You too have your Utopia: and the way to it for the race, as for the individual, you declare to be the way of Virtue. Kant's Categorical Imperative, on which you insist so much, may, I take it, be considered as an awkward wooden sign-post announcing as much to a belated nineteenth century—To Eldorado. And shrivelled-up, staring-eyed old Kant is the appointed watchman, taking toll of every passenger, and giving change in kreutzers and rix-dollars!

LUXMOORE. That is your light way of putting it. But it is true. *Adveniat regnum tuum*, we say daily: at least I do. The first law of that interior kingdom is righteousness. And the great lesson deducible from history seems to me to enforce it: *Discite justitiam moniti*.

GRIMSTON. It will be much if that law will stand in the breaking up of religious beliefs and "universal exodus from Houndsditch"—what a grand phrase—which is just now taking place. But will it? I am afraid, my dear Luxmore, that you will be *vox clamantis in deserto*—like your St. John Baptist.

TEMPERLEY. But happily with this difference: that our milder-mannered Herods and Herodiascs won't cut off your head. The extremest penalty with which they will visit you will be—not to buy your book. *Absit omen!*

W. S. LILLY.

THE CHURCH PROBLEM IN SCOTLAND.

THE Prime Minister has taken an early opportunity of announcing his determination to defend the Church of Scotland from Disestablishment and Disendowment,* and probably his emphatic words have helped the English public to understand more clearly than they did before the serious nature of the attack which is being made on the Northern Church Establishment. Lord Salisbury was sarcastic on the absurdity of English electors, profoundly ignorant of the history and claims of the Church of Scotland, making its future a test question for candidates at elections. We fear that he is right on the point of ignorance, and that not electors only, but candidates, and political writers and speakers generally, are but ill-informed on a question so purely Scottish as this. There is no analogy between the Irish Church, which has been disestablished on the score of its being obnoxious to the great majority of the people, and the Scottish, which is certainly not in a minority, and is separated only by very slight differences from those Presbyterians who are beyond its pale. But more than this. There is no real parallel between the English Establishment and the Scotch; and arguments that may be of some force against the one have hardly any application to the other. In England, men speak of the State Church, and hold that an Established Church ought to be strictly controlled by the Crown and Parliament. In Scotland, there is no State Church in our English sense of the term. While secured by statute in the possession and use of ancient buildings and emoluments, the Church is spiritually and ecclesiastically autonomic. It has never acknowledged the royal supremacy in spiritual causes, and takes no directions from the Civil Government. Even the Lord High Commissioner, who

* Speech reported in the *Times* of July 4.

represents Her Majesty at the General Assembly, has not the slightest power of interference or control. The Court transacts its business, and both appoints and dissolves its meetings, as by inherent authority. In England we are accustomed to hear Christian people classified as Churchmen and Nonconformists; but this does not extend beyond the Tweed. Where all parties cherish a Church consciousness and use Church language, it is scarcely possible for one to claim exclusive Churchmanship; and where there is no Act of Uniformity, there are no Nonconformists. Those who have broken away from the Church of England have, for the most part, adopted new modes of worship and forms of polity. They have thus most completely separated and, so to speak, chapel-ized themselves. But the great majority of those who have left the Kirk * have organized themselves on parallel lines, maintaining the same faith, worship, and polity, and claiming to be, not dissenters from, but the most faithful exponents of, the genuine Church of Scotland.

Thus the Church problem of the North stands by itself, and is happily exempt from some elements of irritation which embitter the ecclesiastical situation in England. No one accuses the Church of Scotland of using its prestige or power in a haughty or vexatious manner. It does not claim any monopoly in endowed schools, or universities, or parochial burial-grounds; it does not disparage the sacraments or "orders" of other Churches; indeed, the plea against it is that it is so like the other Churches that it ought not to be artificially lifted into a position of precedence and privilege above them.

The forces which threaten the Church of Scotland as an Establishment may be grouped thus:—(1) Those who are Voluntaries in principle, and regard any and every alliance of Church and State as contrary to the genius of the New Testament, and inevitably hurtful to religion. (2) The majority of the members of the Free Church, who, without accepting the voluntary theory, have ceased to care for the Establishment principle. Influential leaders of that energetic community represented the abolition of Church patronage about ten years ago as a challenge to the non-Established Churches and an unfair attempt to steal away that popular support on which they must depend. Their answer to the challenge is a demand for "religious equality." To these may be added (3) an unknown number of politicians who care little for Church questions, but consider Dis-establishment a good card to play in a vigorous Liberal policy.

* We use this designation to please English readers, having often observed that, although Scotsmen generally say "Church" and "Free Church," Englishmen prefer the forms, "Kirk" and "Free Kirk." Is it that they are anxious to reserve the title "Church" for the Church of England; or merely that they suppose it to be the correct thing to fall into a Lowland Scotch dialect, just as, in the Highlands, they wear tartan, and even venture in some instances to don the kilt and sporran?

The forces on the other side are the members of the Church of Scotland, aided by a certain proportion of Free Church people, especially in the Highlands, and by the Scottish Episcopalians, who, though they love not a Presbyterian Establishment, prefer it to no Establishment at all. It is true that these last are few in number, but they have social influence, and can make their wishes felt in the House of Peers.

It is not easy to say how this question would be determined if it were possible to submit it to a *plébiscite* apart from any complication with the interests of political parties. The likelihood is that the Presbyterian population would not show a majority for Disestablishment; and as to non-Presbyterians, the Conservative Episcopalians would pretty nearly balance the Radical Independents and Baptists. The danger to the Church lies in her fate being cast into the heap of political disputes, and her demolition being made an item in the Liberal programme. It is vehemently advocated by the Liberation Society as a step towards a still greater achievement. Disestablishment has been carried in Ireland. Scotland must come next; then Wales, perhaps; and, finally, England. The Scottish question is taken before the English simply because it is easier. The Church of Scotland is poor, and it would require no very great legislative skill to deprive it of its status and emoluments. In fact, a Bill to that effect has been drawn and introduced to the House of Commons by a Scottish Member of no eminence or recognized ability. It is of course known that the friends of the English Establishment will be urged to defend the interests of the Scottish in Parliament in order to ward off danger from their own doors. Lord Salisbury is clearly for such a policy. But it is estimated on the other side that the Church of England will have a much diminished influence in the new House of Commons, and that High Churchmen like Mr. Gladstone will feel little scruple about laying hands on a Presbyterian Church, which they regard as neither properly equipped nor lawfully descended.

In view of the onset on the Church of Scotland which is being prepared for the General Election in November, we recall a sentence or two from Hare's "Guesses at Truth."

"There is something melancholy and painful in the entire abandonment of any institution designed for good. It is too plain a confession of intellectual weakness, too manifest a receding before the brute power of outward things. Any one can amputate; the difficulty and the object is to restore."*

No doubt there are cases in which the "melancholy and painful" thing must be done to avoid more serious evils, but we are not satisfied that in the present case there is no alternative, and we

cannot find much force in some of the pleas which are very confidently put forward by the agitators for Disestablishment in the North. *E.g.*:

1. The unfairness of the State in singling out one from among many religious bodies for all its favours and benefactions.—But when did the State make this selection? Did the history of Scotland begin the day before yesterday? From earliest times, the religious life of the country embodied itself in a National Church, which unavoidably had relations with the Civil Government, and so has continued to be Established (if that be the proper term) through all its diversified career. The existence of different religious communities, descended from a common origin, is a very modern fact. It may suggest to some minds that the old house should be condemned and demolished in order to clear the ground for ecclesiastical rivalry on equal terms; but to other minds it quite as strongly suggests the inquiry whether the old house may not be enlarged and repaired, and differences swallowed up in a restored unity.

As to emoluments, the State gives to the Church of Scotland no money whatever, if we except a small annual grant for behoof of the Highlands and Islands. What the Church holds is only that portion of the old ecclesiastical property of the country which was rescued from secularization in the sixteenth century, with subsequent additions from private donors. Burden on the taxpayers there is none. To alienate such property from sacred uses in order to reduce school-rates, make roads, or build harbours might be a legalized but could never be a rightful confiscation.

2. The ability of religious people to pay for the support of their own religion.—On this ground it is urged that endowments are superfluous—nay, more, that they are pernicious, as discouraging the free-will offerings of the people, and lessening, if not destroying, their sense of responsibility for the support and extension of the Church to which they are attached. In all this there seems to us more of vain boasting than of common-sense. The cry is a favourite one with laymen of a certain type, who desire to control a Church by holding the purse-strings, and who have no personal knowledge of the poor parson's *res angustæ domi*, or of the wounds inflicted on his self-respect by the appeals and solicitations which have to be resorted to in order to provide his modest stipend. Those who have had much to do with the raising of funds in non-endowed Churches know too well that under the voluntary flag there is a great deal of practical involuntariness, and that adequate support for religious objects is not obtained without anxious effort and importunity. It is a piece of infatuation to deny the utility of endowments for the maintenance of Churches among the poor in large cities and in sparsely peopled districts of the country.

The case is often put as though the choice must be absolute between endowments and voluntary offerings. But this is an evident mistake, for in the Established Churches the two systems are combined. There is no good reason why Scotland should not carry out such a combination on a far larger scale. There will be need and scope enough for all the liberality of her religious people; and there will be no more than enough for the growing wants of the Church of the future if to such offerings the lawfully inherited ecclesiastical endowments be added. In our humble opinion, it would be an act of sheer folly to throw them away.

3. The amazing proposition that Disestablishment and Disendowment are to prepare the way for a happy Presbyterian union.

It is one of the peculiarities of the Scottish problem that a project of union runs alongside of the proposal to disestablish. Among thinking men it is probably the more cherished plan. In England such suggestions of reconciliation have little force or plausibility, because there are no Episcopalian outsiders. The Methodists have become substantially Presbyterian in polity; Independents and Baptists object to a collective National Church of any description; and almost all the Dissenters are non-liturgical in worship. But in Scotland, as we have shown, the conditions are quite different, and there is great significance in proposals, such as have been made even from the Moderator's chair in the General Assembly, for so reconstructing the Church of Scotland as to gather all her children again under one spiritual roof. There is no reason to doubt that such legislation as might be requisite to secure this end would be obtained without difficulty. Answer comes, however, from the outsiders to the effect that, while they approve of union, and are even anxious for it, they cannot enter into any negotiation regarding it till religious equality has been gained.

If a reason be sought for this *non possumus*, the reply is that Churches which have escaped from the fetters of State connection value their sacred liberty too much to unite with an Established Church. But is any one able to state categorically what are the liberties possessed by the Free and United Presbyterian communities which the Church of Scotland may not and does not enjoy? Let us not be misled by phrases that are the hackneyed catchwords of party. We are warned against the defiling and withering touch of the State; but can any one tell us why the touch of collective society in its most dignified form must be so much worse than the touch of an individual citizen, or of a group of citizens, ruling the temporalities of a Church? In Scotland, as we have explained, the State does not rule the Church, nor does it feed the Church with money. What harm does it do?

It is a remarkable fact that in those Presbyterian unions in the

colonies which had the cordial sanction of the mother churches, no condition was made that ministers or congregations in connection with the Church of Scotland should disown the Establishment principle, or surrender endowments, or the compensation received for endowments, which had been the direct gift of the State.

The union of the colonial Churches, followed as it has been in every instance by none but good results, helps year by year to discredit the divisions at home. Three churches in Scotland are content to be represented by one and the same church in Canada or Australia; and the usage is for delegates from the colonies to appear before the three Scottish churches in succession, pledging friendship and soliciting supplies of preachers. The Presbyterian Church in Ireland has resolved this year to follow the same course. But evidently this cannot go on without raising the questions, Why such piping of peace abroad, and blowing of the war-trumpet at home? Why approve of a harmony between your children which you refuse to establish among yourselves? Why applaud a wider brotherhood thousands of miles away, and yet prolong your own narrowing and sectarianizing strifes?

Those who would answer these questions by endeavouring to reconcile divided Presbyterians on liberal and honourable terms for all, without pulling down the Establishment, rely in large measure on the strength and tenacity of the national feeling for an ancient institution. Yet some on the other side, who ought to be well-informed, maintain that the country is indifferent to such considerations. Dr. Walter C. Smith is reported to have said, in the recent General Assembly of the Free Church, "Historical continuity would not now have any weight with the people of Scotland." The Assembly appears to have applauded the statement. We should call it melancholy, if true. Few more severe censures can be passed on the modern ecclesiastical feuds of Scotland than to say that they have bereft the public mind of its historical sense, and taken away the charm of venerable antiquity.

We cast no imputation on the sincerity with which advocates of disestablishment proclaim their desire for union. Perhaps we should admire their far-reaching patience. They must forego all hope of seeing a union in their own lifetime, and be content to bequeath the negotiation of it to their grandchildren. It is quite certain that what they call the preliminary step of disestablishment cannot be secured without a struggle fraught with the elements of bitter estrangement. The probability is that, if it were accomplished, a generation or two would pass before the resentment of a vanquished and despoiled Church would have sufficiently abated to give proposals for union any chance of success. In such matters, because they feel keenly, Scotsmen are slow to kiss and make friends. Forty-two

years have run since "the Disruption," and yet the embers of that strife are not quite cool.

Against this it may be urged that reason will prove stronger than wounded pride; and that the sturdy common-sense of the Scottish people would make short work with the absurd spectacle of three separate Churches of the same order competing on the same ground for popular support. Coalescence would be a moral certainty. We cannot, however, help observing that Scottish reason and common-sense have failed thus far to unite two of those Churches, though they have long been on a footing of religious equality. Why should it be so confidently assumed that these qualities will unite the three so soon as the third has been pulled down, against its will, by the other two?

We are glad to hear compliments addressed to the Scottish mind, but cannot forget that, in matters which concern the Church, it has been trained to disputatious habits and an insufficient estimate of the evils involved in religious or ecclesiastical separation. The terms "secession" and "disruption," which surely ought to carry some associations of regret, are sounded forth with notes of triumph. Peacemakers are represented as dreamers, or as men of weak principle, ready for any compromise. We are, therefore, unable to contemplate with satisfaction the progress of an agitation which must disturb more than ever the waters of religious society in the North, already far too restless; and we cannot see in this the prelude to re-union and tranquillity. Discord breeds further discord, and strife more strife.

The object of this paper is not to speculate on the outcome of the present controversy, but to put forward some views and aspects of the problem which have been insufficiently considered. Having no personal relation to the question, we claim to be at all events in a good position for examining it impartially. If men are resolved not to be reconciled on old lines, and prefer to run all the risks of a *quasi*-ecclesiastical revolution, it is probably useless to remonstrate with them. But the nation—and the Scotch are a nation—has not yet made up its mind. And it may not be altogether useless to suggest that, if the ability and ingenuity which are now employed in justifying and pressing the policy of demolition were turned to the devising of a plan of reconstruction and comprehension, the result would be more quickly and easily arrived at, and much more worthy of the support of a people with such historical traditions and associations as the Scotch. It is with something like a feeling of shame that we hear of the venerable name of the Church being bandied about in the rude uproar of candidates' meetings, and look forward to its being tossed to and fro amid the jangle and excitement of a Parliamentary election. Shabby treatment for the Kirk, it seems to us, and an unhappy business for the country.

DONALD FRASER.

PERSIA AND AFGHANISTAN.

THE steady and persistent advance of Russia, within sight of the promised land which tradition has assigned as the goal of her ambition, though in some quarters derided as chimerical, has at length arrested the attention of the English people. Every allowance being made for the motives of this advance, insidious in its progress, and effected at an expenditure of life and treasure quite incommensurate with its avowed object, the conviction is now generally confirmed that the same motives, stimulated by contingencies ever impending, must continue to operate with unabated urgency; and whether the advance is designed for purposes of external pressure at any political crisis, or as the prelude to active aggression, it must constitute a menace of a nature to impose henceforward charges and responsibilities of a very onerous character upon the rulers of India. Of the defensive measures to be undertaken by them, regardless of expense, a fortified frontier of great extent, protected by permanent garrisons, with communications everywhere completed and secured, is no doubt the first; but our position in India, politically speaking, demands nevertheless that if what have hitherto been considered as outworks of the defence are to be left unguarded by our own forces, every practicable precaution should be adopted to utilize them for the same purpose. That otherwise the danger of their seizure as a means of offence is real and imminent, is attested by the long years of preparation with which the event has been premeditated by Russia, and by the efforts and sacrifices with which its consummation has been opposed by England. But if the fruits of these sacrifices are not now to be lost, it is clear that the nation must be pledged to a sustained and determined policy for the sake of bringing under effective control the only means still available of maturing them.

The encroachments of Russia have already extended to points of vantage on the confines of the two British Indian co-limetary States which, as organized unities, must needs represent important factors in the complications that sooner or later are likely to ensue. On the degree then that England may be able to safeguard the integrity of Persia and Afghanistan, or to rely upon their benevolent neutrality, will depend not perhaps the ultimate issue of a collision, but the success with which it can be sustained, as well as the prospect of minimizing the tendency to disturbance to be apprehended within her own limits from the proximity of the conflict. Isolated as they are, with a certain proneness to antagonism in their international relations due to their religious constitution, these States offer themselves individually as an easy prey for absorption, while they would need the fullest protection in order to ensure the free exercise of their rights as independent nationalities. It may fairly be contended that to mould such heterogeneous elements into a confederation for effective defence could hardly be contemplated as a measure of practical policy, though it may possibly be one susceptible of realization under the auspices of a common superior, and under the stress of a common peril. Where, however, their interests are identical, and these interests are indirectly assailed by inimical intrigues or by piecemeal aggression, the right of intervention may properly be asserted by an ally so intimately concerned as England, and would be justified on her part as a means of preserving the balance of power which in Europe would be secured by a league of the greater nations, and which in Central Asia must depend upon the good faith and forbearance of Russia alone. If such good faith and forbearance were in any degree reliable or assured, a common protectorate by England and Russia with mutual right to appeal to arbitration in the interests of peace, followed by the concerted limitation of coercive measures for the redress of grievances, would furnish sufficient security against ulterior designs of aggrandizement, or at least would preclude surprise in the subjugation of feudatories, or in the annexation of their territory on the pretext of the non-observance of international obligations.

Past experience, however, demonstrates that such a protectorate, based on treaty engagements of which the efficacy would be devoid of any guarantee but force, could only be realized under conditions disadvantageous to England, as excusing, on her side, the blind confidence and unpreparedness that are seemingly inseparable from the action of popular Governments. The challenge of Russia when her plans were matured would not the less result in the seizure of strategical positions, indispensable to the furtherance of schemes which it is impossible to dissociate from her past career of conquest; and if these are to be resisted in their initiation, the better hope of success

would consist in the assertion of an independent policy of which the attempted invasion should constitute a *casus belli*. What that policy has hitherto been admits of no misconception, though its vindication has been discredited at home for party purposes; what it shall be in the future appears to be still undetermined; but whatever the resolutions taken, it is due to the dignity of the nation that they should assume a character of stability, and that when danger is threatened the views and plans of one great Minister should not prove so distasteful to his successor as to warrant the postponement of measures of vital moment to the gratification of personal prejudice.

In this connection it may not be without interest to contrast the actual situation with the history in the past of our relations with Persia and Afghanistan—a history, be it remembered, replete with the recurrent efforts of Russia to alienate both these countries from their natural alliance with England. As a consequence that history resolves itself into the narrative of a fitful policy, which, alternating between costly conciliation and vigorous coercion on the part of the latter, has failed to reach the source of the evil, if indeed it has not operated to emphasize the loss of her predominance in either country and to reduce them to the condition of mere geographical expressions, such as they now present themselves on the field of the inevitable struggle for supremacy between two rival Powers.

Three-quarters of a century have elapsed since the gigantic projects of the first Napoleon, acting in momentary collusion with Russia, excited the alarm of the British Indian Government, and prompted the well-known missions of Malcolm and Elphinstone to the Courts respectively of the Shah and the Ameer. In the case of Persia, England's friendly overtures resulted in an alliance *quasi* offensive and defensive between the two States, which was presently fortified by the deputation of military officers, with details of each arm, to drill and discipline the Persian army; but these measures, though answering the immediate purposes of political influence in which they originated, were found to be not only devoid of substantial advantage, but, measured by Oriental aspirations, to be provocative rather than counter-active of the danger they were intended to avert. Russia, relaxing for a season her encroachments on Turkey, with appetite whetted for further spoliation of her neighbour, now renewed her aggression upon Persia. The native forces of the country were still in no condition to resist her attack, nor was the storm to be exorcised by diplomatic sympathy, abortive in its conception, because barren of executive principle and discreditable in its issue, as involving the repudiation of treaty engagements.

Given, however, the geographical conditions and the unstable character of the local administration, it was perhaps only in the nature of things that the British Government should seek to withdraw from a

false position, and to cancel the bond by which it had undertaken to subsidize the defence of the country. In the issue, the obnoxious article was expunged from the treaty at the price of a money payment, which fell practically to be appropriated towards the discharge of the indemnity to be exacted by Russia at the close of an unprovoked war. The irony of fate thus completed the disillusion of all the parties to the transaction, and exposed the fallacy of fostering a cause, which, when seriously endangered, England was as yet unprepared to make her own. Persia was henceforth to be reduced to a condition of ill-disguised vassalage to Russia, and the course of our more recent relations has served only to emphasize her entire subservience to the designs of that Power. Apart from mere personal questions and wrangles respecting commercial advantages or international privileges, the influence of the British Mission at Teheran has necessarily been subordinated to that of the Russian Minister, and whenever the political aims and interests of Russia have been seriously concerned, he has not wanted irresistible arguments to overrule the counsels of England, even to the disregard of threats of coercion such as England has twice been reluctantly compelled to enforce.

A remarkable instance may be quoted in illustration of this fact. Once again, in the interval preceding the second rupture, the British Government had repeated the experiment of deputing English officers to reform the rabble army of Persia, but it was only to find that the weapon so fashioned was incontinently turned against itself in behoof of its rival.

On two occasions when the far-seeing intrigues of Russia had converted Persia into a tool for the promotion of her schemes of future aggrandizement, and, as above stated, had obliged the British Government to resort to coercion, the means employed were strictly limited to the immediate purpose, and were so limited in order to avoid the further enfeeblement of a country whose independent resources were held to be still at its own disposal. In 1837 and 1838, while Russia was yet too distant to assume the part of principal, that purpose was attained by the occupation only of the insignificant island of Karrack in the Persian Gulf, and again in 1855—when increased pressure was needed for its attainment—by the capture of Bushire and Mohumra, the two principal ports of Persia. There may be pertinence in the fact that on this second occasion the expedition had hardly done its work when our military resources in India were strained to the utmost by the outbreak of what is known as the Sepoy Mutiny.

On this review of the events referred to, we may easily foresee the state of impotency to which Persia would be reduced if Russia consolidated her position at Herat, and may appreciate in consequence the absolute necessity which attaches to England of forestalling the issue.

It would be idle at this date to recall the circumstances under which England has always aimed at maintaining the Afghan nationality, influenced as they were successively by the sway of Yar Mahomed, the gallant action of Pottinger, the vicissitudes of Afghan rule, and the reiterated invasion of the country by Persia at the open instigation of Russia, culminating at length in the final reduction of the principality by Dost Mahomed with the aid of British subsidies. The memory of these events for any other purpose than that of historical disquisition has been obliterated by the hostile advance of Russia to the gates of Herat, and by the necessity now imposed upon England of vindicating her past policy by her own direct means, or of submitting to the inevitable consequences of its abandonment. Foresceing these consequences, successive administrations had accepted the duties and responsibilities which that policy entailed by preparing the way for its efficient prosecution. It remained for the late Government on its advent to power to renounce the pledges of its predecessors, to forego the fruits of costly sacrifices, and to substitute for carefully planned measures of defence a blind reliance upon those Russian assurances which on the same field had been so repeatedly belied, and this with the result, natural to such wilful self-deception, of being constrained to resume in haste and at disadvantage the self-same measures that without the shadow of reason it had so recklessly postponed.

However little importance may be attached to prestige in the present day, or to the consequences of its loss upon the domination of conquered races, it must still be a matter of national concern that a policy for which England has so resolutely contended, at the cost of repeated wars, should be discredited as illusory when directly assailed from the one quarter and by the one agency which had been contemplated in its initiation. The advance of Russia was the danger apprehended. Her progress has not been delayed a day, if indeed it has not been hastened by protests and remonstrances of which the futility has been demonstrated by the never-ceasing intrigues that have heralded it both in Persia and Afghanistan, and by the pretexts of expediency still adduced to justify it. Nevertheless, the conditions which have determined the value and importance of Herat, as embodied in the expressions "Gate of India," "Key of India," have been instinctively accepted as sound by our most experienced statesmen and diplomatists, not only on account of the command it confers upon its possessor over Persia and Afghanistan, but as furnishing, from the extent and superior fertility of its soil, as attested by the history of past ages, a base of operations, if not self-sustaining for purposes of ulterior aggression, yet supplementary in the first degree of exterior and distant resources.

With Herat independent as an integral part of the Afghan

dominions, the defenders of India would at least be safe from surprise, and in lieu of constant alarms, with the changes and disturbances incidental thereto, would be enabled to select their own ground of battle, and to prepare at leisure the means of repelling the first menace of invasion; in other words, with Herat for his objective, the enemy must traverse a much greater distance from his nearest base at Baku, with communications obstructed by sea and desert, in order to reach the point of attack, than would intervene between that point and our own base at Quetta, with our lines of communication secured by rail and extended, as they should have been extended while Afghanistan was avowedly beyond the sphere of Russian influence, as far as Candahar.

From a military point of view the question is indisputably one of vital moment to our peaceable occupation of India. Excluded from Herat, the position of Russia in Turkestan may be viewed with complacency. With Herat in her possession, the balance of power would immediately incline in her favour, and though England may rely upon her superior wealth and organization to make good her resistance in the end, her passive attitude in the present, and retreat everywhere in the face of difficulty, her craven composition of broken covenants, and renunciation in Central Asia of her traditional policy, must invest the aggressor, especially in the East, with the advantages that proverbially belong to attack over defence.

The present action of the British Government would, however, seem to imply a final resolution to maintain the integrity and independence of Afghanistan; and it may confidently be predicted that should England be forced to put forth her whole offensive powers in a life and death struggle for supremacy, the hold of Russia on her recently acquired territory would be seriously compromised, while the resolute attitude of England in the defence of their common interests would command the sympathy of those co-limetary States who have hitherto been discouraged by her half-hearted policy, and gain to her side the resources, not only of Afghanistan and Persia, but of Turkey and China, States who would then have more to hope from a coalition with England than to fear from the hostility of Russia.

A. B. KEMBALL.

THE WHITE CROSS.

THE disclosures which have been made recently in the *Pall Mall Gazette* will have filled all true Englishmen with awe and shame. If the editor is able to prove his statements, he has fulfilled a sacred duty in giving publicity to the facts. We may regret that many unnecessary details were not suppressed. We may think that the story might have been told otherwise than it is told. The moral indignation excited by these horrors gains nothing from sensational accompaniments. But such criticisms pale into insignificance before the great question which is raised by these revelations. I have no heart to find fault with the manner of doing, if the thing itself ought to be done. One's sense of right revolts against the monstrous injustice of confounding these articles with the vile literature which exists only to pander to the vicious tastes of the degraded. The writer's sincerity is unmistakable. He has undertaken a task which, we are bound to believe, must have been as loathsome to him as it would have been to ourselves. He has taken extraordinary pains and shown no common courage in the fulfilment of this task. He declares himself ready and able to substantiate his statements before an impartial tribunal; and until he has failed to redeem this pledge, we are bound to take him at his word. We may suspect indeed that, misled by his informants (as he was not unlikely to be misled), he may have exaggerated the magnitude and the range of the evil. But, even if his statistics are divided by ten, they are appalling enough. The fact remains that prodigies of human villainy move freely among us—apparently without any social ban—certainly without any legal interference—compared with whom the average murderer is a respectable member of society; while to minister to the worse than brutality of these men our laws allow

unwary souls to be sacrificed and young childish lives to be shipwrecked, not by scores, but by hundreds. Publicity is the sole cure for an evil which has attained these dimensions. The knife alone can save the patient, however he may shrink from it, when an abscess is poisoning his blood and draining his life: Is not the surgeon after all the true benefactor, even if he inflicts some pain in the process?

Yet we shudder to think of the immediate moral risks which attend such a disclosure. It supplies fresh fuel to the passions of the degraded. It may initiate the weak in forms of evil unsuspected before. It may fill the minds of the upright and high-minded with images which are a continual burden to them. But the peril is greatest with that large class of men whose moral level in this matter of purity is neither very high nor very low. Their consciences are not over-active. Their ideal, so far as they have an ideal, is pitched a little above the conventional morality of their surroundings, without any reference to an external standard. At the same time they have a certain amount of self-respect, and would not be satisfied to think themselves worse than their neighbours. The impression left on their minds is that the corruption is far deeper and more widely spread than the facts justify; and they are led in consequence to view their own moral level with acquiescence, if not with complacency. With these men—and they are a very large class—an insensible lowering of the moral standard is the almost inevitable consequence. Is it not possible for us then to commend the scruple which forbids the indiscriminate sale of the publication at the book-stalls, even while we acknowledge that publicity alone can secure the great ends which the writer has in view?

The effects of this disclosure are already apparent. The Criminal Law Amendment Act might possibly have lingered on for several Sessions more, if the moral indignation of England had not been thus aroused. It has now been taken up in earnest. We have only to see that the vital clauses are retained, and that the provisions are made really effective, to prevent the evils against which they are directed. May we not hope that henceforward our legislators will no more expose themselves to the reproach that, being men, they legislate in the interests of men; and that, while they are careful enough to shield their own sons and brothers from the consequences of their vices, the daughters and sisters of their poorer neighbours find no compassion for their wrongs? *Pudet hæc opprobria nobis.* Here is the strength of the agitation for woman's suffrage. Not unnaturally it is claimed that the woman's voice shall be heard to redress the woman's wrongs, where the man is silent. Can we reflect with any self-respect that the championship and protection

of the young and weak of their own sex from the foulest wrongs has been left to a few courageous women, who have ventured publicly to lay bare these iniquities, facing obloquy and despising shame? As their reward, they are denounced as unwomanly. Truly, it is not a woman's part; but is it manly of us men to force them into a strange position by our silence, and then to taunt them with occupying it? If men refuse to speak, women must. There are times in the world's history when the crisis demands a Catherine of Siena or a Joan of Arc.

The maxim that men cannot be made moral by Act of Parliament has been so frequently misapplied to excuse a do-nothing policy, that one can hardly bear it with patience. Yet we must not trust too much to legislation. Legislation may alleviate, but it cannot cure. The root of the evil still remains untouched. The corruption is largely due to the low tone of public opinion in this particular province of morals. When it is a question of truth or honesty, we can reckon on the support of this invaluable ally. Theft and lying receive no quarter. But here it fails us utterly. Yet the shopman who robs his master's till, and then extricates himself by a falsehood, is a far less serious offender against the well-being of society than the monsters in human form whom these exposures have dragged into the light. Why is society so careless about its own highest interests? The public conscience is for the moment aroused. Such an awakening may be productive of untold good, if the opportunity is seized. A grave responsibility attaches to all those who are in any sense guardians of morals—on the clergy more especially. It is the manifest duty, as it is the true wisdom, of the clergy to place themselves in the forefront in this crusade against impurity. If they hold back from timidity, then assuredly this post of honour, which is theirs by right, will be occupied by others.

But let us beware of making a bad start. A false diagnosis is the worst hindrance to an effective cure. Before all things we must be on our guard against exaggeration. In this case the exaggeration of the evil is the strength of the evil. We are frequently told—it has been said even in parliamentary debates—that all young men are alike, that it is useless to blink the fact, and that our true wisdom is to acquiesce in the evil—to regulate it, if we can, but not to trouble ourselves overmuch about it. Ambitious mothers, when they sell their daughters to wealthy profligates, thus consigning them to certain misery and perdition, are said to excuse their cruelty on this plea. Thus impurity is exalted into a law of Nature. For every one who gives public expression to this comfortable but shameful doctrine, doubtless many hold it secretly. These easy moralists are the worst offenders. Can they wonder, if with this encouragement young men who are hovering on the brink of the precipice fling

themselves recklessly into the abyss and are lost? But the doctrine is untrue—monstrously untrue. I have seen very much of young men, ever since I was a young man myself, and I say confidently that, with rare exceptions, the principle of purity was as sacred with them as the principles of truth and honesty. Yet they have been men of all classes in our Universities—honour-men and poll-men, scholars and athletes—men of the time of life and of the social rank of which these low-toned moralists speak in complacent despair. I do not mean to assert that there may not be “sets” in the Universities of whom a different tale could be told. But I maintain that this disparaging estimate is a twisting of the exception into the rule, and that a gross libel is the result. We are not therefore attempting an impossibility. There are confessedly difficulties besetting this form of sin which do not attend others. But who will say that the temptation to a poor man to appease his hunger by stealing a loaf is not greater than the temptation to a rich man to gratify his appetite at the cost of a woman’s degradation? If then we expect and (as a rule) find honesty in the poor man, why is it unreasonable to demand self-restraint in the rich?

What then is the remedy for the evil? Not the confessional. The confessional may pick up a soul here and there out of the dirt. But the low tone of the literature in those Continental nations where it has had a fair field shows only too plainly its inability to purify public opinion. Either it fails to get hold of the mass of men, or getting hold of them it fails to influence them in the right direction. But if not the confessional, then certainly not reticence. Reticence leaves all souls alike wallowing in the mire. Reticence, like the Priest and the Levite, passes by on the other side with half-closed eyes, not caring or not daring to look at the festering wounds.

So far as I can see, the one hope of dealing successfully with the evil on any large scale lies in the methods characteristic of the movement which bears the name of the White Cross, though not necessarily confined to organizations called by this name.

Before describing what this White Cross movement is, let me say what it is not. We are not—at least we hope we are not—Pharisees of the Pharisees. We do not vaunt ourselves as better than other men. We do not wear any outward badges. On this last point I find there is great misconception. The writer of the article in the *Pall Mall Gazette* even speaks of the “White Ribbon” Army. I have found this misapprehension existing in high places in the Church likewise. From these facts I infer that it is very common. Not unnaturally a prejudice has thus been created against the movement. I can only say that no organization bearing this name, of which I have any knowledge, wears a white ribbon or any other outward badge.

Our members do not profess to be pure, but they pledge themselves by God's help to strive to be pure. This is a wholly different thing. They place an ideal definitely before themselves, which they endeavour to realize in themselves, and which they commend to others. The chief points in this ideal are two. It upholds the principle that purity is an obligation on men not less than on women, and it maintains a chivalrous respect for the honour of woman as woman. In all this there is nothing to which every Christian is not pledged by his baptismal vows; but the necessity of emphasizing this part of a Christian's duty is painfully manifest. We have therefore embodied it in a fivefold pledge, which appeals to all men alike by its simplicity and directness.*

Our aim then is positive, not negative. We have no desire, and we are under no obligation, to rake among the loathsome details of vice. This may be a necessity for some, but it is not for us. We raise an ideal as a standard, and we direct the eyes of men upwards, not downwards. Our appeal is to the *anima naturaliter Christiana*—the soul which is Christian by nature, even where it is not Christian in a fuller sense by grace. We strive to pierce the incrustations till we reach this soul. We believe that, when it is reached, purity will attract irresistibly by its own inherent force. In most young men—in all young men who are worth their salt—there is a strong element of chivalry. It is our aim to win, and to consecrate the chivalrous in them. If we can do this, we have done everything. Hence we range ourselves under the White Cross as our standard. By this title we wish to stamp our movement as a new crusade; we desire to gather about it all that was noblest and purest in the ages of chivalry. We cannot be indifferent to the power of a name. Purity Associations and Moral Improvement Societies may do useful work, but they inspire no enthusiasm and attract no recruits by their title. We sometimes call ourselves the White Cross Army. The last word has suggested other ideas than we had intended. We had desired only to emphasize the courage, the discipline, and the united action characteristic of a soldiery, and thus to develop further the idea of a crusade. But the connection of this word with other well-known religious movements, demonstrative and sensational in their working, has imported ideas into it which are foreign to our aim. Our mode of operation is essentially and necessarily different from theirs.

* The pledge runs as follows:—

"I promise by the help of God—1. To treat all women with respect, and endeavour to protect them from wrong and degradation. 2. To endeavour to put down all indecent language and coarse jests. 3. To maintain the law of purity as equally binding upon men and women. 4. To endeavour to spread these principles among my companions, and to try and help my younger brothers. 5. To use every possible means to fulfil the command, 'Keep THYSELF pure.'"

I cannot but believe that the adoption of such a plan generally in the towns and parishes of England would before long make a sensible impression on the morality of England. I said before that the tone of public opinion on this subject is very low. But this is hardly a correct mode of speaking. It would be more true to say that there is no public opinion at all. There hardly can be any, while there is no common action, and while reference to the subject is studiously shunned. We all are conscious how much we owe to public opinion in other departments of morals. In matters of truth and honesty, it is at once a great educator and a strong support of the individual conscience. But, where purity is concerned, it supplies no education and gives no support. A man who desires to rise above the conventional level of his own immediate surroundings, finds no rallying point. Here is an artisan engaged (we will say) in a great factory or workshop, where many hundreds of hands—men and boys—are employed. The language bandied about is foul in the extreme, and the evil is not always confined to language. This state of things is loathsome to him. It so happens that not a few others think as he thinks. But they are isolated units. There is nothing to bring them into communication. If they could only combine, a reform would soon be effected, notwithstanding the odds against them. Purity is stronger than impurity, as truth is stronger than falsehood. It has "the strength of ten." This is only one instance out of many (and it is not an imaginary instance), where combination is needed. The White Cross Army, besides setting an ideal definitely before the individual, secures the strength which resides in the union of numbers.

In the short space and time which alone I could command I have not been able to do more than indicate in outline the methods and the aims of the White Cross movement. I sincerely trust that the shock caused by recent disclosures may have the effect of stimulating men widely to action in this direction. If this should be the result, they will indeed have deserved our gratitude. The White Cross movement has the advantage of flexibility. It may be worked as a parochial or a town organization, or both, as circumstances dictate. As a parochial organization, it may be grafted on some existing guild or society, or it may be worked independently, as is found convenient. It may be connected with the Church of England Purity Society, or it may be erected on a narrower or a broader religious basis, as its promoters desire. The one characteristic, which we regard as distinctive of White Cross fellowship, is the adherence to the fivefold pledge. On this we are obliged to insist in every case. I venture earnestly to press the subject on all whose position or influence constitutes them guardians of morality—on the clergy of the Church of England especially. The Church, we are answered, is

itself a Purity Society. Just so ; and for this very reason it becomes the Church to give special emphasis to an article of primary importance in the moral code, which has been shamefully neglected. I have thought much over the subject, and I do not see how it can be emphasized with a greater prospect of success than in the manner indicated. *Si quid novisti rectius*—if any one can show us any better course, let him speak out in the name of God. Only there must be no postponement. The moral indignation excited by recent disclosures is God's opportunity. The tide is flowing now, but it will soon cease to flow. One thing we must not, cannot do. We will not fold our hands and cry hush. The accursed thing is in our tents ; we know it ; and we dare not be accomplices of Achan's guilt.

J. B. DUNELM.

CONTEMPORARY LIFE AND THOUGHT IN GERMANY.

DURING the last six months foreign affairs in Germany have nearly attained that phase which Mr. Gladstone, in one of his Midlothian speeches of 1879, considered to be the ideal one, when he said, "I am very much disposed to say of foreign affairs, what Pericles said of women: Their great merit was to be never heard of." The only exception was Prince Bismarck's slight passage of arms with Lord Granville on colonial affairs in the two Parliaments, and in white-books *versus* blue-books. The difference, however, turned out to be rather a misunderstanding, the British Foreign Secretary being able to assert that he had never received the German note of May 5, 1884, in which the Chancellor had exposed his colonial views, and the neglect of which he keenly resented. Count Münster had believed it to be intended for his private guidance, and had not delivered it to the Foreign Office. I have mentioned in my last review (November, 1884) that the Ambassador's position was shaken, his master complaining of his lukewarm treatment of the Angra-Pequena affair. Prince Bismarck now proposed his recall, which, however, was not sanctioned by the Emperor, but he had to submit a second time to the humiliation of being set aside by Count Herbert Bismarck, who, coming to London, speedily effected a satisfactory settlement with Lord Granville; a frontier of the two respective possessions in New Guinea and West Africa has been agreed upon, and the long-standing German claims on the Fiji Islands have been adjusted by the British Government paying £10,000 to the German settlers according to the award of a joint commission.

English papers have since complained of the unfriendly tone in which the German press mostly discussed the Anglo-Russian dispute in Central Asia, and the fact cannot be denied that the most influential organs, particularly the inspired ones, sided with Russia, but too much stress should not be laid on this feature. In the first place it must be considered that the bulk of German readers blindly follow, in foreign affairs, the lead of Prince Bismarck's well-established mastership, and that in particular the editors depend entirely upon the news given to

them by the Foreign Office. A few years ago a much more bitter feeling seemed to be directed against Russia, and ostensible public opinion coincided then as now with official policy. Secondly, there can be no doubt that the Chancellor, who is largely actuated by personal feelings, has no predilection for the late English Premier. The very natures of the two statesmen are antagonistic; to the broad positivism of the one, treating politics simply as dynamics and dealing exclusively with facts, believing in intelligent force rather than in popular opinion, the other's inveterate love of verbal hairsplitting ambiguities, his habit of taking a sentimental view of public affairs and his habitual deference to popular flattery and clamour must be repugnant. Yet Prince Bismarck is too much of a German statesman to complain if the majority of the English electorate preferred Mr. Gladstone to Lord Beaconsfield, provided the first was inclined to maintain the good understanding between the two countries as established at the Congress of Berlin. But the British Premier reversed with ostentation his predecessor's policy of cultivating a close understanding with Germany and Austria. Although on accession to office he had to apologize to the Austrian Ambassador for his famous "Hands off," he virtually maintained his policy of countenancing the rising nationalities in south-eastern Europe and thwarting the influence of Austria on the Balkan peninsula, a policy the consequence of which was simply to replace England's prestige at Constantinople by that of Germany. Nevertheless, when public opinion forced Mr. Gladstone to intervene in Egypt, Prince Bismarck warmly seconded this action, and made it no secret that he would consent to an English protectorate on the Nile, although he justly advised that this should be done with the connivance of the Porte. After the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, the Duke of Connaught received the Prussian military order "Pour le mérite," a distinction rarely given to foreigners. But how was that advance met by the British Government? Speaking in December, 1882, shortly before entering the Cabinet, Lord Derby said: "The policy which aimed at the establishment of some kind of English protectorate in Egypt is pressed upon us by politicians, more abroad than at home, to whom it would be an advantage, or at least a satisfaction, to break up the good understanding between England and France. To the party of absolutism and reaction throughout Europe it would be a real triumph if the two great nations in Europe could be set by the ears." Now, is it astonishing that such language gave offence at Berlin? Moreover, the accusation is unjust. Prince Bismarck has never tried to embroil the relations of England and France; on the contrary, he wished to keep both countries well united, in order that England might control any Chauvinist movements of the French policy. Mr. Gladstone seemed determined to maintain a close alliance with Republican France, and the end was the disruption of the London Conference of 1884, which left the relations between the two Governments more strained than they ever were under Lord Beaconsfield's administration. It was but natural that Prince Bismarck, thus finding himself unable to get what he wanted with England, tried to achieve his aims without her and proffered his hand to France, an offer which was gladly accepted at Paris. But for all that it would be an error to think that the Chancellor is bent on injuring or humiliating the

ancient and natural ally of Germany, nor is there any ill-feeling against England in the German nation; and this will become evident when the irritating incidents of the last few years are suffered gradually to disappear. We can quite conceive that the new colonial policy of Germany was a surprise to England, and that Lord Derby had "no idea" that we were thoroughly in earnest in claiming a share in the occupation of uncivilized districts. It is also quite conceivable that English public opinion was annoyed at the correspondence between Bismarck and the Foreign Office, in which the latter did not stand out in a brilliant position, but if the repeated disclaimers of any jealousy of Germany are true, such passing clouds will not be able to disturb the good relations of the two countries. England has always claimed the right of colonizing uncultivated countries without a settled government, and she cannot deny the same right to Germany under equal conditions; and if she cannot prevent the founding of German colonies, it will be much better to admit the fact with good grace and to recognize the Germans as friendly allies in the work of civilization. Besides, I am inclined to think that the late misunderstandings arose much more from the action of subordinate English agents abroad, who abused their official position in order to thwart objects of legitimate German enterprise, than from any jealousy of the British Government or any ill-will of the British people. English colonists know too well by experience that the Germans are excellent settlers for converting any savage region into a colony, and that German colonies will be good customers. England cannot do the whole work. Germans will be better neighbours than savages or Portuguese, and in admitting them to their proper share, England will not be limited in her natural expansion. The world is large enough for the energies of both nations, and the Congo Conference has shown that we do not desire to exclude by artificial barriers the competition of other nations, as is the custom with France and Portugal. A fair field and no favour is the essence of free trade, and as foreigners can trade in English colonies and with them on the same conditions as do the English, we are ready to exercise reciprocity. I admit that English statesmen are obliged to deal tenderly with the susceptibilities and even with the prejudices of British colonies in questions influencing their welfare, but I should think that these difficulties will disappear with the evolution of colonial federation. As soon as there shall be a Colonial Council, in which the self-governed colonies are represented, and which is in close connection with the Imperial Government, the colonies will adapt their policy to the general policy of England, and we shall hear no more of one-sided attempts of a colony to annex territories without the sanction of the Colonial Office. Besides, whatever may be the ardour for acquiring colonies, Germany will find that the rose is not without thorns, that it is a costly experiment requiring a vast outlay, which will only pay in the long run. We have now quite enough work in hand; and England, which has just proclaimed its protectorate over an African country as large as France, need not fear to find its lion's share in foreign parts curtailed by German enterprise.

For all these reasons I cannot apprehend a real estrangement between the two countries on account of colonial rivalry; on the contrary, I believe that the change of Ministry in England, if it proves

to be a lasting one, will not only speedily dispel the remaining clouds, but will lead to the re-establishment of a close understanding. Whatever may have been the rumours set afloat as to the three Emperors meeting at Skiernevice, it cannot be contested that it was only by drawing nearer to Germany and Austria that Russia was enabled to concentrate all her aggressive power in Central Asia. Ever since the accession of Mr. Gladstone to power Russia has been advancing in those parts, until she realized, what in 1878 the Premier treated as "a set of old wives' fables," and has become the neighbour of Afghanistan. But if Lord Salisbury should, as is generally expected in this country, revert to Lord Beaconsfield's policy, of a close understanding with Germany and Austria, the relations of these two Powers to Russia will undergo a vast change. Prince Bismarck has made no secret of it that he prefers the English alliance to that of Russia, and only accepted the latter as a *pis-aller*, necessitated by the Gladstonian policy. Thus the whole European constellation would be changed, and it is for this reason that the result of the coming English elections is awaited with anxious attention in Germany, for they will be decisive not only for the future of the British Empire, but also for the future of European politics.

The Colonial question has remained one of the leading features of German policy during the last six months. Berlin saw within its walls a second and larger Congress, convened by the youngest colonial Power together with its oldest antagonist. Even the United States have in this instance broken with their policy of abstention, and their representatives took an active part in the negotiations. It will not be without interest to glance at the different positions taken by the several Powers in the Conference. Portugal, Turkey, and Russia, represented the reactionary policy of maintaining superannuated historical claims. The first, having failed to secure its pretensions to dominion over the Congo coast, endeavoured to save as much as possible. The Porte protested against the extension of a free-trade convention to the sources of the Nile, which was a Turkish river, and claimed protection eventually also for Mussulman missionaries. Russia protested against the Danube being cited as a precedent and example of the conventional liberty of navigation, the relations of this stream being founded on exceptional circumstances. To these retrogressive Powers Italy presented a striking contrast, having, at the time of the Conference, not yet launched into its adventurous policy in the Red Sea. Signor Mancini's plenipotentiaries were foremost in advocating humanitarian principles on the largest scale, and they found support in a more practical shape in their American colleagues, advised by Stanley's experience. England's position was at the beginning that of a rather morose reserve; she had accepted, only with reluctance, the invitation of France and Germany to an international colonial meeting, the first representing the principle of protectionist exclusiveness in her colonies, the latter being a mere colonial stripling. British interests on the Niger being secured, and free-trade being proclaimed as the leading principle of the Congo dominion, this position gave way to a cordial support of the great work undertaken by the Conference. France, ably represented by Baron Courcel, who presided over the labours of the Commission, has undoubtedly carried off the lion's share; for the new Congo State, in order to obtain its universal recog-

dition and access to the sea, was obliged to give up large tracts, in which the Association by great sacrifices had founded settlements, to that Power, which, by sending De Brazza, endeavoured to reap what King Leopold and Stanley had sown. Germany's position, in presence of these conflicting tendencies, was that of a general moderator, advocating and formulating leading principles, and supported by representatives of the United States and Belgium, the latter of whom, Baron Lambert, was entrusted with, and in a masterly style carried out, the drafting of the Treaty. Thus, at length, the work was achieved, crowning the generous endeavours and large sacrifices of King Leopold. The sovereign of the new African State has founded a second Belgium in the torrid zone, just as in the Middle Ages the Teutonic orders founded the colonies of Prussia and Livland on the shores of the Baltic. No one can doubt that the result of the Berlin Conference, notwithstanding its shortcomings, represents a great step in international progress.

As to German colonization, the Chancellor has been obliged to extend considerably the programme which he drew up in the Reichstag on June 24, 1884. At that date he intended to leave the task of founding colonies, as well as of governing them, to private enterprise, restricting the action of the Empire to the granting of charters, and protecting the settlements as far as could be done without standing garrisons. But a meeting of Hamburg merchants, which he convened last autumn, declared that a colony could not be governed by private settlers, it required an Imperial governor, able to exercise jurisdiction, and to enforce it by a staff of police. This view was willingly adopted by the Chancellor, who, in the meantime, had seen that he had never touched a more-responsive chord in the hearts of his countrymen than when he began to open to them the prospect of an extension beyond the seas; and at his request funds were unanimously voted for the organization of a regular government in the Cameroons and Angra-Pequena. On the other hand, the Government, while granting a charter to a company which had acquired large tracts of land on the eastern coast of Africa, was led to take the initiative in New Guinea, by securing a part of that large island, which is now going to be cultivated by German capitalists.

This extension of the colonial programme led to supplementary votes for the increase of the navy, and to the subsidizing of Transatlantic lines of steamers. The Bill of last Session, which simply gave *carte blanche* to the Chancellor to grant such subventions to the amount of 4,400,000 m. has been greatly improved in committee, where a closer discussion of the facts led to an approach between the divergent opinions. The projected African line was abandoned, and the subvention limited to two lines between Germany and Eastern Asia and Australia, with branch lines to Corea and Japan, and to the Samoa and Tonga islands, besides a branch line from Trieste to Alexandria *via* Brindisi. It was acknowledged that only ships able to compete in every point with the English and French lines could serve the intended purpose, and it was, therefore, enacted that the average speed should be at least $11\frac{1}{2}$ knots. The ships are bound to touch at a Dutch or Belgian port, these being the outlets of the industry of Western Germany; all new ships of the two lines are to be built at German wharfs, and must measure at least

3,000 registered tons for the traffic with China and Australia, and 1,000 to 1,500 tons for the branch lines. Among the competing companies the Bremen North German Lloyds has been chosen, with the obligation to forward goods from and to Hamburg free of charge, and it is confidently expected that, with the re-establishment of peace between France and China, the German commerce with Eastern Asia will assume increased dimensions.

Turning to internal politics, the great event of the last period has been the elections for the Reichstag. They have ratified my belief, expressed in October, 1884, that the relative force of parties would be but slightly changed. Nevertheless, the nature of this change is characteristic. The numbers of the Conservatives and of the Centre have remained nearly unchanged; the Progressist party has suffered a severe loss, but not for the benefit of the National Liberals patronized by Government. It was the Social Democrats who took their places and polled 550,000 votes, as against 493,477, 437,158, and 311,961 in 1877, 1878, and 1881 respectively. Thus they muster 50,000 votes more than before the enactment of the law against them. Hamburg returned two Socialist candidates and the third was beaten only by 780 votes. They have won twenty-four seats, and if members were chosen by the votes given for their party throughout, they would command forty-five to fifty seats. Now it is not the presence of these men in the Reichstag which constitutes the danger; in the parliament of a country numbering thousands of small proprietors, revolutionary theories are not likely to succeed; but it is the spreading of their doctrines among the labouring classes that is alarming, for they are a party whom it is impossible to satisfy. Their creed compels them to regard every concession not as the basis of a final compromise, but as the starting-point for new demands; and they have the great advantage over politicians, who may be called upon to put their theories into practice, that they have not to inquire whether any manufacturer would be able to go on under the conditions on which they insist, but only to consult the wishes of their misguided followers, and therefore they will every time outbid any proposed measures of social reform. What they ask is, that all capital should be seized by the State, that the State alone should direct the processes of industry and trade, and that the profits of labour should be evenly distributed among the producers. With such demands practicable schemes of reform appear to be hardly worth speaking about, and as a matter of fact Socialists have never professed to think that they are of any real importance. Besides, the nature of the Chancellor's reforms, and still more of his promises for the future, is water on the Socialist's mill. The immense injustice of the present distribution of wealth, which is the cardinal point of modern socialism and of its successful propaganda, is recognized in principle, and yet exceptional measures are obtained against the Social Democrats, by which they consider themselves to be outlawed. Thus, State socialism has given to social democracy what always lends the strongest impulse to revolutionary movements—the sting of suffering injustice, and at the same time the acknowledgment of the intrinsic justice of its demands; yet no social reforms will ever be able to fulfil the expectations which are excited, and thus Prince Bismarck, by his attempts to crush and at the same time to pacify the Socialists, has only strengthened

them. The reforms will be considered as feeble instalments, wrung from the frightened upper classes, and will be used as admissions of the truth of socialistic doctrines. However, there must be a term to such experiments, and then it will be seen whether the structure of the State will be strong enough to resist the disappointment of the roused appetite of the masses. But the proposed remedies will not even temporarily meet their intended purpose, and the elections show that the social reforms of the Chancellor have made no impression on the masses. The promise of short hours has a more direct charm for most labourers than the prospect of support in sickness or old age; if this were not the case there would be more thrift and less poverty than is to be found anywhere. The Chancellor has acknowledged the right to labour unconditionally; but he most unexpectedly opposed a motion destined to secure the Sunday's rest to the labourer. After giving an overcharged description of the English Sunday, and ridiculing its gloomy character as compared with the merry rejoicings of people at Berlin, he asked whether the majority of the labourers were prepared to have a loss of 14 per cent. of their yearly earnings made compulsory; he further expressed the fear that the interdiction of labour on Sundays would diminish the exports of Germany. Now no one in the Reichstag had pleaded for a compulsory ascetic Sabbath; the caricature which the Chancellor gave of an English Sunday, where, he said, it was forbidden to whistle in the open air, was simply a pretext for opposing the plan in the interest of the manufacturers. But surely he ought to have asked himself why the Sunday's rest did not damage the English export trade, nor reduce the much higher wages of English labourers. It is a notorious fact, that a reduction of the time of labour is in no wise tantamount to a reduction of wages, the working capacity of the labourer being heightened by the rest; the permanent interest of the manufacturer is to have a class of labourers sound in body and mind, and even if he should be obliged to pay somewhat higher wages in proportion to the time of labour, this will not impair his power of competition. Moreover, work on Sundays is fortunately already exceptional in Germany, the labourer insisting on having his holiday; so that its general prohibition by law, necessary exceptions being always admitted, could in no wise affect the rate of wages at large. These being well-established facts, the inquiry which the Chancellor proposed as to what the working classes desire in that respect, is perfectly superfluous, and a mere pretext for procrastination.

And strangely enough, while professing this anxiety for the labourer's wages and the manufacturer's ability to export, the Chancellor continues to raise the duties on the necessities of life, thus taxing the very poorest classes. Knowing full well what effect the proposal to raise the duty on corn would have at the elections, the Government, with signal bad faith, by its accredited organs, flatly denied its intention to do so. But soon after the meeting of the Reichstag a motion was brought forward for raising not only the duty on wheat from 1 to 3 m., but also that on rye from $\frac{1}{2}$ m. to 3 m. The Government gladly consented, and as a clause of the treaty of commerce of 1883 with Spain fixed the duty on rye at $\frac{1}{2}$ m., and the most favoured nations were entitled to the same privilege, the Chancellor induced the Cabinet of Madrid to cancel that clause by granting a reduction of duties on articles

of Spanish production. This transaction, which shows that even the diplomatic action of the Chancellor is entirely subject to the landed and agricultural interest, is of a most serious nature. The partisans of the new duty deny its influence on the price of corn, and for this purpose adduce the latest prices of rye in the Berlin market. They were in September, 1884, 137.25 m.; in January, 1885, 143.50 m.; in February, 146.25 m., and in March, after the increase of the duty, 145.25 m.; which, as they say, proves that the duty has not raised the price. But this way of arguing is fallacious; no one has maintained that the establishment of a duty instantly raises to its full amount the price of an article; prices are influenced by many other factors; but it is a truth borne out by statistics that the duty always increases to its full amount the price in the protected market, as compared with markets free of duty. This is proved by comparing the prices in the free port of Bremen with those of the Berlin market. The average prices for 1,000 kilos of rye were—

	Bremen.	Berlin.	
In 1879 . .	134.16 m.	132.81 m.	{ After the introduction of a duty of 10 m.
, Sept. 1884 .	129.25	137.25	
, Jan. 1885 .	131.25	143.50	
Feb. 1885 .	135.00	146.25	
March, 1885	122.00	145.25	
April, 1885	121.00	147.80	

Thus in 1879, when the import of corn was free, the price of rye in Berlin was 1.35 m. less than in Bremen; in September, 1884, with a duty of 10 m., this relation was reversed, the price in Berlin being 8 m. higher than in Bremen; with a duty of 30 m. this difference reached 23.25 m. in March, and 26.80 m. in April, 1885. Therefore, although the cancelling of the Spanish clause had not yet come into effect, and consequently the import of rye from all the most favoured countries at a rate of 10 m. was still allowed, the inland price differed from that of the world's markets by nearly the whole amount of the duty. Moreover, the duty raising the general inland price destroys the export trade of corn. Hitherto all the Baltic ports have largely exported wheat to England, but at the above-named prices they can no longer compete with America and India.

It is a perfect contradiction to maintain alternately that the duty is necessary for German agriculture, and that it will not raise the price of bread, as it is paid by the importing foreign countries. If this was the case, if the duty did not raise the price of foreign imported corn, which otherwise would be able to compete with the inland product, what good could it do to German agriculture, complaining of low prices? Nor is in this instance the argument applicable, which is generally put forward by Protectionists, that the duty is calculated to develop the home industry in order to enable it to compete with imported goods in the home markets. The duty is not meant to give German agriculture time to improve its modes of production, but falls entirely on the consumers, and especially on the wage-earning classes, and must either take away part of the wages or increase them, and thus cripple German industry. The former alternative is the more likely, and is so much the harder that the German workman is undeniably

as a rule overworked and underfed. As to landed proprietors, it is proved by statistics that three-fourths of them do not sell corn, or if they do, have to buy the bread at enhanced prices; thus the whole profit of the duty falls to the larger proprietors, who claim the right to have what they call a fair rent guaranteed by the State, just as Sir Robert Peel, before his conversion to free trade, said, that the corn laws were necessary for maintaining the English aristocracy. And what is true of corn is still more so of timber, the duties on which have also been greatly raised, the forests belonging exclusively to large landowners or to the State, although German industry is obliged to draw large quantities of wood from foreign parts. The necessary corollary of these agricultural duties, which are the main feature of the new tariff, was an enormous increase of duties on industrial articles, promoted by an extra-parliamentary committee, called, *lucus a non lucendo*, the free union, but representing in fact a coalition of interests, and in most instances simply ratified by Government. It is much to be doubted whether German industry will derive any real benefit from this productive system; it cannot live upon the overstocked home market, but, as the Chancellor himself acknowledged, must principally look to the export of its products. But foreign countries retort upon this raising of German duties on their articles of import by increasing the duties on German products. Russia has already done so. Austria has declared her intention to follow. France and Belgium have raised their duties on sugar and spirits, principally introduced from Germany. Is it not a strange contradiction, that the same Government which subsidizes the St. Gothard railway and Transatlantic lines of steamers, tries to shut its markets to the imports arriving by these means of communication, and establishes a protective system at home, while helping to introduce free-trade in Africa? Is it not a further contradiction that the same Government which proclaims its anxiety to promote the welfare of the working classes, and acknowledges the right to labour, should tax their food and the raw materials of industry for the benefit of capitalists, while sugar and spirits, which might furnish a large revenue, remain untaxed? The tax on home-grown sugar was fixed in 1869 at 80 pfennigs per cwt. of beetroot, and an export bounty of 9 m. 40 pf. was accorded for a cwt. of raw sugar, on the assumption that $12\frac{1}{2}$ cwt. of beetroot would yield one cwt. of sugar. But the progress of technical inventions changed this figure from $12\frac{1}{2}$ to $9\frac{1}{2}$, consequently the exchequer no longer got $12\frac{1}{2} \times 80$ pf. = 10 m., but only $9\frac{1}{2} \times 80$ pf. = 7.80 m. for a cwt. of raw sugar, and this profit was further enhanced by the fact that the newly invented process enabled the producers to draw a considerable quantity of sugar from the molasses which was entirely untaxed, while they got for this untaxed as well as for the undertaxed sugar the export bounty of 9.40 m. The producers thus made enormous profits, the sugar companies paying dividends up to 40 per cent.; but the revenue declined, yet the Prussian Government obstinately refused to raise the tax proportionately. The consequence was, that the revenue declined in 1881 by $8\frac{1}{2}$ million, and in 1884 by 21 million marks, and that in the sugar industry, allured by the large gains, an overproduction ensued which ruined that industry. Germany has overflowed the foreign markets with cheap sugar, but with the present low prices the industry yields no profits, and a number of large

establishments have become bankrupt. It is the same with spirits. The tax was established at the rate of 26.21 m. per hectolitre alcohol of 50 degrees, but the large distilleries now obtain 80 degrees, and consequently pay proportionally less. England draws from spirits (licenses not included) £14,884,919; Russia, 250,291,880 roubles; France, 237,500,000 francs; Holland, with a population of $4\frac{1}{4}$ millions, 22,000,000 fl.; Germany, with 45 millions of inhabitants, only 40,000,000 m. (£2,000,000), little more than from the salt-tax, and this with a production of $3\frac{1}{2}$ mill. hectolitres pure alcohol worth 200 mill. m., and with ever-increasing drunkenness. Sugar and spirits might easily yield 250 millions, and thus, with an increased beer-tax, as is the case in other countries, form a broad basis of indirect taxation; but the Chancellor refuses to touch the spirit duty, because the large distilleries of the eastern provinces, which monopolize the market, are in the hands of the great landed proprietors. Thus it may be said without exaggeration, that what the Government calls social reform has mainly turned to the benefit of the coalition of capitalists, the possessors of large estates, and the great manufacturers, the only feeble progress in positive reform being the extension of the insurance against accidents to the carrying trades.

A comparatively satisfactory arrangement has been arrived at by the new law on stamp-duties, or, as it is called in Germany, Boersen-Steuer (exchange-duty). The fixed stamp introduced by the law of July 1, 1881, had not proved very productive, and there was general complaint that the large profits of speculators on the Exchange remained untaxed, while the transfer of land was subject to an *ad valorem* duty. The obvious difficulty was to hit the real profits, because the transfer of mobile capital may result in a positive loss, and even where profitable, the profits of such transactions are not proportionate to the amount of the capital transferred, so that such a duty might cripple commerce and drive it to other places. It was suggested that a lump-sum might be imposed on this kind of business in general, to be raised by the different Exchanges, but as no definite tax-payers could be designated, the distribution of that sum was found impracticable. A tax on values quoted at the Exchange, such as exists in France, would only strike the possessors of public funds and shareholders, and not the Exchange business proper. Thus a percentage duty on the act of transfer seemed the only one feasible; but in order to meet the above-named objections, and in particular to spare the premium on bills of exchange and public funds, by which the international transfer and adjustment of values is effected, the duty was fixed at only 1 and 2 per mille. of the respective transactions, and the following operations were altogether exempted: (1.) All business not exceeding the value of 600 m. (2.) All business in bills of exchange. (3.) All transfer of foreign bank-notes or money, and of bar gold or silver, if sold for cash and deliverable on the day of purchase. (4.) All purchases of goods produced by one of the contracting parties. (5.) All purchases of goods not quoted habitually at the Exchange. It must be acknowledged that the two last exemptions are rather arbitrary. In consequence of (4) the purchase of cotton, petroleum, foreign coal or yarn, is to be taxed, while that of German corn, wool, oil, coal or iron will be free, mainly in the interest of

landed proprietors and mine-owners; and as to (5) the customary quotations of goods differing very much at the different Exchanges, merchants going to the one may escape the tax which they would have to pay at the other. These are inconsistencies which demand readjustment, to be found in a general law on the organization of German Exchanges, while the exemptions under 1—3, sparing the legitimate premium, are evidently just and leave the premium on funds alone subject to the duty, which it can bear very well, consequently the stock-jobbers of the Berlin and Frankfort Exchanges complain much more of the law than the merchants of Hamburg and Bremen. At present the following transactions are subject to a duty of 1 per mille: (1) purchases of foreign bank-notes or money not for cash; (2) purchases of public funds, shares, &c.; purchases of goods habitually quoted at the respective Exchanges, and not produced by one of the contracting parties, pay 2 per mille. These transactions are made liable to duty by the obligation to record the business done in a final note, stating the names of the contracting parties, their residence and the conditions of the business, particularly the price and the time of delivery, failing which a fine of fifty times the amount of the duty will be exacted. It may be mentioned that the *Economist*, which is certainly not suspected of any hostility to mobile capital, has lately advocated for England also an *ad valorem* duty on all transfers of shares and public funds with compulsory final notes, without which no contract should be valid.

Little real progress has been made towards the establishment of peace between State and Church. The Curia has indeed accepted the Bishop of Ermland, Dr. Krementz, as successor to the Archbishop of Cologne, Melchers, who will be made a Cardinal, but it has refused the Prussian candidate for the See of Posen, Canon Wanjura; and Prussia on her side refuses to sanction the appointment of a Polish priest to that place, on which the Pope insists. The negotiations had thus come to a standstill; but just now the Pope has so far given way as to fill the See of Cologne, without an understanding being arrived at as to Posen. Archbishop Melchers has resigned his seat, and is to be made a Cardinal, and his successor will be proclaimed in the next Consistory. The Federal Council has refused a second time to accede to the resolution of the Reichstag demanding the repeal of the law which permits the banishment of Catholic priests, the Chancellor being angry at the support given by the Centre party to progressionist candidates; yet the new Reichstag was scarcely assembled, when notwithstanding the violent protest of Prince Bismarck, it passed for the third time a resolution to the same effect. But the House of Deputies rejected Dr. Windthorst's renewed motion to revoke the stoppage of ecclesiastical salaries in all dioceses, and to sanction the liberty of administering sacraments. These signs of the times are not promising. Moreover, the Chancellor has expressly declared in a speech of December 3, 1884, that he wishes to maintain, for party reasons, the Centre party, which is kept together only by the Culturkampf, that he would regret very much its dissolution, because then its Progressist elements would join the Left, and the Conservative members, deprived of the support of the clergy, would perhaps disappear. For this purpose a small residuum of Culturkampf was necessary, and therefore

he was not inclined to extinguish altogether the flame of the ecclesiastical conflict, as the party would then no more be able to complain of religious persecution, and would consequently break up. It is impossible to state more cynically that for the Chancellor the whole conflict was always a combination for playing one party against the other. It is quite true, that in economical questions the leaders of the Centre find it difficult to maintain the unity of the party, the interests of Catholic Liberals being very different from those of the large proprietors in Westphalia, Silesia and Bavaria; but such is the discipline which Dr. Windthorst maintains, that the leader of the Conservative fraction, Baron Schorlemmer-Alst, has preferred resigning his seat to proving refractory to the dictatorship of the "little Excellency." In the same way, too, much stress should not be laid on the divergences of opinion which have broken out in the camp of the Social Democrats. In every revolutionary party there are different shades of opinion, according to the more or less thorough-going energy with which its members pursue their purposes; such divergences have appeared among the Social Democrats from the beginning. Lassalle and Marx, Schweitzer and Bebel, Most and Liebknecht alternately abused each other violently, but all this has not prevented the party from growing. In the same way there are now two fractions in the party, the one figuring at least an intention to begin social reform on the basis of the present state of society, and the other frankly avowing its revolutionary tendencies. The latter, led by Bebel, Liebknecht and Vollmar, appealing to the instincts of the masses, probably has a larger following among the electors, but at present it is by far the weaker one in the Reichstag, and has been obliged to give way to the former; but such divisions will not diminish the strength of the party, which is not an artificial product of the leaders, but the result of the economical, political, social, and religious development of the times.

A question which has yet not been discussed in the Reichstag, but has caused much excitement, and is now occupying the Federal Council, is the Brunswick succession. The last reigning Duke of Brunswick died in October, 1884, without issue. According to the established order of succession, the Duke of Cumberland, only son of the late King of Hanover, was the heir to the ducal throne, and forthwith issued letters patent by which he declared that he was now the lawful Duke of Brunswick. But King George of Hanover had been at war with Prussia and had never made his peace; and after his death his son expressly maintained all his pretensions to the crown of Hanover, and consequently was considered by Prussia to be still at war with herself and the German empire, the constitution of which acknowledges Hanover as a Prussian province. It is true that in the above-mentioned letters patent of October 18, 1884, he declared his accession to the ducal throne of Brunswick conformably to the constitution of the duchy and of the empire, and this declaration involved, according to his adherents, the renunciation of the throne of Hanover; but Prussia denies this, and declares that even an express renunciation by the Duke would not put an end to the attempts of the Guelphic party to sever Hanover from Prussia. Consequently, the Chancellor has brought forward a motion in the Federal Council to exclude for ever the Duke of Cumberland from the Brunswick

succession ; for that purpose. Article 79 of the Imperial Constitution, which empowers the Council to decide litigious questions between federal governments, was interpreted in the rather strained sense that the Council must also have power to prevent discussions which would be sure to arise. That assembly has not endorsed this conclusion, but has nearly unanimously adopted the motion, a letter of the Duke of Cumberland to the Queen of England being produced by the Brunswick Ministry, stating that even if he succeeded to the throne of Brunswick this would in no wise imply a resignation of his Hanoverian claims.

A retrospect of the last legislative session and a consideration of the present situation, suggest reflections which are not altogether of a pleasant nature. Germany, indeed, is strong and respected all over the world ; she knows that her foreign relations are admirably managed, and that the centre of political gravity lies at Berlin. European combinations are swayed by the will of her Chancellor, who, as Mr. Goschen justly said in his Edinburgh speech of February 3, has massed in his hands and united for common action more power than has been the case with any one man since the days of Napoleon I. The consciousness of this fact found an expression in the celebration of the Chancellor's seventieth birthday on April 1, when a sum of 2,729,143 marks was presented to him by the German people, testifying their thankfulness for all that he had done for the greatness of the fatherland. I am far from cavilling at these feelings. Prince Bismarck has placed all the resources of his genius and all the passion of his fierce nature at the service of one cause, that of making the formerly weak and divided Germany into the mightiest State of the world. When people reflect on their present position and the qualities to which it is due, it is not wonderful that sober-minded Germans should regard their great Minister with feelings approaching sometimes to idolatry. But there are serious drawbacks to this splendid position. This man, who directs foreign affairs with so much patient skill, and only strikes when necessary, is impatient of all control in internal affairs. It is most galling to him, that he who is swaying the politics of Europe, should be unable to prevent hostile votes in the Chamber ; he declares that he will not endure to be controlled by a majority ; that a monarchy ceases to deserve the name when the Sovereign can be forced by the majority to dismiss his Ministers. Thus it would appear that England is no monarchy because the Queen has no longer in practice a veto on legislation, but that the citizens of the United States live under a monarchy, because the President has the veto and cannot be forced by Congress to dismiss his Ministers. Nevertheless, the Chancellor is most anxious to secure a majority, and his whole internal policy is directed to that purpose. He takes it where he can get it—to-day by a combination of the Conservatives with the Centre, to-morrow by that of the Liberals and Conservatives ; and if he does not get it by playing off one party against the other, he speaks to the Reichstag in the tone which a schoolmaster uses to delinquent boys ; he makes the opposition responsible for everything, calls it anti-national, and guided by petty motives ; yet, if such was the case, it would be easy for him to defeat it, and he forgets that he is alone responsible for the collisions between the Legislature and the Government, for it was by him that the vicious system of universal

suffrage was introduced. On the one hand, the large consistent policy of a statesman unshackled by parliamentary control, such as Richelieu, is impossible for him, and he will not shape his policy as a parliamentary leader like Sir Robert Peel or Cavour. On the other hand, he has against all his shortcomings in internal policy such a paramount reserve in his national and international greatness, that the opposition cannot carry any positive reform in his teeth, but can only thwart those of his plans which seem objectionable to them. They have rejected the tobacco monopoly, but they cannot enforce against him the reform of the sugar and spirit duties, or the repeal of the harsh ecclesiastical laws, for he dominates the Federal Council, which must sanction the parliamentary vote. Thus Parliament, unable to achieve anything positive, becomes practically irresponsible and splits into groups, which, if their votes were effective, could not last as independent bodies for a week, and which consume their forces in the struggle to prevent objectionable projects. Moreover, the Chancellor's economical policy tends to destroy political ties by dissolving parties into groups of material interests, and the appeal to their selfish interests only strengthens the omnipotence of the State, by which those interests hope to achieve their purpose. This state of parties is also the principal cause of the want of men competent to rule and guide. The Chancellor suppresses all rising talent, lest perchance it might thwart or supplant him; as soon as such forces appear he either presses them into his service or crushes them. Politics are thus doomed to sterility and produce no men who could take matters in hand; and what can injure a nation more than the decline in men at once competent, independent, and trusted by the people?

The dead season has begun earlier than in other years, but it bids fair to become a season of illustrious dead, for, indeed, death during the last few weeks has made terrible havoc among the paladins of the Empire. On June 2, died Prince Hohenzollern, the last reigning prince of that name, who, feeling that the days of petty sovereigns were gone, resigned in 1848 the government of his principality in favour of Prussia, and in 1859 did not deem it beneath his dignity to become the responsible chief of the first Liberal Ministry of the present king. He retained that post for several years, and when he found himself unable to inspire his colleagues with more energy, retired, and was appointed military governor of Rhineland and Westphalia. He withdrew from that office in 1871 on account of ill-health, and passed his remaining years as a private nobleman, but exercised considerable influence through his relations with the Emperor—who considered him as his most intimate friend—the King of Saxony, and the Grand Duke of Baden, and through his vast acquaintance with the eminent men of our times. He was, moreover, not only an intelligent but also a most kind-hearted man, who used his great wealth in the noblest way, and will be regretted by all who knew him.

If Prince Hohenzollern reached the age of 74, Prince Frederic Charles, who was carried away suddenly on June 15, was not past middle life. The characteristic of this man was, that he was at once a prince and a professional soldier in the strictest sense of the word. Although by temper an Absolutist, he never cared much for politics, but threw himself with passion into the military career. While still very

young he won his spurs in the campaign of 1849, against the revolution in Baden, where he had the audacity, justified by success, on the first occasion on which he was engaged to alter the orders given to him. From 1849 to 1863 he worked hard at his profession, and made a special study of the French army. In 1866 he was one of the victors of Sadowa; although he was justly accused of having from jealousy of the Crown Prince, begun the battle too soon. The part the "Red Prince" played in the French war before Metz, and in the shattering of the army of the Loire, is well known. Little was heard of him in later years, which offered no special scope for his energies. Prince Frederic Charles was not an amiable man, but domineering and rude even to coarseness, so that he was not even popular with the soldiers. Neither was he a great general, although he certainly thought himself one and in 1871 insisted upon being made a Field-Marshal, and receiving an allowance as a victorious commander. His rank helped him much, and he had a most able chief of the staff in General von Stichele; but he was at least strategist and tactician enough to beat the enemy, and to take the fullest advantage of their mistakes.

The coffin of the young Field-Marshal was not yet laid in its grave, when on the 17th the news spread that a colleague of his, rich in years and honours, Baron Manteuffel, had suddenly died at Karlsbad. Having entered the Prussian army at an early age, Manteuffel distinguished himself by his valorous conduct in 1848, and was appointed aide-de-camp to Frederic William IV. He was entrusted with several diplomatic missions during the Crimean war, and in 1867 was named chief of the military cabinet. In this capacity he became the actual reorganizer of the Prussian army, which, with stern resoluteness, he weeded of all old officers incapable of active service, thus laying the foundation of its future achievements. At the same time he cannot be cleared from the reproach of having used this question of army reorganization for subverting the Liberal Ministry. He succeeded; but, very much against his intention, only paved the way to power for Bismarck, who, as soon as he felt firm in the saddle, removed him from his confidential position near the king by appointing him governor of Schleswig. When war was declared in 1866, Manteuffel forced the Austrians to retire from Holstein, brought about the capitulation of the Hanoverian army at Langensalza, and occupied Frankfort. He was suddenly summoned to Berlin to be entrusted with a diplomatic mission to St. Petersburg, in order to quiet the Russian misgivings at the Prussian victories, and to hint at the possibility of shaking off the shackles of the neutralization of the Black Sea imposed by the treaty of 1856. In the French campaign he won the battle of Amiens, and then made his master-stroke—the flank march, by which he forced Bourbaki's army to retire to Switzerland. After the peace he was appointed chief of the army of occupation in France, and in that position not only proved great administrative capacity, but won golden opinions even from the enemy. As a striking proof of this it may be alleged, that when the army was to withdraw from French soil, Thiers sent him a copy of his "History of the Consulate and the Empire," with the inscription—"A Mr. le général Baron Manteuffel en souvenir de son humaine et généreuse administration des provinces occupées françaises, son dévoué A. Thiers;" thus paying a tribute of which

Manteuffel was justly proud. After his return to Berlin he was made a Field-Marshal and received a dotation; but withdrew from active service till he was appointed, in 1879, governor of Alsace-Lorraine. It is still too early to pass a final judgment on his discharge of the difficult duties of that post; he has certainly committed faults, and was, perhaps, somewhat impatient to see the fruits of the harvest he had sown, but he was loved and respected by the population which seriously laments his loss.

Little is to be said of movements in the religious domain. The *Culturkampf* is in a period of stagnation, and the attempt to celebrate the anniversary of Gregory VII.'s death, as a great Catholic event for Germany, proved a complete failure. The Liberal Protestant Union held its annual meeting at Hamburg, on May 29 and 30, but could only muster a very scanty attendance. The speakers were obliged to acknowledge that the movement had not answered their expectations, and ascribed this want of success to the hierarchical tendencies of the clergy. They were obliged to admit that the party had achieved next to nothing in the domain of practical charity, but pleaded as an excuse that their forces had been absorbed by the struggle which had been forced upon them against the intolerance of the State Church. Professor Pfeiderer admitted that the liberal parson was placed in a difficult position; if he maintained the Biblical phrasology he was considered not liberal enough; if he preached bare morals or indulged in polemics against revelation, his flock would desert him. This is, indeed, the crucial question for the so-called liberal Protestantism. One can quite understand the critical standpoint of Strauss or Baur, but might be at a loss to understand how it can engender religious enthusiasm, and how men, who declare most of the Gospels to be apocryphal, can pretend to draw from them "sources of light and force," as does Dr. Schwalb in his latest book, "Our Four Gospels." If you speak of the "pious frauds" of Christ, and call him "Thaumaturge," as Renan does, you have no longer a right to uphold that man as the ideal of humanity. This contradiction becomes fully more apparent in the sermon, which in its popular form can never answer the demands of scientific criticism, and if it is reduced to moral exhortations cannot fulfil the religious wants of the hearers.

In the literary domain we have to record two events. Leopold Ranke, now in his ninetieth year, who on April 1 celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of his professorship at the University of Berlin, has published the fifth part of his *General History*, and Theodore Mommsen, after a long pause, the fifth part of his *Roman History*. It is a signal merit of Ranke—who is crowning by this work a life of historiography, just as Alexander von Humboldt, by his "*Cosmos*," crowned his achievements in natural science—that he has put aside the customary divisions of classic antiquity, Middle Ages, and modern history. There are epochs in the course of events, but no periods independent in themselves. Treating in this volume the Arabian dominion and the empire of Charlemagne, Ranke shows how the old Roman empire was split up by a new division of the world, and lost one-half of its power to the Mussulman religion, which at the same time was a secular power, and the other half to the Occident, represented by the union of the Papacy with the Germanic and Latin nations. The Byzantine empire was

weakened by its struggle with the Sassanide kingdom, and between the two there rose with irresistible power Islam, which found its limit of extension in the new Carlovingian empire. The Papacy, seeking in vain in Byzantium for protection against the attacks of the Mussulmans—who destroyed Christianity, but at the same time saved it from its Italian enemies by laying the foundations of the temporal power in Africa and Asia—turned to the West, and transferred the empire to the Franks. Its alliance and struggles with the German kingdom thenceforth dominated the history of Europe. It was a great revolution, for the Pope had no legitimate right, to carry out; yet it was no arbitrary act but a necessary evolution, for the union of the spiritual and the secular powers was a necessity for the Western world, and alone gave it the force to resist the onslaught of Islam. Thus the equipoise, which is a lasting need of humanity and the condition of its free development, was re-established for what we call the Middle Ages. We need scarcely say that Ranke in this volume displays all the gifts of his genius; he does full justice to the great men who appear as the incarnation of the epoch, yet he is no hero-worshipper, but shows that they are the products of their times.

Mommsen, in his third volume, had brought his Roman History down to the end of the Republic. After a pause of thirty years he publishes not the fourth but the fifth volume, the history of the Roman Provinces from Cæsar to Diocletian. The reason is, that while the history of the Roman emperors is generally known, the life of the provinces was nearly untrodden ground. Mommsen, by his long labours in research, had first to lay the foundations of this history. He has ransacked Italy, France, Spain, and the East, and collected the results in his great "*Corpus Inscriptionum*." Only on this basis a solid historic superstructure was to be raised. He now shows the development of the provinces from the foundation of the Empire till its practical disruption by the transfer of the capital from Rome to Constantinople. He proves that this development was for the most part independent of the change of governors at Rome, and resulted in the Romanization of the West and the Hellenization of the East. The least satisfactory chapter is that on the struggle of the Jewish people with the Roman dominion, as Mommsen has no discernment of the providential part which this people was to fill in the world's history; but, generally speaking, he shows a wide grasp of his subject, great power of presenting it to the reader, and a more chastened diction than in the former volumes. The fourth volume will complete the work.

In the domain of fiction we have to signalize a new work of Ossip Schubin, "*Gloria Victis*," which is being published in the "*Deutsche Rundschau*," and shows the author quite equal to his former performances; and a masterly tale of Theodore Storm, "*Chronicle of Grieshus*."

The Berlin German theatre successfully pursues its career. The representation of "*Hamlet*" was a distinguished performance; of the earlier dramas of Schiller, "*Fiesco*" was introduced; but the masterpiece of the season was Kleist's "*Prinz von Homburg*." The figures of the great Elector, represented by Förster, and of the Prince by Kainz, will be forgotten by no one who had the privilege of seeing them. Of modern dramas, a new comedy of Oscar Blumenthal, "*The Great Bell*,"

was brought forward, which was a signal success, although it is not equal to his first play, the "Probenpfeil."

In music, the season belonged to the double anniversary of Bach and Handel, the great founders of Protestant music. Nearly all their principal works have been produced in the different German cities, and the musical year has closed with a great festival at Kiel, bringing us Handel's "Joshua" and a selection of the minor works of Bach.

Two remarkable pictures have made a promenade through Germany, exciting general interest. The one is Payer's "Starvation Cove," the other Vantier's "Prodigal Son." Payer, one of the leaders of the Austrian Polar Expedition, who only lately turned painter, has represented on a large canvas a heartrending picture of the end of Franklin's expedition. The dead men lying in the snow, with only one surviving, defending himself from the ice-bears allured by the smell of death, combined with the frozen sky to present a ghastly scene, painted with a master-hand. Vantier has, as usual, placed his subject in a peasant family; the shattered frame of the returning prodigal forms a striking contrast to the indignant features of the eldest son, the painful position of the parents, and the compassionate, mournful sister.

In conclusion, I may mention that Germany has in the last few days also lost one of her great painters, Wilhelm Camphausen, who won fame as well by his earlier pictures, representing scenes and characters from the English revolution, as by the later ones, taken from the time of Frederic the Great and the wars of 1864-70. His equestrian portraits of the Emperor William rank among the best existing.

GEFFCKEN.

CONTEMPORARY RECORDS.

I.—POETRY.

IF the new tragedy of "Marino Faliero"* is compared with Byron's, it will be found to have the advantage, at any rate, of plainness and simplicity in construction. Byron's play is embarrassed at the beginning by the difficulty of making the situation quite comprehensible. The persons of the drama have their passions tempered and controlled by the necessity for explaining to the audience everything that has led up to the situation on which the curtain rises. Mr. Swinburne begins at the beginning of the story, and brings on the scene the events that Byron leaves to be allusively narrated by his actors. He does not alter the story, nor introduce any characters except those that are named in the original chronicle. The play begins with the banquet in the Ducal palace, from which Steno, a young noble, was expelled by Marino Faliero, the Doge. Then it is shown how Steno, according to his nature, took vengeance on the Doge with a villanous libel on him and on the duchess his wife. All this part of the play is vivid and natural. The character of Steno—churlishness and vanity grown luxuriant and venomous in a favourable aristocratic station—is very forcibly represented. The passion of Marino Faliero, first at the insult itself, then at the more terrible condoning of the insult by the Venetian nobility, is just as direct, and, in its own way, as unprincipled. The Doge and Steno are both Shakespearian or Elizabethan characters in this, at least, that they act in their several manners, not out of abstract calculation, or devotion to an ideal rule, but because it is their nature to, because they are individual and the reverse of abstract. As the play goes on, however, the character of Marino Faliero loses this natural distinctness of outline and richness of colour. After his entry into the conspiracy he becomes a voice for the utterance of aspiration and prophecy. The first three acts are dramatic: the personages act and speak out of hot uncalculating tempers, as they are touched and provoked by circumstances. In the concluding acts there is as much, or more, poetry; but here it is, though apparently dramatic, really lyrical and prophetic. There is a sharp contrast between the two halves of the poem. The second half is really a long hymn to freedom, in the mouth of Marino Faliero. It is the part of the book that readers will oftenest return to for its beauties. But some readers are worldly, and will like better to watch the shock of conflicting interests and passions, rage against rage, in the earlier part of the drama. They must reconcile themselves to the sudden change from life and tumult to the cloistered quiet of the last scenes, in which the failure of the conspiracy is hardly noticed, hardly touches the mind,

* "Marino Faliero: a Tragedy." By A. C. Swinburne. London: Chatto & Windus. 1885.

so great is the speculative exaltation from which the Doge looks forward to the redemption of Venice and Rome. It is this last part, naturally, that will be quoted, that will be compared with all the other grand things which the poet has said about freedom. But it would be a great mistake to neglect the poetry of the first three acts, because that of the last two is more magnificent. Marino Faliero's love for freedom becomes more ideal in the end of the play, but not intenser. In the third act, in the thick of the intrigue, before he begins to look far off, his love of freedom is a natural impulse, making one with his personal anger against his enemies, and his old love of battle and of the sea.

" Son,
A poor man's wrong and mine and all the world's,
Diverse and individual, many and one,
Insufferable of long-suffering less than God's,
Of all endurance unendurable else,
Being come to flood and fulness now, the tide
Is risen in mine as in the sea's own heart
To tempest and to triumph. Not for nought
Am I that wild wife's bridegroom—old and hoar,
Not sapless yet nor soulless. Well she knows,
And well the wind our brother, whence our sails
Went swollen and strong toward Istria, that her head
Might bow down bruised with battle, and yield up
Its crested crown to Venice—well the world
Knows if this grey grown head and lank right hand
Were once unserviceable : and she, my wife,
'The sea it is that sends me comfort, son,
Strength, and assurance of her sons and mine,
Thy brethren, here to 'stablish right for wrong,
For treason truth, for thralldom like as ours
Freedom. But thou, so be it the wind and sun,
That reared thy limbs and lit thy veins with life,
Have blown and shone upon thee not for nought—
If these have fed and fired thy spirit as mine
With love, with faith that casts out fear, with joy,
With trust in truth and pride in trust—if these
Be theirs indeed as theirs am I, with me
Shalt thou take part, and with my sea-folk—aye,
Make thine eyes wide and give God wondering thanks
That grace like ours is given thee—thou shalt bear
Part of our praise for ever."—Act iii. scene i. p. 79.

" Rhymes à la Mode " * do not require any introduction to readers of poetry, though it may be necessary to point out that the title is somewhat misleading, and that the author principally follows his own mode in the choice and treatment of subjects. The subjects are various—classical and barbarian, romantic and " actual." There is a moral poem on the Ascidian ; there is a ballade of Cricket and another of Railway Novels. The " New Millennium " is a vision of the future, of the undesirable equality that is to come in the old age of the earth. The " Fortunate Islands " is a delightful piece of pure fancy :—

" In twilight of the longest day
I lingered over Lucian,
Till ere the dawn a dreamy way
My spirit found, untrod of man,
Between the green sky and the grey.

Amid the soft dusk suddenly
 More light than air I seemed to sail,
 Afloat upon the ocean sky,
 While through the faint blue, clear and pale,
 I saw the mountain clouds go by ;
 My barque had thought for helm and sail,
 And one mist-wreath for canopy.

“ Like torches on a marble floor
 Reflected, so the wild stars shone
 Within the abysmal hyaline,
 Till the day widened more and more
 And sank to sunset, and was gone ;
 And then, as burning beacons shine
 On summits of a mountain isle,
 A light to folk on sea that fare,
 So the sky's beacons for awhile
 Burned in these islands of the air.

“ Then from a starry island set
 Where one swift tide of wind there flows
 Came scent of lily and violet
 Narcissus, hyacinth and rose,
 Laurel and myrtle buds, and vine,
 So delicate is the air and fine ;
 And forests of all fragrant trees
 Sloped seaward from the central hill,
 And ever clamorous were these
 With singing of glad birds, and still
 Such music came as in the woods
 Most lonely, consecrate to Pan,
 The wind makes, in his many moods,
 Upon the pipes some shepherd man
 Hangs up, in thanks for victory !
 On these shall mortals play no more,
 But the wind doth touch them over and o'er,
 And the wind's breath in the reed's will sigh.

“ Between the daylight and the dark
 That island lies in silver air,
 And suddenly my magic barque
 Wheeled, and ran in, and grounded there ;
 And by me stood the sentinel
 Of them who in the island dwell,
 All smiling did he bind my hands,
 With rushes green and rosy hands,
 They have no harsher bonds than these
 The people of the pleasant lands
 Within the wash of the airy seas ! ”

The conclusion of this poem is very pleasant and satisfactory : where the dreamer refuses to eat or drink with his hosts, and so is enabled to return, and wakes, “ nowise sorrowing,” in his own country.

Mr. Stevenson's verses* have already found their readers, who are quite content to accept without criticism poems that have evidently pleased the author. His garden is his own. The last envoy, addressed “ to any reader,” might possibly be construed as an ironical warning to critics, and defiance of their rude spells :—

“ But do not think you can at all,
 By knocking on the window, call
 That child to hear you. He intent
 Is all on his play business bent.

He does not hear ; he will not look,
 Nor yet be lured out of this book.
 For long ago, the truth to say,
 He has grown up and gone away,
 And it is but a child of air
 That lingers in the garden there."

"Glenaveril"* is a romance, written in octave stanzas. There is satire in it, and reflection also. It is probable that there is at present a demand for both reflective and romantic literature; and if not a demand, at any rate opportunity, for satire. "Glenaveril," therefore, should not want readers. As a romance it has certainly merits; the third book especially deserves consideration on this account. It contains an episodic German mountain legend—a kind of episode that may be defended on good precedents—and it ends with a very ingenious, improbable, and picturesque Alpine accident, which lightens the story of one of its heroes. The reader's interest is greatly quickened by the third book. The satire and the reflection probably suffer from the conflict between their claims and that of the plot. They certainly put a drag on the progress of the story, and may perhaps be unjustly depreciated by those who are hurrying on the extrication of the mystery. But even after allowance for this, it can hardly be said that the digressions in "Glenaveril" are satisfactory. The metre is a very difficult one. Too many of the stanzas of "Glenaveril" are faulty—cumbersome where the narrative requires speed, unemphatic and light in satirical passages. The following is a favourable specimen of the wisdom of the poem:—

"Of old, some dozen leagues the traveller went,
 And having travelled, he arrived at last;
 To-day he traverses a continent,
 Yet neither travels nor arrives; though fast
 Across the world he flies, securely pent
 In a snug cage, with pause for brief repast
 At intervals in places that remind him
 Exactly of the places left behind him.

"Europe exists no longer. In its place
 Are railway stations. Watches supersede
 Geography, and Time has swallowed Space.
 'Two hours!' That means plain, mountain, moorland, mead,
 Lake, river, sea-coast, valley, forest, chase,
 Cathedrals, castles, cities. 'Tis agreed
 To call this fiction's finish an arrival,
 Though 'tis departure's horrible revival."

Mr. Austin's new volume* contains a certain amount of pleasing description and reflection. "At the Gate of the Convent" is a plain argument for liberty and for toleration of contrasted ideals of life that are not necessarily discordant. The poet refuses to put his life in mere unison with that of the convent, but nevertheless accepts the lesson of the convent, and allows it to influence him:—

"But though we two be severed quite,
 Your holy words will sound between
 Our lives, like stream one hears at night,
 Louder, because it is not seen."—(P. 15.)

* "Glenaveril; or, the Metamorphoses. A Poem in Six Books." By the Earl of Lytton. London: Murray.

* "At the Gate of the Convent, and other Poems." By Alfred Austin. London: Macmillan. 1885.

"A Defence of English Spring" contains some good passages, but is not uniformly successful. Some of the pieces should never have escaped the author's own censure. Page after page is spoilt by discord between the solemnity of the thought or the subject, and the strange levity and cheerfulness of the style. Almost the worst example of this is in the poem on page 17, which begins naturally enough, and without the slightest trace of effort:—

"The Spring-time, O the Spring-time!
Who does not know it well?
When the little birds begin to build,
And the buds begin to swell."

This cheerful tune comes to an end thus, in the fourth stanza:—

"The Winter, O the Winter!
Who does not know it well!
When day after day the fields stretch grey
And the pcewit wails on the fell;
When we close up the crannies and shut out the cold,
And the wind sounds hoarse and hollow,
And our dead loves sleep in the churchyard mould,
And we pray that we soon may follow;
In the Winter, mournful Winter!"

Another curious instance is to be found on page 43, in the "Hymn on Death":—

Who will salute me there?
Who, who come forth to greet?
Will Virgil stand upon the golden stair?
Shall I take Spenser's hand, and sit at Shakespeare's feet?
Will Galileo, with unshrouded gaze,
Guide me through the starry maze
Upon wings that never tire
Up to the Heaven of Heavens, and higher and ever higher?
If this be so,
Quick let me go!
But ah! pale spectre, paler still you grow," &c.

The poet had shortly before expressed his contentment with the earth:—

"I want no other fields than these,
No other skies——"

but then he had not fully appreciated the prospect of distinguished company awaiting him.

There is a great deal of earnestness in Mr. Noel's "Songs of the Heights and Deep,"* and a great accumulation of poetic imagery. Every poem in the book is full of vehemence. There is not, on the other hand, any artistic arrangement of the material. The poems are not well built. Too many of them are collections of images, without proper coherence: "swift shifting scenes of life's weird panorama," to use one of the author's phrases. In some cases, it is true, a certain want of continuity is expedient. The "shifting scenes" in the first poem—"A Lay of Civilization, or London"—are effective; it is only by means of detached scenes from real life that the writer can explain his view of society. But it is annoying to find, in other poems, that dissolving views are made to take the place of

higher forms of entertainment. The most distressing example of this is the long romance of "Melcha" (pp. 106-163). It begins in a promising way, telling of Melcha, a maiden of Killarney, and her fairy lover (his name was O'Donoghue), and how she dared to follow him to his kingdom beneath the lake. This is a perfectly correct and natural opening, but it leads on to no romantic history of fairy-land. O'Donoghue proves as exacting and pedantic as Mr. Casaubon. Melcha is compelled to watch a panorama of the whole universe, with spectral figures of Newton, Schelling, Washington, Lafayette, and others, and to listen to a song from her lover in praise of human inventions. Naturally, she suffers from overstudy in her effort to comprehend all this. The lyrical poems of "Thalatta" and "Suspiria," which are evidently meant to be companions, are the most fervid and tumultuous in a book which has nothing in it moderate or calm. In these poems, the author's range from the heights to the deeps is well displayed. The following quotation from "Thalatta" is a good sample of the author's impassioned work. The metre, together with that of "Suspiria," is said to have been suggested to him by the sound of the sea. (Note, p. 212) :—

"Lo ! where a porphyry portal of the mountain heart expands,
Portentous shadowy buttress, weather-goldened spire ;
There multitudinous waters wander greyly in the gloom ;
Within the high sea-sanctuary a god dispenses doom ;
In and out they wander, sombre courtiers by the gate,
Where a dim Sea-Presence broodeth in solemn, sullen state—
Where no mortal breath dare whisper, only hollow-sounding surges,
A welter of wild waters with their melancholy dirges.
Behold they rave in echoing cave their wrath rent long ago,
Rent for a lair where grim Despair rolls shouldering to and fro ;
To and fro they furious roll prodigious boulders,
Rounding them like pebbles with huge Atlantean shoulders."

"Sturm und Drang"* is an anonymous volume of verse, which has some merits not denoted by its title. Some few of the poems, it is true, are slightly obscure, and most of them are serious, but there is no excessive straining after intensity. "Lines to a Brook" and "Youth and Age" may be noted especially: they are clear and rational, yet not prosaically rational.

The three new plays† by the author of "Callirrhoe" and "Fair Rosamond" are not all of them good. The play of "Loyalty or Love," on the policy of the Emperor Henry VI. in Sicily, has a plot which the reader can hardly follow; so involved in intricacies, so embarrassed with impertinent and ill-defined characters, that no properly critical spectator would think of allowing its representation to continue to the fifth act. "William Rufus" is a different sort of piece. Here, at any rate, there is what one expected from this writer—an intelligible story. The defect is that there is no dramatic interest of plot. The King, Anselm, Flambard, certain Saxons, and other personages go out and in, and express their sentiments and make references to different historical matters, but they do nothing to help forward the action. The really satisfactory thing in the play is the

* "Sturm und Drang." London: Elliot Stock.

† "The Father's Tragedy." "William Rufus." "Loyalty or Love." By Michael Field. London: George Bell & Sons. Clifton: J. Baker & Son. 1885.

death of Rufus, and five acts are too many as a prelude to this. It should be noted that a poetical but not a dramatic unity is given to the piece by the old blinded Saxon peasant, with his prophecy of the vengeance to be taken by Mother Earth upon the tyrant. Some of the reflections of this old man are well worth noting. There is a fine passage at the beginning, in which he consoles himself with the thought that Earth is still faithful to herself and her children, in spite of Normans and other appearances :—

“ We must submit, be penitent, forgive !
 But that's to change your mind ; I never thought
 That God changed His. I thought within myself
 The seasons were not surer than the Lord,
 You might depend on Him. It's altered now ;
 He's God of Battle Abbey on the beach
 He let them huddle up King Harold's bones,
 He's strewn our prayers as ashes to the wind,
 Suffered such resurrection of men's bones
 As modest Death cries shame of. He repents,
 His past is not prophetic of to-day ;
 But at the breaking-places of the wave
 All keepeth constant to its habitudo ;
 There is no change of custom in the air ;
 Yon oak drops acorns ; I am comforted.
 The earth is English still ; the soil gives suck ;
 It will not rear strange children.
 What's that noise ?
 I hear a whistling and the splint of wood.
 Art sharpening arrows ? ”

“The Father's Tragedy,” which represents the history of King Robert III. of Scotland, Albany his brother, and the Duke of Rothsay his son, has much more dramatic coherence than “William Rufus.” It may be that the play is pathetic rather than tragical, that the King is too abject and weak for tragedy. That, however, does not prevent the characters from being well brought out and well contrasted. Every scene is vivid and dramatically necessary. The verse is, as might have been expected from the author of “Fair Rosamond,” unforced and eloquent.

The “Secret of Death”* is one of Mr. Arnold's Idylls, unfortunately not translated simply, but still encumbered in the machinery of translation with great patches of untransformed Sanskrit still hanging to it. Besides this there are many other translations in the book from different languages, and a number of original poems. The ballad of the Rajpoot wife is finely done. Mr. Arnold has also published a translation of the “Bhagavad Gîtâ”† into blank verse.

The Dean of Chichester has collected his poetical works,† putting in front of them all the well-known Newdigate poem on Petra.

There is nothing among Lord Sherbrooke's “Poems of a Life,”‡ as good as his often quoted Greek epigram on Iceland. There are some vigorous Australian satires, in good sound couplets. But most of the poems, it must be confessed, are disappointing. “Chevy Chase” is one

* “The Secret of Death” (from the Sanskrit). With some Collected Poems. “The Song Celestial ; or, Bhagavad Gîtâ.” Translated from the Sanskrit Text. By Edwin Arnold, M.A. London : Trübner & Co. 1885.

† “Poems” (1840 to 1878). By John William Burgon, B.D., Dean of Chichester London : Macmillan. 1885.

‡ “Poems of a Life.” By Lord Sherbrooke. London : Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.

of them ; one verse of it is worth quoting, in order to show how Lord Sherbrooke has treated the subject :—

“ For Witherington my heart is woe
That ever he slain should be,
For when his legs were cut in two
He fought upon his knee.”

This is in the manner of King Richard I., who is stated, not in the “Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors,” but in the chronicle of Rebecca and Rowena, to have included among his poems the song of “Britons never Slaves shall be,” and other arrangements of old material.

The more recent poems in Mr. Holland’s collection* will not compete in interest with the earliest. The poem on “Dryburgh Abbey” leaves out what is now the principal glory of the place ; it was written in the fortunate days when Scott was still living, and the first draft of it was praised by Scott in the year 1823.

Among recent translations, the most important are Mr. E. D. A. Morshead’s “*Œdipus the King*” (Macmillan), and Mr. A. S. Way’s version of six books of the “*Iliad*” (Sampson Low). Mr. Morshead is very successful both in the dialogues and the choruses. The fault of his blank verse is, that it occasionally is too imitative and ingenious. His metal is not always thoroughly fused ; there are foreign substances in it, such as “dree his weird.” A good example of skill in using English models is shown in the rendering of lines 420–3 :—

“ Yea and what hollow place of waves or hills,
What dell in all Cithæron’s clamorous side,
But shall re-echo to thy cry, what time
Thou learnest of the wedlock whereunto
A gale of seeming fortune sped thee on
But to a hell for harbour.”

Mr. Way’s “*Iliad*” is in the metre of “*Sigurd the Volsung*.” It is a very spirited rendering.

In “*Greek Folk Songs from the Turkish Provinces of Greece : Literal and Metrical Translations*,” by Lucy M. J. Garnett (Elliot Stock), will be found a great deal of interesting popular poetry, faithfully represented in English.

The edition of the “*York Mystery Plays*,” by Miss Lucy Toulmin Smith (Oxford : Clarendon Press, 1885), is another contribution by the Clarendon Press to the study of early literature. It is strange that the York book of plays should have escaped notice so long. Miss Toulmin Smith deserves the thanks of all students of the English drama, or of the Northern dialect of English, for her successful enterprise.

W. P. KER.

* “*Dryburgh Abbey, and other Poems*.” By Thomas Agar Holland, M.A. Oxon., Rector of Poyning, Sussex. London : Hatchards. 1884.

II.—ART.

THE art season of this year will be little memorable in the annals of English painting, for it has been singularly barren. None of our best painters have produced pictures which will increase their reputation; there have been no very specially valuable or interesting works exhibited by outsiders, nor has there been any conspicuous development of talent amongst the young artists.

Those of us who can read (or think they can read) between the lines, fancy that the distrust and antagonism felt by the outside artists and the public to the management of the Academy have distinctly increased, and that despite Sir Frederick Leighton's diplomatic courtesies, there will soon have to be some very radical changes if Burlington House is to continue in the position which it has gradually usurped. Perhaps even the excessively astute move of electing Mr. Burne-Jones an Associate, may in the end do more harm than good. It has certainly set folks talking about the traditional policy of the Royal Academy, about its manner of first trying to crush, and failing that to take advantage of, all talent which is not sanctioned by its own traditions; and this tardy recognition of an art which the Academy has failed to subdue, seems to wither the last leaf of consistency which yet remained to the managers of Burlington House. Many of us groaned in spirit when at Rossetti's death there were gathered together, at the Winter Exhibition of the Academy an imperfect collection of his works, hung with such manifest ignorance or contempt, that in deference to the unanimous verdict of the press the arrangements had to be entirely changed, and thought that we discerned the endeavour—as the present writer thinks, the shameful endeavour—of the Academy, to profit by the reputation of one who in life had been neglected and scorned by that very body; and now a similar action is being taken with regard to Burne-Jones. Had all the Rossettis been exhibited together at any other place than Burlington House, what would have happened? Why, people would have said, even the least artistic, how comes it that this man was not an Associate? And if he was not, is there not something wrong in the way Associates are chosen? And this would have been said again with even stronger emphasis at the death of Burne-Jones. The present trick is evident as it is unworthy. When Academic patronage and recognition would have been valuable to the young man, it was withheld entirely; when his work and his fame have become so great that they will shed lustre upon those who are associated with them, the recognition and patronage come unsolicited.

We may be excused for dwelling on this a little, as it is the only sensational art incident of the year, and it has been enormously talked about. Besides, there is another point of view of these matters—that which is connected with the Grosvenor Gallery, which has from its very first day been associated chiefly with Mr. Burne-Jones's work, and which has always paid it and him the highest honour. In the minds of the majority of London picture-goers, there is undoubtedly an impression that if they want to see Burne-Jones they must go to

the "Grosvenor," and that at that gallery they will find him, and find also all the lesser lights of pre-Raphaelitism. But what will happen to the Grosvenor now, and who will care for the works of the disciples, when "the Great Panjandrum himself, him with the little button on top," is helping Macwhirter and Herbert and Horsley to hang pictures at Burlington House?

However, there the matter stands. Henceforward Edward Burne-Jones has the right to put "A.R.A." after his name, and to have eight works on the walls of Burlington House. The Academy have "bottled" their most dangerous opponent by enrolling him in their ranks. What was it our greatest poet said once?

"Just for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a riband to stick in his coat."

Rightly or wrongly, that will be the general feeling in the minds of those whose sympathy and belief have been given unstintedly to the work and aims of our greatest pre-Raphaelite artist.

Out of the group of pre-Raphaelites, indeed, now only one remains—the painter of "The Light of the World" and "The Awakening Conscience;" and he has exhibited this season in a room by itself a great picture called "The Triumph of the Innocents," on which he has been at work for ten years. It is a rendering of the flight into Egypt, treated from a somewhat mystical point of view, the sacred personages of the story being accompanied in their flight by the spirits of the children slain in Bethlehem—who, crowned with flowers and illuminated with celestial light, surround the fugitives—visible only to the child Jesus. The idea is a beautiful one, and it is worked out with minuteness and with a great wealth of detail; and the result is a grand picture, though, like all Mr. Hunt's works, one to which much exception may be taken. I have no time here to analyze its merits or defects, but it is desirable to point out the fact that the work is essentially a real religious picture, as opposed to one which is merely a religious exercise for an artist. This is no naked English baby christened by the most sacred of names for the purpose of modern popularity, such as may be seen kicking its fat limbs in the great room of the Academy; nor is it of the type of Mr. Long, R.A.'s "Anno Domini," in which the flight into Egypt is treated only as a convenient subject on which to hang archæological detail. It is perhaps worth while for picture-seers who are not pressed for time, to look at this picture of Mr. Long's, if only for the purpose of noting how entirely a great subject can be swamped by a wrong method of treatment. To copy the form of an amusing series now appearing in *Punch*, this work might come under the heading of "Pictorial Puzzles, No. 1," with the problem—given a miscellaneous crowd of Egyptians, to find the Holy Family.

Let us, however, leave single pictures, and look quickly through the galleries—premising that there are about four thousand pictures exhibiting in London at the present moment, and that we shall not be able to do more than select one or two here and there.

There is this year no very popular picture at any gallery—I mean any one picture of which the public in general talk eagerly, as they did last year of Orchardson's "Mariage de Convenance"—but the same painter has one of the most skilful pictures in the Academy, representing the *salon* at Madame Récamier's. It is a very large and rather

scattered composition, notable for several things—good colour, a real sense of dignity and dramatic power in its conception of the scene and rendering of the figures, and an absence of the petty propriety and irrelevant detail which, as a rule, mark English historical painting. Its chief fault is a lack of life and interest—all is there but the emotional impulse. These figures might live in a minute or two, but as yet “the showman hasn’t come.” There is a large Millais, too, in this third room at the Academy—large as his last year’s “Idyll”—of “A Sick Ornithologist”—a composition of several figures, only partially successful. There seems no reason why the ornithologist’s children and wife should be merely vulgar, as they are here; and were it not that in the corner sits Mr. Millais’s favourite little girl with the pathetic eyes, the picture would be almost wholly unsuccessful. As it is, it is a *tour de force* which has failed. Is it not strange that a painter who used to hit the mark so invariably in his subject-pictures, has for the last dozen years as invariably missed it? Fancy an archer whose skill increased year by year, but who couldn’t get his arrows into the target as he used to do in the days of imperfect science! Is it the slackening of the string called “effort” which now causes these pictorial arrows to fall short of their goal? Let us take what we can get and be thankful. There is a little “Lady Primrose,” in a pink and white dress here, by the same artist, which would “take a lot of beating.”

The prevalent pictorial motive of our great painters for the last two or three years has been “Babies,” and our old friend the British matron must have at least enjoyed this peculiarity to the full in the Academy. There are, it is true, about five nude figures in the present exhibition, but it would not be much of an exaggeration to say that there are nearly five hundred babies. Every variety of infantile healthiness or sickness is displayed here. A new “Liliputian Warehouse” might be set up, with shoes, socks, capes, frocks and bonnets of these Academic “innocents.” There is, I notice, one special kind of bonnet, like a miniature coal-scuttle, lined with pleated satin, which is a great favourite with Academicians, and which they have attained great skill in rendering. Shoes also, particularly those with a strap and one button, are, like Osric’s “carriages, very dear to” their “fancy,” and short white socks are also successfully treated in several instances! It is remarkable that in this, as of course in all the less important branches of their art, the Academicians and Associates surpass the outside artists. There are not only a larger number of Academic babies, but they are bigger, chubbier, and better dressed than the others. The average toilet of one of these favoured sucklings must cost about twenty pounds, and as it is invariably of spotless freshness, must be a somewhat costly element in the household expenses. The great apostle of this new “cry of the children” is an Associate called Morris, who had the good fortune to discover, in a pictorial sense, the universal attractiveness of the “millinery baby.” In about four years this excessively skilful artist has created a new religion, one that could only be described in a new “Sartor Resartus.” Those of our readers who remember the coloured plates given away with the Christmas numbers of the *Graphic* and the *Illustrated London News*, will be able to appreciate our words when we say that it seems likely that in a few years infants of that order will be the chief staple of our English art.

One can only laugh at it, but in truth the subject is pitiable enough, for it not only means that painters are so weak in brain and poor in heart as to be able to appreciate none of the really vital and beautiful aspects of life and Nature, but that they are wilfully descending to the level of those who care only to produce such work as necessitates least labour and procures most pay.

Must we, who congratulate ourselves upon our art progress since the days of Cox and Turner, Wilkie and Leslie, find our future subjects only in the domain of the nursery? At all events, we did try to paint men and women in the old days; our Academy was not filled with smirking infants as it is now.

Let us look at something else, and mention two young men who are advancing in their art rapidly. These are Mr. Bartlett and Mr. Stanhope Forbes, both painters whose work shows the influence of foreign teaching. Mr. Bartlett has a picture of boys bathing, in the Grosvenor, and, in the Academy, one which represents a widow showing the last statuette which her husband made to some friends. Both are fine—the first especially good in its drawing of the figures and the effect of atmosphere; the second striking its quiet pathetic note, unaffectedly and securely. Mr. Bartlett is not a great painter yet, and perhaps he never will be, but he is a very accomplished student of painting, and if he continues improving as he has done of late, will take a very high rank amongst English artists. He draws considerably better than most, and he has learnt, at the Beaux Arts I should think, what “tone” is. In this Academy picture, the placing of the figures in the various parts of the room is a fine example of the power of *les valeurs* to indicate position, a power habitually neglected by the majority of English figure painters. Some, indeed, despise it altogether, and it is worth while in this connection to look at the large Venetian picture by Mr. Fildes, of girls sitting on a doorstep, in which there is not a single right value from beginning to end. I confess that to me this picture is singularly irritating, from its entirely wrongheaded artificial rendering of its subject. These fresh-coloured, brightly dressed, irreproachably clean women, are no more like “Venetians” than they are like South Sea Islanders; their whole spirit and character has been left out or mistaken. If you want to have your Venetian, with her dusky, dirty, slipshod beauty (or, as is more common, ugliness), Van Haanen will give her you, and give you also that trait of southern insouciance and recklessness which these women possess. It is the absence of the beadle, so to speak, which is the key-note to much of their outward seeming. By-the-way, with an inconsistency which is all their own, after electing as an Associate, Henry Woods, the painter of Venetian street scenes, the Academy has rejected this year the pictures of Van Haanen, to whom Woods owes all that is worth learning in his art. Considering that Van Haanen is a painter whose actual technical accomplishment is greater than that of all but our three or four greatest artists, and that his pictures when admitted to the Academy have always been amongst the most important in the exhibition, this rejection can only be supposed to come from very unjustifiable causes. To admit, as has been done this year, such an enormous mass of dull and meaningless work by outsiders, and reject an important picture by a great foreign artist,

and one who is invariably appreciated in England, is one of those acts due to the irresponsible authority which the Academy wields, and which it is quite time it should wield no longer. Before leaving the Academy, the frieze of Mr. W. E. F. Britton should be noticed; it is a strong original piece of work, which is specially remarkable for being decorative in effect as well as in name.

The Grosvenor Gallery has suffered this year very much from the withdrawal of Mr. Burne-Jones, though I believe that this was only accidentally coincident with his election as an Associate, and that he will in future contribute to both galleries. However, his absence is very keenly felt, and there is little in the gallery to atone for this disappointment. Mr. Richmond has a large picture of an Athenian Audience, of which one can only admire the effort and patience of the artist, and regret the result. It ought to be a fine work and—well it is not. It is not even good as a purely decorative painting, leaving out all effort at reproducing an ancient life. The figures are stiffly dressed up in their classic robes, the architecture is nominally Grecian, but resembles the "Grecian" of the City Road, rather than Athens; the appearance of the whole is spectral as to its substance, and monotonous in its colour. Some unhallowed genius, in a moment of inspiration, suggested it should be called "The red, white, and blue," and the gibe aptly expresses the iteration of the colouring.

On the other hand, Mr. Richmond's portraits have improved; though still touched with too fine fingers, still far too "high falutin" to be natural, they have considerable beauty and occasional flashes of insight. The portrait of Andrew Lang, for instance, sitting at a writing-desk and turning round as if to speak to the spectator, expresses character admirably; there is a kind of high-class scholar-look about it, ability plus the duchess, well befitting the accomplished man of the two worlds of art and society.

The best portrait undoubtedly, which is shown in the Grosvenor is that of Stanford the musician, by Herkomer, who has this year greatly improved upon his previous work of this kind. He has a portrait in the Academy of a young lady in a white dress, which is the best of the year. But the two most successful things in the Grosvenor, in their very different ways, are the smallest and the largest pictures there. The first, which is incomparably the best, is a tiny composition by Alma Tadema, of a girl, a circular seat, a Judas-tree, and a blue sea, called "Expectations." There is little to be said about it beyond its perfectness, for the subject is simply nothing, the marvellous execution all. The marble is warmed with sunshine through and through, and the Judas blossoms glow against the dark sea. The blue water is of a brilliant depth of colour, such as one has seen in Nature, but a painter has rarely rendered; and so on throughout each little detail of the girl's dress and the white town which we can just see across the waters of the bay. An absolute gem, of which Mr. Tadema should well be very proud—a triumph of painting.

The other picture is hardly a painting at all, in the strict sense of the word, but a great, and in many ways successful, attempt, to render visible the terror and beauty of a prairie fire. It is an animal picture by Mr. Nettleship, and its chief subject is a great lion standing up amidst a whirl of smoke and flame roaring in terror. In some ways

it is hardly a painting ; for instance, one could scarcely call any of its work genuine brush-work ; but it is a genuine work of art, and is full of power. There is, indeed, some magnificence in the position and actions of the lion and lioness, such as one could scarcely parallel in English animal painting ; it is an almost sculpturesque grandeur which Mr. Nettleship has gained in this work.

Beyond these there is only the nude picture of Mr. Watts to mark the year, and it, though in places of great beauty, is not wholly successful. There is an aspect of weak-kneedness about the female figure which is somewhat repellent, and the head of both " Love and Life " are feeble, and more like those of conventional statuary than of human beings. The colour is very beautiful throughout ; and in this respect so is the blue landscape which this painter calls " Ararat."

The nude study of Hypatia, by Mr. Mitchell, introduces a new artist (we believe quite young, an American) who makes a bold bid for popularity, and who at all events has plenty of pluck. It is carefully drawn from a rather poorly shaped model, and very carefully painted, but the net result is to me cold and unpleasant. A young man, one fancies, should fail in accuracy rather than fail in emotion, and this picture, though it represents the end of Hypatia's life according to Kingsley's account of it, has no emotion whatever. The artist has painted a careful picture, but not a great one : this work is good as a stepping-stone, not as a monument.

There is practically no sculpture this year, except the great bronze St. George and the Dragon, in the Academy, by Boehm. This is fine, but suggests that the sculptor who did it had hardly leisure to work out his conception. The main notion is good, but the parts seem insufficiently elaborated and thought out. Neither Alfred Gilbert nor Thorneycroft send any important work.

The Institute of Painters in Water Colours holds its own, and is taking the wind out of the sails of its rival, the Royal Society. Both have diplomas now (it doesn't seem to improve or harm their painting), and there is a rumour that the Institute President is to be knighted, as the one at the old Society (Sir John Gilbert) has already been.

There is nothing very important at either place, though Mr. E. F. Brawnall's imaginative landscape at the old Society shows great promise in this direction : one in which advance is sorely needed.

There is scarcely any other gallery which deserves individual notice, though there are at least a score private or semi-private exhibitions, from the Society of British Artists in Suffolk Street, to the exhibition of Lady Amateurs in Great Marlborough Street. At the former gallery there is a fine portrait of Sarasate by Mr. Whistler, and but little else. The large picture of " Summer," by Hans Makart, is quite unworthy of that artist's powers ; and the " Calvary " of Munkacsy, which is also being exhibited by itself, fails in its main episode too completely to be called a fine picture, though there is in it, in places, some wonderfully fine work of the realistic kind : the face and figure of the executioner with the ladder, for instance, is very strong and dramatically true. On the whole, a dull year for pictures as well as for painters—bad times producing their effect on the art, as well as on the pockets of the artists.

HARRY QUILTER.

III.—GENERAL LITERATURE.

BIOGRAPHY.—The third volume of Mr. Leslie Stephen's "Dictionary of National Biography,"* which carries the work down to the word "Beaton," is as good as any of its predecessors in point of fulness and accuracy, and impresses us more than ever with the solid, thorough character of the workmanship. It contains no article of special importance, because it happens to treat of no first-rate name; but of course the chief utility of such a dictionary lies in its notices of the lesser-known names. In this respect the general run of the articles in the present volume are all that could be desired. Mr. Garnett's article on John Barclay, the author of "The Argenis," Mr. Æneas Mackay's on John Baliol and Barbour, author of "Bruce," and Mr. Tedder's on Baskerville the printer, may be specially mentioned.

TRAVEL.—In "Sport, Travel, and Adventure in Newfoundland and the West Indies,"† Captain W. R. Kennedy, R.N., gives us an agreeable and instructive account of his experiences while acting as senior naval officer on the coast of Newfoundland, and adds very materially to our knowledge of that singularly little known English colony. He has much that is interesting to tell us also about other places—about the economic condition of Cuba, and the Voudouxism and cannibals of Haïti.—The author of "Where Chineses Drive"‡ has wisely hidden his name, and some years hence he may probably wish he had also kept back his initials of "T. A. D." In connection with the British Legation at Peking he had great opportunities, while going through a two years' course as student-interpreter, preparatory to an assistantship at one of the Chinese ports; but what information he gives of a comparatively unhackneyed field is all but entirely vitiated by a limp facetiousness that grows very tiresome.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Mr. Matthew Arnold's "Discourses in America"§ are not unknown to readers of the magazines, but we are glad to have them in a more permanent and convenient form, for these three lectures belong, each in its own way, to the best and happiest of their author's work. One of them, on Literature and Science, had done duty as Rede lecture at Cambridge before being pronounced in America; the other two, on Numbers and on Emerson, were composed primarily for an American public. On the whole, we like the Emerson best: it is a criticism as true as it is fine. The essays are introduced by a pessimistic preface about England, in which, however, finds some refuge in one great consolation, that, "the individual Englishman whenever and wherever called upon to do his duty, does it almost invariably with the old energy, courage, virtue."—The age cannot be vitally bad that has produced a hero of the type of General Gordon. The Kartoum Journals,* which

* London: Smith, Elder & Co.

† Edinburgh: William Blackwood & Sons.

‡ "Where Chineses Drive." English Student-life at Peking. By a Student-Interpreter. London: W. H. Allen & Co.

§ London: Macmillan & Co.

have been published, almost without an omission, under the superintendence of his brother, Sir Henry Gordon, and the careful editorship of his kinsman, Mr. Egmont Hake, give us a higher impression than ever of the rare qualities of the man we have lost. They contain so much self-revelation that they enable us, better than anything previously published has done, to realize all sides of his manlike, godlike, childlike character. One is struck as much by their flashes of real insight into the situation, sometimes almost of prevision, and by their touches of playful and effective satire, as by the unequalled endurance, energy, and courage of which they bear witness. Mr. Hake, in his introduction, states the case against the late Government strongly but on the whole fairly, as we are glad to recognize after the tone of his recent work.—“*Industries and Banks*,”† by Mr. Robert Ewen, is a little work of much value, written with a special eye to the situation in Ireland, but well worthy of the attention of all who are interested in the development of national industries everywhere. Mr. Ewen is deeply impressed with the immense importance of the diffusion of popular credit as an indispensable and most effective means of creating and quickening industrial life, and is in particular a strong advocate of the introduction of people’s banks of the Schulze-Delitzsch model into this country. The information he has to give on the subject is very interesting and striking, and his opinion is entitled to the more authority, because he has himself founded investment banks of an analogous character in Scotland, which have proved remarkably successful.—Mr. Archibald Forbes has brought together, under the title of “*Souvenirs of some Continents*,”‡ a number of miscellaneous papers, drawn mainly from his experiences as a special correspondent, and written with the graphic vigour which characterizes him. There are sketches from personal knowledge of men like Skobelev, and Wolseley, and Macgahan; of the author’s meeting with the late Czar; of some aspects of social life in Australia and America; and, not the least interesting of them, of “How I became a War Correspondent.” They are full of manly feeling, as well as a shrewd observation of men and things worth observing. — The spirit in which Sir Philip Perring has composed “*Hard Knots in Shakespeare*”§ may be discovered from his assurance that, had critics spent half as much time in mastering their author’s style and marking his phraseology as in presupposing corruption and pulling down or building up according to fancy, there would not be the darkness of ignorance which exists. Sir Philip is conservative of the original text, never forgetting the gymnastical possibilities and even necessities of passionate dramatic writing. In this attitude he has the best opportunity of doing justice to Shakespeare. For specialists, this volume, discussing with much subtlety difficult passages in twenty-eight of the plays, cannot but be an efficient aid to sounder interpretation. Though written brightly, it is doubtful whether general readers will find much benefit

* “*Journals of Major-General C. G. Gordon at Kartoum*.” With Introduction and Notes by A. E. Hake. London: Kegan Paul & Co.

† Glasgow: W. Porteous & Co.

‡ London: Macmillan & Co.

§ “*Hard Knots in Shakespeare*.” By Sir Philip Perring, Bart., formerly Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

or pleasure from these lucubrations of a Shakespearean enthusiast. He has many failures, such as the proposal to substitute "traitor" for "tailor" in Puck's speech, but he has some undoubted successes.—Mr. Edmund Noble's "Russian Revolt" * is a rather striking study on the revolutionary movement in Russia, considered in the light of the past history of the nation and its present outlook. He holds with most Russian Radicals that free and federalist institutions are natural to the Slavs, that the Czardom is an alien incubus that maintains its tyranny at home by means of aggression abroad, and that Nihilism is simply the Slavonic tendency to federalism, fed by growing enlightenment, and will be a permanent factor in the national life so long as the autocracy endures.—Few existing buildings have such a variety of interesting historical associations as Hampton Court Palace, and Mr. Ernest Law has, for the first time, presented these in a complete and connected form in a work entitled "A History of Hampton Court Palace in Tudor Times." † He has manifestly spared no pains to make his narrative as copious and accurate as possible, and has constructed a book of more than ordinary interest out of the curious and eventful life of which this palace was the scene, while it was the successive residence of Wolsey, Henry VIII., Mary, and Elizabeth. The narrative will be continued in a future volume.—In "Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist" ‡ a vigorous effort is made to put literary criticism into the strait-jacket of Darwinian science. Though the discussion of the "Merchant of Venice," "Richard III.," "Macbeth," "Julius Cæsar," and "Lear," which forms the substance of the book, is very able, especially as to the management of plot, it still has to be said that in essentials the art of poetic writing escapes the inductive scalpel. It was thought by Coleridge that science formed the proper antithesis to poetry, and it is not likely that they will tell their secrets to each other. Where his scientific purpose does not lead him astray, the author is a particularly shrewd Shakespearean critic, and all the more that he is far less anxious about verbal matters than about the poet's practical method of creating dramatic interest.—A reprint of "Musical History" § from the current edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" will be welcomed by all who love a rational estimate of the poets of sound. Though the subject is discussed often in technical terms, all intelligent readers will find their purpose in perusing this model work.—If Mr. Boulger had been well enough advised to have kept out the introduction, dedication, and photographic portrait with which he prefaces his collection of reviews and newspaper occasionals, entitled "Central Asian Questions," || he would have gained much more credit for his stout volume of nearly five hundred pages than he is likely to do. It

* Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

† London: George Bell & Sons.

‡ "Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist. A Popular Illustration of the Principles of Scientific Criticism." By Richard G. Moulton, M.A., late Scholar of Christ's College; Cambridge University (Extension) Lecturer in Literature. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

§ "Musical History, briefly Narrated and Technically Discussed. With a Roll of the Names of Musicians and the Times and Places of their Births and Deaths." By G. A. Macfarren. Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black.

|| "Central Asian Questions. Essays on Afghanistan, China, and Central Asia." By Demetrius C. Boulger, author of "The History of China," "England and Russia in Central Asia," &c. &c. With Portrait and Maps. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

is written in a conservative temper, whether the subject is Russia, Afghanistan, China, or Tibet; but there is so much important information in his researches that every class of English politicians must derive benefit from perusal of these elaborate essays.—Mr. Laurence Hutton's "*Literary Landmarks of London*"* is an attempt to identify the houses in London where famous literary men have lived, or lounged, or worked. This is a much more difficult task than might be expected, because streets have been again and again renamed and renumbered; but Mr Hutton has been very careful and painstaking, and has succeeded in making his rather novel kind of guide-book surprisingly full and complete. As far as we have tested it, it seems also to be accurate.—In "*Social Life in Scotland*," † Dr. C. Rogers gives us a great amount of well-arranged information about the manners and customs of common life in Scotland, in past and recent times. The author has been for years collecting these facts from every available source, especially from official records which are now all accessible to the public, except, it seems, the important ones of kirk-sessions, presbyteries, and provincial synods. His work is very full and interesting.

* London: T. Fisher Unwin.

† Edinburgh: W. Paterson.



“WHY DID WE DEPOSE ISMAIL?”

“CAN you tell me why we deposed Ismail? Since I returned from the Cape I have been asking every one I thought likely to know. I have read every word relating to our policy that appears in the Parliamentary papers and reports, but I have been unable to find one valid reason for our action, or any satisfactory explanation of the causes which led to it.” These were the words of Sir Bartle Frere addressed to the writer of this paper. Now, Sir Bartle Frere, over and above the general interest he took in the affairs of Egypt in their relations to Imperial questions, had, as Governor of Bombay and as Commissioner to Zanzibar, a special knowledge of the character of its ruler and the state of the country; and he was also directly concerned in the execution of a project of Ismail Pasha, to the consequences of which, though he by no means foresaw or was responsible for them, may be attributed the troubles which befell the Khedive, and led to his overthrow. In October 1857, Sir Bartle Frere, then in attendance on the Prince of Wales on his way to India, was consulted by Ismail Pasha on a subject over which he said he had been thinking for some time. It was after dinner, one night in Cairo, at the palace of Abdin, that the Khedive, having, with the command of facts and figures in which he excelled, contrasted the resources with the credit of Egypt, asked Sir Bartle Frere whether he thought the British Government would aid in dissipating unfounded apprehensions based on interested misstatements, by sending out one of the officials of the Treasury—“one of those experts who prepare the materials for your annual budget”—to examine and report on the financial condition of the country. The Aaron’s rod which was to swallow up all the others—the loan of Messrs. Oppenheim of 1873—had failed disastrously. For an issue of £32,000,000

Egypt had received about £17,000,000 sterling—the balance represented the gains of the financial “operators,” and the gradual waste of national credit and the accretion of personal profit produced by their manipulations. The budget for the year, which showed a remarkable equilibrium between income and expenditure, had, in lieu of inspiring confidence; actually awakened suspicion and given rise to injurious rumours. The Khedive was convinced that an investigation by a competent unprejudiced accountant would demonstrate the solvency of Egypt and the reality of the equilibrium between her resources and her obligations. Sir Bartle Frere warmly approved of the idea. Before the Prince of Wales left Egypt, Nubar Pasha forwarded through Major-General Stanton an official application to London for the assistance the Khedive required. The request was granted, but not in the way intended by the Khedive. Ismail asked for bread in the shape of a skilful accountant; he was presented with an amiable serpent in the guise of an ex-Cabinet Minister. The financial relations of Egypt to Europe were immediately altered. The foreign bondholder was intelligent enough to note and appreciate the consequences of the new departure. Ministers and consuls-general could henceforth be turned to account to enforce claims or insist on the fulfilment of obligations to foreigners, which the general polity of Europe had hitherto decreed to be matters of private arrangement and responsibility.

Up to 1879 Ismail was recognized by the world as one of the most energetic rulers who ever presided over a State. Under the impulsion of Ismail's powerful hand the teeming projects of his brain were pressed forward to execution instantly and at all costs. Ideas seized on the moment were at once clothed with action. It was as though the Khedive thought he had obtained possession of the talisman of yore of the genii in the Arabian nights; but he very speedily found himself in the presence and power of the Afreet. The gravest charge that could be made against him was that he had forced the running, and had sought to condense into a few years the reforms which ought to have been spread over a period of many years, if not of generations. That offence was one which Prince Bismarck might well have pardoned, for it was one to which he confessed his own proneness. “I do not care,” he said once, “to work for results I shall not live to see! I want to be sure of the possession of the objects I desire to attain.” Let it not be supposed that I defend the prodigal expenditure and reckless outlay for which the financiers of Europe afforded such fatal facility. I do not. But I contend that the benefits derived by Egypt from them should, in justice to the Khedive, be set off in striking the balance.

The policy and purpose of Ismail's life as a ruler were to render Egypt, as far as he could secure the support of the Powers, inde-

pendent of the Porte ; to secure for his dynasty the advantages which are associated with the law of primogeniture in lieu of the Mahomedan law of succession ; to establish and maintain order ; to develop industry ; to promote agriculture ; to abolish the slave trade ; to lay the foundations of constitutional government by the creation of a Chamber of Representatives ; to reform the administration of justice ; to educate the people ; to bring Egypt under the influence of European civilization ; and to assimilate as far as possible his own position and functions with those of a European monarch ruling with and by a body of responsible Ministers. The most inveterate and interested of his enemies and detractors, among whom are to be found in the foremost ranks men who have built up their enormous fortunes on his ruin, must admit that in the contrast between the Egypt of 1862 and the Egypt of 1879 is to be found the best monument that could be reared to commemorate the achievements of his reign ; as a comparison between the Egypt of 1879 and the Egypt of 1885 would afford the most striking and distressing commentary on the disasters which followed his deposition. The cost at which the marvellous transformation was effected was, I admit, enormous. But the fatal facility with which he could borrow, and his indomitable confidence in his powers of pulling through difficulties, which indeed he seemed to seek, just as a strong swimmer takes delight in breasting the waves at their height, obscured his judgment and deafened his ear to the voice of prudence. He was surrounded by inventors, projectors, speculators, charlatans, and above all by "financiers," who were ever ready to find the means of executing the schemes which were held out to fire his ambition and to tickle his vanity. In the full tide of Ismail's borrowing and spending there was heard the voice of praise and admiration only. The statesmen in Europe, imperial and royal visitors, men of science, artists, travellers of all sorts, the writers in the press all over the world, joined in a chorus of eulogy. He was a most enlightened and beneficent ruler, the fitting complement of Mehemet Ali—a wise and energetic administrator, bent on the civilization and well-being of his country. Not one wise or faithful councillor could be found to warn or dissuade—not one adviser who would risk place and power for his master's sake. When expenditure was most wildly riotous, and loans and interests most ruinous, Nubar Pasha, conspicuous for his share in the work of reform, was a Minister of the Khedive. It would be unjust indeed to one who has rendered vast services to his adopted country to suppose he did not deplore the excesses in which he was engaged. But he denies his responsibility. He meets charges of complicity and connivance by pleas of confession and avoidance, as lawyers say. "I own I was his Minister. But I was powerless ! You do not know what a man Ismail is. No one dared to oppose

him." It was almost in these words he excused himself to an eminent diplomatist who at the end of a long indictment of Ismail's reign asked Nubar casually, "By-the-by, who was his Minister during all this extravagance?" When Nubar left the room the diplomatist remarked in a dreamy way, "I wonder it never occurred to so clever a man that he could have done just as he has done now—gone away?" Perhaps Nubar could not have done so without sacrificing the fortune he had made by Ismail's favour; but at all events he might have refused to participate in the spoils of the country, or if he thought himself justified in accepting gifts of lands and houses from the Khedive, he might have felt that his mouth ought to be shut when the prodigality of his benefactor was censured.

But there were substantial gains to Egypt to be set off against the accumulating debt. When the Khedive opened the Chamber of Deputies, the National Assembly, in the creation of which he anticipated the recommendations of Lord Dufferin's constitution by many years, he was enabled in his speech to parade in long review the series of reforms and of public works which had been executed, and to enumerate the results Egypt had derived from her loans. The abolition of the *corvée*, the formation of a fixed civil list, the improvement of agriculture, the reclamation of the desert, the introduction of machinery, the extension of education, the foundation of schools and colleges, the reorganization of the military forces of the country, the establishment of a commercial navy, the development of railways,—these were among the measures the Khedive could indicate, some as proofs of the progress of enlightened ideas, others as concessions to the legitimate aspirations of his people. If the sight of an ironclad fleet in the waters of Alexandria aroused the suspicion and called for the ultimate action of the Porte, it certainly was not unwelcome to the Egyptians, who remembered with pride the attitude of Mehemet Ali and the victories of Ibrahim. But the phenomenon of a National Assembly, at least as free as the Parliament of England for the first four centuries of the existence of the House of Commons, was regarded with dislike, ill veiled by ridicule, by those who felt that the manifestation must be detrimental to their interests, and the efforts of the Khedive were regarded as insidious manœuvres to tamper with their securities. In fact, the "Egyptian people" was taken to be an uncanny invention of Ismail. "The people!" The idea that behind and below all the telegraph-sending, despatch-writing gentlemen, and that outside the circle of bond-holding, stock-jobbing, money-lending foreigners, there was an actual indigenous population with notions of their own rights and wrongs, was not easily received into the recesses of the diplomatic and consular mind. It was at once agreed that the Khedive had

created the bogey out of the Nile mud, to frighten his creditors. This national bogey, however, was real enough. The ablest native had no prospect of rising to become the head of any department. Foreigners commanded the army and filled the staff. Frenchmen drilled and instructed it. An Englishman ruled the marine. An Armenian was at the head of the Ministry. As long as the community of European creditors did not come before the Egyptian public as the representatives of foreign States, there was no manifestation of nationalism. It was the luckless expedient for which the Khedive and Nubar Pasha—one or both—were responsible, of introducing foreign Ministers to the council board, which accentuated all the evils of the foreign domination and produced the crisis. It was when France and England appeared seated at the Caisses, and exercising supreme control at Cairo and Alexandria, that Frenchmen and Englishmen began to incur the dislike and animosity of the Egyptians. The moment some attaché to a foreign office—some soldier or lawyer “with claims” on his Government—or some expert arithmetician, landed in Egypt, he was supposed to be endowed with instinctive knowledge of the situation, and to be quite competent to advise, and if needs be to “warn,” the Khedive. The doctrine, that there is no such feeling in Egypt as that which is called nationality in Europe, may have deceived the foreign agents who neither understood the language nor the sentiments of the people; but it is to be wondered at that men who were foremost in vindicating what are called Liberal principles—men who had a tear for every suffering nationality, if not an arm for every suffering cause—should have regarded with stony indifference the efforts of Egyptians to acquire the place among the nations of the world towards which Lord Dufferin believed he had secured their right of way by that gleam of light which was to touch the lips of the Memnon and warm them to utter the cry of freedom. They were mere fellaheen: Pharaohs, Ptolemies, Cæsars, Caliphs, and Pashas had crushed them underfoot, and left no spark of manhood in them. And then the notion that a descendant of Mehemet Ali should aspire to give a Constitution to his kingdom was so supremely ridiculous!

Early in 1876 the Duke Decazes approached Lord Lyons with certain crude proposals for interference in Egyptian affairs, which were developed gradually into the shape of the Dual Control. “Moved by the imminent danger in which the very large interests of French and English creditors were placed,” the French Minister of Foreign Affairs suggested that France and England should act together, and that an International Commission, like that which had worked so well in Tunis” (!) “should be brought to bear on Egypt.” Lord Derby peremptorily rejected the overture. He instructed Lord Lyons to say that “the English Government had no reason what-

ever to suppose that the Khedive desired any system of control over his finances." When the contract for a loan with the Anglo-Egyptian and National Bank was forwarded by the consular agent to the Foreign Office, with a request from the Khedive that an English commissioner should be named by Her Majesty's Government to take part in the management, Lord Derby refused the entanglement, and replied that "the Government would not send a commissioner to discharge any function of the sort." The Duke Decazes, renewing his proposals for an international commission to regulate Egyptian debts, again presented to Lord Lyons a financial scheme, which was, he said, a project of a decree prepared by the Khedive, but which was really a project of a group of French financiers, in which provision was made for the much-desired commission, headed by M. Pastre. Lord Derby refused to appoint any commission. He said he knew nothing of the scheme, and coldly declared that Her Majesty's Government "had no communication with any capitalists in connection with Egyptian finance." But even then the Duke "disclaimed any action which could be construed as a guarantee for Egyptian finance." Nevertheless, the fortress in which these sound principles were ensconced was exposed to sap and mine with steady persistence. The breach was made in 1876, when Her Majesty's Government "allowed Mr. Rivers Wilson leave of absence to assist the Viceroy in the arrangement of the public accounts."

A change of Government took place at home—Mr. Gladstone went out and Lord Beaconsfield came in—and at first it seemed as if the boast of the Foreign Office, that change of Ministers does not influence foreign policy, would be justified. Sir S. Northcote at the outset, indeed, sharply accentuated Lord Derby's previous action. The Khedive had prepared an elaborate scheme for the consolidation of the various loans and debts, for which he sought the approval of the Government. Sir S. Northcote not only refused to give that approval, but he called on Mr. Rivers Wilson either to resign the Egyptian service or his post in the Treasury at home. In 1876 the new tribunals were established. In two years the consuls-general served on the Khedive a remonstrance against the non-execution of the decrees of the Courts against himself. To suppose any State could exist—above all an Eastern State—in which the ruler could be exposed to the indignity of having brokers put in possession of his effects by a foreign Court, would be to contemplate a philosophical and abstract relation of the monarch to his people of which there is no example in history.*

* A curious if not edifying study is afforded by a perusal of the papers relating to Baker and Gordon's work in the Soudan, and by a comparison of them with the diatribes against the ambition of the Khedive, the wickedness of his conquests and usurpa-

The same year which saw the introduction of the mixed tribunals witnessed the establishment of the Dual Control. The controllers were at first simple financial supervisors and advisers; but their influence was soon felt in every department of the State, and the Egyptian, raising his eyes to the seat of government at Cairo, saw for ever the reproduction of Quintin Matsys' misers weighing out his gold for gentlemen over the sea.

The coalition to enforce the claims of the bondholders against Egypt was complete early in 1878. M. Waddington was able to rub his hands over the "entente entre les deux gouvernements sur les questions enlevées par les embarras financières du Khedive" (28th January, 1878). Instead of evincing some desire to assist him, the French Minister mocked at the Viceroy's demand for an inquiry to prove the inequitable nature of the charges on his treasury. M. des Michel and Mr. Vivian were instructed as to the course to be pursued in "presence of the fears, most lively and probably most thoroughly well founded, of the perils of the situation." Of France? No. Of England? Certainly not. But the situation, forsooth, "of the creditors of the Khedive, whose interests might be strongly exposed if in a very near time they (the interests) did not find support abroad." However, M. Waddington even then had no thought of direct diplomatic action. He only "sought," he says, "an accord between the Cabinets of London and Versailles, to protect, on a common base in keeping strictly between the limits of simple officious action, interests hitherto delivered to unscrupulous methods." In the same dispatch he indicated his dissatisfaction with the relations of the Reformed Tribunals to the Government. The advocates practising in these courts had asserted that the sentences obtained by the State were executed with pitiless rigour, whereas decrees against the State were practically dead letters. M. Waddington accepted these averments as "throwing a very sad light on the administrative proceedings of the Khedive." The Minister of Finance made a report. It was important "to inquire if it were based on justice, and therefore a commission was named to verify deficits in the revenue, to inquire into abuses in taxation and suggest remedies, and to show what sources of revenue could be relied upon for the service of 1878, and to collect evidence on such matters." Gordon Pasha was named as president. The Khedive hoped (such were his "*dispositions déplorables*") that the English and French controllers would associate themselves with the work of the commission. But although M. Waddington admitted that the arrangements of 1876

tions, the impossibility of ruling the regions over which he ruled for many years without question, and the final re-establishment of domestic slavery by a British general in the country he had freed from it.

(as to the controllers) were susceptible of modification, he was resolved that the Khedive should not make the modifications.* The ink of this dispatch was scarcely dry ere a telegram from Cairo announced (January 30th) that the Khedive had decreed a Commission of Inquiry "on principles contrary to those already enunciated by the Foreign Commissioners of the Debt:" "*L'impression*," added the dispatch, "*est mauvaise*." Now, if a disinterested person were to examine the proposal, he would, I think, admit it was perfectly reasonable.

On 30th March the commission, consisting of M. de Lesseps, Mr. R. Wilson, Riaz Pasha, M. Buravelli, Mr. E. Baring, M. de Blignières, and M. Kremer, was appointed by the Khedive. Gordon Pasha disappeared from the list. On 24th May the first fruits of their labours appeared in the form of a benevolent report on the sufferings of the unpaid employés of the State. Pursuing their labours, they arrived at the conclusion that the Dairas should be surrendered for the unconsolidated debt. The Khedive accepted that conclusion without a word. He agreed to all the recommendations of the commission, and charged Nubar Pasha to form a Ministry to carry out the proposed reforms. "It is natural I should do so," said he in his speech to Mr. Rivers Wilson, "for it is I who sought this work for the good of my country." But he had soon reason to feel that he had uttered an unpleasant truth when he added, "My country is no longer in Africa. We are part of Europe." The new Ministry came on the scene with an extraordinary flourish of drums and trumpets. Their powers were enlarged; a Council of State was elaborated; the benefits of the Reformed Tribunals were extended to native Egyptians.

M. Waddington accepted the arrangement, but it was with a proviso. France "could only accept the new arrangement in so far as she had an equal share in the distribution of power with England." "Everything," says the Minister, "everything depends" (or rather rests) "on the principle of an equal participation of office between French and English elements." Nubar Pasha could assure himself of French support if the portfolio of Minister, "with sufficient attributions," were given to a Frenchman! Mr. Rivers Wilson was Minister of Finance. M. de Blignières was named Minister of Public Works with the concurrence of the Foreign Office. The Dairas were delivered to the care of a special commission of an Englishman and a Frenchman ("with sufficient attributions") and an Egyptian.†

* The Western Powers would not hear of the Sultan's interference when the Khedive informed Messrs. Goschen and Joubert that the Sultan was the only authority before whom he could efface himself, and that he was willing to let the Sublime Porte name a Commission of Inquiry, with which he would have no relations whatever.

† They were soon after pledged to Messrs. Rothschild as security for a loan of £8,500,000 (for which the Khedive got less than £6,000,000) under the administration

The French Government even at this stage was not prepared for the grand jump. M. Waddington insisted that the rôle of the Cabinets should be confined "solely to facilitating by benevolent assistance, in no degree engaging their responsibility, the conclusion of equitable transactions between Ismail Pasha and the *mandataires* of the private interests which have trusted to his solvability."

There being now an equality in the distribution of office between France and England, the Dual Control was suspended, to be re-established if either the French or the English Minister were relieved of his functions without the previous consent of his Government.

But all these changes brought neither security nor repose. One of the many agents representing France through these *peripéties* thought it incumbent on him, very soon after his arrival in Cairo, to deliver a lecture to the Khedive "on the necessity of giving his moral support" to his own Government; in other words, the consular agent accused the Viceroy of desiring the wreck of his own Ministry! The Khedive was well justified in the question by which he answered M. Godcaux's "impertinence": "How can I be answerable for the acts of Ministers whom I do not govern? I will aid the Government by every means in my power. You ask for moral aid. Moral aid is not enough. I aid, and will aid, it whenever my help is demanded." The irrepressible M. Godeaux took advantage of a chance interview, soon after his early interpellation, with the Khedive "to ask his Highness if he was aware of the rumour that his Cabinet intended to propose the reduction of the floating debt and of the interest of the consolidated debt?" The badgered prince could only reply, that "as he was kept quite out of the work of government, he could not give an opinion, but that he should like to have the question discussed before him." The rumours were true. The Cabinet of Nubar Pasha was preparing to liquidate. The Powers were confronted by the Frankenstein they had made. M. de Blignières and Mr. Rivers Wilson, whose *raison d'être* had been the protection of the creditors of Egypt, had matured a scheme in direct opposition to the opinions of the Khedive, reducing the interest on the debt, and paying off the floating debt, &c., and they informed the consuls-general of their intention to resign if their proposals were not accepted. The Khedive declared the reduction of the interest and the arrangement for the floating debt, the issue of bonds, &c., were not necessary, and that he would undertake to pay all the obligations if he were allowed to deal with the situation.

It was in the midst of these financial discussions that a very
of highly paid Europeans, who, it may be said without offence and with truth, had no qualifications for the management of such estates and the disposal of their produce.

practical demonstration of the feelings aroused in the country, and of the new management of affairs by Nubar's Government, was afforded by the appearance, on 18th February, 1879, of a mob of starving officers and soldiers of the army—2,500 of whom had been disbanded and put on half-pay without receiving a farthing of the long arrears due to them—in front of the Treasury, uttering loud cries for their pay, and (some say) threatening violence to the officials. The consuls-general hastened to Ismail, and demanded his assistance. He might have pleaded his want of means and power; he might have shut himself up, as his Ministers had done. But—*luto meliore fictus*—he went at once to the scene, and at his presence and word the hungry rioters dispersed. When Ismail, who knew Egypt as well at heart as the Emperor Napoleon III. knew France, perceived that the growing discontent of his subjects had extended its influence to the army, and that the European representatives of the financial interests shut their ears to the cries of affairs and men, he saw that it was impossible to retain in office the unsympathetic councillors whose adherence to abstract principles had brought the country to the verge of insurrection—the insurrection which in the form of a peaceful revolution broke out in the reign of his successor. He believed that no reform could be carried, no Government administered by men who had not touch of the people, no sympathy with national sentiment, and that his experiment was a dead failure the moment the armed force on which he relied to carry on his administration had gone over to the popular cause. Ismail was a veritable Sisyphus, but the stone grew heavier, and the mountain higher every year. It was not only among disbanded soldiers Nubar's Ministry was unpopular: the French agent reported “un vif mécontentement parmi les indigènes.” Nubar in alarm came to M. Godeaux and Mr. Vivian, and declared he could no longer answer for the public security; he “begged them to save his life and that of his colleagues!” The situation was critical. The consuls hastened to the only power in the State—the Khedive. “Will your Highness answer for the maintenance of order?” The answer was prompt and decided. “Certainly. I will assume all responsibility for the maintenance of order, on condition that I am associated with the Government, and that Nubar Pasha retires.” Nubar retired briskly. At the Quai d'Orsay and in Downing Street the news appeared to cause no emotion. M. Waddington telegraphed to the French agent that “the dismissal of Nubar Pasha was to London and Paris a mere personal question.” That it was not altogether so might, however, be gathered from the ominous words which followed: “Orders have been sent for the despatch of a man-of-war to Alexandria, and the English Government is about to do the same.”

The object of that proceeding, in connection with the dismissal of a Minister "about whom London and Paris did not care," is not easy to divine; but if M. Waddington could have looked three years in advance, it may be safely affirmed he would have issued no such instructions. As Ismail had assumed the responsibility for maintenance of order, he had a right to demand that measures to which his sanction was necessary should be submitted to and discussed in the Council with him, but he consented to abide by the opinion of the majority. He asked, however, to have the right of convoking his Council. To these demands the consuls-general, who had just appealed to the Khedive for protection, declared, in reference to a letter in which Ismail replied that he wished to meet all the obligations of the State, that "they could not allow [*sic*] the Khedive to express in an official letter his desire to see the financial arrangements of his Government strictly executed, because this desire would be interpreted as a promise at a time when the financial situation demands, at least for the moment, a certain restraint on these engagements!" To put their hook in his nose and their bridle in his lips, they announced that the proposals of the Khedive "constituted an essential modification of the condition, that the Council of Ministers was to possess a power distinct from that of the Khedive," who was nevertheless to be responsible. Well might the Khedive assert that in denying to him the right to assist at the counsels of his Ministers the Governments of France and England prevented the possibility of the proper relations which should exist in Egypt between the ruler and his Government, and that they, and not he, must accept the responsibility of the complete failure, which, as well as the past troubles, would be the natural result of their decision.

On February 18, Paris and London attached no importance whatever to the dismissal of Nubar Pasha. Whether it was due to urgent remonstrances from Cairo or other influences, an extraordinary change of opinion was manifested simultaneously by M. Waddington and the English Minister. On February 21 M. Waddington announced that Nubar Pasha must remain in the Cabinet to support his two European colleagues; but he thought "the relations between the Khedive and his Ministers might be modified in conformity with the usages of constitutional government." Messrs. Blignières and Wilson formulated a demand that the Ministry should be consulted as to the choice of their colleagues when vacancies occurred in the Council. The Khedive offered to accept a third European Minister, to give any guarantee for freedom of action the two Governments would suggest; but he observed that if the native Ministers were not selected from those men who had the respect and sympathy of the country, the new Government must assuredly fail; if the two Powers insisted on the restoration of Nubar,

he must bow to their will; but it was his duty to warn them that it would be a source of offence and affront to the most worthy sentiments of the people, and if the public peace were disturbed they must not hold him responsible or reproach him for neglecting to enlighten them. To evince their respect for constitutional usages, the two Governments insisted that M. de Blignières and Mr. Wilson should have the right to veto absolutely any measure of which they conjointly disapproved. They, moreover, refused to permit the Khedive to assist at the deliberations of his own Council. They proposed to issue a decree to postpone the payment of the April coupon. The Khedive refused to sign it: he said the country was perfectly able to pay. Mr. Wilson called his attention "to the danger he was incurring in placing himself in direct opposition to his Council of Ministers, and urged him to reflect on the effect such a course would have in Europe and Constantinople." The Khedive, however, replied that "it was immaterial to him what danger he incurred as long as he acted according to his convictions and his conscience."

On April 7 the Khedive summoned the consular agents, and begged them to transmit to their Governments a project which had been laid before him as an expression of the wishes of the country, and which, whilst establishing the fact that Egypt could meet all its financial engagements, demanded the formation of a native Cabinet, to be responsible to the Chamber of Delegates, and the re-establishment of the Control. The plan thus elaborated was the work of the notables, dignitaries, and functionaries, religious, civil, and military, of the whole of Egypt. The preamble recited that the existing Council of Ministers, without any regard to the Chamber of Delegates, had issued *projets de loi* which assumed that Egypt was bankrupt and which annulled the law. The deputies, &c., protested against these projects. They were persuaded that Egypt could pay her State debts. They laid before the Khedive a statement to prove the truth of their contention, and they claimed the right they had under the electoral law to exercise the powers possessed by similar bodies in Europe in questions of internal administration of finance. The European Ministers were dismissed, and Cherif Pasha was placed at the head of the new Ministry. These measures aroused the utmost indignation in the European official circles. It was not regarded as a matter of the smallest moment that they gave the liveliest satisfaction to the Egyptian public.

The Behemoths of the Bourses rose up against Ismail. England indeed lent him some support. Only six weeks before his fall Ismail was assured by Mr. Vivian that "he might rely on the assistance and support of England in the measures he contemplated." Mr. Vivian, who had on several occasions withstood the march of the reformers, and had disapproved of Mr. Rivers Wilson's proposals,

was summoned to England. Mr. Lascelles was sent out with express instructions to give his cordial support to Mr. R. Wilson in his dealings with the Khedive. He arrived almost simultaneously with the nomination of the new Ministry, which was about to engage, in the persons of its European members, in conflict with the Khedive. Mr. Lascelles had not been a fortnight in Gairo ere he was satisfied that the Khedive, "whose influence in the country was very great," was implicated in meetings which it turned out afterwards were held to consider the financial project, and to petition the Khedive to promulgate the Constitution of 1877.

It was not till eighteen days after the receipt of Mr. Lascelles' telegram of April 9 that Lord Salisbury wrote a dispatch, in which, "admitting that the Khedive was not bound to retain Mr. Wilson permanently in office," he assumed that his dismissal "was precipitate and causeless" (taking no note of the popular discontent and dangerous excitement in the country). His Lordship suggested that the Khedive should take back the European Ministers (with whom Cherif Pasha informed Mr. Lascelles the Egyptians could not work), and observed that he would look to his future action for a favourable interpretation of the past, but that if the Khedive did not mend his ways the two Governments would seek "the best arrangements to secure the good government and prosperity of Egypt." Ismail disclaimed any discourtesy in dismissing the Ministers, but he declined to reinstate the European Ministers in the Cabinet; and Cherif Pasha informed Mr. Vivian the Cabinet were determined not to allow the Khedive to agree to their presence, and would resign if he put them back.

On May 11 Count Münster suddenly came on the scene. His Excellency informed Lord Salisbury that the Imperial Government considered the Khedivial decree regarding the Mixed Courts of Justice as null and void of legal effect, and invited England to join in a decided rejection of it. The other Powers instructed their agents and consuls-general to join in the protest of Germany against the Khedive's decree of April 22. This was a joint protest of the Powers which, as Mr. Vivian informed Lord Salisbury on June 8, he had reason to believe would be attended to, and that the decree would consequently be modified or withdrawn. If the Khedive were allowed to do so, and the decree were withdrawn, it might be supposed that a *modus vivendi* could still be established. But there were communications *sub rosa*, confidential inquiry, developments of policy, and exchanges of views going on, the nature of which may be inferred from the announcement in Mr. Vivian's dispatch of June 8, that he proposed to leave Mr. Lascelles in charge, and return to England on the 15th. The Western Powers had resolved on their course for the time being without looking very far in advance of it.

They had decided on the deposition of the Khedive without more ado, and would not hear of any *locus penitentiæ*. Three days after Mr. Vivian left Egypt Lord Salisbury telegraphed (June 18th) to Mr. Lascelles to represent officially to the Khedive that he would do wisely to abdicate in favour of Tewfik, and at the same time he wrote a dispatch based on the assumption that there "was public disorder," declaring that "the personal character and rule of the Khedive and his past career unfitted him to remain in power. The Powers were bound to arrest misgovernment before it results in the material ruin and almost incurable disorder to which it must lead." The result of that interference has been bankruptcy, revolution, and rebellion; the loss of provinces and power; the suspension of the law; the nullification of the decrees of the tribunals by those who created them; and the absorption of British influence in the *caput mortuum* of European control.

The French and English emissaries charged with this *brusque* commission made fine offers to the Khedive if he would only oblige them by abdicating—whatever terms he pleased to ask: an ample civil list, a residence in any capital of Europe, &c. But Ismail refused to commit the happy dispatch. By the Sultan he had been confirmed on his throne. If he was to fall, it must be by the Sultan's will. "The emissaries retired to await instructions. But the Western Powers found a powerful if not altogether unexpected ally and champion. The claims of German bondholders had been enforced by process of law against the State and against the Khedive. The decrees had not been executed. It might not have been unpleasant for Prince Bismarck to assume before Europe the position of the executive of the will and power of Europe; and the irresistible Chancellor, the expression of whose wishes would be accepted by the Sultan as a command, directed his Ambassador to ask the Porte to oblige him by issuing a firman ordering the Khedive to abdicate and to retire from Egypt."

In a vain appeal to the Sultan for protection against the pressure of the Western Powers (in the action of which the Sublime Porte was keen-sighted enough to see the machinery at work which might possibly crush the national party in Egypt and facilitate the restoration of the Ottoman domination) the Khedive summed up the results of his administration on Egypt in words which will bear repetition: "I have passed sixteen years well employed, for under my administration Egypt has been covered with a network of railways.* I have largely extended the canalization which fecundates the soil, and have quintupled its productions. I have created two great ports at Alexandria and at Suez. I have destroyed in Central Africa

* In 1863 there were 200 miles of rail, in 1873 there were 1,200 in Egypt.

the sources of slavery, and have raised the standard of the empire in regions where it was hitherto unknown. I have finished and handed over to the world the canal of the two seas; and finally, after long and vigorous resistance, I have inaugurated the judicial reforms which, in putting an end to delays resulting from the multiplicity of foreign tribunals, and in administering justice with the promptitude which alone gives it value, have prepared for the future the means of harmonizing the contract of the civilization of the East with that of the West." It is scarcely possible to restrain a smile when one reads the dispatch of June 25, 1879, to the Ambassador, in which the French Minister declares that "the abdication of the Khedive, and the substitution in his place of his eldest son, are purely Egyptian affairs, and it is for that reason we have dealt with them at Cairo." The sole intervention of the Porte, foreseen by the firman of 1873, will consist in the formality of the investiture of Tewfik Pasha. On the evening of June 26, 1879, the guns of the citadel announced that Tewfik had taken his seat on his father's throne: the era of good government, of constitutional rule, and law and order, was to begin: Ismail was driven forth from Egypt. There could be no pretext and pretences that he was engaged in fermenting troubles and conspiring against his own Government. He had passed out to enjoy such pleasures as "*les rois en exile*" may find to console them for loss of power and opportunity to govern.

The apathy of that Parliament which for the last four years has been so deeply, constantly, and painfully interested in Egypt, was but the reflex of the complete indifference of the country. The Government was allowed a free hand with a vengeance, and it was almost encouraged to shroud its operations in impenetrable darkness. If some independent member asked a question about troubles in Egypt, he was told it would be inexpedient to answer him. Discussion was evaded, information was denied, and papers were kept back. Indeed there seemed to be a general concurrence in the principle laid down by Mr. Goschen, that "the House of Commons was not the proper arena for the discussion of Egyptian finance." That was said in the February of the very year of the deposition! The debate arose out of a motion made by Mr. Samuelson, "to ascertain what was the justification of the Government for interfering in the financial concerns of Egypt." Mr. Goschen apparently thought that the Government was justified in interfering in those financial concerns, but that the House of Commons was not entitled even to discuss them! And all the time the Government was provoking a grave political crisis, solely, or at least mainly, on financial questions. The Chancellor of the Exchequer declared that "the Khedive had absolute authority to dismiss Mr. Rivers Wilson without the interference of Her Majesty's Government," and he added that "the Government did not wish it

to be imagined that Mr. Rivers Wilson in any way represented it." Sir S. Northcote (April 17) absolutely denied that any "appeal had been made to the Sultan to interfere, or to dethrone the Khedive;" and when Sir Julian Goldsmid a few days later, quoting a despatch in the *Times* of April 24, inquired "whether it was true, as stated, that the Sultan had offered to depose the Khedive?" the Chancellor of the Exchequer replied that "he had seen the statement, but that he was unable to give any information with regard to confidential communications we have received from foreign Powers"! The Opposition, represented in the House of Peers by Lord Granville, once or twice evinced a mild curiosity to learn what was going on in Egypt, and expressed a gentle impatience at the repeated delay in the production of parliamentary papers; but, just as they were satisfied in the Commons by the assurances that "communications were still going on with the French Government, and that it would be then unbecoming to discuss the matter," they were easily appeased by a "few words" from Lord Beaconsfield. Even when Mr. Otway (June 20) inquired "if Government had received any information that the French Consul-General had waited on the Khedive to announce the intention of France to demand his abdication, and, if so, whether the representative of England knew of and concurred in the proceeding?" Mr. Bourke refused to make any statement. And when Mr. Childers, remarking that no paper whatever had been laid before Parliament for six months in reference to affairs in Egypt, appealed to the Chancellor of the Exchequer for information, Sir S. Northcote "thought it would be hazardous to give offence by making any statement as to the supposed action of another Power without the consent and clear understanding of the Power as to which reference was made." (As to which, by way of commentary, see the bombardment of Alexandria, abolition of dual control, &c.) That attitude was maintained till June 23, when Lord Salisbury at last announced that "France and England had advised the Khedive to abdicate in favour of his son;" and the Lords, thus completely enlightened, by a natural transition proceeded to consider the means of preventing floods in the Thames! Lord De la Warr, three days later, asked "whether the Khedive had abdicated, or had been deposed?" Lord Salisbury replied that "he had information to the effect that the Khedive had been deposed by the command of the Sultan this morning." On the same evening, in the Commons, Lord Hartington, commenting on the absolute ignorance in which Parliament had been kept since December, asked "on what grounds the recommendation to the Khedive to abdicate had been based—whether they relate to the failure of the Khedive to execute his engagements to his creditors or to foreign States?" Sir S. Northcote said that

"Ismail had, in obedience to orders from the Porte, abdicated in favour of his son Tewfik, but that the principal ground on which the recommendation to abdicate has been based was the misgovernment of Egypt, and the conviction of Her Majesty's Government and the other Powers that that misgovernment was not likely to be corrected under Ismail Pasha."

In reply to a direct question from Mr. Fawcett, who said the reply to it would give considerable relief, Sir S. Northcote subsequently declared most explicitly that

"the failure of the Khedive to execute his engagements to his creditors was *not* the ground on which the advice of Her Majesty's Government had been given, but he admitted that it would be impossible not to say that part of the case which induced Government to take those proceedings was the fact that great complications had arisen between the Khedive and his creditors, but it would be incorrect to say that was the reason of the action of the Government."

What was the other part of the case? What was the reason of the action of the Government? To this day the questions are not solved. Of the general allegation, that the Khedive had misgoverned Egypt there were no instances and no proof. As compared with the Egypt of Mehemet Ali or Said Pasha, the Egypt of 1879 was a model of good order, of progress, and of civilization.

At the moment Sir A. Layard was telegraphing that the Sultan had deposed Ismail, Mr. Bourke, replying to a question of Sir F. Goldsmid about the negotiations at Constantinople, said: "If the hon. bart. means the deposition of the Khedive, I have to tell him that the correspondence on the subject is still going on; therefore it will be impossible for me," &c. When the Government towards the end of July was pressed to discuss the recent interference in Egyptian affairs, Sir S. Northcote expressed "a fear it could not be done, there is so much business before us." A few days later, in answer to a similar demand, he observed: "There would be plenty of opportunities between then and the close of the session for a discussion." On August 1, Sir Julian Goldsmid asked "whether the statement of M. Waddington, that the Government of France had been obliged to insist on the abdication or deposition of the Khedive in the interests of the creditors, whereas the English Government stated their action had *not* been taken in the interests of the creditors at all, had been made after consultation with the English Government, seeing that the Chancellor of the Exchequer had already excused himself from making any statement till he had consulted with his French colleague?" Sir Stafford Northcote asked for notice; he had "only seen a short account of M. Waddington's speech in the papers, and his experience was that these accounts were not always reliable." Sir Julian Goldsmid gave notice, and on August 4 he asked "if the Chancellor of the Exchequer could explain the divergence between his statement, that it was not in the interests of private persons or creditors

that the British Government had acted, and M. Waddington's words, 'In the interests of such of our countrymen as have fortunes in Egypt, we were obliged to instruct our representative to invite the Khedive to abdicate'?" But the leader of the House of Commons said "he could not undertake within the limits of an answer to a question to discuss the speech made by M. Waddington." Sir Julian Goldsmid, whose efforts to get at the truth in the matter were strenuous, then gave notice that he would bring the question before the House on Committee of Supply. On August 7 he renewed his endeavour to have some explanation of a matter as to which he said "Government had behaved very ill. There were notices from eleven members on the paper, and the House had been put off from time to time with excuses, leading him to believe there was no intention or desire that the conduct in Egypt should be discussed at all. They knew it had been indispensable, and he could have shown that their interference had placed the country in an awkward position by promoting stock-jobbing and reducing the influence of England in the East. He was not surprised the Government had not kept their promise to have a discussion on their policy. Next session the Government would say the discussion related to matters which had happened long ago." Well, this time there seemed a likelihood of a debate. Sir G. Campbell had something to say of course, and Mr. Jenkins had to observe on the stock-jobbing results of Government action and silence; whilst Mr. Shaw Lefevre asserted that Mr. Rivers Wilson had not received the support of the British Consul—had, in fact, been opposed by him, and that the fall of Mr. Wilson had been no doubt precipitated by Sir Stafford Northcote's announcement to the world, that the Khedive had a perfect right to dismiss him. The Chancellor of the Exchequer declared he was of all things anxious to discuss Egypt; but there was a deal of business to do. It was hard to find time for everything. As to Mr. Rivers Wilson, why, the Khedive could of course dismiss him. And the House went into Supply. On August 11, at the very close of the session, Sir Julian Goldsmid rose to call the attention of a thin House to the interference of the Government in Egyptian internal affairs, and to the serious international complications which had been and were likely to be caused by it, which he did in a speech of remarkable moderation, accuracy, and clearness. He pointed out that Lord Clarendon in 1869, when the Khedive had far less power than he attained to by the firmans of 1872–1873, had directed our ambassador to express to the Sultan the opinion of Her Majesty's Government, that an attempt to depose the Khedive would produce a most unfavourable and mischievous effect; that Colonel Stanton addressed remarks in the same sense to His Highness at Cairo, and that Sir H. Elliot, with Lord Granville's approval, in 1873 wrote: "Egypt was practically independent in all

matters of internal administration." The first departure from the policy which had been announced and followed with regard to Egypt was made in 1878, when our Government, joining in the demand of France for an independent commission in the interest of the bondholders, suggested that Captain Baring should be placed upon it, and Mr. Rivers Wilson, if another Englishman was desirable. In a rapid review the honourable member recapitulated the principal events in the history of our interference "solely in the interests of the bondholders." The price of French acquiescence in our acquisition of Cyprus was an agreement that England would take no action in Egypt without previous consultation with France. The Government of France was guided by the wishes of the bondholders, and serious complications might arise out of our joint responsibility, assumed in pursuance of what Mr. Bourke called "high policy," which really meant constant interference. Sir C. Dilke, who followed, complained that the Government had misled the House and country, and had taken the affairs of Egypt into their hands. Two months before, they told the House they had done nothing of the kind. They informed the Khedive in March that he would be deposed if he did not act as they wished, and they had not informed Parliament of the grave responsibility they had incurred. Many honourable members spoke, airing crotchets or exposing their ignorance and their want of any sort of fitness for participating in the discussion; but the deposition of the Khedive, the reasons why and the manner in which it was brought about, were barely mentioned at all. Sir G. Campbell gave the Commons the interesting but utterly inaccurate information that Tewfik Pasha had one excellent qualification for doing better than his father—"speaking English in its best form, that of broad Scotch." When it came to Sir S. Northcote's turn on behalf of Government to reply, he jumped on the back of Mr. Rivers Wilson again, and did a double act of horsemanship with him and Nubar Pasha, with whom, in a dust-storm of words raised by their hoofs, he linked after a while a number of persons; but of any explanation or defence of the action of Government in forcing the Khedive to abdicate there is not a trace. "The Khedive had a perfect right to dismiss Mr. Rivers Wilson!" The right thing to do was to spare his (the Khedive's) feelings. Therefore the Government warned him that "in the event of any disturbance of the public peace the consequences would prove serious to him." (Why not to Tewfik later, as when the Alexandrian massacres occurred; or was there no disturbance of the peace then?) "The general principle on which the Government acted was not to interfere in the interests of the English or other creditors of the Khedive." "It was a mere accident and incident of the position that they had been obliged to interfere, and they did so, *not for the sake of the*

creditors, but to prevent anarchy and misrule in Egypt." Sir Stafford declared Mr. Cave's mission was to ascertain if the purchase by our Government of his Highness's Suez Canal shares would suffice to help the Khedive from his embarrassments. As to revival of Turkish authority, the Minister had the boldness to say, "The action was taken by the Porte," as if the Sultan had acted *proprio motu*, and he provoked the laughter of the House by a flight of fancy, in which he conjured up a picture of the Sultan exclaiming, "The administration of my vassal is bringing Egypt to ruin, and the effect will be prejudicial indeed!" The Government, indeed, recognized the right of the Khedive to dismiss Mr. R. Wilson, but they warned him that if he exercised his right he would be "guilty of great discourtesy, and that grave consequences would ensue." So in truth it might be inferred that the Khedive was deposed because he deposed, as he had a right to do, Mr. Rivers Wilson; and that if there had been a stronger power than the Sultan, the latter might have been deposed for turning out the Khedive! And there the discussion was disposed of. Four days afterwards Parliament was prorogued. In the royal speech the Queen was made to utter the startling declaration, that at the suggestion of her Government, in conjunction with that of France, "a change has taken place in the viceroyalty of Egypt, which the past misgovernment of that country has rendered necessary."

"Why was Ismail deposed?" The deposition of a ruler is a capital punishment—it is political execution. A conquering State may decree the deposition of a prince after his defeat in a contest which he has provoked. Deposition may be the penalty of incapacity, tyranny, or crime, inflicted on the Sovereign by his own people. In cases such as these the accomplished fact has generally been accepted by other Powers, though there have been examples to the contrary, as in the alliance against the first French Republic. When the deposition of a vassal in a state of only technical dependence has been decreed by the suzerain in obedience to the representations or requests of foreign Powers, it is proper to inquire what harm the prince had done to them. No ruler over Egypt has ever been "popular," as the word is understood when applied to a Sovereign in Europe; but it may be said with truth that Ismail was the least unpopular of the governors of the line of Mehemet Ali or of any of the viceroys, not excluding that remarkable personality himself. He had greatly developed the resources of Egypt; he had greatly enlarged her borders; he had immensely increased her power and influence, and had brought her in close relation with the civilization and interests of Europe. There is no example in history of any intervention such as that by which Ismail was banished—at least if there be, I am ignorant of its existence. But the most remarkable feature of the *coup d'état*, delivered in haste to be repented

of at leisure, was the entire absence of causation in the matter. The gladiator who stepped into the arena to dispatch the victim was a *deus ex machina*, and when he had dealt the blow he flung the carcase to the Western Powers, and soared into the clouds over Varzin. The interests of Germany in Egypt afforded no legitimate ground for the appearance of Prince Bismarck as a dictator in the Yeldiz Kiosk; but though the grievances of German subjects in Egypt did not cry aloud to heaven for redress, they may have afforded to the great Chancellor a pretext for the exhibition of his universality and omnipotence, not the less agreeable, perhaps, on account of the possible rivalry of France and England over the prey he prepared for their contention.

The book is closed—the tale is ended; and after reading the story, the question, “Why did we depose Ismail?” remains unanswered. It was by a violent, passionate measure, out of which have sprung envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness; strife, war, and intense hatred to European influence; a weak, discredited protectorate living under a blank death-warrant, with the date of execution not yet filled in. Already the British Government has caused the Khedive to violate the obligations of the firman by which he succeeded to his father. The firman of July 22, 1879, confides to Tewfik “the administration of the country such as it was under its ancient limits, and as it is by territory annexed at later periods.” It is expressly stipulated (article 3) that the Khedive is “not to abandon, on *any pretext or motive*, any of the privileges or *territory* confided to his care.” It seems plain enough that, if Europe will not allow England to deal with the problem which England, pushed on by France, contrived to create in Egypt, it would be better for England to retire from the country altogether, unless she feels strong enough to maintain her claims to indefinite occupation. Even with the consent of Europe, the government of Egypt by English officials is vain. It is plain as the sun in the noonday that no good or stable government can ever be established in Egypt by foreign administrators, or by weak and discredited natives under their command. The most substantial benefit will be conferred on that country and on Great Britain by the statesman who dares to re-establish the *status quo ante* with the consent of Europe and under European guarantees, and to restore to our diplomacy and the Queen’s Government their dignified traditions, saving them from the dangers and discredit of representing the “world’s policeman,” or acting as the man in possession for the private creditors of a country which is actually subject to a State whose indifference to the claims of those who lent money on its security we have not attempted to resent.

W. H. RUSSELL.

SPEECH OR SILENCE.

THE whole of England has during the last six weeks been deeply stirred, as it only is when some great question is being discussed which involves a principle of faith or morals. In such questions every one is, as it were, compelled to form an opinion and take a side. No one is neutral. In our time such questions have generally been mixed up with foreign affairs, and therefore with party politics. The long struggle for Italian independence, the American Civil War, involving the principles of human freedom, the treatment of Bulgaria by Turkey, evoking sentiments somewhat similar to those raised by the present agitation, directly concerned the political action of England; became immediately, therefore, party questions, and were fully discussed by leading newspapers and by leading public men on both sides. The present agitation resembles those to which reference has just been made, as regards the deep and passionate emotion of which it is the outcome; it differs from them in the fact that it is not mixed up with party politics, and that in the endeavour to form a just and fair opinion on the questions raised, the people have been deprived of the guidance of their usual leaders. Nearly the whole of the London press has been silent, or has spoken only to advocate silence and condemn speech. Political leaders have been silent; and for the first time probably in their experience they have been dumb spectators of a movement which has deeply stirred the heart and conscience of the nation. The result has been for the moment to turn the mind of part at least of the public from the question—"How can the evils exposed by the *Pall Mall Gazette* best be combated?" to another question—"Is more harm than good done by speech of any kind about these evils?"

A hideously perverted state of morals has been exposed, running through, so far as one sex is concerned, the whole of Society, from the highest to the lowest ; whilst, so far as the other sex is concerned, it condemns the poorest, most ignorant and most helpless to a living death of unspeakable degradation, and drags down certain others, through appeals to their cupidity, to a much lower depth of infamy and shame, that of living in luxury on the trade of decoying and selling children and their fellow-women. There are those who, following the lead of the *Pall Mall*, say, the first step towards finding a remedy for this terrible social evil is to let in the light upon these deeds of darkness, to bring the force of public opinion to bear on those who commit them and on those who profit by them ; and there are others, of whom the ablest and most respected are well represented by Mr. Llewelyn Davies, who strongly condemn open speech on these subjects, who deeply deplore "the tearing aside of the veils," and who believe that this agitation is setting at naught the traditions of civilization and morality ; they quote St. Paul in the verse where he says, "It is a shame even to speak of those things that are done of them in secret."

It seems not inopportune to offer a few considerations in support of those who believe that the balance of evidence inclines in favour of plain speech and against silence. In the first place, the silent system has had a long trial, and the most optimistic can hardly claim that it has succeeded. Crimes against children, according to the testimony of those who have sifted the facts, have been, of recent years, alarmingly on the increase. Those who, with Mr. Hopwood, condemn the agitation, and condemn the effect it has had in hastening a change in the law, rely principally upon the statement that the law, as it stood before the recent passing of the Criminal Law Amendment Act, was strong enough, and that what was defective was the administration of the law. Can anything be plainer proof of the want of a good wholesome severity of public opinion on these matters ? Children were entrapped and sold and ruined ; and though the law condemned the crime, the criminals remained unpunished because the administration of the law was defective : the police would not move, the Home Office would not move, and the law remained a dead letter. Was it not time for speech when silence had led to such a state of things as this ?

Those who have the best opportunity of knowing the truth have of late spoken with the deepest grief of the state of the public schools as regards morals. May not this also be a result of the silent system ? If fathers and mothers and schoolmasters would realize the duty of speech on this most vital and solemn of questions, might not some good result be looked for ? If lying or stealing, or if any merely ungentlemanly habit were rife in schools, would it be best

dealt with by absolute silence on the subject, and by a careful veiling from the general public of all knowledge of the mischief? The secrecy which has hitherto surrounded these sins can hardly have acted otherwise than as an encouragement to them. Crimes that are nearly certain to be followed by exposure and disgrace are very rare except in what are known as the criminal classes. It takes away one of the safeguards against immorality to cloak it in an impenetrable mystery.

A great part of the evil, every one agrees, comes from the want of a good tone of morals running through society. A man who, a few years ago, was turned out of the English army for a criminal assault upon a girl, was last year re-elected to one of the most select and fashionable of London clubs, and a petition was signed by large numbers of great people, praying that he might be reinstated in the English army. Rumour said that the petition would have been successful but for the fact that the ultimate decision lay with the Queen. The case is significant as an illustration of the want of a healthy tone of public opinion. No one tries to reinstate in his clubs or in the army a man who has cheated at cards, or who has been condemned for cowardice by a court-martial. Public opinion is strong and outspoken with regard to deeds like these, and they are correspondingly rare. By encouraging expressions condemnatory of the kind of vice exposed by the *Pall Mall*, even on the part of those who do not approve of the agitation, a more healthy tone of public opinion is being formed. The *Times*, following the counsel of Mr. Llewelyn Davies, advocates the formation of "Vigilance Committees" throughout the country, to see that the new law does not remain a dead letter: the *Spectator* writes in favour of the use of the lash for the worst kind of offenders. These, and many similar expressions of opinion, might be quoted, partly as evidence of the improvement in moral tone that has already taken place, and partly as the means by which a still further improvement may be looked for. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that one of the first results of the recent outspokenness is that people have been in some cases awakened from a lethargy, and in others stimulated to a greater activity of mind in regard to the efforts to be made to suppress the lowest forms of vice. Almost every one has the same experience to record. Those who were already, with noble self-devotion, giving up their lives to promote the cause of purity, are greatly strengthened and encouraged by what has recently taken place; their only anxiety seems to be lest there should be a reaction of indifference after this great outburst of grief and shame. Those who have never worked before in any of these questions are saying to themselves, with anxious heart-searchings, "What can I do to help on the right side?"

A comparison has frequently been made between the present agitation and that concerning the Bulgarian atrocities. There is a resemblance, but there is also a great difference. There has been little or no Pharisaism in the present agitation. The pervading tone of the meetings has been one of deep humiliation and self-reproach. Men and women have been made to feel that simply to live, encased in the hard shell of their own righteousness, without making any effort to save these poor children from their destroyers, is to be guilty of the worst of cowardice. Those who loved purity before do not love it less now; but they can no longer believe it to be consistent with their duty to hug the robe of their holiness around them and stretch out no helping hand to those who are wallowing in the mire. Better even that their own snowy whiteness should be smirched than that they should leave their brothers and sisters to perish.

There is some fear of falling into a sort of insincerity in speaking of these subjects, as if they had never been known or heard of till the *Pall Mall* proclaimed them. There are probably no men and very few women to whom the statements were really revelations. The *Pall Mall* has not so much told us what we did not know before, as whipped and lashed us up to a sense of our dastardly cowardice in knowing these things and making no effort to stop them. We have all seen and known people whose characters might otherwise have been beautiful and noble, who have shipwrecked their own lives, and the lives of many others, on the rock of coarse and brutal sensualism; and hardly an effort has been made either to save them or to warn others. If we had seen similar shipwreck made by drunkenness or gambling, we should not have been so cowardly; but on one of the most dangerous of shores we have raised no lighthouse and manned no lifeboat. There are many men and women of saint-like lives, who have been showing us our duty by patient example for years; but this did not suffice to rouse us: we needed a coarser instrument—the lash—and we have had it from the editor of the *Pall Mall*.

It has been not a little surprising that, during the recent controversy as to the duty of speech or silence, certain passages from the Epistles of St. Paul have been quoted in support of silence. It would be difficult to find an epistle to any of the churches that does not specifically and in detail denounce the moral evils of the world Paul lived in. When he says, "It is a shame *even to speak* of those things that are done of them in secret," or, "Let it not be once named amongst you," surely the whole context shows that this was an emphatic way of warning the Christian Churches against certain evil deeds, and that these passages cannot fairly be interpreted to mean that the deeds themselves, when rife, should be unreprieved. Indeed, when St. Paul makes use of the expression, "Let it not be once named amongst you," he refers not only to

uncleanness, but also to coveteousness, foolish talking and jesting; thereby making it clear (even if, by his own example, it were not clear already) what his meaning was. The Bible has before now been used to support slavery and polygamy; and even efforts to lift up the poor from the depths of their misery have been reprov'd by the text, "The poor you have always with you." Isolated texts do not count for much in such matters. The spirit of the New Testament is the spirit of equality, and it is this spirit which, as it gradually gains strength, condemns institutions, such as slavery and polygamy, which are based on inequality. This spirit also condemns the making of one law for the rich, another for the poor; one law for the man, another for the woman. In regard to the present agitation this spirit of equality is making itself felt and heard. The evil state of the law, the evil state of the general tone of public opinion in regard to morals, is an outcome of the subjection of women, of the notion that women are possessions or chattels, with whom men are fully justified in dealing as they please. If women had been able to protect themselves by the legitimate use of the parliamentary franchise, the Criminal Law Amendment Bill would have been passed in the ordinary course of things without the necessity of shaking the whole of England by the recent agitation. Parliament cannot, as a rule, spare time for a serious effort to remedy the grievances of non-electors. If an illustration is wanted it may be found in the fate of the Infants Bill, giving married mothers some minimum of legal right to the guardianship of their own children. The subject has not been dealt with seriously in Parliament. In the session of 1884 it was passed in the House of Commons and rejected by the House of Lords; in the session of 1885, it was passed by the House of Lords and allowed to lapse in the House of Commons. How differently the Medical Relief Bill fared, that had the supposed interests of the newly enfranchised agricultural labourers behind it; in the House of Commons the rival parties were eagerly outbidding each other in regard to it, and in the House of Peers noble lords quarrelled over the honour of having charge of it.

Deep down at the bottom of the questions that have been raised by the recent agitation is the economical and political subjection of women; their miserably low wages in the poorest classes, wages on which life can hardly be supported unless recourse is had to the better-paid trade of sin. If a real remedy is to be found it must be sought in two ways, both full of difficulties and needing patience, enthusiasm, courage, and faith. The demand for victims must be diminished by a growth of unselfishness and of purity of heart among men; the supply of victims must be diminished by giving the poorest women more opportunities of fairly remunerative employ-

ment, by insisting on an extension to women of the trades-union doctrine of a fair day's pay for a fair day's work, by improvement in the dwellings of the poorest classes, and by endeavouring to form in every girl's mind a worthy ideal of womanhood. Every one of these agencies of reform will need prolonged and incessant effort; the widest experience and wisdom will be needed; the best men and women in England ought to be called upon to occupy themselves with any fragment of this work for which they feel any aptitude. How is this great machinery of moral reform to be set going? Some maintain that it will best be set going by saying nothing about the need for it, or by referring to the need for it in veiled language which few can understand. Others say, by proclaiming the need for it far and wide, so that the whole nation shall not choose but hear.

MILLCENT GARRETT FAWCETT.

THE APOCALYPSE OF EVIL.

AT a time when the gravest, the most perplexing, and the most painful of our social problems is pressing heavily on the hearts of many, when the conscience of the nation has been revolted by the exposure of an infamous traffic in children, and the strongest but most opposing currents of thought and feeling have been let loose, every thoughtful observer must feel that it is not merely emotional appeals that we now want, but some clear insight as to the right methods to pursue in the present—some far-off vision of the true issues in the future. Else we are in danger of having to fight “this last dim weird battle of the West,” which is now close upon us, this conflict with the degradation of woman and its causes, in a mist:

“A death-white mist that slept o’er land and sea,
Whereof the chill, to him who breathed it, drew
Down with his blood, till all his heart was cold
With formless fear;”

and even on the leader may fall

“Confusion, since he saw not whom he fought,
For friend and foe were shadows in the mist,
And friend slew friend, not knowing whom he slew.
And some had visions out of golden youth,
And some beheld the faces of old ghosts
Look in upon the battle; and in the mist
Was many a noble deed, and many a base.”

The prayer of Ajax is on all our lips, “Give us light, even though we perish in the light.”

For indeed the air is full of perplexing cries. Some say that to lay this evil bare is to spread a pestilence; others say that to lay it bare is the first step to eradicate a cancer. Some are imploring us to observe “the conspiracy of silence” as a sacred duty to the young

and the innocent; others seem to think that nothing can injure if it be only true. On the one hand, we are perplexed and saddened by the sight of some of our best and wisest, who now seem like deserted oracles over whom floats but a solitary cry, standing still, terrified at the new prophetic voices, while they lament that the old have failed, and not far from the kingdom of despair. On the other hand, we are equally dismayed at seeing the wildest questions of sexual morality raised before an untrained public who are not in possession of the necessary ethical and historical data for deciding them. And from many a heart there is going up a bitter cry, "Why, oh why, is all this evil permitted? Why is there this nameless difficulty at the very heart of our life, which our whole soul revolts from contemplating?" Some there are who feel that all infidel books are so much curl-paper in comparison with the terrible facts of life; some who are in danger of having all faith crushed out of them,

"Beneath the weary and the heavy weight
Of all this unintelligible world."

Surely we want all the light we can get.

The first thing I would venture with all earnestness to urge is, that we should cultivate great patience with one another in our efforts to solve this problem, and much of the love that hopeth all things, and believeth all things, and is kind. Let us endeavour to deny ourselves the luxury of the "pugnacious dogmatism of partial reflection," that fierce light wholly unmixed with sweetness, that comes of looking only to one aspect of a difficult problem, and not at all to the other. Let us remember, while acting out our own convictions as strongly as may be, that truth is a very large thing, and that we probably see only a fraction of that which will be necessary for the solution of this complex problem. The moral and spiritual eye, as Plato long ago told us,—unlike the eye of the body, that is more or less independent of the rest of the organism and can be moved without it,—can only be turned to the light if the whole soul is turned with it. It is constituted more like the composite eye of an insect, ten thousand facets going to make up a single sight, and each individual contributing a single facet, the facet that commands the most opposite angle to our own being just as necessary to make up the totality of vision. Unfortunately the facets of the moral and social eye are apt to be engaged in an internecine warfare with one another, whereby all power of wise seeing is shattered, and the result is a rejected truth, which, as Milton reminds us, "revolutions of ages do not oft recover, and for the want of which whole nations fare the worse."

Let us take one step further. Recognizing not only the difficulty but the depth and magnitude of the problem, will not a moment's reflection convince us that merely to be able to point out that certain

evils will accrue from a certain course of action is not therefore necessarily to condemn it? The question is one, not of the absence of evil, but of the presence of preponderating good. Do we seriously expect to get rid of a cancer in the very vitals of the social system without the convulsion of the whole frame, without wounds that are only not mortal? As well condemn a righteous war by pointing to the smoking villages, the ruined homesteads, the orphaned children.

“ Oaths, insults, filth, and monstrous blasphemies,
Sweat, writhings, anguish, labouring of the lungs,
In that close mist, and cryings for the light,
Moans of the dying and voices of the dead :—”

there will be all that in this mighty conflict with the strongest forces of evil, which certainly will not be fought out with rose-water. It is therefore not enough to prove the evils of publicity, of which we are all perfectly aware. The further question remains: Could we have done without it in the present, and can we do without it in the future?

Let us for one moment dispassionately review the present position. Mr. Llewelyn Davies, with the large-hearted consideration that belongs to him, pleads that “allowance should be made for the brains of women heated by the horrors of which they read.” But what we contend is, that men are suffering themselves to take inflamed and distorted views of what is far more limited in scope and definite in aim than they recognise, and can only be fairly judged in the light of the end to be attained. There has been no “apocalypse of evil” as such, nor any thought of such a thing; but only a ruthless exposure of a certain class of offences against children, which were unfortunately known, partly owing to the defects of the English law, to be largely on the increase, and which, it was felt, if left to breed, would corrupt the nation to the core; an exposure that was incurred with the definite aim of getting the recognition for all time of the great principle of the duty of the State to protect the young from those who would make a profit of their corruption—a duty already implied in the fundamental principle of law, that a minor is incapable of giving consent to his own ruin; an exposure, I may also add, that was not had recourse to till committees of investigation, parliamentary blue-books, public petitioning and private pressure, had been tried in vain. I make bold to say that St. Paul would have said that it was a shame (*αισχρον*) to be silent here, and leave these hapless children, if it were for but one more session, to their fate, because our ears had grown too nice to be sullied with their wrongs. We are told *ad nauseam* “that we cannot make men moral by Act of Parliament.” The Criminal Law Amendment Bill was an attempt, not to make men moral by Act of Parliament, but to protect the young from becoming the victims of their immorality. It was the concession of a principle already accorded up to the full age of one-and-twenty by the common law of other countries. We are told that it would have been

better, a thousand times better, to avoid the harm resulting from the exposure at the cost of some delay in passing the Bill. But it was not a question of mere delay. The Bill was not only passed at once, but was passed in a form far more effectual than its most eager supporters had hoped for. If ever a revolting exposure of revolting facts could be justified, it was justified by the whole history of the Criminal Law Amendment Act.

But passing away from these fiercely contested points, which have already become part and parcel of the unalterable past, what are the principles we are to observe in conducting the movement for the future which is still fluent to our touch? May I not quote here, as our first ground of agreement, the wise words of the Bishop of Durham in addressing his diocesan conference: "What it seems to me we want is the formation of a vigorous public opinion on the subject. Public opinion, indeed, will not pierce the inmost recesses of the heart. But no one who looks into himself, and questions himself frankly, will refuse to own how much he owes to public opinion in other provinces of morality, as honesty or truthfulness, for instance. It keeps the duty always before him till the duty becomes a habit. It furnishes material for the higher religious motives to act upon. Thus, indirectly, it quickens and stimulates his conscience. Now, in this matter of purity, public opinion is so feeble that it can scarcely be said to exist at all. This is what we wish to correct. We desire, God helping us, to create quite another state of things, where public opinion and individual conscience shall act and react on one another in this matter of purity, as they do in those other provinces of morality of which I have spoken. For this purpose it is necessary to speak out boldly."

Why was it so difficult to pass the Criminal Law Amendment Bill? Because till now there was no strong public opinion. Why do working men tell us that many workshops are perfect hells, from the foul talk that goes on in them? Because there is no healthy public opinion. Why are young men who come up to business-life, perhaps, fresh from a pure home, informed with an air of cynical superiority of knowledge, before they have been two days in business, that all pretension to purity on the part of men is hypocrisy, and that no man can or does lead a pure life? Because there is no sound public opinion. How is it that members of the House of Commons openly avow a like belief? Because there is no sound public opinion. Nay, to what does Mr. Llewelyn Davies himself attribute the failure of his attempt to form an effective vigilance association? To "a want of a more earnest, thoughtful interest in the work;" in other words, to the want of the very public opinion, the creation of which he so much deplores, on points which, more than any other, vitally affect the moral and physical welfare of the nation, and on which the lack of public opinion is the sure precursor of national decay. But how are we to form a healthy public opinion without publicity, and without an occa-

sional "apocalypse of evil," such as he so earnestly deprecates? How else is that "poor, immoral, inattentive creature, man," as Mr. Matthew Arnold rightly denominates him, to be sobered and steadied into earnest effort to attain to self-mastery? Let me not be misunderstood here. I am no advocate of sensational narratives of vice. But I do hold that the solemn revelation of evil must form an occasional factor in the moral education of man. No sins so much require to be studied in their results as the sins of impurity. None have such a fatal power of drugging the conscience by their deadly fascination:

"Doch alles was dazu mich trieb,
(Gott! war so gut, ach! war so lieb,"

And so far from these terrible exposures being universally corrupting to youth, I know from personal experience that in their coarse realism they have startled thousands of young men into a realization of the full heinousness of the sins of impurity; how they rot out true manliness; how the man who suffers himself to become impure in heart becomes incapable of all divine vision, of all high seeing of duty or self-sacrifice, incapable of "seeing God" in the meanest of His redeemed creatures, or reverencing the sacred weakness of the divine in women and little children. An immense impetus has been given, not only to Vigilance Associations, but to the White Cross and other movements for social purity, which band men together in a crusade against all that is foul and base and mean in our life, in a noble brotherhood in "whatsoever things are lovely and pure and of good report."

In fact, in this "conspiracy of silence," which is fast hardening into a dogma to be blindly accepted, are we not under bondage to "~~traditions~~ of the elders," that are emphatically making the law of God of no effect among us? When it comes to parents publicly disclaiming, with something of a lofty pride in their superior purity, all power of fulfilling the natural function of being the moral teachers of their own children, does this not point to some paralyzing "tradition of the elders," and amount to a *reductio ad absurdum*?

What precedent can be urged for silence, for this great modern innovation on primitive usage? Not the Bible, which is one long apocalypse of this evil. Not the primitive Church, which certainly overcame even heathen forms of impurity, not by our method of persistent silence, but by persistent, unsparing speech, by perpetual warnings and denunciations, by public excommunication and private exhortation. "What, do you suppose, would have become of Christian ethics," asks the Bishop of Durham, "if the Apostles had observed the same reticence which we are content to observe? The strength of sin is secrecy. Denounce it boldly, and you will find the conscience of men on your side. But you shrink from association for this purpose. You are afraid of scandals. I tell you plainly, so am I. In

proportion as the movement succeeds the chance of scandals increases also. But what then? Shall this certainty of scandals paralyze us? Who was it that said, 'It must needs be that offences come?' If this dread of scandals had prevailed, the Christian Church would never have been. The possibility of scandals varies in most cases directly as the importance of the work and the magnitude of the undertaking."

Surely we need to shake ourselves loose from these paralyzing fears, and deal guardedly but boldly with the whole subject. Surely we need to be reminded again of Milton's noble words, "I cannot praise a cloistered and fugitive virtue unexercised and unbreathed; that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without much dust and heat. Assuredly we bring not purity into the world, we bring impurity rather; and that which purifies is trial, and trial is by what is contrary." And is it not because we have forgotten this great truth, that even the purity we have attained to under our present method is such a pale, emasculate thing? A purity intent on taking care of its own alabaster skin, recking not what helpless children are suffocated in mud as long as it is not defiled with the knowledge of it; full of the old nervous "touch not, taste not, handle not" spirit; bandaged up with this restriction and that, lest it should fall to pieces; and when it comes to saving another from defilement of body and soul, nervously shuffling into a pair of lavender kid gloves, and muttering something about its being "such a very delicate subject." This is not that militant sun-clad power which Milton dreamed of, rushing down like a sword of God to smite everything low and base and impure; a purity, as of mountain water or living fire, whose very nature it is not only to be pure itself, but to destroy impurity in others.

I make bold to say that it is impossible to point to a single great organized world-evil that has been overcome, or could be overcome, by the methods that are urged upon us in dealing with this. For let us bear in mind that it is not a fleshly sin only that we have to fight, but a great complex organized trade, employing its thousands of active emissaries, whether we take the trade of evil literature or the trade in human beings. To what agencies do they who decry publicity and combination look forward as our hope for a future which is doomed unless we can arrest the march of this organized foe? To education? But the spread of education is distinctly adding to the power of one branch of the trade, the trade in evil literature. "Look not wisely on the sun himself, and he smites you into darkness;" and the added light of education is a blessing or a curse, a purifier or a corrupter, according as it is used. To an improved moral tone? But how are we to get it

if denied the power of the press, the pulpit, and the platform, while yet exposed to that nightly dread "apocalypse of evil" which we have taken to lighting up with electricity in our streets? To improved dwellings? I am not aware that Mrs. Jefferies' clientèle suffered from overcrowding. To preaching the gospel? Alas! did the strongest religious revival avail to arrest the drink traffic?

Is it not obvious that a great organized evil can only be met by counter-organization? We must have not only vigilance associations for working the new law and seeing that it does not remain a dead letter, but we must have organizations, like the White Cross, embodying the whole power of religious enthusiasm and the whole force of public opinion; an associated order for emphasizing one portion of our Christian profession in the face of a great national danger, and dealing with the whole thing more from the positive than the negative side; inculcating a robust passion for the defence of the wronged, the weak, and the unprotected, and reviving the old knightly type of character, which is not dead but sleepeth, and needs but a touch to awaken it. To feed these movements we must have large public meetings, where the whole subject will be handled in a broad way as a great national danger. Mass meetings are powerful agents in purging the moral atmosphere and letting in these great purifiers, light and air. It is in the atmosphere of mystery and secrecy that the germs of impurity, unlike their physical prototypes, are the most fecund. And if publicity has also its attendant evils, they must be encountered. We must be content to be a saviour of death unto death to a few, in order to be a saviour of life unto life to the thousands who, under the silent system, are "for a prey and none delivereth, for a spoil and none saith Restore." Let us guard against those evils in every way we can, observing even in speech that reticence and modesty which is the seemly vesture of all true purity, but do not let us be paralyzed by them. Let us avoid, on the one hand, the rashness of the moth that rushes into the flame, and on the other the equally fatal rashness of the horse who, when his stable is on fire, refuses to stir, but thinks it the safest thing to stand still and do nothing. And in obeying the Divine words, "Go forward," the path will open through these deathful waters, and they will be found to be not unto death, but of baptism unto a higher national life.

In conclusion, do we not need a more dynamic view of evil? Looked at in the utterly disconnected way in which we are content to look at our great moral problems, this evil may well appear a pit of darkness and hell, that makes us

"Hear a voice, 'Believe no more,'
And hear an ever-breaking shore,
That tumbles in a godless deep." •

We surely need, as a first step to strong hopeful action, to see something of what God is working out by it, to see it as a part of a vast redemptive whole, not as a great exception in our life, but working under the same law by which, in the words of the ancient collect, "things which are cast down are being raised up, and things which had grown old are being made new, and all things are returning to perfection through Him from whom they had their origin."

The only ground of despair, the only thing that might shut us up to pessimism, and to "a philosophy only just above suicide mark," would be, not the presence, but the absence of these great world evils. If this world presented a dead level of comfortable selfishness that on the whole answered fairly well all round, an economy of petty self-interests in stable equilibrium, a world generally wrong, but working out no evil in particular to set it right, a society in which every man was for himself, and not the devil, as at present, but God for us all,—then indeed we might despair. But who can contemplate humanity as it is—that broken stair of the Divinity, whose top is in the unapproachable light of heaven, and whose lowest step rests not on earth but in hell—without feeling that it is destined for an infinite progress, destined for the ascending feet of angels? Who that gazes on this world, with its infinite depths of pain, its heavy weight of evil, its abysmal falls, its stupendous pressures of wrong and misery, but feels that here, if anywhere, the great static principles of morality were destined to become dynamic with a will, kinetic energies capable of doing divine work indeed? No fall but carries with it the force that can be converted into a rise; no dread resistance of wrong but creates a high potential, an accumulated force, which, once let loose, can transform an empire; no weight of evil but in pulling it down can be made to raise the whole level of our life; no effort so weak and insignificant but, laying hold of these mighty forces, and laid hold of by them in return, can build up the great temple of the future, as the great World-Power builds up His eternal marble of broken shells. The stronger and more destructive the force, as long as it is permanent and not accidental, the stronger its potentiality for good; just as lightning, the deadliest and most untamable thing in nature, the very symbol of passion, is more and more becoming the peaceful light and the ordered energy of our life.

"Man partly is, and wholly hopes to be;"

progress, as Browning says, is his distinctive mark, and these deep evils are the gigantic steps by which he rises as he treads them under foot. The very law of his being, of every being that is being raised from death unto life, is that he can only know life through death, only grasp good by grappling with evil, only gain knowledge by

knowing ignorance; his highest must be sown in weakness before it can be raised in power, must be sown in dishonour before it can be raised in glory. In the truest sense of the word he is being educated; that is, made to educe his own results.

Is it not in conflict with these great world evils that we have worked out the divine possibilities of our humanity? Was it not in his age-long conflict with slavery that man worked out the true nature of a moral personality, the inviolability of personal responsibility, the sanctity of the individual, the sacredness of freedom—those great principles on which the whole of our public and political life are founded? And were not these principles gained as a heritage for all time, not by the preaching of abstract justice, not by any consideration of the moral beauty of freedom, but mainly by a remorseful passion over the wrongs and the degradation of the slave?

When, therefore, the Church of the living God awakes, as she is just beginning to do, and closes in a life and death struggle with this far deeper evil of the degradation of women and children which she has too long accepted as a melancholy necessity of human nature, may she not find in the course of that conflict that wholly new powers and new principles are being evolved, and that the apparent impossibilities of our nature are only its divine possibilities in disguise? Granted that this is the deepest and strongest of all our world evils, that which is the most firmly based on the original forces of our nature, and of that part of our nature which has shown the deepest disorder: does not all this point to some great issue? That which has been sown in such deep dishonour, will it not be raised in some glory that excelleth?

• • If God has suffered mighty empires and whole kingdoms to be wrecked on this one evil; if He has made it throughout the old Scriptures the symbol of departure from Himself, and closely associated monogamic love with monotheistic worship, teaching us by the history of all ancient idolatries that the race which is impure breeds unclean idols and Phrygian rites; if Nature attaches such preciousness to purity in man that the statistics of insurance offices value a young man's life at twenty-five, the very prime of well-regulated manhood, at exactly one-half of what it is worth at fourteen, owing, Dr. Carpenter does not hesitate to say, to the indulgence of the passions in youth; if the tender Father, who "sits by the deathbed of the little sparrow," has not thought it too great a price to pay that countless women and children should be sunk to hell without a chance in this life, in a degradation that has no name, but which in its very depth measures the height of the sanctity of womanhood; do we think that all these stupendous issues are for no end and to work out no purpose? Do we not feel at once that we stand here at the very centre of the mighty forces that are moulding men to nobler shape

and higher use? And from this "secret place of thunder" is not God now calling His chosen ones to come forward and be fellow-workers with Him?

And when that call is obeyed; when the wrongs and degradation of women and hapless children take hold of men, as, thank God, they are beginning to take hold, with a remorseful passion, that passion for the weak, the wronged, and the defenceless, which surely is the divine in flower in a human soul; when they rise up in wild revolt against

"the law that now is paramount,
The common law by which the poor and weak
Are trampled under foot of vicious men,
And loathed for ever after by the good;"

when the Christian Church no longer sticks fast in Proverbs, and bids her young men guard themselves against the "strange woman," but speaks to them in the fiery words of her Lord and Master, "It were better for you that a millstone were hanged about your neck and you cast into the depths of the sea, than that you should cause one of these little ones to stumble;" when the fact that a foolish, giddy girl's feet have slipped and fallen is no longer the signal for every man to look upon her as "fair game" and to trample her deeper into the mire, but the signal to every man calling himself a man to hasten to her side, to raise her up again and restore her to her lost womanhood; when boys are taught from their earliest years that, if they would have a clear brain, a firm nerve, and a strong muscle, they must be pure, and purity is looked upon as manly, at least as much as truth and courage; when women are no longer so lost to the dignity of their own womanhood as to make companions of the very men who insult and degrade it; when the woman requires the man to come to her in holy marriage in the glory of his unfallen manhood, as he requires her to come to him in the beauty of her spotless maidenhood;—then, when these things begin to be, will not God's order slowly evolve itself out of our disorder, and the man will become the head of the woman, to guard her from all that makes her unfit to be the mother of the race, and the woman will be the heart of the man, to inspire him with all noble purpose?

As we stand by this great world-sepulchre of corruption our unbelieving heart can only exclaim, "It stinketh;" but the Christ meets us with the words, "Said I not unto thee that if thou wouldst believe, thou shouldst see the glory of God?" That which has been sown in human weakness must be raised in divine power, that which has been sown in such deep dishonour must be raised in glory. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, even the self-giving manhood of Him who is the Prince of passion and the Lord of love, the Manhood lifted into God.

I speak that which I have seen, and testify that which I have known. I know young men who have joined this crusade in whom a nobler passion to rid the world of this great woman's wrong has burned up all baser passions in their blood, and who, fighting against all that is base and foul and impure and mean and vile in our life, have in Christ's strength slain it in themselves; men "whose strength is as the strength of ten," because "their heart is pure;" men cut out of one solid chrysolite, of whom the weakest and the most unprotected girl could say, in the words of our own Spenser:

"That all the time he by his side her bore,
She was as safe as in a sanctuary."

Here at least is a force if we will only use it, so weighted with public disaster, with national decay, with private misery, that it insists on making itself felt if there be a spark of life left, and the nation has not become mere dead carcase for the vultures of ~~God's~~ judgments to prey upon. Here alone is a power strong enough to compel us to simplify our life and restore its old divine order of marriage and hard work, of "plain living and high thinking," which luxury and self-ease is fast undermining. Here, in the slain of the daughters of our people, is a stinging wrong that will goad us into seeing that the people are housed so that a human life is possible to them. Here, if anywhere, is a passion of conscience, and pity, and duty, and interest combined, strong enough, a heaped-up weight of evil heavy enough, to raise us to a self-giving manhood and a self-reverencing womanhood.

If the Church misses her divine opportunity and refuses to lay hold of it, then the coming democracy will take it up. Not for ever will the people bring forth girl-children to be cast into this pit, to live in hell and die in the Foul Ward of our workhouses. They will awake before long to the knowledge that it is their young daughters that form almost exclusively the remorseless supply to the pitiless demand.

And if the democracy are too base to take it up and save their own girls, then the women of the future will grapple with it. They will not be guilty much longer of the moral turpitude of accepting a pariah class of other women's sisters, other women's daughters, as long as it is not their own that are sacrificed.

"If chastity is a law for women, it must be for every woman without exception; and if it is a law for every woman, it follows necessarily that it must be for every man." This, yea, this equal obligation of the law of purity on men and women alike, is the great natural law of the kingdom of which as men we are citizens; and the day is at hand when women will insist on its recognition.

ELLICE HOPKINS.

A SHORT, PLAIN POLICY FOR AFGHANISTAN.

IN the interests of the two countries concerned, it is a matter for regret that Earl Granville's "settlement" of the Afghan frontier dispute has not been of such a satisfactory character as to furnish any hopes of a prolonged peace. The arrangement has most decidedly not pleased England, even the warmest Press supporters of the late Ministry regarding it as a patched-up affair; while it has certainly failed to quench that ardour for fresh enterprises which has become rampant in the Russian military mind during the last few months. Many forces, moral and material, that were expected to arrest the Russian advance, have during the year been dissipated by cold reality, and fresh factors have been introduced, rendering the movement towards India a still greater menace to our interests. Among the former we may specify the moral influence on Russia's policy that statesmen of both parties always fancied would prove very effective if the whole nation united in a solemn protest against the aggressive action of the Czar. Until the Penjdeh incident this was a factor to which an exaggerated importance was given, in my opinion; but whether this was the case or not, one thing is now certain—the massacre of Penjdeh demonstrated that Russia did not attach much value to the virtual coalition of the two parties against her, while the way the massacre was hushed up, and Russia's aggressive action and insults condoned, shows pretty clearly that even English statesmen may fail to wield that weapon in a manner honourable and satisfactory to this country. As regards the new forces brought upon the scene, I may cite the sanctioned advance of the Russian railway to the Afghan frontier, by which in a twelve-month's time Russia will have a railway station within 100 miles of Herat; our own Pishin railway being still 469 miles from it. *To

those who are at all acquainted with the political conditions prevalent in Eastern Persia and Western Afghanistan, it will not appear unduly dogmatic on my part if I insist that the completion of this railway to the Gates of Herat will entirely disarrange or dissolve any diplomatic arrangement that may be entered into to-day.

But before dealing more fully with this, I should like to draw attention to one or two other considerations which are unknown or ignored in this country, although exercising enormous influence on the Russian advance. After the Crimean war the energies of the Russian army found a vent in Turkestan, the Caucasus, and Poland; particularly in the former, where in the course of a few years the military authorities of Orenburg carved out a great province, several times larger than Orenburg itself, and afforded constant excitement for the restless spirits of Russia. The position to which General Kaufmann attained has since been a source of envy to Russian frontier commanders, and I am only stating what is a well-known and frankly avowed fact in Russian military circles, when I point out that Komaroff is seeking to carve out for himself a governor-generalship equal to what Turkestan used to be, and that in this aim he has the sympathy of the principal officials of the Russian Government. I say "what Turkestan used to be," because Turkestan is now looked upon in Russia as played out. Of late years the vast territory bequeathed by Kaufmann has been reduced to relatively insignificant proportions by carving out of it the governor-generalship of the Steppe and the government of Tourgai; and General Rosenbach exercises so little political power that his name has not been mentioned once during the recent discussion on the progress of Russia towards India.

Quite different is the condition of things in the Transcaspian territory, lying between Turkestan and the Caucasus, and abutting on the most soluble provinces of Persia and Afghanistan. When Komaroff arrived at Askabad in 1883 he was simply a colonel, and his district one of the lowest on the administrative list. In the two years that have elapsed he has added to it the Tejend, Merv, Sarakhs, and the Gates of Herat—thereby developing the "district" into a "territory"; he has attained the rank of general, and secured several high decorations; and has before him now, in Persia and Afghanistan, a field of activity similar to that which Kaufmann enjoyed anterior to the conquest of Bokhara and Khiva. Unless a conflict breaks out in Europe, every ardent military spirit in Russia will seek employment under Komaroff, and the undoubted encouragement which that general has received from the highest authorities will stimulate him to still greater achievements.

It may seem a small circumstance, but in reality it is a very important one, that General Komaroff suffers from the inconvenience

of being a governor without a respectable seat of administration. Askabad is but little more than an overgrown village, Merv is a conglomeration of settlements, and elsewhere the places familiar to the public are only pastoral communities or frontier forts, possessing none of the attributes of a town or a city. To a Russian general this is a very disagreeable drawback to the Territory of Transcaspia, and if Komaroff was never pleased with Askabad while an unknown colonel, it is hardly to be expected that he will settle down quietly, and leave the game in Alikhanoff's hands, after the blaze of glory that has encompassed him the last few months. Already, probably, he is pulling the wires in Khorassan; and in Russian military circles it is looked upon as a certainty that he will find his Tashkent at Meshed or Herat in a very short time. When this is done, the country will be quite clear for him down to the Persian Gulf.

Of the two, Khorassan is even riper for plucking than Herat. Since the signature of the Convention of Teheran of 1881, Russia, by virtue of that diplomatic document, has maintained agents in the principal centres of Khorassan, and one by one has bought into office the governors of the leading towns. As is well known to readers of Persian travel, the officials purchase their positions from the State, and in the case of Sarakhs, and several other towns stretching thence along the frontier, it is a notorious fact that within the last twelvemonth the whole of the governors have been replaced by Russian nominees, helped into power by Russian gold. While this has been going on, the population, for years deeply discontented with what General Sir Charles Macgregor rightly terms the "imbecile rule at Teheran," has become gradually subject to Russian influence by the suppression of the Turcoman scourge, by the pervading of Khorassan by commissariat officers flush with money, and, above all, by the impression created by the recent advance into Afghanistan. It is not too much to say that if Russia were to overrun Khorassan to-morrow, the entire province would probably submit without firing a shot. The recent Russian advance has practically sealed the fate of Khorassan. The Czar's forces stretch for 700 miles along the whole of the northern border, and next year Russia will have a railway station within 80 miles of Meshed. On the south stretches the Great Desert of Persia, and communication between Meshed and Teheran—550 miles—is only maintained by two roads running through Astrabad and Shahrood, close to the Caspian, which Russia could sever in a few days by simply landing 2,000 or 3,000 men in Astrabad Bay. This accomplished, the provinces of Astrabad and Khorassan, with their united population of a million people, could be annexed with a facility fully recognized in Russia, and constituting a strong temptation to the ambitious officials of the Czar. Possessing a fine climate and wonderful resources, Khorassan

would prove at once a profitable annexation, and not only furnish Russia with a splendid base east of the Caspian, but also give her the power of moving whenever she liked straight down to the Persian Gulf, past our Beluchistan frontier.

This movement is one that we may confidently expect to have to face in the immediate future, and it is for this reason that I am such a strong advocate for organizing our Beluchistan protectorate, and endeavouring to establish an Indian cordon thence to the new frontier, and afterwards to the Oxus, so as to screen Western Afghanistan from its effects. The establishment of Russian rule in the Persian Gulf, implying the formation of a Russian naval station close to India and the complete severance of all communications between Europe and the East *via* Persia, is not a matter that England can safely disregard. On this account timely measures ought to be taken to prevent Russia, from her new position, cleaving her way through Persia and Afghanistan to the Persian Gulf. For the moment Russia may be expected to confine her operations to Herat and the adjacent districts, because Khorassan is looked upon as so certain to lapse to her on the decease of the Shah, that it is considered more politic to exercise at present disintegrating pressure against Afghanistan, on the grounds that England might take advantage of the time spent in annexing Khorassan to consolidate her power in Herat. To secure herself against this danger Russia will make every sacrifice. If any doubt exists in England as to the immense strategical value of Herat in an offensive sense, there is absolutely none in Russia. No one there questions the opinion of Skobeleff, Kouropatkin, Tchernayeff, Kaufmann, Soboleff, Grodekoff, and other eminent generals, ~~that it is~~ ^{that it is} the key of India—the great camping-ground where an army of 150,000 men, with a broad-gauge railway at its rear running to the Caspian, and foreposts in front resting on the Helmund, would be able to exercise aggressive force difficult for us to withstand in our present position. That there should be no counterpart of General Sir Henry Greene in Russia is capable of easy explanation. That officer is curiously ignorant of the Russian military position in the Caspian region; unlike Generals Roberts and Ma Gregor, he does not appear to have made any serious effort to ascertain the actual condition of things in Central Asia, with a result that he questions the value of Herat on grounds which any junior officer of the Intelligence branch could correct in a moment, and which have provoked a deal of good-humoured derision in Russia.

While England is devoting her attention mainly to a diplomatic settlement, Russia is pushing on her Transcaspian railway to within 100 miles of Herat. The line is practically finished to Askabad, and is sanctioned to the new position on the Afghan frontier. As the ground is level the whole way, and there does

not exist a single engineering obstacle, the locomotive will be whistling on the Afghan confines in about another twelvemonth. Russia will then have a five-foot broad-gauge railway connecting the Caspian with the new place of arms at the Gates of Herat, and she will be infinitely more ready to occupy Herat than we shall be to even occupy Candahar, even though the Pishin line be completed at the same time. It is not too much to say that Russia, if she secretly concentrated a large force on the Caspian at Krasnovodsk or Baku, would be able to place that army inside Candahar several days in advance of troops sent from England to protect it from seizure!

On this account, the completion of the Transcaspian railway next year will place it in Russia's power to treat just as she likes the closing stages of the dawdling delimitation business that may be expected to occupy the whole of the interval. A train-load of soldiers despatched from St. Petersburg will then reach the place of arms at the Gates of Herat in eight days, while under the most favourable circumstances a train-load despatched from London to Pishin will not reach its destination in less than twenty-five. If the advantage this railway advance will give Russia is not properly appreciated in England, it is certainly not lost to view by Russian statesmen. That there may be no delay in completing the line, General Annenkoff, an exceedingly capable officer, with whom I am well acquainted, has been sent with full powers to supervise the construction of the line, and that there may be no deficiency of rolling stock, 125 locomotives, belonging to the Government railway reserve, have been despatched to the spot from St. Petersburg. It was Annenkoff who first suggested the idea of a railway to Herat, and he is in full possession of those masterly plans of Skobelev, constantly discussed by the two during the general's lifetime, which have now been fully adopted by the Czar's Ministers.

Russia has one very great advantage over England, in that she knows clearly what she is about, and has to contend with a State having no definite policy. While Annenkoff is building the railway, Komaroff will continue his secret disintegrating operations in Khorassan, and Alikhanoff will intrigue with the Uzbeks and other non-Afghan elements in Afghan Turkestan. The latter country affords a fine field for Alikhanoff's activity, and from the new position at Penjdeh it will be far easier for Russia to carry on her secret warfare against the Ameer than for the ruler of Cabul to counteract it. If Komaroff and Alikhanoff have not unlimited gold, they have unquestionably military prestige; and Orientals are more likely to be impressed with the unrepelled Russian advances, and the heavy blow struck at England at Penjdeh, than by lavish gifts. One can readily imagine the Uzbego saying to Sir J.

Ridgeway : " You are giving us gold to-day, but what security are you giving us that the Russians will not take it from us to-morrow ? "

It does not require much argument to demonstrate that immense force can be thrown into a short, plain policy when every official pulls one way, and there are no back-currents of public opinion or rampant egotism to check it. Komaroff and Alikhanoff, and their immediate superior, Prince Dondukoff Korsakoff, know thoroughly what the policy of Russia is, and are well aware that the two men controlling at St. Petersburg their actions, the Czar and the Minister of War, are ready to condone any exceptional display of zeal. To keep up appearances in Europe, State Secretary Giers poses as the representative of the peace party—a fiction maintained by spending a little money in the " reptile fund " fashion on the Continent and in England—although personally he is a warm supporter of the aggressive policy of the hour, and is able to intelligently appreciate it, owing to his long connection with the Russian mission at Teheran. What he lacks in more recent knowledge is supplied by his immediate assistant, Zinovieff, the head of the Asiatic Department, who was for more than twenty years at Teheran, and only left in 1882, after co-operating with Skobelev in a manner that has been eloquently lauded by that general.

Now compare this short, plain policy of advance, in the hands of a few men, with the condition of things in this country. In the first place, nobody, not even high officials, knows definitely what the policy of England is, for the very simple reason that the late Ministry never knew it themselves, while the present Cabinet has not held power long enough thoroughly to make up its mind on the subject. As for Parliament, it is impossible to read the recent debates without coming to the conclusion that there are not more than two or three men in both Houses who clearly appreciate the position of Russia and England in the East, and very unfortunately those men have only now, when most of the mischief is done, obtained a brief lease of office. In India, it is true, we have the best possible Viceroy for the crisis ; but can any one who has attentively studied the last Blue-book, arrive at any other conclusion than that he, in spite of his strong character, is very much at the mercy of weak, drifting elements when they prevail at home ?

And yet it ought not to be impossible to formulate a short, plain policy for England, and set to work to realize it at once. A series of Administrations have concurred in agreeing that Russia must be kept out of Afghanistan at all hazard, and Russia has given us a series of assurances admitting our right to do what we like in that country. Very well, let England apply herself to safeguarding Afghanistan, not where it is not menaced, but where it is in danger—I refer to the frontier from the Hari Rud to the Oxus. I hold that

it should be a fundamental principle of English policy that we should meddle as little as possible with those positions of Afghanistan which are strong and safe, such as Cabul and Ghuzni, or with those not immediately menaced, like Balkh and other points of Afghan Turkestan, and that we should devote our whole energies to protecting the weak and open country stretching from the new frontier to our Pishin outposts. And this task is only difficult to those who do not understand the actual condition of things in the Russo-Indian region, or who fail to realize the immense gain to be derived from permanently arresting the Russian advance in that direction. In the first place, what we want at the outset is some sort of light screen along the new frontier from Zulfikar to the Oxus, to prevent the Russians crossing into Afghanistan to openly intrigue, and to prevent any repetition of the Penjdeh affair by attacks on the Afghan outposts. Now, to erect such a screen would be a very simple matter. The few scattered tribesmen lying along the whole length of the frontier, on the Afghan side, are peaceful and under firm control, and English officers attached to each frontier picket would be perfectly safe, even without an Indian escort. The freedom with which single English officers, often without an escort, have moved about among the Afghans and the tribesmen during the last few months is a tolerably clear demonstration that their lives would not be seriously in danger. One thing I know I can state with confidence—that if the Government asked for volunteers for this duty, there are hundreds of officers who would be ready to proceed at once to the spot.

By placing the frontier cordon under the charge of English officers an immense gain would be secured at once, for ~~the frontier~~ would become in reality what it is diplomatically—the frontier of the two empires. The Komaroffs and Alikhanoffs would have then to deal, not with Afghans, whom they will never respect, but with English officers, any attack upon whom would be an act of war. Speaking from my own personal knowledge of Russian officers, I do not believe that they would, if such a cordon were established, dare to repeat the Penjdeh exploit, and I am equally persuaded that that massacre would have never been perpetrated if the Afghans had been under the control of the English officers on the spot, and the Russian Government had been compelled thereby to recognize that an attack on the Afghans meant an attack upon England. If the Ameer could be induced to allow a few Indian troops—even only the 450 now in the Herat valley—to share in the police duties on the frontier, so much the better, as, once his initial objections were overcome, it might be easy to increase the strength of the cordon should circumstances require it. Such an Anglo-Afghan cordon established, all pretext would be removed for any further Russian

advance, and any movement would be at once an open declaration of war.

The next thing would be to connect this cordon in some way or other with our Indian forces. Here Beluchistan provides an excellent base. I have already stated that, in anticipation of Russia attempting to push down to the Persian Gulf *via* Meshed and Khaf, we ought to organize at once our Perso-Beluchistan frontier by establishing Indian outposts wherever possible along it, from Gwadar to Seistan. From here to the Herat cordon a connection could be readily established by inducing the Ameer to extend along the Persian frontier a similar border-guard to that which I have described as facing the Russians. The frontier cordon would then be complete from the Persian Gulf to the Oxus, and a guarantee would be obtained against any further secret Russian advances so perfect, that we could forego the humiliating task of constantly applying to her for worthless assurances. I am clearly aware that such a cordon would not be a military barrier, but it would be certainly a strong moral and even material one, which Russia would have to respect at the risk of war; and it would afford us a certain amount of security while developing the internal strength of Afghanistan. If Afghanistan is to be any bulwark at all, we must rely less upon the Ameer and more upon the people. This can be only accomplished by showing ourselves more in Afghanistan, and, above all, in the districts abutting upon the cordon from the Persian Gulf to the Oxus, where we not only find Afghans of a friendly type, but also powerful non-Afghan tribes, such as the Hazaras and Aimaks, who would enable us to hold our own against any hostility at Cabul, should the Ameer ever turn ~~against us~~ ~~or~~ be followed by an Anglophobe successor.

When Todleben found himself suddenly entrusted with the defence of Sevastopol, he threw up a series of weak outworks to prevent the allies approaching too close, and then, this accomplished, he reared inside the expanse he had secured the fortifications that kept the English and French forces so long at bay. Here we have a model of what our policy should be in Afghanistan. Our first object should be, not to build fortresses in the Suleiman range and military roads along the Indus, but to secure the other side of the Afghan barrier from encroachment, so that we may afterwards, in Todleben's manner, establish inside that barrier the defences Afghanistan and India require for their protection. The apparent present intention of concentrating the whole of England's energies on the Indo-Afghan frontier, and leaving the Russo-Afghan frontier open to Russia's power of disintegration, is fatally inadequate. The vast majority of English officers concur that we cannot allow Russia to move right down to our present position. If Russia seizes Herat, we must at once re-occupy Candahar; but the Ministry are said to

be averse to going forward to that place. Very well, then, let them gratify that disinclination by preventing the only thing that can possibly give rise to the necessity for doing so at all—namely, a Russian advance farther into Afghanistan. This advance is not to be hindered by spending millions at Quetta, or tens of millions in war preparations at home or in India, but by the judicious expenditure of a few hundred thousand pounds in establishing the Anglo-Afghan frontier cordon I have advocated so long. As for the man to organize such a cordon on the best military principles, there is no need to push inquiries far afield in search of him. If the question were publicly put in India, the whole army and administration would shout with unanimous voice—"General Sir Charles MacGregor!"

No one can be more conscious than myself that the erection of this screen under his supervision would not constitute an absolute guarantee against a further Russian advance, but it would certainly deprive Russia of all local pretexts for another movement, and this of itself would afford a greater guarantee of peace than any amount of diplomacy in England or military activity at Quetta. .

CHARLES MARVIN.

THOUGHTS ABOUT LIFE.



IN reading Professor Drummond's well-known book, "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," I was much struck by what he has written concerning Life and Death. Those who are acquainted with this highly interesting and ingenious work will remember that, in accordance with its general design, an attempt is made to identify the laws of spiritual life and spiritual death with those of natural life and natural death; they will remember also that the discussion is made to depend upon the definition of life given by Mr. Herbert Spencer in his treatise on the "Principles of Biology."

I was led by this reference of Mr. Drummond to Mr. Spencer to ~~consider~~ consider somewhat carefully, and to endeavour to weigh impartially, what has been advanced by each; and thus a number of thoughts have been suggested, which, to me at least, appear to be sufficiently valuable to justify me in writing them down.

By the way, what a pity it seems that the long Greek word *Biology* should have so much eclipsed and thrown into the shade the simpler English word *Life*. While thinking upon the subject of this paper I took occasion to turn to the new edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," in order to see what the latest writers had to say. I turned to the word *Life*. Alas! the word was not to be found: an absolute hiatus: no such word apparently recognized by Encyclopædias. The solution of the difficulty speedily suggested itself. I turned to the word *Biology*, and under that more respectable title I found all that could be desired.

And yet for the large fraction of mankind who do not study Encyclopædias, *Life* is a word which can scarcely be omitted from the vocabulary. Life and death are in many ways the two words which concern us all more than any other words, and more than

the contents of many Encyclopædias. When St. James asked the question, *What is your Life?* he started the most difficult and the most important of all inquiries: he gave only a partial answer, but even that partial answer is one of infinite practical value.

In the fourth and fifth chapters of his "Principles of Biology" Mr. Herbert Spencer endeavours to give us a definition of Life. I will introduce what I have to say by referring to that definition, and to the manner in which Mr. Spencer conducts his own mind and his readers to the discovery and the acceptance of it.

After remarking that there is great difficulty in finding a definition of Life which is neither more nor less than sufficient, Mr. Spencer quotes a few of the most tenable that have been given. They are as follows:—

1. SCHELLING: "Life is the tendency to individuation." This, we are told, is objectionable; partly on the ground that it refers, not so much to the functional changes constituting Life, as to the structural changes of those aggregations of matter which manifest Life; and partly on the ground that it includes, under the idea Life, much which we usually exclude from it—for instance, crystallization.

2. RICHERAND: "Life is a collection of phenomena which succeed each other during a limited time in an organized body." This is liable to the fatal criticism that it equally applies to the decay which goes on after death.

3. DE BLAINVILLE: "Life is the twofold internal movement of composition and decomposition, at once general and continuous." This conception is in some respects too narrow, and in other respects too wide.

4. Mr. SPENCER himself: "The co-ordination of actions." Mr. Spencer had proposed this definition formerly, and still inclines towards it as one answering to the facts with tolerable precision. But, like the others, it includes too much; for it may be said of the solar system, with its regularly recurring movements and its self-balancing perturbations, that it also exhibits co-ordination of actions.

5. G. H. LEWES: "Life is a series of definite and successive changes, both of structure and composition, which take place within an individual without destroying its identity." It may be argued, that since changes of structure and composition, though probably the *causes* of muscular and nervous actions, are not the muscular and nervous actions themselves, the definition excludes the more visible movements with which our idea of Life is most associated; and further, that in describing vital changes as *a series*, it scarcely includes the fact that many of them, as nutrition, circulation, respiration, and secretion, in their many subdivisions, go on simultaneously.

Observing upon this enumeration of previous efforts to give a definition of Life, that each quoted definition expresses the phenomena of Life under some of its aspects, and that no one is more than approximately true—admitting also that it may turn out to be impossible to find a formula which will bear every test—Mr. Spencer suggests, that the best method of determining what are those general characteristics which distinguish vitality from non-vitality will be to compare the two most unlike kinds of vitality, and see in what they agree. “Manifestly,” writes Mr. Spencer, “that which is essential to Life must be that which is common to Life of all orders. And manifestly, that which is common to all forms of Life will most readily be seen in contrasting those forms of Life which have the least in common, or are the most unlike.”

The method here proposed is ingenious. It is obvious, however, that it will require much caution in application, because there may be opening for argument and difference of opinion as to what forms of Life are those which have the least in common or are the most unlike. Moreover, notwithstanding its ingenuity, objections are conceivable to the method itself; and it may possibly be maintained that the proceeding is incapable of giving any result in the form of a definition which shall be of any practical value. It may be necessary, in fact, to consider what is really meant by the technical term *definition*, and whether a *formula*—which term, I observe, is used by Mr. Spencer as equivalent to *definition*—arrived at by such a process as that suggested, can really do for us anything of the same kind as a definition is expected to do.

I have thought it right at once to enter this caveat; but having done so I leave it on the file for the present, and proceed to note Mr. Spencer's application of his method and the results at which he arrives.

Mr. Spencer chooses as his two extreme forms of Life *assimilation* and *reasoning*. *Assimilation* represents bodily life; *reasoning* represents that life which is known as intelligence. By a discussion which it is not necessary for my purpose that I should reproduce, the following successive results are reached:—

1. A definition of Life must be a definition of some kind of change or changes.
2. Life consists of simultaneous and successive changes.
3. Life is made up of heterogeneous changes, both simultaneous and successive.
4. Life is a combination of heterogeneous changes, both simultaneous and successive.
5. Life is a definite combination of heterogeneous changes, both simultaneous and successive.

6. Life is *the* definite combination of heterogeneous changes, both simultaneous and successive.

This formula, however, which has been the result of much labour, and the elaboration of which occupies Chapter IV. of the "Principles of Biology," is described as one which fails to call up an adequate conception; and the subject is therefore resumed in Chapter V., in which we reach the following final form:—

7. Life is the definite combination of heterogeneous changes, both simultaneous and successive, in correspondence with external co-existences and sequences.

Or the formula may be given in this simpler form:

8. Life is the continuous adjustment of internal relations to external relations.

I adjoin the following concluding paragraph of Chapter V., in which Mr. Spencer compares the merits of these final formulæ:—

"Nevertheless, superior as it (8) is in simplicity and comprehensiveness, so abstract a formula as this is scarcely fitted for our present purpose. Reserving its terms for such use as occasion may dictate, it will be best commonly to employ its more concrete equivalent, to consider the internal relations as 'definite combinations of simultaneous and successive changes,' the external relations as 'co-existences and sequences,' and the connection between them as a 'correspondence.'"

Having now before us an epitome of Mr. Spencer's discussion, and the conclusion at which he arrives, the following general observations suggest themselves.

In the first place, let us try clearly to understand what kind of result is possible from this kind of investigation. We seek to define Life; and we take two very diverse manifestations, and attempt to devise a formula which shall comprehend these two. The investigation to which this attempt gives rise may incidentally be useful, and it may lead us to understand more about Life than we did when we commenced our task; but, after all, there will be nothing in the result except that which we have ourselves put into it; it will merely be a formula expressing such qualities as our two diverse manifestations have suggested to us; it will not be a definition like those of which we have examples in both pure and mixed mathematics, out of which we can by strict reasoning evolve undeniable consequences; it will be impossible to say this *is* involved and that is *not* involved in the idea of Life, because it is or is not included in our definition. Upon this caution I am led to lay stress, because Professor Drummond appears to regard Mr. Spencer's definition of Life as something much more than it can well be admitted or even claim to be. He speaks of it as being the "definition of science," as though we had in Mr. Spencer's formula an exhaustive verbal

expression of the essence of Life, concerning which we may reason, as we do (for example) in physical optics, when we have adopted the hypothesis that light results from the vibrations of the particles of a highly elastic medium. In this way we may easily get wrong; we may be pleased by the neatness of the result which we have obtained; and we may be tempted to draw conclusions, which upon no true principle of reasoning can be allowed to have any validity.

But besides this general caution concerning the process adopted, it is obvious to remark, that any value which our result may have will depend upon the two manifestations of life, chosen for our experiments, being really the most diverse one from another that ingenuity can devise. Those taken by Mr. Spencer are *assimilation* and *reasoning*, and he assumes these to be "forms of Life which have the least in common or are the most unlike." Is this so? Let us grant that *assimilation* is the lowest form of life; but is it clear that *reasoning* is the highest? Every one will, of course, concede that reasoning is much higher than assimilation. A man eats his food and then sits down to his work, and it will be admitted that while writing (as I am at this moment) the brain and the hand and all the co-operative organs are doing higher work than that which is being done simultaneously by the stomach and the organs more immediately allied to that portion of the body. But this is not enough. If our definition is to be as good as can be made by the process laid down, our upper manifestation of life must not merely be higher, or even much higher, than the lower—it must be the highest conceivable. Is reasoning the highest conceivable? I am disposed to answer in the negative. Reasoning of a simple kind is undoubtedly performed by the humbler animals:—to take no other instances, it is impossible to deny that within narrow limits, dogs, horses, elephants reason. The gulf is doubtless enormous between such reasoning and that which is carried on by man; but the gulf is not so wide as to justify us in asserting that there is nothing real upon the humbler side of it; whereas there are manifestations of life by man, to which it may be safely asserted that there is nothing whatever analogous in any creature except himself. Take, for example, such manifestations as those which are implied by the words self-denial, self-restraint, purity of conduct, honesty, honour, brotherly love. These terms refer to a whole side of human life which is not touched by the term *reasoning*, which may be said to be almost as much higher than reasoning as reasoning is higher than assimilation. Let the reader look back to our "broadest and complete definition of Life," and try whether he can discover in the phrase, "The continuous adjustment of internal relations to external relations," anything which touches or includes those high manifestations of life which I have above enumerated, and without which life would be something quite different from that which

it actually is. Or let him turn to that other formula, of which Mr. Herbert Spencer says that it "includes the lowest vegetal processes as well as the highest manifestations of human intelligence," and test it in the same way. Here is the formula. Life is "the definite combination of heterogeneous changes, both simultaneous and successive, in correspondence with external co-existences and sequences." Does this formula contain in itself any expression of, or any relation to, the highest form of life which exhibits itself in the noblest specimens of human kind? A negative answer is that which I feel compelled to give. Is not the reader with me?

The suggestion that Mr. Spencer's formula omits the consideration of the really highest indications of life may be pressed still further. For it may be urged that, under the influence of feelings or principles which belong to the noblest part of his being, man does not change in correspondence with external co-existences, or circumstances, or environment, but, on the other hand, acts in such a manner as to cause, if it may be, external circumstances to change in correspondence with his feelings or principles. This is the history of all great changes which have taken place in the world: great reformers, whether in religion, or in science, or in politics, have been the men who have not "corresponded to their environment," but have fought against it with all their might, and have finally succeeded in causing their environment to correspond to them.

Hence upon his own ground I conclude that Mr. Spencer has not been successful in deducing, from a collation of the lowest and highest manifestations of life, a satisfactory definition of life itself. This conclusion will, I think, be strengthened if we consider for a moment what a definition is, and what is its use.

The simplest illustration is that which is supplied by pure mathematics or by geometry. In this case a definition may be of a perfect kind; that is to say, the definition may involve the whole of the properties of the thing defined, so that it requires only human ingenuity to evolve all these properties by pure reasoning out of the definition. And it is to be observed that it is by no means true that a certain thing, of which cognizance is taken mathematically, has one definition and no more. Several definitions have been proposed of a straight line. To take a somewhat more complicated example, we may define an ellipse in many ways; we may say that it is the path of a point which moves subject to the condition that its distance from a given point is less in a given proportion than its distance from a given straight line; or we may say that it is a section of a cylinder, or a re-entering (or oval) section of a cone; or that it is the shadow of a sphere thrown upon a plane. We may, in fact, define an ellipse in a vast variety of ways; but each definition,

however different it may seem to be from another, is exhaustive; it contains implicitly all the properties of the ellipse, and all can be deduced from one definition as completely as they can from another, and no more can be deduced. In fact, the definition (whichever we adopt) actually, or at least potentially, is in a certain true sense the ellipse itself, neither more nor less.

If one may compare this kind of complete definition with the empirical method of obtaining a definition applied by Mr. Spencer to the case of Life, it might perhaps be said that this latter method was like that of a philosopher who had before him the figure of an ellipse differing little or nothing from a circle, and that of a very elongated ellipse from which the circular form has almost disappeared. He measures and compares these two very differently shaped figures, and concludes that any properties which they have in common belong to all ellipses; he may be fortunate enough in this way to discover some actual properties of the curve; he may find out much that is interesting; but it is very unlikely that he will do so, and certain that he will not arrive at a real and complete definition of an ellipse.

In geometry a definition contains all the properties of the thing defined, because, in fact, the thing has no existence except that which it derives from the definition. It is somewhat different in the case of those entities with which we deal in physical mathematics. Thus, in treatises on Dynamics, force is defined to be any cause which changes, or tends to change, a body's condition of rest or motion. The definition is complete and without flaw; but in order to use it for purposes of dynamical investigation, we require to know something more about force than the definition contains. For example, how is it to be measured? Is the velocity generated in a given time in a given mass the proper measure? or will some other quantity, say the square of the velocity, be the proper measure? Questions of this kind must be solved before we can proceed with fruitful investigation; the original definition remains good; but it cannot be applied until it has been further defined, or rather supplemented, by experiment or some other suitable process.

Be it observed, however, that when we speak of the above definition of force as complete, this assertion must be made with the reservation that it is to be used only for investigations of a certain kind—namely, those which we commonly describe as dynamical. The definition does not by any means exhaust the attributes of force; for example, it does not touch the question of the transformation of force into heat; it is not contrariant to this truth, but it does not contain it, does not suggest it, does not even help towards it, except so far as every enunciation of truth tends to promote discovery in

the same department of knowledge. Hence we are led to conclude, that in physics even true definitions are not of necessity absolutely and ultimately exhaustive, that a definition may be within a certain region complete, but that it is dangerous to assume or assert of a definition more than this limited completeness.

The same thing will be seen, perhaps, more clearly and emphatically in the case of light. It would probably be considered (in the present position of the undulatory theory as the accepted truth in this subject) a good definition of light, that it consists of waves propagated by the vibrations of the particles of a highly elastic medium, or ether. This definition, with certain saving clauses as to the length of the waves and so forth, constitutes a solid foundation upon which a system of physical optics can safely be built. Few things are more certain than the hypothesis that light does result from vibrations and undulations, as above described. Nevertheless, it is also certain that the definition is by no means exhaustive, and that there is much in the constitution and action of light which it does not reach even approximately. Stated barely, it does not meet the phenomena of polarization; and we are at once compelled to introduce the curious hypothesis of transverse vibrations, in order to make our definition complete, even so far as it can be tested by its application to the explanation of optical phenomena. But suppose that we have modified and supplemented our definition of light, much after the fashion suggested by Mr. Herbert Spencer in the case of Life, so as to make it include the simplest and most complicated of optical phenomena, we should still be immensely far from a complete definition. For light manifests its power in much more subtle forms than those which present themselves as optical—that is, such as are cognizable by the eye. Take, as a first example, that agency of light which only a few years ago seemed so strange and almost incredible, but which to-day excites no wonder in the vulgar mind because it is so common. I refer to photography, light-writing, or light-painting. The results of photography show us that the rays of light have remarkable chemical powers and properties, which have apparently no direct connection with mechanical vibrations: the undulatory theory of light may be spoken of as a branch of mechanics, but photography lifts the scientific treatment of light into the more subtle region of chemistry. Not that we really needed photography for the purpose of doing this; every time that the laundrymaid brings out her linen to bleach in the sun, she shows her faith in the chemical properties of light, and the careful housewife who closes the shutters or draws down the blinds to prevent the colour being taken out of her curtains and carpets does the same thing. What photography has done is merely this: it has brought out more clearly than before this side of the general question, What is light?

by showing how important the side is, and how great an agent light is in the constitution of the material universe. It is clear that a complete definition of light should include its chemical properties.

But we must not stop here. The action of light on plants, and the part which it plays in the economy of the vegetable world, appears to transcend any action which can be regarded as chemical. The well-known phenomenon of plants turning towards the sun, more remarkable in some than in others, is a simple example of this action. This phenomenon always presents itself to me as a very strange one ; because the turning of the plant involves the action in some way of a mechanical force, and I do not perceive how this force is supplied. This, however, is a point upon which I will not enlarge ; the turning of the plant towards the sun is a fact, let the force which effects it come whence it may. But there is another fact concerning plants which is to be noted—namely, the manner in which the exclusion of light favours the germination of seed, and the necessity of light to carry on the growth when the seed has germinated. Still further, there is the remarkable phenomenon of plants in certain circumstances adopting extraordinary methods of reaching light in trying circumstances. The properties of light which are brought into play by plant action of these and the like kinds as much transcend chemical action as chemical action transcends mechanical. Yet an exhaustive and absolutely complete definition of light ought to involve implicitly all the phenomena of plant action, as truly as it does the simplest optical phenomena.

Perhaps enough has now been advanced upon the subject of light, as illustrating the difficulty of devising complete definition of things physical ; but I am unwilling to pass away from the example without suggesting that, even if we conceive of a definition which includes all that has hitherto been said concerning light, we shall probably still leave out much which for completeness of definition ought to be taken in. For example, consider what light is to the painter and to the poet ! Surely to both it is a source of inspiration, which is not and cannot be touched by anything which is included in mechanics, or in chemistry, or even in the economy of the vegetable world. The very soul of the world is light ; the beautiful colours of flowers, the majesty of clouds, the poetry of sunrise and sunset, almost everything that makes the material universe lovely and human life charming in its outward circumstances, depend upon this marvellous vibration of an all-pervading medium ; the signal was given for the banishment of Chaos and the introduction of Cosmos when " God said, Let there be light."

In truth, the analogies of light and life may be possibly as close as the English names are one to the other. " In Him was light," says St. John, " and the light was the life of men." God is represented

equally as the source of light and the source of life ; the creation, according to the grand picture with which Holy Scripture opens, commenced with light and ended with life. " God said, Let there be light, and there was light "—that is the beginning. " God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul "—that is the end. Let me be allowed to quote Blanco White's wonderful and most true sonnet :—

" Mysterious Night ! When our first parent knew
Thee by report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue ?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus, with the host of heaven, came,
And lo ! creation widened in man's view !
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun ? Or who could find
Whilst fly, and leaf, and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind ?
Why do we then shun death with anxious strife ?
If light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life ?

To adapt the striking conclusion of this sonnet to the subject of this paper : if light be so difficult of definition, may we not expect that life, which is so much more intangible on its physical side, and which runs so immediately and so inevitably into the spiritual, will prove to be still more difficult ? Shall we be even surprised to find that it eludes all our efforts ?

Be it observed, however, for the comfort of practical minds, that it may sometimes be difficult to define in words things which are perfectly well known in fact, and concerning the essence of which there is no doubt. Let any one try to define *matter*, *mind*, *man*, in words which admit of no doubt as to their meaning, and which shall be complete and exhaustive, and he will perhaps realize the difficulty. I commenced this paper by a reference to Professor Drummond's book : let me illustrate the contrast between difficulty of formal definition and simplicity of practical conception by a quotation from this same interesting book :—

" The essential characteristic of a *living* organism " [writes Professor Drummond, p. 147], " according to these definitions, is that it is in *vital* connection with its general surroundings. A human being, for instance, is in direct contact with the earth and air, with all surrounding things, with the warmth of the sun, with the music of birds, with the countless influences and activities of Nature and of his fellow-men. In biological language, he is said thus to be ' in correspondence with his environment.' He is, that is to say, in active and *vital* connection with them, influencing them possibly, but especially being influenced by them. Now, it is in virtue of this correspondence that he is entitled to be called alive."

I need hardly make the remark that *vita* is the Latin word for *life*, and that *vital* and *living* are, therefore, the equivalents of each other.

Bearing this obvious fact in mind, let the reader examine the preceding paragraph. I have italicized the words *vital* and *living* to assist him in doing so. We are told that it is the essential characteristic of a *living* organism that it shall be in *vital* connection with something else—that is, the essential characteristic of a *living* organism is that it shall have *life*; which, of course, is true, but does not much help us to conceive what life is. Then we have an illustrative instance given us—namely, that of a human being who, in biological language, is said to be “in correspondence with his environment.” Now, if this biological language be of any value, it ought (one would think) to explain itself, and not require to be explained; but Professor Drummond cannot trust it to itself, and he follows it up with a “that is to say.” And what is there to be said? Why this—that the meaning of being “in correspondence with his environment” is, that “he is in active and *vital* connection with them;” in other words, that he is *alive*. Thus *life* means *vital connection*; *vital connection*, “in biological language,” means “*correspondence with environment*;” *correspondence with environment* means *vital connection*; and *vital connection*, put into English, means *life*. And thus the circle is complete; and so far as this paragraph is concerned, we are precisely in the same condition of knowledge of life as that in which we found ourselves before.

It is fair to quote, in connection with the foregoing, the following passage as showing that Professor Drummond is himself quite aware of the difficulty of framing a complete definition of life:—

“Mr. Herbert Spencer’s definition of life” [he writes] “it is well known, has been subjected to serious criticism. While it has shed much light on many of the phenomena of life, it cannot be affirmed that it has taken its place in science as the final solution of the fundamental problem of biology. No definition of life, indeed, that has yet appeared can be said to be even approximately correct. Its mysterious quality evades us; and we have to be content with outward characteristics and accompaniments, leaving the thing itself an unsolved riddle.” (P. 145.)

Again—

“What is the difference between a crystal and a plant? They have much in common. Both are made of the same atoms, both display the same properties of matter, both are subject to the same physical laws, both may be very beautiful. But, besides possessing all that the crystal has, the plant possesses something more—a mysterious something called life. This life is not something which existed in the crystal, only in a less developed form. There is nothing at all like it in the crystal. There is nothing like the first beginning of it in the crystal, not a trace or symptom of it. This plant is tenanted by something new, an original and unique possession added over and above all the properties common to both.” (P. 81.)

Once more:—“What natural life is remains unknown, and the St. J. life still wanders through Science without a definition. (P. 87.)

All this seems to me to be most true. I should venture to complain that throughout his book Professor Drummond does not appear to have sufficiently borne in mind his own caution with respect to definitions of life and death. He writes, for example, "The definition of death which science has given us is this: *A falling out of correspondence with environment*," thus attributing to science the empirical suggestions of an individual writer, and appearing to invest definitions which have been "subjected to serious criticism" with the solemnity and importance of conclusions which can be described as those of science itself.

Passing on, however, from these strictures upon Professor Drummond's treatment of Mr. Spencer's definition, I wish to submit to the consideration of the thoughtful reader a mode of dealing with the great question, What is life? which seems to me to touch some of the real difficulties, and which I may add is very much in accordance with a passage already quoted from Professor Drummond's book. I think it quite probable that a complete definition of life may be beyond our powers; if by a complete definition we mean something parallel to a definition of an ellipse, out of which all the properties of the thing defined can be deduced by reasoning, I have no doubt of such definition being past finding out. A complete definition in this sense would involve, for instance, either the assertion or the refutation of the doctrine *omne vivum ex vivo*; but it is possible, or even probable, that although continued careful investigation may make the truth of this doctrine more and more received, yet the establishment of it as necessary or as deducible from any comprehensive definition may prove to be quite impracticable. Consequently, I have no intention of aspiring to a complete definition of life; but the mode of dealing with the subject which I propose to suggest may possibly be useful, though no complete definition be either sought or found.

Of material things there are, as a fact, some which we regard as living, some as not living. You look at the form of an animal which you imagine to be stuffed, and which therefore you regard as dead, or not living. While you look at it the form moves, a limb shakes or an ear is set up, and you say at once, "The creature is alive." Or you see a man lying by the roadside, and you suppose him to be asleep or intoxicated, but you come near, and perceiving no motion, no sign of life, you touch him or call to him, or shake one of his limbs, and when he still takes no notice you say, "The man is dead." So, likewise, there are signs by which an experienced eye will easily detect death in the vegetable world; the gardener will seldom have any doubt as to whether a given plant is alive or dead. The problem is to express in language the distinction between the two conditions—to say what is meant by life, what by death.

For this purpose let us contemplate for a few moments a certain

mass of matter, which for the present I will not affirm to be either alive or dead. It is a mass of matter for us, and nothing more. What do we know about it?

In the first place, we know that as matter it exerts a certain force, known by the name of gravitation, upon all other matter. Gravitation is universal. Sir Isaac Newton went a long way towards proving this to be so; all subsequent investigations have confirmed the conclusion, so that now no truth can be much more firmly established than that which is asserted, when it is said that the mass or lump of matter which we are considering acts according to a known and definite law upon all other matter, and in like manner is acted upon by all matter. This action tends to make the lump of matter move. If you place it on the side of a hill, or leave it to itself in air or in water, it will probably be put in motion; but if you allow it to lie on a horizontal table, the gravitation which tends to draw it towards the earth will be counteracted by the upward pressure of the table, and it will remain at rest.

In the next place, we know a good deal about the constitution of our mass of matter. We know that it is composed of atoms of elementary substances, which combine together according to remarkable numerical laws.

Further, we can ascertain by experiment much concerning its chemical qualities. These may be of the most varied kind: no two different species of matter will be found to have precisely the same.

Once more, the lump of matter which we are considering may have specific qualities, of which chemistry gives no account. It may, for example, have magnetic or electric properties of a special kind.

But none of the properties here enumerated give rise to those peculiar phenomena which we connect with the idea of life. The essential idea of life consists in change, action, motion. It is true that gravitation, or the action of chemical or molecular forces, may give rise to changes of arrangement of the constituent particles of matter or to movement amongst them. Thus a mass of matter may crystallize, and so a real change may be said to have taken place within it; but the change, which we describe under the word *living* or *vital*, is something beyond a mere change in the arrangement of constituent particles, it is something which can be predicated of an entity as a whole without reference to molecular constitution; for example, a certain mass of matter, say a human body, may be alive, but you cut it into two parts and both are dead. Contemplate then our mass of matter as a whole, and observe whether it is capable in itself of change, action, or motion; if it is incapable, we may safely class it as a dead thing; if capable, we may say that it is alive.

If we may speak of life as the vital force, it would seem, according

to what has now been said, that the vital force is one which transcends those of gravitation, chemistry, molecular action, electricity, magnetism, and other forces, if there be such, which can be classed with these. Of course it is open to any one to assert that this is not so, and that life is (for example) only a chemical action of matter which takes place of necessity under certain favourable conditions. It can only be replied that all observation is against this supposition. Life is indebted to chemistry, molecular action, electricity, and other forms of material action; but there would seem to be involved in it something beyond and distinct from these, which it is impossible to describe except by its effects.

On the whole it seems to me that, with the preceding explanations in our minds, we may adopt the following formula as descriptive of life, or as in a certain sense defining it: *Life is the potentiality of change, action, or motion, without the intervention of an external cause.*

That is to say, change, action, motion are the indications of life. If, however, these phenomena result from some external cause, they afford no such indication; there may be life, or there may not; but if there be no external cause, then there is life.

Will the reader kindly examine this definition, and consider what amount of strain it will bear?

Let us test it by the method adopted by Mr. Herbert Spencer, as the basis of his investigation already quoted; that is, let us see whether it comprehends forms of life differing as much as possible from each other. It seems to me that it does. Whether it be a question of assimilation or of reasoning, the essence of these processes as attributes of living beings is, that the assimilation or the reasoning comes from the being itself, and is not put into it from without. Suppose that after death the process of digestion and assimilation could be prolonged for a time, by means of galvanism, or any other scientific appliance, as muscular motion can in fact be produced, this would not be life; it would only be a semblance and imitation of it. The assimilation must come from within. Living power may be helped by external agencies; digestion may be aided in some cases by medicine; sleep may be accelerated by warmth; the cutting of teeth may be made more easy by surgical help; but the power of digestion, the power of sleep, the power of cutting teeth, must come from within, and can come from no other quarter. And if this be true, if, indeed, it be the essential truth with regard to the lowest and simplest manifestations of vitality, it is equally and more remarkably true of higher and more complicated manifestations. As it is only a living thing which can digest, so also it is only a living thing which can think. This high potentiality of action, whether exhibited in an imperfect manner by animals or more fully by man,

comes from within, and cannot come from without. Like the more material functions of living things, it may be fostered in a variety of ways. The powers of the mind will depend to a great extent upon the health of the body. A man may deprive himself of the power of thought by intoxication; he may feel good for nothing in consequence of a bad cold, or a congested liver; he may keep his mind in good working order by bodily exercise, and careful attention to diet; but still the essence of thought, regarded as a function of a living being, is that it is something which comes from within, and which can be produced in no other way. And there is an advantage to be found in this method of considering the subject—namely, that all which can be said concerning reasoning may be said concerning the still higher attributes of a living man. Those qualities which I have in a previous paragraph enumerated—self-denial, self-restraint, purity of conduct, honesty, honour, brotherly love—may all be described as coming from the innermost self of the living man, and as being impossible otherwise. It is because they come from within* that they constitute the man's character, that they measure his value, that they are part and parcel of himself. When Mr. Herbert Spencer takes as his two limits of life, assimilation and reasoning, and deduces as a definition of life, "the continuous adjustment of internal relations to external relations," one feels disposed to complain that the highest functions of manhood have been omitted in order to generate a formula which shall at once embrace a man's stomach and his brain; but if we regard life as a potentiality of action without the operation of external cause, then it is quite true that the same definition will include the operation both of stomach and brain, and even higher powers with which the brain can only partially be credited, and that the highest powers need not regard it as any indignity to be thus coupled with the lowest.

We may go a step further than this, and assert that the view propounded has the advantage of including in one phrase or definition what may be described as material and immaterial life. The life of a worm and the life of an angel, the life of man and the life of God, must have something in common, otherwise it is a mere fallacy to call them by the same name; in one case or the other the word *life* must be a misnomer. What is that common element which justifies the application to entities so widely different of the name *living*—a name which may not be applied to a stone, or even to the sun and moon? Is it not the internal potentiality of action, which, in its highest degree, assumes the form of an independent will? The evil of idolatry is, that it attributes life to that which does not live. The untaught men of early times almost universally worshipped the sun, because it was the most glorious and potent object presented to their senses and

* Compare St. Mark vii. 18-23.

their minds. The revelation given to the children of Israel was, that, glorious as the sun might be, it was only a created thing, that they themselves were living souls, that they and the sun and all else had been created by the one living God.

And from this point of view I can contemplate life somewhat after the example which Professor Drummond has set in his interesting volume. I have already ventured to find fault with a passage quoted from him, and I feel disposed in reading his book not unfrequently to follow the same course. He seems to be so carried away by the delight of his fundamental thesis as to travel upon it into extreme conclusions, whither it is difficult for the cooler reader to follow him. But most readers will thank him for his book ; and his readers have been many. Now, I venture to submit that the identity of the laws of life in the natural and spiritual world, if there be such identity, may be more truly and profitably studied in the light of the definition suggested in this paper than in that of Mr. Herbert Spencer. For the potentiality of action is that which gives life not only its mystery and its power, but also its chief value and its attribute of responsibility. The kind of action will determine the nature of the life : it may be very simple, like the action of a bird building a nest ; it may be mysterious, transcendent, altogether inconceivable, like the divine creation of a universe ; but the simplest and the most mysterious will be manifestations of life, one as truly as the other.

Hence I venture to commend the definition or formula arrived at in this paper as better in itself, and more useful for such a purpose as that which Professor Drummond has had in view, than that which Mr. Herbert Spencer has supplied. But having said this, I would point out that my definition, like Mr. Spencer's, is, after all, a formula rather than a definition properly so called, or at all events it is not an exhaustive definition ; it contains only what we have ourselves put into it ; it is useless for purposes of investigation ; it cannot be applied as a test of any propositions which may be enunciated concerning the nature and essence of life ; it gives us no help in any speculations in which we may indulge as to the origin of life, or as to its termination. In this respect no definition or formula deduced from the ordinary phenomena of life goes nearly so deep into the mystery as the remarkable formula *omne vivum ex vivo*. If this formula indeed contain the truth, if it should ever be so confirmed as to be accepted as the ultimate verdict of science, then life as exhibited in this world would be placed (as it were) upon a scientific basis between two infinities. On the one hand, if life can only come from life, there must be behind life, as now manifested, an origin in the infinite past, of which we can speak only in figurative language, and which we may well describe as divine ; on the other hand this origin in the infinite past cannot be conceived as having

any termination to its activity; and so we are led to look forward logically to an infinite future of life, as well as back to an infinite past.

"Celui qui proclame l'existence de l'infini," says M. Pasteur in his remarkable discourse on the occasion of his reception by the French Academy, "et personne ne peut y échapper, accumule dans cet affirmation plus de surnaturel qu'il n'y en a dans tous les miracles de toutes les religions; car la notion de l'infini a ce double caractère de s'imposer et d'être incompréhensible. Quand cette notion s'empare de l'entendement, il n'y a qu'à se prosterner."

Perhaps therefore, after all, it is the most philosophical, as it is certainly the simplest, course to speak of God as "having life in Himself," and as being the source of life in both the material and the spiritual universe. In doing so we cross the boundary line of science, and invade the region of theology; if we decline to do this, it remains to us to investigate life and its phenomena, so far as they can be made the subject of observation and investigation, and then to point backward to an unknowable *terminus a quo* and forward to an equally unknowable *terminus ad quem*.

Perhaps, however, as I *have* crossed the boundary line, I may be pardoned for making a reference to several passages of Holy Scripture in which life is spoken of in a very pointed and striking manner.

The opening of the volume of Holy Scripture is essentially a revelation of life. It is living creatures which come into existence by the fiat of a living creator: *vivum ex vivo*. And the orders of life, beginning with grass and ending with man, are marked as clearly as the most careful student of natural science could desire. Nor is there any part of "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" more instructive as to the connection between the natural and the spiritual, than that early portion of the Book of Genesis which treats obedience to law as life and disobedience to the same as death. A similar treatment of life and death will be found constantly presenting itself throughout the Old Testament, and contributing much to the colour and character of its teaching.

But I pass from the Old Testament to the New, and from this I shall cite three passages.

The first is St. John i. 4, in which the Evangelist writes concerning the Divine Word, "In Him was life; and the life was the light of men." The words might be made the subject of a treatise; let the reader ponder them, and consider how much teaching they contain.

The second is St. James iv. 15, in which is asked the pertinent question, "What is your life?" The answer is given in a figure, "It is even a vapour." The figure is a striking one, and for practical purposes better than any formal definition. It presents in the

simplest and most picturesque manner the fleeting character of that gift which has been bestowed upon each responsible man. I have said in the pulpit, and may perhaps say again in this essay, that it seems possible in these days of steam—that is, of vapour—to make St. James' figure represent the strength of life as well as its weakness. As the railway train rushes along the line we see the vapour, which "appears for a little time and then vanishes away;" but it is vapour which is turned loose upon the world and has no work to do. That same vapour, when duly constrained by law and set to do work, is the most powerful and useful agent that the world has yet seen. Man's life has the power of constrained steam, as well as the weakness of loose and fleeting vapour.

My last reference is to the concluding chapter of the Bible, in which we read of "a pure river of water of life," of "the tree of life," and of "the book of life." As I have spoken of the opening of the volume of Holy Scripture as a revelation of life, so I may speak of the close emphatically in the same words: the only difference is, that the former has reference to the natural world and the latter to the spiritual. In the former, life includes grass and creeping things and the fowls of the air and the fish of the sea; in the latter it includes angels and the spirits of the just. Man is the connecting link between the two extremities: life as manifested in him has something in common with grass and creeping things, something also in common with those higher intelligences which are at present concealed from his view; and the binding together in one volume of the two revelations of life, as the beginning and the conclusion of one consistent and harmonious book, is the best testimony extant to the greatest of all truths concerning life—namely, that it extends into the spiritual and is not confined to the natural world—that the solution of its mysteries is to be found, not in the shadowy existence of things which are seen and temporal, but in the at present inconceivable and unspeakable realities of things which are unseen and eternal.

H. CARLISLE.

OUR WEST AFRICAN SETTLEMENTS.

ONE of the advantages attending the rush for colonies, now at its height among the European Powers, is that some of the little-heard-of Settlements of Great Britain will have more attention paid to them. The Berlin Conference on West Africa has given to that part of the negro continent a prominence to which it is unused. The main questions submitted to the plenipotentiaries had reference to the Congo and Niger districts only, but there are other parts of the coast which will doubtless be hereafter dealt with by those Powers which are determined to have a share in the future trade of the continent.

Great Britain, for a trading and manufacturing nation, has been singularly remiss in her dealings with her possessions in Western Africa. The possibilities offered by them, and the promises they have sometimes fitfully given, have not been duly taken advantage of or forwarded by the action of Government. On the contrary, the several colonial administrations—whether it was due to the direct motion of the Imperial Government, or to local circumstances, matters little—have invariably so acted that the dependencies of Great Britain in Western Africa have not advanced her trade power to any appreciable extent into the interior of the continent; indeed, an extension of territory along the coast has more often stifled the pre-existing trade with inland people.

With these facts (which I shall presently support) before us, it seems strange that traders of other nationalities established on this coast, who are fully aware of the failure of the British Settlements for trading purposes, should be urging their respective Governments to found colonies for the avowed end of fostering trade. But a study of the question will soon make it obvious that the British Settlements

have so far failed because they pursued a faulty system, and hence it follows that Settlements pursuing a different system might succeed, and probably would succeed.

For all practical purposes the present trade with West Africa may be said to be in the hands of British, German, and American houses; the French houses come a long way behind, while Portugal, Spain, and Italy bring up the rear. The Germans have a trade next largest to Great Britain in extent, and it is growing faster. In the British Settlements the trade is much divided, and is perhaps less exclusively British than in those places where no British or other European Settlements existed before recent annexations.

The British territories in West Africa north of the Equator are mostly of old standing. The Settlement at the Gambia River has a record of nearly three centuries. This is one of the finest of West African rivers, and it drains a large and fertile region; yet the total trade, imports and exports combined, does not average £350,000 a year. The country adjoining the river is commonly in a state of extreme turbulence, and is too insecure to be the basis of a solid and permanent trade with the interior. The export trade is principally with France. The produce exported is collected in the immediate neighbourhood, and consists chiefly of the ground-nut (*arichide*), from which Marseilles manufacturers express an oil answering as a substitute for olive oil. Between Gambia and Sierra Leone there is a small island group called "de Los," of no particular value, where there is a British magistrate. Sierra Leone is a Settlement dating nearly 100 years back; it has been enlarged from time to time by annexations, until it now comprises nearly 200 miles of littoral and some islands. The trade is extremely limited, considering the position, and barely averages £1,000,000 a year of combined imports and exports. A little gold and ivory finds its way from the interior at rare intervals. There is a considerable trade in hides with the United States. The ground-nut, the oil and nuts of the palm, ginger, and other products, are all collected in the vicinity of the coast. For trade purposes the interior is little known. The recent annexations adjoining Liberia, which extended the territory of this Settlement coastwise, resulted in a serious loss of trade, the adjoining natives being extremely adverse to our taking possession of their littoral.

Perhaps the most important West African possession of Great Britain is the Gold Coast, where she has been established two centuries. Not many years ago the Dutch had the larger part of these Settlements, but they were finally ceded to Great Britain by treaty in 1872, in return for the relinquishment of all British rights in Sumatra. The avowed object of the British administration in this transaction was the creation of a solid basis for trade with the interior. But

these good intentions were never realized. The trade of this large stretch of coast—240 miles in length—averages under £900,000 a year of combined imports and exports. The colony of Lagos lies to the eastward of the Gold Coast, and has lately been included in the same administration. It has been founded just over twenty-three years, and is admittedly one of the best positions for trade in this part of Africa; the land is fertile and well watered, and it is thickly populated by a people noted for their industry and their keenness for trade. There is very fair communication with the interior by water. Yet the trade of the place, imports and exports combined, does not reach an average of £1,200,000 a year. The trade of Lagos before Great Britain annexed it was considerable, and it has not since increased in proportion to the trade of other parts lower down the coast, where the native chiefs were left in possession.

This is the economical position: Great Britain has jurisdiction over about 600 miles of coast, where there are noble rivers and the best harbours and roadsteads, and she has been established on parts of it for centuries, yet her influence for good and the area for trading operations are no more advanced than they were soon after the first adventurers visited these parts. Her influence extends but little beyond the limits of her power, and, practically, the only trade consists in the exports of produce collected within the neighbourhood of the fringe of coast occupied. The interior is entirely untouched.

The natives in the neighbourhood of the Gambia River are unfriendly to Europeans. The people adjoining Sierra Leone are suspicious and hostile. On the Gold Coast all European trade is shut out from the interior by the fear and suspicion which the administration has inspired in the people adjoining the Settlement. At Lagos the proceedings of the authorities have apparently not tended to diminish the discord between adjoining tribes. Nowhere does direct British rule seem to have been of much benefit to the people as a whole, and certainly nowhere have British trade prospects been advanced by territorial power.

What is the cause of this unsatisfactory result? It is not difficult to explain. The administrations pursue, on the whole, a traditional policy, which they have inherited from vitiated sources. The old Settlements were mostly made for unlawful purposes; they were slave depots, in fact; they were, therefore, from their very nature, hostile to the people of the interior; they were established as much for plunder as for trade. On the abolition of slavery fifty years ago, Great Britain was left with these Settlements, but the policy that ruled them was not entirely and radically changed, as it should have been. Traditional hatreds and old-standing feuds, the natural outcome of slave-hunting establishments, lingered among the

people, and the Settlements continued to be governed and carried on without any reference to the views of neighbouring and inland races, or the development of legitimate trade among them. In fact, the West African colonies of Great Britain have not been administered so as to adapt them to the wants of the times. Sierra Leone is a Settlement of blacks, mostly the descendants of liberated slaves, who, somehow, have little or no sympathy with the neighbouring populations; large tracts of coast have been annexed at the Sherbro country adjoining, on the whole against the will of the people; and the taxes levied by rather onerous customs' duties are mostly expended at head-quarters in Sierra Leone; but little pains have been taken to make friends of the powerful tribes adjacent to the Settlement, who, consequently, resent our presence in their midst, and make trade difficult; the British authorities are looked on by the natives adjoining Sierra Leone as selfish grabbers of taxes, which are all expended within the confines of the Settlements. British policy is naturally identified by the native races of the interior with the views of the alien blacks of the Settlement, and with the acts of the local administration.

On the Gold Coast the British Government has entirely identified itself with the views of the natives of that part of the coast which Great Britain has occupied for so many years. The British flag has often been enlisted in petty quarrels and narrow-minded and selfish disputes with neighbours. Soon after Great Britain had taken over the Dutch Gold Coast, the local administration broke the compact entered into with the people because they were hereditary allies of Ashantee, and therefore at variance with the Fantees of the British Gold Coast, who were their hereditary foes. The right policy and duty of the local administration was to have reconciled these old disputes, and to have taken advantage of the opening offered to get at the interior by way of Ashantee. Instead of pursuing this humane and statesmanlike policy, the local administration brought on itself another (the third) Ashantee war. At the present moment, British trade with the interior is no more solidly advanced than it was a century ago.

It must be borne in mind that the export trade now carried on in all the British Settlements is almost entirely in oil seeds and oil nuts, the natural growth and produce of the fringe of coast. This is a trade not of old standing, for the marketable value of most of the commodities is of recent date. The trade of the Settlements with the interior is, if anything, less than it was a century ago.

Since the abolition of slavery the position of Great Britain along the whole Western Coast has been, until recently, one of undisputed ascendancy. This supreme position is now being questioned and interfered with. It becomes a matter of national interest to look well

and see that these coast Settlements are made of somewhat greater value for trade purposes, otherwise Continental (European) Powers will get into the rear and secure advantages and markets that should have been had years ago, and could well have been had almost without effort.

There are three influences which are always available to get at the interior of Africa and its trade, but whose advice and aid local administrators are apt to think lightly of. These are the native chiefs, the respectable traders, and the missionaries. It is futile to attempt to manage Africans except through their selected chiefs; and old-established missionaries and traders are always ready to point out sure and infallible methods to conciliate and secure them. No one knows anything of Africa and its inhabitants but traders, missionaries, and scientific travellers. No one else has any right to speak with authority about the country. Administrators sent out fresh from Downing Street fall, always and infallibly, into the hands of a local clique of some kind, and, as before stated—and the actual position of the Settlements sufficiently proves this—espouse local passions and views. Even experienced administrators find their hands tied by an established policy they have no power or authority to overrule. The sole object of Great Britain should be to reconcile the disputes of the various tribes, to extend her trade and influence into the interior, and to endeavour to establish some native Powers strong enough to deal with the people and to keep order. One of the recognized systems, hitherto, has been the contrary of this; for as soon as some adjacent tribe or chief becomes more powerful than its or his neighbour, and threatens to assume a preponderating influence, the local administration does its best to stop the growth of this Power. The local administrations take no effectual steps to advance the trade routes into Africa from the basis of the Settlements, and they act so as to keep any native Power from becoming strong enough to be the medium for traders to do so independently of them.

Scientific travellers, respectable traders connected with leading houses, and long-resident missionaries have all stated, over and over again, that it would be easy to establish intercourse with the interior from the British Settlements as a basis. These gentlemen have always shown themselves willing to aid the British Government, to their utmost, to carry out such a laudable and important object. But in order to accomplish this it will be necessary to make some considerable alterations in British policy and in its administrative system. Great Britain must cease to look on the government of her possessions as the main ultimate aim of her flag in those places. The possessions must be regarded as simply stations or secure bases from which operations may be conducted. A good plan

would be to have councils of all the leading chiefs of the country, the representatives of trading houses, and missionaries, with a nominee from the Colonial Office to preside and give the views of Great Britain. All executive operations determined on, including the opening of roads and the keeping of order, &c., outside the Settlements, should be entirely and wholly left in the hands of the native chiefs. A yearly payment to every chief—which would not exceed an average of £100 a year each—would ensure their co-operation without fail. (This was also a proposal of the late Sir Arthur Kennedy, Governor of West Africa and the Gold Coast.) As Great Britain levies all the taxes on goods entering the country coastwise, this payment would be only a reasonable and just measure. The chiefs find it difficult to get money, and much of the bitterness and many of the local wars are due to the feeling that large revenues are collected which are wholly expended within the frontiers of the Settlements, without any appreciable advantage to the country. The opening up of the interior would of course enormously increase the revenue of the ports and give ample means for the purposes mentioned, did not such means nearly sufficiently and amply exist already. The system of payment to chiefs has occasionally been partially tried, and has never failed when carried out properly. But, more often, payments have only been given to old allies or friends, and although they may have been justly earned, they were not a political necessity. The most important and powerful chiefs of the country were left out. The British flag has no moral right to assume jurisdiction in these countries, except it be for legitimate purposes of trade with the interior, and also to push forward civilization and Christianity, which would follow unaggressively on the paths of commerce. The actual system has undoubtedly not tended to diminish wars and feuds, and the British are too often looked upon as enemies by the people of the interior.

It is necessary to bear in mind that the inhabitants of the portion of the coast occupied by Great Britain are altogether inferior to the inland races in bodily strength, in character and disposition, and in mental capacity. A more enlarged view of the duties and position of Great Britain would have made it easy for her flag to be now dominant hundreds of miles inland, not by war and conquest, but by the love, the gratitude, and the reverence of the people. The trade of the ports, instead of being of the total value of £3,000,000, imports and exports combined, would be perhaps £30,000,000. Even animals do not thrive, and few can exist for long in the swampy, unhealthy, and confined stations on the coast; but the interior is well stocked, and is known to have a superior climate.

Up to the present the consequences of the want of some larger policy have only been inconvenient to traders and to neighbouring people, but

now another element has been introduced into West African politics which is certain to disturb the position. The rivalry of France is of little moment, for, however great her possessions—and they are considerable in Western Africa—her trade is always limited, for her policy is infinitely inferior to that of Great Britain, and makes the development of almost any trade with even the natives of her own possessions a practical impossibility; she is more exclusive, more burcaucratic, and has more disputes, quarrels, and wars with the natives outside her Settlements than Great Britain herself. At the same time her action is to be watched; experience may teach her better methods, and, at all events, wherever she has her flag there is so much territory taken from free commercial enterprise.

The greatest danger to the trade and commercial supremacy of Great Britain is from Germany. The German houses on the coast rank next to the British in importance. Germans are expert traders; they take infinite pains to know native habits, and even languages; they are usually tolerably well educated men, with a thorough knowledge of the geography of the whole country; they know many things an English trader would not value, such as botany and mineralogy; they almost invariably speak and write the three languages—German, English, French. As a rule, their considerable influence has been given willingly to the British flag. At the same time they have been quite as disappointed as are the British traders at the British policy in West Africa, which has kept them, as well as others, from the rich commerce of the interior. They have no patience with the petty wars and local disputes of the British Settlements; they know how easy it would be to conciliate the intervening tribes between the coast and the interior. Germans are expert travellers, and make splendid and successful missionaries, and they have the valuable faculty of making friends with the natives. They are by nature adverse to any form of slavery or racial injustice.

The holding of the Berlin Conference was probably prompted by the German trading houses which are influential in Hamburg and Bremen. These houses have large transactions with West Africa, and intend to open up a very big trade there; they hope, by having Settlements and protectorates under their own flag, to succeed in reaching the interior. There is nothing to hinder them doing this where Great Britain has failed; the interior behind Sierra Leone and the Gold Coast is open to be traded with (as a glance at a map of West Africa will demonstrate) from several points not in British hands. How if the Ashantees were to make a treaty with France from the neighbouring French post at Assiné, on the Gold Coast? or if the Germans were to push into the interior behind the Settlements from any of the many places from which they might do so? Great Britain cannot expect to continue, were it only for

ten years longer, in her present position without the almost certain loss of her preponderating position and influence. The eyes of the traders of Europe are fixed on the interior of Africa, and they are bound to get there. Do the traders of Great Britain think that by holding 600 miles* of coast they can keep out rivals? Their position is no doubt a very fine one if it be utilized; but only on that condition. If they do not speedily use it, some other people are certain to get in behind them. The British possessions would then be not only useless, as they now are to some extent, but they would become dangerous, and perhaps difficult, to hold.

The Germans at Cameroons have apparently acted on the old and familiar system of bombarding instead of conciliating. But this policy does not find favour with those who are really bent on establishing German trade and influence in the interior of Africa. It may also have been true, as alleged by the Germans, that the natives at Cameroons were urged to act unjustly and discourteously to the German flag by parties who were jealous of German trade and of its growing strength.

Irrespective of the intentions and actions of other people, the duty of Great Britain is clear. She has taken possession of nearly 600 miles of coast,* where she levies onerous customs' duties. Her moral responsibility to the people is therefore heavy. The British taxpayer has also made considerable sacrifices in scores of petty wars, carried on at the instigation and request of the several administrations. The opening up of the interior to British trade and manufactures would be some compensation for the many sacrifices made, and would tend more than anything else to civilize the people and tranquillize the country. The Mahometan faith was rarely heard of fifty years ago in West Africa, but, silently and unknown, it has now advanced to the frontiers of the Settlements. The Christian religion was always well received in Africa, but the policy pursued has impeded its progress by barring intercourse with the interior. The manifestly best policy of Great Britain for the future is to change the system of administration so as to work cordially with the native chiefs of the country—the interior chiefs especially—and to seek the assistance and advice of the leading traders and missionaries. Great Britain should not attempt to govern the people directly by her own officials; these should only advise and co-operate with the native chiefs, leaving the administration of the country and the laws entirely in the hands of the latter. Had Great Britain acted thus from the commencement, she would be now occupying a magnificent position, and have earned the lasting gratitude of the native races. She can do so yet. C. S. SALMON.

* This is exclusive of the recent annexation by Great Britain of the coast from the German Cameroons to the frontier of the Lagos Settlement.

A DIALOGUE ON NOVELS.

“**A**FTER all,” said Mrs. Blake, the eminent novelist, “with the exception of very few touches, there is nothing human in ‘Wuthering Heights;’ those people with their sullenness and coldness and frenzy are none of them real men and women, such as Charlotte Brontë would have given us had she written the book instead of her sister. You can’t deny that, Monsieur Marcel.”

They had clambered through the steep, bleak Yorkshire village, which trickles, a water-course of rough black masonry, down the green hillside; past the inn where Branwell Brontë drank and raved; through the churchyard, a grim, grassless garden of blackened tombstones; under the windows of the Brontës’ parsonage; and still higher, up the slippery slope of coarse, sere grass, on to the undulating flatness of Haworth Moor.

André Marcel, the subtle young French critic and novelist, who had come to Yorkshire in order to study the Brontës, listened to Mrs. Blake with disappointed pensiveness. Knowing more of English things than most Frenchmen, and with a natural preference for the exotic of all kinds, it was part of his mission to make known to the world that England really was what, in the days of Goethe, Italy had falsely been supposed to be—a sort of exceptional and esoteric country, whence æsthetic and critical natures might get weird and exquisite moral impressions as they got orchids and porcelain and lacquer from Japan. Such being the case, this clever woman with her clever novels, both so narrow and so normal, so full at once of scepticism and of respect for precedent, gave him as much of a sense of annoyance and hostility almost as his placid, pessimistic, purely artistic and speculative nature could experience.

They walked on for some minutes in silence, Marcel and Mrs.

Blake behind, Baldwin and his cousin Dorothy in front, trampling the rough carpet of lilac and black heather matted with long withered grass and speckled with the bright scarlet of sere bilberry leaves; the valleys gradually closing up all around; the green pasture slopes, ribbed with black stone fences, gradually meeting one another, uniting, disappearing, absorbed in the undulating sea of moorland, spreading solitary, face to face with the low, purplish-grey sky. As Mrs. Blake spoke, Dorothy turned round eagerly.

"They are not real men and women, the people in 'Wuthering Heights,'" she said; "but they are real all the same. Don't you feel that they are real, Monsieur Marcel, when you look about you now? Don't you feel that they are these moors, and the sunshine, the clouds, the winds, the storms upon them?"

"All the moors and all the storms upon them put together haven't the importance for a human being that has one well-understood real character of Charlotte Brontë's or George Eliot's," answered Mrs. Blake, coldly.

"I quite understand your point of view," said Marcel; "but, for all my admiration for Charlotte Brontë and George Eliot, I can't agree that either of them, or any writer of their school, can give us anything of the value of 'Wuthering Heights.' After all, what do we gain by their immense powers of psychological analysis and reconstruction? Merely a partial insight into a certain number of characters—characters which, whatever the genius of the novelist, can be only 'approximations' to reality, because they are the result of the study of something of which we can never completely understand the nature—because it is outside ourselves."

Mrs. Blake, who could understand of Marcel's theories only the fact they were extremely distasteful to herself, began to laugh.

"If we are never to understand anything except ourselves, I think we had better leave off novel-writing at once, Monsieur Marcel," she said.

"I don't think that would suit Marcel at all," put in Baldwin, "and he does not by any means condemn the ordinary novel for being what he considers a mere approximation to reality. All he says is, that he prefers books where there is no attempt at completely solving what he considers the inscrutable—namely, the character of every one not oneself. He perceives, more than most people, perhaps even too much, the complexity of human nature; and what to you or me is a complete moral portrait is to him a mere partial representation. I personally think that it is all the better for us if we are unable to see every little moral nerve and muscle in our neighbors: there are in all of us remains of machinery which belongs to something baser, and is little or not at all put in movement. If we could see all the incipient thoughts and incipient feelings of even the best

people, we should probably form a much less really just estimate of them than we do at present. It is not morally correct, any more than it is artistically correct, to see the microscopic and the hidden."

"I don't know about that," said Marcel. "But I know that, by the fatality of heredity on one hand, a human being contains within himself a number of different tendencies, all moulded, it is true, into one character, but existing none the less each in its special nature, ready to respond to its special stimulus from without; on the other hand, by the fatality of environment every human being is modified in many different ways: he is rammed into a place until he fits it, and absorbs fragments of all the other personalities with whom he is crushed together. So that there must be, in all of us, even in the most homogeneous, tendencies which, from not having met their appropriate stimulus, may be lying unsuspected at the very bottom of our nature, far below the level of consciousness; but which, on the approach of the specific stimulus, or merely on the occasion of any violent shaking of the whole nature, will suddenly come to the surface. Now it seems to me that such complications of main and minor characteristics, such complications inherited or induced, of half-perceived or dormant qualities, can be disentangled, made intelligible, when the writer is speaking of himself, may be shown even unconsciously to himself; but they cannot be got at in a third person. Therefore I give infinitely less value to one of your writers with universal intuition and sympathy, writing of approximate realities neither himself nor yourself, than to one who like Emily Brontë simply shows us men, women, nature, passion, life, all seen through the medium of her own personality. It is this sense of coming really and absolutely in contact with a real soul which gives such a poignancy to a certain very small class of books—books, to my mind the most precious we have—such as the *Memoirs of St. Augustine*, the '*Vita Nuova*,' the '*Confessions*' of Jean-Jacques Rousseau; and '*Wuthering Heights*,' although an infinitely non-imaginative book, seems to me worthy to be ranked with these."

Dorothy Orme had been walking silently in front, her hat slung on her arm, her light curly hair flying in the wind, filling her arms with pale lilac heather; and seeming to the Frenchman a kind of outcome of the moor, an illustration of "*Wuthering Heights*;" something akin to Emily Brontë's heroine, nay, rather to Emily Brontë herself, as she existed for his imagination. She turned round as he spoke, and said, with a curious mixture of surprise, pain, and reproach:

"I am glad you put '*Wuthering Heights*' with the '*Vita Nuova*;' but how can you mention in the same breath those disgusting, degraded '*Confessions*' of Rousseau? I once tried to read them, and they made me feel sick."

Marcel looked at her with grave admiration. "*Mademoiselle*,"

he said, "the 'Confessions' are not a book for you ; a diseased soul like Jean-Jacques ought never to be obtruded upon your notice : you ought to read only things like 'Wuthering Heights' and the 'Vita Nuova,' just as you ought to walk on these moors, but not among the squalor and confusion of a big town ; you fit into the one, and not into the other. But I put the 'Confessions' by the side of these other books because they belong, in their deeply troubling way, as the 'Vita Nuova' is in its perfect serenity, to that very small class of scarcely self-conscious revelations of personality which may teach us what the novel should aim at."

Dorothy did not answer. This young man, with his keen appreciation, his delicate enthusiasm alike for purity and impurity, puzzled her and made her unhappy. She felt sure he was good himself, yet his notions were so very strange.

"At that rate," put in Mrs. Blake, "there is an end of the novel as a work of art, if we are to make it into a study of the mere psychology of a single individual. As it is, the perpetual pre-occupation of psychology has pretty well got rid of all real interest of plot and incident, and is rapidly getting rid of all humour ; a comic character like those of Dickens, and even those of Thackeray, will soon be out of the question. Did you read an extraordinarily suggestive article by Mr. Hillebrand, which appeared in *THE CONTEMPORARY* last year, contrasting the modern novel with the old one ? It was very one-sided, of course ; but in many things wonderfully correct. I felt that he must condemn my novels along with the others, but I was pleased ; it was as if Fielding's ghost had told us his opinion of modern novelists."

Dorothy Orme was not addicted to literary discussions ; but the recollection of this article seemed suddenly to transform her.

"I read it," she cried eagerly ; "I hated it. He was very angry with George Eliot because she had made the story of Dorothea and Casaubon tragic, instead of making it farcical, as I suppose Fielding or some such creature would have done ; he would have liked some disgusting, ridiculous comedy of an old pedant, a sort of Don Bartolo, and a girl whom he bored and who made fun of him. Did he never ask himself whether the reality of a situation such as that of Dorothea and Casaubon would be more comic or tragic, whether we should be seeing things more as they really are, whether we should be entering more into the feelings of the people themselves, whether we should be placing ourselves more in the position to help, to diminish unhappiness, by laughing at Dorothea and Casaubon, or by crying at their story ? I am sure we are far too apt to laugh at things already. I dare say that the sense of the ridiculous is a very useful thing ; I dare say it helps to make the world more supportable ; but not when the sense of the ridiculous makes us see things as they

are not, or as they are merely superficially; when it makes us feel pleased and passive where we ought to be pained and active. People have a way of talking about the tendency which the wish for nobility and beauty has to make us see things in the wrong light; but there is much more danger, surely, of that sort of falsification from our desire for the comic. There's Don Quixote—we have laughed at him quite long enough. I wish some one would write a book now about the reverse of Don Quixote, about a good and kind and helpful man who is made unjust, unkind, and useless by his habit of seeking for the ridiculous, by his habit of seeing windmills where there are real giants, and coarse peasants where there are really princesses. The history of that man, absurd though it may seem as a whole, would yet be, in its part, the history of some little bit of the life of all of us; a bit which might be amusing enough to novelists of the old school, but is sad enough, I think, in all conscience, when we look back upon it in ourselves."

Marcel looked up. To him the weirdest and most exotic flowers of this moral and intellectual Japan called England, were its young women, wonderful it seemed to him in delicacy, in brilliancy of colour, in *bizarre* outline, in imaginatively stimulating and yet reviving perfume; and ever since he had met her a few days ago, this cousin of his old friend Baldwin, this Dorothy Orme, painter, sculptor, philanthropist, and mystic, with the sea-blue eyes, and the light hair that seemed always caught up by the breeze, this creature at once so mature and so immature, so full of enthusiasm, so unconscious of passion, so boldly conversant with evil in the abstract, so pathetically ignorant of evil in the concrete, had appeared to him as almost the strangest of all these strange English girls who fascinated him as a poet and a critic.

Baldwin had affectionately taken his cousin's arm and passed it through his own.

"You are quite right, Dorothy," he said; "you have put into words what I myself felt while reading that paper; but then, you know, unfortunately, as one grows older—and I am a good bit older than you—one is apt to let oneself drift into looking at people only from the comic side; it is so much easier, and saves one such a deal of useless pain and rage. But you are quite right all the same. A substitution of psychological sympathetic interest for the comic interest of former days has certainly taken place in the novel; and is taking place more and more every day. But I don't think, with Mrs. Blake and Hillebrand, that this is at all a matter for lamentation. Few things strike me more in old fiction, especially if we go back a century, than the curious callousness which many of its incidents reveal; a callousness not merely to many impressions them, but to the just and shame, which to the modern mind would counter-

Marcel

balance the pleasure of mere droll contrast, as is so constantly the case in Rabelais (where we can't laugh because we have to hold our nose), but also to impressions of actual pain at the pain, moral or physical, endured by the person at whom we are laughing; of indignation at the baseness or cruelty of those through whose agency that comic person is made comic. After all, a great deal of what people are pleased to call the healthy sense of fun of former days is merely the sense of fun of the boy who pours a glass of water down his companion's back, of the young brutes who worry an honest woman in the street, of the ragamuffins who tie a saucepan to a cat's tail and hunt it along. Sometimes it is even more deliberately wanton and cruel; it is the spiritual equivalent of the cock-fighting and bull-baiting, of the amusement at what Michelet reckons among the three great jokes of the Middle Ages: 'La grimace du pendu.' It is possible that we may at some future period be in danger of becoming too serious, too sympathizing, of losing our animal spirits; but I don't see any such danger in the present. And I do see that it is a gain, not only in our souls, but in the actual influence on the amount of good and bad in the world, that certain things which amused our ancestors, the grimace of the dupe, of the betrayed husband, of the kicked servant, should no longer amuse, but merely make us sorry or indignant. Let us laugh by all means, but not when others are crying."

"I perfectly agree with you," said Marcel. "What people call the comic is a lower form of art; legitimate, but only in so far as it does not interfere with the higher. Complete beauty in sculpture, in painting, and in music has never been compatible with the laughable, and I think it will prove to be the same in fiction. To begin with, all great art carries with it a poignancy which is incompatible with the desire to laugh."

"The French have strangely changed," exclaimed Mrs. Blake. "It is difficult to imagine that you belong to the country which produced Rabelais, and Molière, and Voltaire, Monsieur Marcel."

Marcel sighed. "I know it is," he said; "it is sad, perhaps, as it is always sad to see that one is no longer a child, but a man. Our childhood, at least as artists, is over; we have lost our laughter, our pleasure in romping. But we can understand and feel; we are men."

Mrs. Blake looked shrewdly at the young man. "It seems to me that they were men also, those of the past," she answered. "They laughed; but they also suffered, and hoped, and hated; and the laugh seemed to fit in with the rest. Your modern French literature seems to me no longer French: it all somehow comes out of Rousseau. Balzac, Flaubert, Zola, Baudelaire, all that comes out of those 'Confessions' which you choose to place by the side of the

'Vita Nuova.' And as Rousseau, who certainly was not a true Frenchman, has never seemed to be a genuine man either, but a sickly, morbid picce of half-developed precocity, so I cannot admit that the present phase of French literature represents manhood as opposed to the French literature of the past. Had there remained in France more of the old power of laughter, we should not have had your Zolas and Baudclaires, or rather the genius of your Zolas and Baudclaires would have been healthy and useful. Don't wish to lose that laugh of yours, Monsieur Marcel; our moral health here, in England, where evil is brutish, depends upon seriousness; yours, in France, where evil immediately becomes intellectual, depends upon laughter. I am an old woman, so you must not be offended with me."

"There is a deal of truth in what you say," said Baldwin. "The time will come, I am sure, when Frenchmen will look back upon the literature of the last twenty-five years, not as a product of maturity, but rather as a symptom of a particular sort of humourless morbidness which is one of the unbeautiful phases of growth."

Marcel shook his head. "You are merely falling foul of a new form of art because it does not answer to the critical standards which you have deduced from an old one. The art which deals with human emotions real and really appreciated is a growth of our century, and mainly a growth of my country; and you are criticizing it from the standpoint of a quite different art, which made use of only an approximation to psychological reality, for the sake of a tragic or comic effect; it is as if you criticized a landscape by Corot, where beauty is extracted out of the quality of the light, of the soil, and the dampness or dryness of the air, without a thought of the human figure, because it is not like the little bits of conventional landscape which Titian used to complete the scheme of his groups of Saints or Nymphs. Shakespeare and Cervantes are legitimate; but we moderns are legitimate also: they sought for artistic effects new in their day; we seek for artistic effects new in ours."

Baldwin was twisting a long brown rush between his fingers meditatively, looking straight before him upon the endless, grey and purple, thundercloud-coloured undulations of heather.

"I think," he said, "that you imagine you are seeking new artistic effects; but I think, also, that you are mistaken, simply because I feel daily more persuaded that artistic aims are only partially compatible with psychological aims, and that the more the novel becomes psychological the less also will it become artistic. The aim of art, of painting, sculpture, music, and architecture, is, if we put aside the mere display of technical skill, which, as a rule, appears only to the technically initiated—the aim of art is the production of something which shall give us the particular kind of pleasure associated

with the word *beautiful*, pleasure given to our æsthetic faculties, which have a mode of action and necessities as special and as impossible to translate into the mode of action and necessities of our logical and animal faculties as it is impossible to translate the impressions of sight into the impressions of hearing. All art addresses itself, however unconsciously and however much hampered by extraneous necessities, to a desire belonging to these æsthetic faculties, to a desire for the beautiful. Now, to postulate such a predominant desire for the beautiful in a literary work dealing exclusively with human emotion and action seems to me utterly absurd. First, because mere beauty, the thing which gives us the specific æsthetic impression, exists, I believe, in its absolute reality only in the domain of the senses and of the sensuous impressions recalled and reconstructed by the intellect; and because I believe that it is merely by analogy, and because we perceive that such a pleasure is neither unreasoning and animal nor intellectual and utilitarian, that we apply to pleasing moral impressions the adjective beautiful. The beautiful, therefore, according to my view, can exist in literature only inasmuch as literature reproduces and reconstructs certain sensuous impressions which we name beautiful, or as it deals with such moral effects as give us an unmixed, direct unutilitarian pleasure analogous to that produced by these sensuous impressions of beauty. Now, human character, emotion, and action not merely present us with a host of impressions which, applying an æsthetical word to moral phenomena, are more or less ugly; but, by the very fatality of things, nearly always require for the production of what we call moral beauty a certain proportion of moral ugliness to make it visible. It is not so in art. A dark background, necessary to throw a figure into full light, is as much part of the beautiful whole as the figure in the light; whereas moral beauty—namely, virtue—can scarcely be conceived as existing, except in a passive and almost invisible condition, unless it be brought out by struggle with vice; so that we can't get rid of ugliness in this department. On the other hand, while the desire for beauty can never be paramount in a work dealing with human character and emotion, at least in anything like the sense in which it is paramount in a work dealing with lines, colours, or sounds; there are connected with this work, dealing with human character and emotion, desires special to itself, independent of, and usually hostile to, the desire of beauty—such desires as those for psychological truth and for dramatic excitement. You may say that these are themselves, inasmuch as they are desires without any proximate practical object, artistic; and that, in this sense, every work that caters for them is subject to artistic necessities. So far you may call them artistic, if you like; but then we must call artistic also every other non-practical desire of our nature; the desire which

is gratified by a piece of scientific information, divested of all practical value, will also be artistic, and the man who presents an abstract logical argument in the best order, so that the unimportant be always subordinate to the important, will have to be called an artist. The satisfaction we have in following the workings of a character, when these workings do not awaken sympathy or aversion, is as purely scientific as the satisfaction in following a mathematical demonstration or a physiological experiment; and when these workings of character do awaken sympathy or aversion, this sympathy or aversion is a moral emotion, to which we can apply the æsthetical terms 'beautiful' and 'ugly' only by a metaphor, only in the same way that we apply adjectives of temperature to character, or adjectives belonging to music to qualities of painting. The beautiful, as such, has a far smaller share in the poem, novel, or the drama than in painting, sculpture, or music; and, what is more, the ugly has an immeasurably larger one, both in the actual sense of physical ugliness and in the metaphorical sense of moral deformity. I wonder how much of the desire which makes a painter seek for a peculiar scheme of colour, or a peculiar arrangement of hands, enters into the production of such characters as Regan and Goneril and Cousine Bette and Emma Bovary; into the production of the Pension Vauquer dining-room and the Dissenting chapel in Browning's 'Christmas Eve and Easter Day'? To compare a man who works with such materials, who, every now and then at least, carefully elaborates descriptions of hideous places and odious people, with an artist like Corot, seeking for absolute loveliness in those less showy effects which previous painters have neglected, is simply an absurdity. The arts which deal with man and his passions, and especially the novel, which does so far more exclusively and completely than poetry or the drama, are, compared with painting, or sculpture, or architecture, or music, only half-arts. They can scarcely attain unmixed, absolute beauty; and they are perpetually obliged to deal with unmixed, absolute ugliness."

There was a moment's silence.

"I can't make out our friend Baldwin," said Mrs. Blake; "he is too strangely compounded of a scientific thinker, a moralist, and an æsthete; and each of the three component parts is always starting up when you expect one of the others. Yesterday he was descanting on the sublime superiority of literature over art; now he suddenly tells us that, compared with art, literature is an ugly hybrid."

Dorothy Orme had been listening attentively, and her face wore an expression of vague pain and perplexity.

"I can't understand," she said. "What you say seems dreadfully true; it is what I have often vaguely felt, and what has made me wretched. Human nature does not seem to give one that complete, perfect satisfaction which we get from physical beauty; it is always

mixed up, or in conflict with, something that gives pain. And yet one feels, one knows, that it is something much higher and nobler than mere combinations of lines, or sounds, or colours. Oh, why should art that deals with these things be the only real, the only thoroughly perfect art? Why should art that deals with human beings be a mistake? Don't you feel that there is something very wrong and very humiliating in such an admission?—in the admission that an artist is less well employed in showing us real men and women than in showing us a certain amount of heather and cloud and rock like that?"

And Dorothy pointed to the moor which spread, with immediately beneath them a sudden dip, a deep pool of rough, spray-like, blackish-purple heather round half-buried fragments of black rock, for what might be yards or miles or scores of miles; not a house, not a tree, not a track, nothing but the tufts of black and lilac heather and wind-bent rushes being there by which to measure the chain of moors: a sort of second sky, folds and folds and rolls and rolls of grey and purple and black-splashed cloud, swelling out and going in, beneath the folds and folds and rolls and rolls of the real sky, black-splashed, purple and grey, into which the moorland melted, with scarcely a line of division, on the low horizon.

"I make no such admission, my dear Dorothy," answered Baldwin. "Nay, I think that the artist who shows us real men and women in their emotion and action is a far more important person than the artist who shows us trees and skies, and clouds and rocks; although the one may always give us beauty, and the other may often give us ugliness. I was saying just now that the art dealing with human character and emotion is only half an art, that it cannot fulfil the complete æsthetic purpose of the other arts, and cannot be judged entirely by their standard; but while fiction—let us say at once, the novel—falls short of absolute achievement on one side, it is able to achieve much more, something quite unknown to the rest of the arts, on the other; and while it evades some of the laws of the merely æsthetical, it becomes liable to another set of necessities, the necessities of ethics. The novel has less value in art, but more importance in life. Let me explain my idea. We have seen that there enter into the novel a proportion of interests which are not artistic, interests which are emotional and scientific; desire for the excitement of sympathy and aversion, and desire for the comprehension of psychological problems. Now one of the main differences between these emotional and scientific interests and the merely æsthetic ones is, I think, that the experience accumulated, the sensitiveness increased, by æsthetic stimulation serves merely (except we go hunting for most remote consequences) to fit us for the reception of more æsthetic experiences, for the putting out of more æsthetic sensitiveness, familiarity with beauty training us only for further

familiarity with beauty ; whereas, on the contrary, our emotional and scientific experiences obtained from art, however distant all practical object may have been while obtaining them, mingle with other emotional and scientific experiences obtained, with no desire of pleasure, in the course of events ; and thus become part of our *viaticum* for life. Emotional and scientific art, or rather emotional and scientific play (for I don't see why the word art should always be used when we do a thing merely to gratify our higher faculties without practical purposes), trains us to feel and comprehend—that is to say, to live. It trains us well or ill ; and, the thing done as mere play becoming thus connected with practical matters, it is evident that it must submit to the exigencies of practical matters. From this passive acquiescence in the interests of our lives to an active influence therein is but one step ; for the mere play desires receive a strange additional strength from the half-conscious sense that the play has practical results : it is the difference, in point of excitement, between gambling with markers and gambling with money. There is a kind of literature, both in verse and in prose, in which the human figure is but a mere accessory—a doll on which to arrange beautiful brocades and ornaments. But wherever the human figure becomes the central interest, there literature begins to diverge from art ; other interests, foreign to those of art, conflicting with the desire for beauty, arise ; and these interests, psychological and sympathetic, in mankind, create new powers and necessities. Hence, I say, that although the novel, for instance, is not as artistically valuable as painting, or sculpture, or music, it is practically more important and more noble.”

“It is extraordinary,” mused Marcel, “how æsthetical questions invariably end in ethical ones when treated by English people : and yet in practice you have given the world as great an artistic literature as any other nation, perhaps even greater.”

“I think,” answered Mrs. Blake, who was always sceptical even when she assented, and who represented that portion of reasoning mankind which carries a belief in spontaneous action to the length of disbelief in all action at all—“I think that, like most speculative thinkers, our friend Baldwin always exaggerates the practical result of everything.”

They had turned, after a last look at the grey and purple and blackish undulations of the moors, and were slowly walking back over the matted sere grass and the stiff short heather in the direction of Haworth ; the apparently continuous table-land beginning to divide once more, the tops of the green pasture-slopes to reappear, the valleys separating hill from hill to become apparent ; and a greyness, different from the greyness of the sky, to tell, on one side, of the neighbourhood down below, of grimy, smoky manufacturing towns and villages, from which, in one's

fancy, these wild, uncultivated, uninhabited hill-top solitudes seemed separated by hundreds of miles.

"I don't think I exaggerate the practical effects in this case," answered Baldwin. "When we think of the difference in what I must call secular, as distinguished from religious, inner life, between ourselves and our ancestors of two or three centuries, nay, of only one century, ago, the question must come to us: Whence this difference? Social differences, due to political and economical ones, will explain a great deal; but they will not explain all. Much is a question of mere development. Nothing external has altered, only time has passed. Now what has developed in us such a number and variety of moral notes which did not exist in the gamut of our fathers? What has enabled us to follow consonances and dissonances for which their moral ear was still too coarse? Development? Doubtless; just as development has enabled us to execute, nay, to hear, music which would have escaped the comprehension of the men of former days. But what is development? A mere word, a mere shibboleth, unless we attach to it the conception of a succession of acts which have constituted or produced the change. Now, what, in a case such as this, is that succession of acts? We have little by little become conscious of new harmonies and dissonances, have felt new feelings. But whence came those new harmonies and dissonances, those new feelings? Out of their predecessors: the power of to-day's perception arising out of the fact of yesterday's. But what are such perceptions; and would mere real life suffice to give them? I doubt it. In real life there would be mere dumb, inarticulate, unconscious feeling, at least for the immense majority of humanity, if certain specially gifted individuals did not pick out, isolate, those feelings of real life, show them to us in an ideal condition where they have a merely intellectual value, where we could assimilate them into our conscious ideas. This is done by the moralist, by the preacher, by the poet, by the dramatist; people who have taught mankind to see the broad channels along which its feelings move, who have dug those channels. But in all those things, those finer details of feeling which separate us from the people of the time of Elizabeth, nay, from the people of the time of Fielding, who have been those that have discovered, made familiar, placed within the reach of the immense majority, subtleties of feeling barely known to the minority some hundred years before? The novelists, I think. They have, by playing upon our emotions, immensely increased the sensitiveness, the richness, of this living keyboard; even as a singing-master, by playing on his pupil's throat, increases the number of the musical intervals which he can intone."

"I ask you," went on Baldwin, after a minute, "do you think that our great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers would have been

able to understand such situations as those of Dorothea and Casaubon, of the husband and wife in Howells' 'Modern Instance,' as that of the young widow in a novel which I think we must all have read a couple of years ago, Lucas Malet's 'Mrs. Lorimer'? Such situations may have existed, but their very heroes and heroines must have been unconscious of them. I ask you again, Mrs. Blake—for you know the book—could you conceive a modern girl of eighteen, pure and charming and loving, as Fielding represents his Sophia Western, learning the connection between her lover and a creature like Molly Scagrim, without becoming quite morally ill at the discovery? But in the eighteenth century a nice girl had not the feelings, the ideal of repugnances, of a nice girl of our day. In the face of such things it is absurd to pretend, as some people do, that the feelings of mankind and womankind are always the same. Well, to return to my argument. Believing, as I do, in the power of directing human feeling into certain channels rather than into certain others; believing, especially, in the power of reiteration of emotion in constituting our emotional selves, in digging by a constant drop, drop, such moral channels as have already been traced; I must necessarily also believe that the modern human being has been largely fashioned, in all his more delicate peculiarities, by those who have written about him; and most of all, therefore, by the novelist. I believe that were the majority of us, educated and sensitive men and women, able to analyze what we consider our almost inborn, nay, automatic, views of life, character, and feeling; that could we scientifically assign its origin to each and trace its modifications; I believe that, were this possible, we should find that a good third of what we take to be instinctive knowledge, or knowledge vaguely acquired from personal experience, is really obtained from the novels which we or our friends have read."

II.

"I am sorry that Miss Dorothy should have been reading 'Une Vic,' " said Marcel, as he sat next morning after breakfast in the country house near the big black Yorkshire city; "the book is perhaps the finest novel that any of our younger Frenchmen have produced, and I wish I, instead of Maupassant, were its author. But I shrink from the thought of the impression which it must have made upon this young girl, so frank and fearless, but at the same time so pure and sensitive. I am very sorry it should have fallen into her hands."

"I have no doubt that my cousin felt very sick after reading it," said Baldwin coldly; "but I think that if there is any one who might read such a book without worse result than mere temporary disgust, it is exactly Dorothy. What I feel sorry about is, not that an

English girl should read the book, but that a Frenchman, or rather the majority of the French people, could write it."

Marcel looked surprised. "The book is a painful one," he said; "there is something very horrible, more than merely tragic, in the discovery, by a pure and ideal-minded woman, brought up in happy ignorance, of the brutish realities of life. But I cannot understand how you, Baldwin, who are above the Pharisaism of your nation, and who lay so much—so far too great (I think)—weight upon the ethical importance of the novel, can say that '*Une Vie*' is a book that should not have been written. We have, I admit, a class of novel which panders to the worst instincts of the public; and we have also, and I think legitimately, a class of novel which, leaving all practical and moral questions aside, treats life as merely so much artistic material. But '*Une Vie*' belongs to neither of these classes. There is, in this novel, a distinct moral purpose; the author feels a duty——"

"I deny it," cried Mrs. Blake, hotly; "the sense of duty in handling indecent things can never lead to their being handled like this; the surgeon washes his hands; and this Guy de Maupassant, nay, rather this French nation, goes through no similar ablution. The man thinks he is obeying his conscience; in reality he is merely obeying his appetite for nastiness and his desire to outdo some other man who has raised the curtain where people have hitherto drawn it."

"Pardon me," answered Marcel, "you seem to me guilty of inconsistency: Baldwin to his theories of the ethical importance of novels; you, Mrs. Blake, to the notions which all English people have about the enlightenment of unmarried women on subjects from which we French most rigorously exclude them. Looking at the question from your own standpoint, you ought to see that such a sickening and degrading revelation as that to which Maupassant's heroine is subjected, is due to that very ignorance of all the realities of married life in which our girls are brought up, and which you consider so immoral. This being the case, what right have you to object to a book which removes that sort of ignorance that turns a woman into a victim, and often into a morally degraded victim?"

"My dear Monsieur Marcel," said Mrs. Blake, "I quite see your argument. I do consider the system of education of your French girls as abominably immoral, since they are brought up in an ignorance which would never be tolerated in entering upon the most trifling contract, and which is downright sinful in entering upon the most terribly binding contract of all. But I say that a woman should get rid of such ignorance gradually, insensibly; in such a manner that she should possess the knowledge without, if I may say so, its ever possessing her, coming upon her in a rush, filling her imagination and emotion, dragging her down by its weight; she

ought certainly not to learn it from a book like this, where the sudden, complete, loathsome revelation would be more degrading than the actual degradation in the reality, because addressed merely to the mind. Hence such a book is more than useless, it is absolutely harmful: a blow, a draught of filthy poison, to the ignorant woman who requires enlightenment; and as to the woman who is not ignorant, who understands such things* from experience or from the vicarious experience gleaned throughout years from others and from books, she cannot profit by being presented, in a concentrated, imaginative, emotional form, these facts which she has already learned without any such disgusting concentration of effect. Believe me, respectable, Pharisaic mankind knows what it is about when it taboos such subjects from novels; it may not intellectually understand, but it instinctively guesses, the enervating effect of doubling by the imagination things which exist but too plentifully in reality."

"I perfectly agree with Mrs. Blake," said Baldwin. "We English are inclined to listen to no such pleas as might be presented for 'Une Vie,' and to kick the man who writes a book like this downstairs without more ado; but I regret that, while the instinct which should impel such summary treatment would be perfectly correct, it should with most of my country-people be a mere vague, confused instinct, so that they would be quite unable to answer (except by another kick) the arguments which moral men who write immoral books might urge in defence."

"But why should you wish to kick a man because he does not conceal the truth?" argued Marcel. "Why should that be a sin in an artist which is a virtue in a man of science? Why should you fall foul of a book on account of the baseness of the world which it truthfully reflects? Is not life largely compounded of filthiness and injustice? is it not hopelessly confused and aimless? Does life present us with a lesson, a moral tendency, a moral mood? And if life does not, why should fiction?"

"Because," answered Baldwin, "fiction *is* fiction. Because fiction can manipulate things as they are not manipulated by reality; because fiction addresses faculties which expect, require, a final summing up, a moral, a lesson, a something which will be treasured up, however unconsciously, as a generalization. Life does not appeal to us in the same way, at the same moment, in the same moods, as does literature; less so even than science appeals to us in the same way as art (and yet we should be shocked to hear from a poet what would not shock us from a doctor). We are conscious of life in the very act of living—that is to say, conscious of it in the somewhat confused way in which we are conscious of things going on outside us while other things are going on inside us; conscious by fits and starts, with mind and feelings, not tense, but slack; with attention

constantly diverted elsewhere; conscious, as it were, on a full stomach. The things which are washed on to our consciousness, floating on the stream, by the one wave, are washed off again by another wave. It is quite otherwise with literature. We receive its impressions on what, in the intellectual order, corresponds to an empty stomach. We are thinking and feeling about nothing else; we are tense, prepared for receiving and retaining impressions; the faculties concerned therein, and which are continually going off to sleep in reality, are broad awake, on the alert. We are, however unconsciously, prepared to learn a lesson, to be put into a mood, and that lesson learnt will become, remember, a portion of the principles by which we steer our life, that induced mood will become a mood more easily induced among those in which we shall really have to act. Hence we have no right to present to the intellect, which by its nature expects essences, types, lessons, generalizations—we have no right to present to the intellect exceptional things which it graves into itself, a casual bit of unarranged, unstudied reality, which is not any of these things; which is only reality, and which ought to have reality's destructibility and fleetingness; a thing which the intellect, the imagination, the imaginative emotions, accept, as they must accept all things belonging to their domain, as the essential, the selected, the thing to be preserved and revived. Hence, also, the immorality, to me, of presenting a piece of mere beastly reality as so much fiction, without demonstrating the proposition which it goes to prove or suggesting the reprobation which it ought to provoke. Still greater, therefore, is the immorality of giving this special value, this durability, this property of haunting the imagination, of determining the judgment, this essentially intellectual (whether imaginative or emotional) weight to things which, in reality, take place below the sphere of the intellect and the intellectual emotions, as, for instance, a man like Rabelais gives an intellectual value, which means obscenity, to acts which in the reality do not tarnish the mind, simply because they don't come in contact with it. In fact, my views may be summed up in one sentence, which is this: Commit to the intellect, which is that which registers, re-arranges, and develops, only such things as we may profit by having registered, re-arranged, and developed."

Dorothy had entered the room, and presently she and Marcel were strolling out on the lawn, leaving Mrs. Blake and Baldwin to continue their discussion.

"What is the use of talking about such things with a Frenchman?" exclaimed Mrs. Blake. "I could scarcely refrain from laughing when I saw you gravely arguing about morality and immorality in novels with that young man, who would give one of his fingers to have written '*Une Vie*'; and who, after talking pessimistic idealism with Dorothy,

and going on by the hour about the exotic frankness, and purity, and mixture of knowledge and innocence of English girls, probably shuts himself up in his room to write a novel the effect of which upon just such a girl he positively shrinks from thinking of, as the morbid, puling creature said about 'Une Vie.' Do you remember the preface to the 'Nouvelle Héloïse'? Rousseau declaring that if any modest girl read the book he had just written, she would be lost? That is how all the French are: they can neither understand that their books are sickening, nor that a decently constituted human being can recover after five minutes from the feeling of sickness which they inspire. It is impossible to argue with them on the subject."

"It is very difficult to argue with them on the subject," answered Baldwin, "but not so much for the reasons you allege. The difficulty which I experience in attacking the French novel to a Frenchman is, that I cannot honestly attack it in the name of the English novel; the paralyzing difficulty of being between two hostile parties which are both in the wrong. The French novel, by its particular system of selection and treatment of subject, by choosing the nasty sides of things and investing them with an artificial intellectual and emotional value, falsifies our views of life and enervates our character; the English novel, on the other hand, falsifies our views of life and enervates our character in a different way, by deliberately refusing to admit that things can have certain nasty sides, and by making us draw conclusions and pass judgments upon the supposition that no such nasty factors really enter into the arrangement of things. A girl, for instance, who has read only English novels has not merely got a most ridiculously partial idea of life, an idea which can be only of the most partial practical utility, but she has, moreover, from the fact of the disproportion between the immense amount of talk on some subjects and the absolute silence on others, acquired an actually false idea of life, which may become actually practically mischievous. I have taken the example of a girl, because men get to know but too easily the ugly sides of things and of themselves; and it has always struck me that there is something absolutely pitious, and which should make an honest man feel quite guilty, in the fact of girls being fed exclusively upon a kind of literature which conduces to their taking the most important steps, nay, what is almost worse, which conduces to their forming the most important ideals and judgments and rules of conduct, in ignorance of the realities of life, or rather in a deluded condition about them."

Mrs. Blake looked at Baldwin with an air of whimsical compassion. "My dear friend," she said, "I am an old woman and an old novelist. When I was young I thought as you do, for, permit

me to say, all that array of scientific argument seems to tend to prolonging people's youth most marvellously in some respects. You say that it is unjust that women should be permitted to form ideals and rules of conduct, that they should be allowed to make decisions, while labouring under partial and erroneous views of life. Is that not exactly what Marcel answered when you called '*Une Vie*' a filthy book? What does that book do, if it does not enlighten the ignorance of which you complain?"

Baldwin shook his head. "You misunderstand me. I said to you just now that the English novel is pernicious because it permits people, or rather let us say women (for the ethics of novels are, after all, framed entirely for the benefit or detriment of women), to live on in the midst of a partial, and therefore falsified, notion of life. That has nothing to do with my strictures on '*Une Vie*' or upon any other French novel whatsoever. I objected, in answer to Marcel, that a book like Maupassant's gave a false impression of life, because it presented as a literary work—that is to say, as something which we instinctively accept as a generalization, as a lesson—what is in truth a mere accidental, exceptional heaping up of revolting facts, as little like a generalization of life as a humpbacked dwarf is like a figure in a book of artistic anatomy; and I objected to it still more because, like nine out of ten French novels, it dragged the imagination over physical details with which the imagination has no legitimate connection, which can only enervate, soil, and corrupt it; because, as I said, it gave an intellectual value to facts with which the intellect cannot deal with the very smallest profit in the world. I said just now that, in attacking the French novel, I felt the disadvantage of not being able to do so in the name of the English novel; at present the case is exactly reversed: I feel the difficulty of attacking the restrictions of the English novel, because the excesses of the French novel are staring me in the face. I assure you that one pays a price for the satisfaction of remaining independent between two rival systems of novel-writing, as one does for remaining independent between two rival political or religious parties: the price of being continually isolated and continually in antagonism; dragged, or rather pushed away, from side to side, sickened, insulted in one's own mind, told by oneself that one is narrow-minded and immoral by turns. I know that, if I wrote a novel, it would be laughed at as stuff for school-girls by my French and Italian friends, and howled down as unfit for family reading by my own country-people."

"Very likely," answered Mrs. Blake, "and it would serve you right for not having the courage to decide boldly between the timidity of the English and the shamelessness of the French."

"I do decide. I decide boldly that both are in the wrong. I cannot admit that a man should give his adherence to either party if

he think each represents an excess. At that rate, it would be impossible ever to form a third party in whom justice should reside, and things would always go on swinging from one absurdity or one evil to the other. I see that you consider me already as a partisan of the French novel. Permit me to say that I would rather that the English novel were reduced to the condition of Sunday reading for girls of twelve than that such a novel as Maupassant's 'Une Vie' or Gautier's 'Mademoiselle de Maupin' should be written in this country. I tell you frankly that I can scarcely think of a dozen modern French novels in which I should not like to cut out whole passages, sometimes whole chapters, from Balzac to Daudet. Let me explain myself, and recapitulate what I consider the sins of the modern French novel. One of these, fortunately rare, but gaining ground every day, can be dismissed at once: I mean the allusion to particular kinds of evil which are so exceptional and abnormal that any practical advantage derivable from knowledge of them must inevitably be utterly outweighed by the disadvantage of introducing into the mind vague and diseased suspicions. The other principal sins of modern French novelists are, to my mind, first: the presentation of remarkable evil without any comment on the part of the author, or without any presentation of remarkable good to counterbalance, by its moral and æsthetical stimulus, the enervating effect of familiarity with evil. The sight of evil is not merely necessary, if evil is to diminish; it is wholesome, if it awakens indignation: it is good for us to maintain our power of taking exception, of protesting, of hating; it is good for us, in moral matters, to have the instinct of battle. But this becomes impossible if evil is represented as the sole occupant of this earth: in that case we no longer have any one to fight for, and we run the risk of forgetting how to fight for ourselves. So much for the demoralizing effect of the pessimistic misrepresentation, or at all events the representation of an unfairly selected specimen of life. It distinctly diminishes our energies for good. The other, and I decidedly think even worse, great sin of French novelists is their habit of describing the physical sides of love, or of what people call love, whether it be socially legitimate or socially illegitimate. Such descriptions are absolutely unnecessary for the psychological completeness of their work, since, as I said to Marcel, they drag the mind and the intellectual emotions into regions below their cognizance, and cram them with impressions which they can never digest, which remain as a mere foul nuisance; besides, by stimulating instincts which require not stimulation, but repression, they entirely betray the mission of all intellectual work, which is to develop the higher sides of our nature at the expense of the lower. There is not a single description of this kind which might not most advantageously be struck out, and I could have gone on my knees to

Flaubert to supplicate him to suppress whole passages and pages of 'Madame Bovary,' which I consider a most moral and useful novel. I don't think you yourself would be more rigorous in dealing with the French novel."

Mrs. Blake looked puzzled. "I confess I can't well conceive 'Madame Bovary' with those parts left out," she said, "nor do I clearly understand, since you are so uncompromising with the French novel, why in the world you cannot rest satisfied with the English one. You seem to me to be merely removing its limits in order to fence the French novel round with them. What do you want?"

"I want absolute liberty of selection and treatment of subjects to the exclusion of all abnormal suggestion, of all prurient description, and of all pessimistic misrepresentation. I want the English novelist to have the right of treating the social and moral sides of all relations in life, as distinguished from treating their physical sides. I want him to deal with all the situations in which a normal human soul, as distinguished from a human body, can find itself. I want, in short, that the man or woman who purports to show us life in a manner far more minute and far more realistic than the poet, should receive the same degree of liberty of action as the poet."

"As Swinburne in the first series of 'Poems and Ballads'?" asked Mrs. Blake, with a sneer.

Baldwin looked quite angry. "If people are irrational, is that my fault?" he exclaimed. "You know perfectly well that if I condemn Maupassant, and Daudet, and Zola, I, condemn Swinburne, in the poems you allude to, a hundred times worse, because he has no possible moral intention to plead, because his abominations are purely artistic. The liberty which I ask for the English novelist is the liberty which is given to a poet like Browning, or Browning's wife—the liberty in the choice of subject which we would none of us deny to Shakespeare. Does the English public disapprove of 'The Ring and the Book,' of 'Aurora Leigh,' of the plot of 'Othello' or of 'Measure for Measure'? Well, ask yourself what the English public would say of a novelist who should treat 'Othello' or 'Measure for Measure,' who should venture upon writing 'Aurora Leigh' or 'The Ring and the Book,' in prose. Let us look a moment at this last. You will not, I suppose, deny that it is one of the most magnificent and noble works of our day; to my mind, with the exception perhaps of the 'Misérables,' by far the most magnificent and the most noble. Now the plot of 'The Ring and the Book' is one which no English novelist would dare to handle; Mudie would simply refuse to circulate a novel the immense bulk of which consisted in the question, discussed and rediscussed by half-a-dozen persons: Has there been adultery between Pompilia and Caponsacchi? Has Guido Franceschini tried to push his wife into

dishonour, or has he been dishonoured by his wife? Ask yourself what would have been the fate of this book had it been written by an unknown man in prose. Every newspaper critic would have shrieked that the situation was intolerable, and that the mind of the reader had been dragged through an amount of evil suggestion which no height of sanctity in Pompilia or Caponsacchi could possibly compensate. I foresee your answer: you are going to rejoin that poetry addresses a select, a higher, more moral, more mature public than does the novel; that the poet, therefore, may say a great deal where the novelist must hold his tongue. Is it not so? Well, to this I can only answer (forgive me, for you are a novelist yourself) that I would rather never put pen to paper than be a novelist upon such terms. What, is a man or woman who feels and understands and represents, as strongly and keenly and clearly as any poet, to be thrust into an inferior category merely because he or she happens to write in prose instead of writing in verse? Is the novel, the one great literary form produced by our age, as the drama and the epic were produced by other ages, to appeal to a public of which we are to take for granted that it is so infinitely less mature, so infinitely less intelligent, and less clean-minded than the public of the poet? A public of half-grown boys or girls, too silly to understand the bearings of things; a public of depraved men and women, in whom every suggestion of evil will awake, not invigorating indignation, but a mere disgusting and dangerous response? Tell me: is the novelist to confess that he addresses a public too foolish and too base to be addressed plainly?"

Mrs. Blake did not answer for a minute. In her youth, while she had still believed in the nobility of mankind, she had written a novel which had been violently attacked as immoral; and ever since, in proportion as her opinion of men and women had become worse and worse, she had carefully avoided what she called "sailing too near the wind;" a woman, the morality, as people called it, of whose books was due to deep moral scepticism, in the same way that the decorum, the safety, of certain great cities is due to the State's acquiescence in the existence of shameful classes.

"That's all very fine," she answered, "in theory; but look at the practical result of letting novelists treat certain subjects in a pure-minded way; you have it in France. In order to prevent people getting to the thin ice, we must forbid their going on to the pond; we must fence it round and write up 'No trespassing allowed.' Believe me, were the English novelist permitted to write a 'Ring and the Book' or an 'Aurora Leigh' in prose, he would have written 'Une Vie' or 'Nana' before the year was out."

Baldwin shook his head. "You are entirely mistaken," he said; "these novels are, could not be, the result of greater liberty

being given to the English novel, for they are not the result of the liberty given to the French novelist. They are the result simply of the demoralization of France, and of all nations influenced by France, in certain matters: a demoralization due partly, perhaps, to a habit engrained in the race; partly, most certainly, to the abominable system of foreign female education and of foreign marriage; due, in short, to the fact of French civilization (and under the head of French I include Italian, Spanish, and Russian) being to a much greater extent a masculine civilization, made by men for men, and therefore without the element of chastity which women have elaborated throughout the centuries, and which only women can diffuse. The French may not be more licentious than the English; but they are less ashamed of licentiousness, or, rather, not ashamed of it at all; and when I say the French I mean the Latin peoples and the Russians and Poles as well. If you had lived abroad as much as I have, you would know that the incidents which revolt us most in French novels are the incidents which are taken as matter of course in French-speaking countries, that the allusions and discussions which seem to us most intolerable are made freely wherever, out of the presence of unmarried women, French or Italian is spoken. No thoroughbred English person—at least, no thoroughbred Englishwoman—can have a conception of the perfect simplicity, the innocence of heart I might almost say, with which French and Italian and Russian women, absolutely virtuous in their conduct and even theoretically opposed to vice, bandy about suggestions, suspicions, accusations, which would make an Englishman's hair stand on end. There is, in what I may call the French world, a positive habit of putting nasty constructions upon things, which is as striking in its way as our English habit of always pretending that such a thing as vice cannot exist among our respectable neighbours, a perfect Philistinism—or even Pharisaism—of evil, as conventional as our Philistinism of good. The immorality of the French novel is simply the immorality of French society."

"And you think," asked Mrs. Blake, sceptically, "that English society is not sufficiently immoral to produce, if allowed to do so, a French novel? My poor Baldwin!"

"I think so, most certainly. And I think that if English society were sufficiently immoral to produce a French novel, the sooner it did so the better; for in that case our English novel would be almost the worst sign of our weakness and depravity—a white leprosy of hypocrisy and cowardice. If England were sufficiently immoral to produce a French novel, and restrained from so doing merely by conventional reasons, why the whole of our nation would simply be no better than a convent-bred young French girl of whom I heard lately, who was not permitted to go to a ball for fear of meet-

ing young men, and who slipped out every night her mother was at a party, and took a solitary walk on the boulevards."

"Speaking of girls, there is your cousin walking along the road with Marcel," interrupted Mrs. Blake. "I think, considering the sort of young ladies to whom, according to his novels, he is accustomed, it would be as well that we should accompany these representatives of a moral and an immoral civilization on their walk."

Baldwin laughed. "You are more French than Marcel himself!" he exclaimed.

Baldwin and Mrs. Blake had soon overtaken the two young people on the road which, leading to a patch of moor that had got enclosed among the pasture land, wound along the round hills, covered with grass and corn and park land, above the big manufacturing city, which lay, wrapped in grey fog, with its hundreds of chimneys smoking away, invisible in the valley. The morning was fine; one appeared to be walking in the sunshine, feeling it on one's back and accompanied by one's shadow; but this sunlit patch extended only a few paces around one, and moved on as one moved, leaving all the rest of the earth veiled in a dense and not at all luminous mist of blackish grey—of the grey in which there is no blue at all, but which seems like a mere dilution of black; the grey of coal-smoke, heavy all round, but perceptibly thickening and gaining blackness in one spot, where the hidden chimneys of the black city slowly poured their blackish-grey smoke-wreaths into the blackish-grey sky.

"Oh, how can you write about such women," Dorothy was saying to Marcel, "and write about them so quietly—look at them and paint them as if they were merely a curious effect of light, merely a strange sky like this one?"

"What else are they?" answered Marcel. "I mean, what else can they be to an artist or a psychologist? We cannot destroy such women because there are other women, like you, Miss Dorothy, who are all that they are not, any more than we can forbid this smoke, this fog, to exist because there are mornings full of light, and breeze, and freshness. We cannot prevent their existing, and cannot hide from ourselves that as this fog, this smoke, has beauties strange and eerie, which make it valuable to a painter; so also such women, weak, perverse, heartless, destructive, have a value, a strange unhealthy charm for the imagination."

There was a brief silence; then Baldwin and Mrs. Blake heard Dorothy's voice, earnest and agitated, answering the languid voice of Marcel, as they walked on enveloped in the mist.

"No, no," she said; "you think that, because you have never felt what those women are, because it has never come home to you."

Marcel sighed. "I fear it has come home to me but too much, Miss Dorothy," he answered.

"That is not what I mean. You may have known women like that—I dare say you have—and still not have known all that their wickedness means. If you had you could not talk like that about skies and light and mist. I have known such a woman, known the full meaning of such a woman. I can't very well explain; my ideas are rather confused, you know; but I understand that I understood that woman's real meaning. I had a friend once; she was beautiful, and young, and noble, and she was dying; and her husband, instead of caring for her, cared for a woman such as you describe in your novel; the two betrayed and outraged her, and made her last years bitterness and ignominy. She is dead now, I am thankful. Last year I went to the play in Paris. They were giving one of those horrible, vulgar vaudevilles, full of half-dressed people, and horrid, hideous songs and jokes; it was all about a burlesque actress, a sort of apotheosis of her. There were lots of people in the theatre; and some one pointed out to me, in one of the boxes, the woman who had made my friend so unhappy. She was what people call a lady, quite young, beautifully dressed, with a beautiful, delicate face, and she was laughing and blushing a great deal behind her fan, and looking very happy. It was the first time that I had ever seen her, and I never expected to see her there. I could not take my eyes off her. I can't tell you how I felt: as if a precipice had suddenly opened before me. I shall never forget it. She seemed somehow to be the concentration of what was going on on the stage; the play seemed to be about her, the songs about her. She seemed to be framed, as it were, beautiful and delicate though she was, in all that indecency and vulgarity, those hideous gestures, that frightful music, those disgusting jokes. And the play seemed to become terrible, tragic, as if some one were being killed somewhere. I don't know how to explain it. But ever since that evening I have understood what a bad woman is."

Dorothy's voice died away, hot and hoarse.

"Did you hear?" Baldwin whispered to Mrs. Blake. "Well; what my cousin has just been saying is a thing which an English novelist would not be allowed to say; he would not be allowed to show us the bad woman in her box; and he would not be allowed, therefore, to show us what was passing in that girl's heart, all the rebellion of outraged love and respect, all that great and holy indignation. And yet, to have seen the contents of Dorothy's heart at that moment, braces our soul, does us more moral good than the sight of all the bad women in Christendom could do us harm; for it means that we have stood for a moment in the presence of the Lord, of the true God, whose name is Love and Indignation."

VERNON LEE.

RURAL ADMINISTRATION IN PRUSSIA.

THE rural constitution of Prussia, excepting the Rhine province, was based, down to quite recent times, upon a system of manors and manorial jurisdictions, which stood out in marked contrast with that free constitution which the municipal boroughs had obtained during the Middle Ages, and which, after a decadence of several centuries, was revived in a modern form in the Municipal Corporations Act of Freiherr von Stein in 1808 (see CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, December, 1884, No. 2).

It is very remarkable that, whereas this system of manors had manifestly begun to decay in England by the end of the Middle Ages, it should since the fifteenth century in Germany show a rising tendency. The reasons for this development are to be found in the financial conditions that then prevailed, and also in the fact that the German Emperor had already lost his executive rights, while the higher functions of monarchy were as yet left unfulfilled by the princes in the several States.

The Electors of Brandenburg, as comites of the Empire, were the hereditary judges of the lands and lives of their subjects; at the same time they were bound by the laws of the Empire to administer justice "*secundum legem terrae*," to appoint judges (*Schöffen*) according to the principle of a *judicium parium*, and to meet all expenses out of their domain lands. The maintenance of the courts, the fees of the judges, the execution of the sentences passed, and the preservation of peace connected with the administration of justice, all contributed to form the heaviest and most lasting burden of the sovereign's exchequer. Besides this, as patrons of numerous country churches, they had to defray a

considerable part of the expenses arising from the building of churches, and the maintenance of the clergy. Hence an extreme readiness to free themselves from their burdens by enfeoffing the holders of knights' fiefs, and the larger freeholders in the village community, with judiciary powers and church patronage; and these latter were as ready to receive as their lords to give. For since the fifteenth century the country squires were gradually accustoming themselves to cultivate their own properties, and it was now evidently in their own interest to acquire the judiciary and police powers over their peasant neighbours and labourers, whence from this time onwards the extremely numerous enfeoffments with local courts. And so too the territorial princes followed a similar system with respect to the great domain lands—that is to say, each domain was administered by a steward or farmer, with judiciary and police powers over all village communities in which there was no squire already possessing these powers.

Upon this basis there arose about this time in the larger principalities the *Landstände*—the three estates of the land—consisting of prelates, manorial lords, and mayors of boroughs. Since fiefs were inalienable in Germany, there has arisen from these manorial squires an hereditary lesser nobility. And so too from the select burgesses of the towns, greedy after a similar exclusiveness, there arose gradually a privileged body of citizens. *Noblemen, burgesses, and peasants* are from henceforth the three “status civiles” of German society; and for these Parliaments the smaller freeholders and the lower portions of the urban population were excluded from the very first. Now, through their ever-increasing financial difficulties, the princes were forced into a helpless dependence upon the estates, and these latter enabled to extort from them the confirmation and extension of their privileges and liberties, especially exemption from taxes. When magisterial powers are thus exercised in a *small* sphere they lead to the oppression of the weaker classes. The judicial power, which invests the lord of the manor with the right of confirming all sales, wills, marriage settlements, &c., leads to the depression of the freehold peasantry, and to their gradual assimilation to the copyholders. The police power binds the peasantry and labouring classes to the soil, for no one can enter on the manor or leave the same without the consent of the lord. Through this same police power what was originally a free contract for service on the part of the peasant or labourer was changed into an hereditary soccage service. And thus there arose a state of villeinage, which was very nearly the same for freemen and bondsmen, for freeholders and copyholders. Then came the confused times of the Thirty Years' War, and the old distinctions, which were before faint, now disappeared completely, so

as to be no longer recognizable. In the rural population there were now only the two classes of lords and villeins, and by the side of those the clergy; the other learned professions and the Government officials preserved their personal liberty merely as "exempt persons" (*Eximite*).

It was during the age of the Reformation that the Estates of the land attained their highest perfection in Germany. In the Thirty Years' War they reached their turning-point. From that time onwards the narrow base of their constitution reveals itself in the exclusiveness with which they only combine to preserve their own common privileges, while they cast the burdens of government upon the weaker classes. But, at the same time, the unspeakable misery, degradation, and poverty which this war bequeathed as its legacy, recalled the great dynasties of Germany to a fuller recognition of their duties as monarchs. The Great Elector recovered for the State its legal and necessary powers, by appointing numerous State Commissioners, primarily for the purpose of levying the perpetual taxes from boroughs and peasants which the maintenance of a standing army rendered requisite. The principal commissioner for the county (*Kreiskriegs-commissar*) received after 1701 the title of *Landrath*, and became from that time onward the chief intermediary between the central government and the manors. In the instructions given to these officials we find that the "protection of the subject" is made their first and chiefest duty. From this time onwards, the Royal power prevented all arbitrary ejection of the peasant from his holding, and forbade the appropriation of his lands by the squire; corporal chastisement was prohibited, and the squire was bound to support his tenants in old age, poverty, or distress, and to provide for the necessary education of their children; all who had served in the army were freed from personal villenage, and the peasant's right of property in the domain manors was ratified and confirmed. In order to carry out these principles of reform, the Great Elector invested a large body of officials (the *Geheime Staatsrath*) with powers similar to those which the Privy Council obtained in the epoch of the Tudors. Under Frederick William I. the great provincial courts (*Kriegs- und Domänen-kammern*) are established as a connecting link between the Privy Council and the county commissioner (*Landrath*). For nearly one hundred years the government machinery of absolute monarchy thus set in motion sufficed to provide the enormous sums requisite for the maintenance of a large standing army, and at the same time to afford the weaker classes protection by an extensive right of complaint from the local authorities to the *Landrath*, then to provincial courts, and finally to the Privy Council. Absolute monarchy thought that it had fulfilled its duty and had done enough when it had afforded this protection. Nay, the legislation of Frederick the Great even

confirmed the old privileges, and proclaimed the legal distinction of "nobility, burgesses, and peasantry" as the general law of the land.

Absolute monarchy, however, had as yet but partially realized the work that was set before it. Labour was still in a state of bondage everywhere. It is to this bondage of labour that we must trace the weakness of the Prussian State; it was the source of all the depression of agriculture and trade, of the impoverishment of all classes of society; it was the ultimate cause of the sudden fall of the monarchy of Frederick the Great before the superior force of the revived society of France under its Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte.

Prussia had lost half its territory in 1807, but had fortunately retained the old German provinces, whose interests were closely bound up with those of the Hohenzollern dynasty. And now immediately after these disasters a new era begins with the legislation of Stein and Hardenberg. Not only do they recognize that the foundation of national power lies in a free peasant proprietorship, and in free and unrestricted labour, but they carry out these principles in an exemplary manner. The absolute freehold was secured to the peasant when he had made over one-third or one-half to his landlord, and that according to the same principles under which, during the Middle Ages, the knight had gained an hereditary right in his fief—that is to say, in return for military service; and had not the Prussian peasant been forced to serve in his country's armies for many ages, and to pay the taxes for the support of those armies instead of his landlord? Nor was the peasant any longer bound to the soil. This condition, which had arisen through the police powers of the lord of the manor, was now summarily abolished. The soccage services were now redeemed; nor was great compensation paid, for such forced service was but of small value. By the side of the manor, with its demesne lands, manorial stewards, tenants, servants, and labourers, there again appeared *free* village communities, and a labouring class that was at liberty to settle wherever it wished.

In order, however, to bring about these changes, and to realize this freedom of trade in town and country, it was necessary simultaneously to *reform the administrative system*. Stein and Hardenberg now replaced the cumbersome Privy Council, which was altogether unsuited to the carrying out of great reforms, by a Cabinet of five principal Secretaries of State, appointed at pleasure. The place of the no less cumbersome old provincial courts (*Kriegs- und Domänenkammern*) was now supplied by newly organized courts (*Bezirksregierungen*) with a well-planned subdivision of business. The Landrath appeared now as general commissioner for the county, not as formerly merely for the rural, but also for the urban districts, which again received by the Municipal Corporation Act of 1808 a system of municipal self-government.

All these measures of administrative and social reform in Prussia have acquired a well-deserved reputation, but they stopped at the reform of *local government in the rural districts*. Freiherr von Stein had declared in the plainest terms that the manorial jurisdiction and the manorial police were antiquated and censurable on many grounds, and should therefore cease to exist ; but he himself had not proposed any measure of reform, and Prince Hardenberg never succeeded in devising any scheme that was at all acceptable.

The fact is that the reform here met with a difficulty which usually escapes the notice of public opinion. The hidden rock on which these reforms then shattered was the unwillingness of the people to alter the customary distribution of taxes and burdens in the country. It is true that the manorial gentry had maintained their immunity from taxes and many other privileges long after the real justification for these immunities had disappeared. In the meantime, however, in consequence of the same manorial system, a new condition of things had grown up, whereby the *burdens of the community* were much increased and laid upon the manors, so as to compensate in some degree for those unjust privileges.

As *church-patron*, the lord of the manor had, as a rule, to defray a third part of the church building expenses, and to a large extent the maintenance of the rectory and of the parson.

He was bound also to meet the expenses of the manorial *courts of justice*: they were indeed very scantily endowed, but still for thousands of manor courts the sum total amounted to more than the expenses of the royal courts.

He defrayed also the expenses of the *rural police*, which were likewise in their entirety too great for the State of that time to bear. As executive police official, the reeve of the township was subordinate to him, and in many thousand villages the laborious duties of this constable were attached to an hereditary holding.

Lastly, in accordance with imperial and provincial legislation, the lord of the manor was charged with the support of the *poor*, the maintenance of the *highways*, of the *village school*, and some other parochial burdens. It is true that the new agrarian legislation had created free village communities, who paid, as far as their own territory extended, most of the taxes just mentioned ; but the squire was still assessed as before in the more limited extent of his manor. After the remodelling of the State in 1815, we find about 15,000 manors, as against 30,000 rural townships, and neither party was inclined to be charged with the other's contribution.

This was the real reason why the progress of legislation was now checked in its course, and why the highly gifted Crown Prince, afterwards Frederick William IV., was able to carry out his own personal

ideas of reform. His ideals in Church and State were those of a bygone age. Far from accepting the new ideas of equality which the French Revolution had spread over Europe, the old distinction of rank and the maintenance of the manorial system appeared to him, at this epoch of the Holy Alliance, fundamental elements of a Conservative policy. Not that he intended to cast the reforms of Stein and Hardenberg aside without any further consideration; on the contrary, he too would do his best to make amends to the peasantry for the wrongs that had been done to them in past ages.

In correspondence with these principles new constitutions of counties and provinces (*Kreis- und Provinzialordnungen*) were promulgated from 1822 to 1828, the immediate tendency of which was to maintain the three old estates of the realm with newly defined limits.

To the *provincial* Estates there were elected regularly (each order having an equal number of votes): 1. Chosen representatives of the manorial gentry; that is to say, the owners of all larger properties registered in the manorial roll, without distinction of birth; for inalienability no longer applied to these estates by common law; 2. Representatives of the burgesses; in other words, of the owners of real property in the cities and of the urban trades and magistracy; 3. Representatives of the peasantry; that is, of the holders of the smaller freeholds capable of furnishing a team.

There was besides this a "First Estate" of Lords, but only in those provinces in which there were sufficient princes and counts of the old imperial nobility, and greater lords of similar rank.

In the Estates of the counties (*Kreisstände*), each lord of a manor was to have *one* vote, each borough, as a rule, *one* vote (the larger as many as three), but the third order, the peasantry, only *three* votes in all.

It was not long before the fundamental error of the system showed itself in its relation to a well-trained body of State officials already performing every administrative function of any consequence. It was a most incongruous sight to behold the noble lords and numerous respectable gentlemen of these Estates deliberating and passing decrees about the merest trifles. In fact, in the case of the county Estates, no subject of deliberation could at first be found. When, however, it gradually occurred to these Estates to occupy themselves with the construction of roads, the contracting of loans, and the levying of taxes, the liveliest jealousy broke out among the unequally represented orders. It was found that on such questions, affecting different interests, the manorial gentry were represented by more than 10,000 votes, the boroughs by 970, and the very numerous peasantry by 975. And when, in 1847, Frederick William IV. assembled all the Estates of the provinces under the name of a national Parliament (*Vereinigter Landtag*), angry complaints burst forth from one end of the kingdom to the other, not only because

of the unequal representation and arbitrary separation of the tax-paying classes, but also because of the scanty measure of parliamentary rights that was vouchsafed. One of the main causes of the calamity that overwhelmed Prussia in 1848 was that the time was over when the representation could be based upon different classes of real property.

The new Constitution of January 31, 1850, was the child of these stormy times. It established a Second Chamber, on the basis of a widely extended suffrage of all men of full age, and an Upper House, half of which was named by the king, the other half elected by the higher classes of taxpayers (this Upper House was, however, soon superseded by the present House of Lords, which is appointed by the king). In harmony with this modern representative Constitution, the old Estates of the provinces and counties, and also the manors, were to disappear, and their place was to be taken by a uniform system of boards, elected by all ratepayers (Article 105 of the Constitution). In order to carry out these principles the "Communities, Counties, and Provinces Bill, 1850" (*Gemeinde-, Kreis- und Provinzialordnung*), formed the subject of the most careful consideration on the part of both Chambers, and was promulgated as law accordingly.

But the all-important point of the local taxes had again been forgotten. In the eastern rural districts the execution of this law was delayed by the opposition of those 15,000 manors and 30,000 townships, which showed the greatest disinclination to be assessed with their neighbours' taxes. Hence the comprehensive legislation of 1850 was at first unconstitutionally suspended, and soon after formally revoked by a large majority of both Houses, and the system of manorial police and of the "three Estates" of the provinces and counties was again introduced, in spite of its being in marked opposition to many of the articles of the present Constitution.

For half a generation from this period these organizations occupied the field of political controversy. The Liberal party maintained that these resuscitated Estates were opposed to the true spirit of the Constitution, and strove to obtain a uniform system of communal representation in accordance with the laws of 1850, corresponding to the English "Local Boards" of recent times. The efforts of the Conservatives were directed to the preservation of the Estates after the pattern of Frederick William IV., and after the new model of the Prussian House of Lords, reformed in 1854 on analogous principles. And so there arose an endless strife of parties, the point at issue being merely the right of *suffrage* and the *patronage* in local government, in the midst of which the true aims and objects of self-government receded even more into the background. The constitutional struggle which soon after broke out, in 1861, drove these questions still further out of view.

With the establishment of the North German Confederation in 1867 the time came to reconsider this difficult problem. The struggle about the Constitution had been brought to an honourable termination. Scarcely ever before had the monarchy been so powerful, and scarcely ever had the feeling of confidence in a Cabinet in matters of reform been so great. What was wanted was neither to create new class distinctions, nor to multiply the representation of the people through new local Parliaments; what the State really needed was a better organization of the *executive* functions in local government to carry out the administrative laws of the land. The interests of the State demanded the organization of a real self-government. The State needed such a system for its police functions, for the levying of taxes and the raising of troops, and for other functions which could not adequately be performed by mere trained officials. Under the State's fostering care the parochial mind had to come back from the idea of private interest to that of public duty. A counterpoise had to be found against the conflicting interests and hostile religious creeds of modern society. And for this end the State required to accustom the different classes of society to the personal performance of common public duties. It was only by such institutions that the electoral bodies could acquire that cohesion and public spirit upon which depends the vital strength of all parliamentary government.

In the course of the year 1868 the leading statesman of Prussia determined to undertake the task in this spirit; and it will ever remain one of Prince Bismarck's most imperishable services that, at the critical moment, he alone maintained these higher points of view in opposition not only to public opinion, but also to his colleagues, and successfully caused them to prevail.*

As a preliminary measure to the legislation that was to follow, numerous and lengthy conferences were held between Graf Eulenberg, then Home Secretary, and representatives of both Houses of Parliament. They resulted, it is true, in a very chaos of irreconcilable ideas, but led to the important acquisition of Graf Eulenberg, a statesman of genius, for the right direction of reform, the realization of which he carried through with considerable ability and untiring perseverance. In order to avoid the rocks on which all former efforts at reform during the last fifty years had wrecked, it was before all resolved: *not* to attempt the adjustment of local taxes, which was an impossibility for the next decade at any rate, considering the confused system of local taxation in Prussia. The problem that

* Count Bismarck, then President of the Ministry, conferred with the author of this essay as to the basis on which administrative reform might be built, and occasioned the author to write a memorial (for private circulation) which he soon afterwards communicated to the ministerial departments as a general sketch of reform. The views which the author then held may be gathered from the following work—R. Gneist's "Die preussische Kreisordnung," 1870.

demanding immediate solution was the creation of a system of *personal* self-government, compared with which the financial administration of the property and taxes of the counties appeared as a secondary matter. Already in 1869 a Bill based on these principles was brought before the Lower House, but the consideration of its particular clauses was not proceeded with. In the course of this deliberation, however, an ever-increasing number of influential members of both parties was won over to the side of reform. After two repeated endeavours, the Bill was passed through both Houses, with numerous special amendments, and received the royal assent. It was promulgated as the *Kreisordnung vom 13. Dezember 1872*, and became law January 1, 1874, in the eastern provinces of the monarchy, excepting Posen, comprising an area of more than 3,700 geographical square miles. The following is an outline of this comprehensive law, omitting the less essential parts and provisions:—

I. The place of the manorial Justice of the Peace is now occupied by *Justices by Royal Commission* (*Amtsvorsteher*), who may be compared to the English Justices of the Peace. For this purpose the territory to which it applies is parcelled out into 5,658 small divisions, containing, as a rule, several manors and townships, with an average population of 1,500 inhabitants. For each division, a Justice (*Amtsvorsteher*) and a deputy Justice are appointed in the king's name by the President of the province, out of a list of names which the county financial board (*Kreistag*, *vide* sub. II.) proposes. Thus nominated, they are bound to hold these offices, as honorary offices, for six years, on pain of losing their communal suffrage, and of having their communal taxes raised by one-eighth or one-fourth of the amount for which they are assessed. This coercive system applies to *all* offices and representations under the new law, and everywhere the population has accustomed itself in a very short time to these compulsory duties. Before the Bill became law, there were the usual doubts as to the possibility of finding suitable persons. In 1875, soon after the law had been put into execution, more than 5,000 justices as well as their deputies had presented themselves. Only in 311 divisions had it been found necessary to appoint 183 stipendiary magistrates in default of fitting persons for the honorary posts, the expenses being defrayed by the division.

The duties of an *Amtsvorsteher* are those of a police magistrate. He issues orders against vagrants, and for the relief of the poor, orders of removal, and of removal of nuisances; he adjudicates in disputes between masters and servants; he supervises the execution of the building and sanitary Acts, game laws, alehouses, refreshment-rooms, the repair of highways, &c. &c. He has the power to enforce his orders by fine and imprisonment. He also issues warrants

of apprehension in urgent cases ; whereas the whole province of summary convictions, of examination and judgment in such matters is reserved for the courts of criminal justice, according to the German principle that the judiciary and executive powers shall be kept distinct.

Furthermore, the Royal Commissioner superintends the daily work of the executive police, and is authorized to correct their measures. His executive official in ordinary is the *reeve* of the township (*Schulze*) with two assistants. More than 5,000 hereditary reeveships were abolished, as also the right of the Lord of the Manor to appoint the reeve. The reeve, who is now elected by the village community, must, however, as police official have his election confirmed by the Royal Commissioner (*Landrath*). As a petty magistrate he possesses the right of provisional arrest, with the power to enforce his orders by small fines. He is indemnified for the expenses of his laborious office, and is looked upon as *praepositus villae*, so much so that even the richest of the free peasant proprietors are candidates for the post. In the narrow confines of the manor (as now separated from the village communities) the lord occupies the office of reeve by virtue of the law, together with all the duties and rights of the same. He may appoint a deputy reeve, but his appointment must be ratified by the *Landrath*.

In his personal responsibility the Justice of the Peace (*Amtsvorsteher*) is not subordinate to the *Landrath*, but to a *judicium parium*, namely, the county committee (*Kreisausschuss*, *infra sub IV.*), with an appeal to the Supreme Court. In the ten years, however, during which the court has now been in existence, only *one* case of dismissal for disgraceful conduct has occurred.

II. Another new regulation is the representation of the taxpayers of the county by a *financial board* (*Kreistag*), with powers of control over the financial administration of the county. As a rule, it is composed of from twenty-five to fifty members, according to the population of the county. These members are divided among the boroughs and the county, according to the number of the inhabitants. Of the county members half represent the manors, half the village communities.

* The representatives of the boroughs are chosen by the aldermen and common councillors ; but they are not to form more than a third of the total number.*

Half of the county members are chosen by the *greater landed proprietors*—i.e., by the owners of estates paying more than 225 marks of land and house taxes, and besides this by the owners of mines and

* Boroughs whose population exceeds 25,000 are considered as able to support the burdens of a county by themselves, are therefore not included in the county in which they are situated, but form counties for themselves (*Stadtkreise*), and administer the county business through their court of aldermen and common council.

industrial undertakings, who pay the highest class of trade taxes. Each proprietor has only one *vote*, and his power to vote by proxy is limited by law (women may be represented by their husbands, and the royal domains and corporations by their farmers or stewards).

The members who are to represent the *village communities* are nominated in each division by a small electoral body, to which the townships delegate, as a rule, from one to four members through their vestry, and whose number is further swelled by the proprietors of the smaller manors paying less than 225 marks, land and house taxes, and by the owners of mines and industrial establishments who are rated in the second class of trade taxes.*

The functions of the financial board are analogous to those of the common council in boroughs. It fixes the annual budget of the county administration, ratifies any extraordinary expenditure, audits the accounts of the administration, and discharges the accountants. It determines upon the distribution of burdens and the levying of county taxes within limits fixed by law; it gives its consent to loans and to the organization of county offices. Subject to the approval of the king, it also draws up byc-laws for the county, but their sphere of action is very limited.

The board usually assembles twice a year, with the *Landrath* as chairman, to put motions to the vote, and prepare them for discussion. These meetings are *public*. More than half of the total number of members as fixed by law is necessary to form a quorum. If new burdens are to be imposed upon the county, a two-thirds majority is necessary.

In order to maintain the *legality* of the resolutions, the *Landrath* is, as royal commissioner, invested with the power to suspend such as are unlawful or exceed the competency of the board, and to bring the question of law before the higher courts for decision. Besides this it is reserved to a higher authority to authorize all sales of landed property, all loans, the contracting of new lasting burdens, the unequal distribution of the taxes among the ratepayers, as well as the levying of county taxes which stand in a higher proportion than 50 per cent. to the State taxes. The system of local taxation was in such an inextricable confusion that the law was compelled to settle the county rates after the pattern of the better regulated direct State taxes. The board has to vote the county rate

* This distribution of votes was the result of mutual concessions, and of deliberations in Parliament, which extended over several years. We may trace therein a certain tender consideration for the historical privileges of manors, and for the large extent of this form of tenure in the Eastern Provinces, now fairly assessed to the full land tax since 1861, and, at the same time, an endeavour to incite the landed gentry to personal participation in their honorary offices, by securing to them a preponderance of votes—an endeavour which has been realized to a most gratifying extent.

as an *additional* tax proportionate to the land and house tax, and to the income and trade tax. In consideration of the proportional height of the land tax, the board may reduce the latter by 50 per cent.

But our communal legislation has not made such representative boards "executive" organs, as is the case in England. As a rule, in all boroughs a corporate and responsible court of aldermen has been appointed by the side of the common council, so that the necessary security for the steadiness and legality of the administration may be found in the corporation itself, and thus the supervision of a central board and its inspectors and auditors is done away with! Corresponding to this municipal system a standing executive committee has been formed out of the financial board, termed the county committee (*Kreisausschuss*).

III. The *Kreisausschuss*, as the executive committee of the financial board of the county, consists of the *Landrath*, as royal commissioner, and six honorary members, elected by the board for six years, one-third of the number going out every two years. Like the mayor in the boroughs, the *Landrath* conducts the committee's business, summons its meetings, prepares the matter for discussion, represents the committee externally, and in urgent cases issues orders, subject to the committee's ratification, three members forming a quorum.

The duties of the committee resemble those of the court of aldermen in the boroughs, and include the financial administration of the county in conformity with the law and the decrees of the financial board, the appointment of clerks and of subordinate officials and the whole current business. For special branches of the administration, select committees may be appointed.

The *legality* of the administration is secured by the right of the chairman to suspend all illegal decisions, and still more by the responsibility of all members of the committee, not only before the civil and criminal courts, but also in accordance with the disciplinary laws to which all State officials are subject. The auditing of accounts is conducted by the financial board, according to the principles of the State accounts; in case of disputes the matter is brought before a superior court for decision.

There is, therefore, no need of any Government inspectors or Government auditors, no need of a central board or of general orders to regulate the minute details of the administration of the poor, highways, sanitary matters, and schools. On the contrary, the administrative laws are couched in fairly general terms, and thus there is plenty of room in which the administration can move, not hampered by any "tutelle administrative," but animated rather by a spirit of perfect independence on the part of the honorary members. Guided by the professional advice of the *Landrath*, these latter

exercise an extremely effective control, and as men of an independent social position, they preserve that self-dependence which is necessary to a real self-government.

But this financial administration is but one of the committee's two functions. The other more important side concerns the magistratical self-government combined in the same persons.

IV. The county committee serves, therefore, at the same time, as a *court of administrative jurisdiction* for the magistratical self-government of the county, and may be compared to the sessions of the Justices of the Peace in England.

It resembles the special sessions, in that it grants licences for inns, beer-houses and refreshment-rooms, for the retail trade in intoxicating liquors, and issues orders for the construction of highways, &c.

It resembles the quarter-sessions, in that it gives judicial decisions upon complaints against the orders of the local magistrates (*Amtsvorsteher*) and mayors, in matters of police, poor law, highways, maintenance of schools, elections, town rates, &c., and issues licences for lunatic asylums and obnoxious establishments.

As a *judicium parium* it exercises a direct disciplinary power over the *Amtsvorsteher* and, in extreme cases, even dismisses them.

But in carrying out this system there resulted a more accurate separation of these matters into sessional orders (*Beschluss-sachen*) and judicial decisions (*Streitsachen*).

The sessional orders are decrees of the executive, which, however, on account of their importance, and to avoid all partiality, are not issued by the State official alone, but with the co-operation and consent of a majority of civil assessors; the sittings are held with closed doors.

The judicial decisions include the complaints of an aggrieved party against an order in point of law. They are conducted as ordinary lawsuits, and are pleaded in open court by the parties or their counsel, under the reservation of an appeal or writ of error to a higher court.

The principle of uniting the magistratical and financial self-government in the same persons is thus consistently carried out in this committee. It forms *in uno corpore*:

A financial board for the administration of the property and rates of the county, for the levying and expending of the same as determined by law.

A court for sessional orders, as a licensing board, &c.

A court of administrative justice in matters of police, poor law, highways, primary schools, local sanitary orders, &c.*

* When the question of the composition of this standing committee came to be discussed, a difficulty arose through its double position as executive board and as court of justice. The members of an administrative committee were to be elected; the members of a court of justice, on the other hand, should be appointed by the Crown. The author of this essay therefore proposed that one-half of the members should be elected, the other half appointed; but this proposal was not favourably received either by Liberals or by Conservatives. The objections urged against a court of justice, the

It has proved itself capable of fulfilling all these functions. The Landrath, a professional magistrate, exercises the necessary control on the part of the central government. The presence of the six civil assessors assures a practical despatch of all measures free of red-tapeism. The social position of the honorary members secures their independence. And when these various parts grow accustomed to work together, a good feeling of corporate fellowship is soon produced. After a few years all parties concurred in recognizing the constitution of the committee as the most suitable that could be found, and no one any longer calls it in question.

What was now required was to apply the system of the *Kreistag* and *Kreisausschuss* to the provinces in superior instance.

V. *The provincial boards and provincial courts* have attained their final form by three laws of 1875, the most important of which would seem to be the *Provinzialordnung* of that date. Peculiar difficulties have beset this reform, in consequence of the dualism of "province" and "district" (*Regierungsbezirk*).

Prussia was organized anew in 1815, and was divided into twenty-six districts, the chief administrative divisions of the country, corresponding to the French departments, placed under a president and a college of officials (*Bezirksregierung*). The higher division, on the other hand, was that into eight large provinces under a governor (*Oberpräsident*), which corresponded in size to the smaller German kingdoms, and formed in their main constitution historic unities. And hence they had long possessed certain common institutions, and funds, which did not easily admit of division.

The financial administration of these higher unities could, therefore, only be attached to the provincial government, the magistratical self-government only to the *Regierungsbezirks*, to which the whole administration of the State had been adapted since 1815.

The simplicity of the system of county administration, with its union of different functions in the same persons, was therefore excluded from the very first.

1. *For the financial administration* of the provinces certain common funds and establishments were found ready to hand. The Legislature now greatly increased these funds, by assigning to the provinces as a "dotation" considerable State revenues (amounting

majority of which is elected, are, it is true, little felt in the old provinces, as the members of the committee, who are chosen for six years, have such heavy and responsible duties that efforts are usually made to secure their re-election if they have proved themselves capable; and so the composition of the court remains nearly identical, and presumably the government would have appointed the same persons as those who are now elected. The fundamental error of a system of elective courts of justice was, however, felt in Posen and the western parts of the country, where violent national antipathies and religious differences disunite the people. Hence scruples have hitherto been entertained as to introducing the law into these parts. Perhaps in future Amendment Acts, it will yet be accepted that a part of the members should be appointed by the Crown, with regard to their judicial decisions.

finally to more than thirty million marks yearly), in return for which the provinces were to undertake the construction and maintenance of turnpike roads, and some other new duties.

For these purposes it was in the first place necessary to elect a *financial board* (*Provinzial-Landtag*) to represent the ratepayers, which was, however, chosen by the already existing county financial boards, in order to avoid the multiplication of direct election. Each county board chooses at least two members, the larger more in proportion to their size, so that the assembly numbers a little less or more than one hundred members.

Amongst other matters which at present form part of the financial administration of the province may be mentioned the construction and maintenance of turnpike roads, together with subsidies for the repair of all highways, agricultural improvements, the maintenance of workhouses and reformatories, of asylums for the insane, the deaf and dumb, and the blind, subsidies for charitable foundations, for the furtherance of public galleries, museums of art and science, and for similar purposes.

The Provincial Landtag assembles at least once in every two years to determine upon the provincial budget, and the administrative regulations connected therewith, to organize various offices, and to elect to some of the higher, to publish provincial bye-laws, and to advise upon provincial Bills. But, instead of placing this financial board simply under the direction of the governor of the province, some reminiscences of the old legislative provincial assemblies prevailed. In imitation of the elected Marshal of the old Landtage the assembly chooses its own president, by the side of whom the governor has merely the functions of a State commissioner.

In order now to ensure the necessary steadiness in the administration, a standing committee is formed here also, under the name of *Provinzialausschuss*, consisting of from seven to thirteen members elected by the Provincial Landtag. This committee in its turn chooses its chief executive official, the *Landesdirektor*, whose election must be confirmed by the king; but he is only *ex officio* member of the committee, which then chooses its own chairman. These arrangements, which do not answer well for the purposes of an administrative body, were added as amendments to the original draft of the Government Bill by the Upper House.

2. *The magistratical self-government* naturally attached itself to the existing Government colleges, now augmented by honorary civil assessors, as well for the sessional orders as for the judicial decisions in higher instance.

For the sessional orders a so-called *Bezirksrath* was formed, composed of the president of the *Regierungsrath*, of a second higher executive official, and of three honorary members, having the right

to vote, and elected by the provincial committee for a period of six years. As the sessional orders belong to the functions of the executive, the direction of the president as royal commissioner is in this part indispensable. The *Bezirksrath* constitutes the upper court for the sessional orders of the county committee (*Kreisausschuss*), but exercises at the same time an original jurisdiction over the police administration in boroughs with more than 10,000 inhabitants. It is also the licensing board for theatres and dangerous establishments.*

For the administrative *jurisdiction*, on the other hand, a separate court (*Bezirksverwaltungsgericht*) was constituted, consisting of a perpetual chairman (as a substitute of the president), of a second Government official, usually one of the justices, and of three honorary civil assessors, possessing votes, and chosen by the provincial committee for a period of six years. The two Government officials are appointed for life, and are perfectly independent in their office. For the same reason the law of 1875 did not make the president chairman of this court, because it is only the legality of an administrative act that here comes up for decision, and through his previous orders the president is scarcely unbiassed in such cases.

An Amendment Act of quite recent date, 1882, has, however, thrust aside these legal scruples, and has united both courts (the *Bezirksrath* and the *Bezirksverwaltungsgericht*) into one, the *Bezirksausschuss*, under the president as chairman in both matters.†

Lastly, one final supplement to the provincial courts was rendered necessary, principally by the fact that, for boroughs with more than 10 000 inhabitants, the *Bezirksausschuss* exercised the original jurisdiction. A superior court was therefore still needed, and to place this in the central department was not thought advisable. For this and a few other provincial matters, bye-laws, &c., a *Provinzialrath* was further constituted. It consists of the governor of the province, of a second higher administrative official, and of five

* From the very beginning the boroughs manifested an inclination to emancipate themselves from the county union. In the old constitution of the Estates, they had formed independent bodies by the side of the landed gentry, and were now afraid of being overruled by a majority in the county union. After long and animated discussion a compromise was effected, according to which boroughs with more than 25,000 inhabitants are to form counties for themselves, and the police administration of boroughs with more than 10,000 inhabitants is to be subordinated, not to the Landrath and the county committee, but to the President and the provincial committee (*Bezirksrath*). From this separatist tendency there have arisen complications not in themselves necessary.

† In the course of the parliamentary debates to which this Amendment Act gave rise, the Minister von Puttkamer and the Conservative party criticized the complication of Government machinery in the provinces very sharply. But the principal cause of this complication is to be traced to the action of the Upper House in sundering—contrary to all precedent—the financial administration (with its provincial committee and “Landesdirektor”) from the governor and the State administration. Occasion was, however, taken from these debates to reduce the Reform laws into two Consolidation Acts, 1882.

honorary civil assessors, chosen by the provincial committee, and gives the final decision in all matters that fall within its own sphere.*

VI. The carrying out of a *systematic administrative jurisdiction*, to which reference has already been made, as an intégral part of the newly constituted self-government, and as a necessary complement of the constitutional government, formed an improvement of the highest importance.

Under the absolute government of Prussia most comprehensive provisions were made for the protection of the subject by the law. According to common law every subject had an action for damages before the civil courts of law against every public official who had exceeded his powers, or was guilty of a wilful or careless misapplication of them. The criminal courts were to proceed *ex officio* against every public official who was guilty of a wilful abuse of power, and, according to Imperial and State legislation, they were "to pay no attention to any rescripts or inhibitions of the court." At the same time, of course, a wide sphere was left in the administrative laws for the free action of the officials, especially in matters of police and taxation. But even this sphere was covered by the comprehensive system of *complaints*, which passed (on grounds of law as well as on those of equity) from the local magistrate to the *Landrath*, from the *Landrath* to the provincial administrative college, from this latter to the Privy Council.

As in the superior courts of law, so in these colleges, there was a large body of men well versed in law, and in an independent position, through their appointment for life, and so they furnished nearly the same guarantee as the regular courts of justice. Even after the abolition of the Privy Council by the reform of Stein and Hardenberg, the provincial colleges still remained bound by law, and the oath taken on entering office, "never to enact anything *against* the laws." In the absolute state the influence of organized parties was on the whole as yet but little felt.

But the introduction of the Constitution of January 31, 1850, changed all these circumstances. Following the pernicious example of France, the subject was then deprived of the protection afforded by the regular courts, inasmuch as all civil and criminal actions against officials were made to depend on the preliminary

* The provincial government is certainly not free from anomalies. According to the principle of personal union, the *Provinzialrath* and the *Provinzialausschuss* might have been united, and the financial self-government would have been thus both simplified and improved. In consequence, however, of the high social position of the persons in provincial offices, these deficiencies are but slightly noticeable. And so the mischievous tendency of the latest amendment to the law, which threatens to endanger the impartiality of the judicial decisions, is being silently corrected by the fact, that the great majority of the Presidents leave the chair in these cases, out of a feeling of decency, which the French Prefects have long allowed to influence their action in the *Cours de Préfecture*.

decision of a central commission and of a director of prosecutions, who received his instructions from the Ministers. Again, taking France as a pattern, the constitutional system was, thenceforward, interpreted to mean that not only was the patronage of many thousand official positions, as well as the official discipline, to be used for the furtherance of the ruling party, but also that the countless arbitrary powers of the administration were to be turned to party and electoral purposes. From 1850 to 1858 an administrative system developed itself, which made the confirmation of the municipal magistrates, the licences for wine and beer-houses, passports, building licences, and many others (sometimes even the assessment of taxes), to depend upon party interests, and it was just in the metropolis that this party government was most ostentatiously displayed.

After such experiences, the opinion could not but gradually gain ground that the bureaucratic Prussian State was not calculated for the patronage of parties; that a condition of things could not possibly continue in which every Minister might finally interpret the laws of his own department; and that the professional bureaucracy was not strong enough to resist party influences in the State.*

The old system of administrative complaints was evidently in need of reconstruction. The most suitable remedy was to fill up the courts that decided these questions with persons in the independent position of judges, and to model their procedure after that of the regular courts. A side of magistratical self-government was here brought to light which had scarcely ever been perceived before. The honorary magistrates were invested with the independence of the judicial profession through their *property*, and all temptation, through the prospect of advancement or of favour, was kept at a distance. Without disturbing the hierarchy of offices, there has resulted the following arrangement:—

The complaint of any aggrieved party against the local authorities is not, as hitherto, brought up before the *Landrath* alone; he is now to be assisted by six independent honorary members (*Kreisasschuss*), whose advice and consent are necessary.

The further complaint is not, as hitherto, brought up before the President and a board of officials, but before the President (or his

* A society which is in a transition state from an old to a new order of things shows, as a rule, but little respect for the laws. The questions of the legal organization of the administration excite, therefore, but little interest in public opinion or in the daily press. It was a long and stubborn contest which a little group of political men had to wage against the indifference and forgetfulness of public opinion, and against the prejudices of professional lawyers, in order to introduce into the Prussian Constitution those *legal controls* which had been nearly altogether lost through a misapprehension of French constitutionalism. It was only in the course of the Reform legislation that this side of the question came to be understood, and to be seriously taken into consideration by the leaders of both parties—Conservatives as well as Liberals. It is this part of the Reform that has gained the most constant friends.

substitute *ad hoc*) and a quorum of honorary members in judicial independence (*Bezirksverwaltungsgericht, Bezirksausschuss*).

The final complaint as to disputed questions in law is not, as hitherto, brought up before the Secretary of State, into whose department it falls, but before a court of error (*Oberverwaltungsgericht*), at present composed of thirteen justices in two divisions.

This last reform is the same as that which was effected in England by the abolition of the Star Chamber through 16 Car. I. c. 10, so that, instead of the jurisdiction of the Privy Council (cabinet), the writs of "certiorari," "mandamus," &c., now lie to a Supreme Court.

There hence arose a hierarchy of courts of administrative jurisdiction (*Verwaltungsgerichte*), of three grades:—

The *Kreisausschuss*, with an original jurisdiction over the orders and fines of the *Amtsvorsteher* and of the urban mayors.

against *Bezirksverwaltungsgericht (Bezirksausschuss)*, as court of

and, the above, and at the same time with an original jurisdiction over boroughs with more than 10,000 inhabitants, as well as in matters of county elections, county rates, and orders of the *Landrath*.

The *Oberverwaltungsgericht*, as the supreme court, with an original jurisdiction in a few matters relating to boroughs with more than 10,000 inhabitants—as court of appeal in matters of county elections, county rates, and orders of the *Landrath*. The *Oberverwaltungsgericht* is just as independent of the administration.

The members of all these courts are just as independent of the Ministry in power as those of the ordinary courts. The *Kreis-* and *Bezirksgerichte* are composed of a majority of honorary members, by the same tenure of office as the completely independent through the Law, and both State officials judges of the Supreme Court have the same tenure of office. In order still further judges of the High Imperial Court of the Provinces and their counsel or of the Provincial Court are appointed for a fixed term of years. To insure an impartial decision, both parties are heard in open court, and evidence is taken in accordance with the rules of the civil courts of law. To insure this, the complaint thus corroborated is termed an *action-at-law*.

The administrative jurisdiction is extended to all party influences in a administration which are exposed to unfairness and all orders of the local constitutional government—viz.:

1. In consequence of a *generalis clausula* to all orders of the local magistracy implying a constraint of the person or property, either to bring these cases an election is left to the aggrieved party, either to bring in an action (and a further appeal to a superior court) or to levy a complaint (in equity) to the *Landrath* or President. Against the final decision of the President a writ of error is still open to the Supreme Court.

2. Special remedies are provided in cases of refusal of licences for inns, beer-houses, refreshment-houses, retail trade in intoxicating liquors, and some other licences exposed to a specific abuse of party influence.

3. Actions for deciding questions of law concerning parochial rates, county rates, provincial rates, may also be submitted to a final decision of the Supreme Court.

4. Decisions containing disputed questions of police and communal burdens combined, as to the maintenance of the poor, the highways, the primary schools, and some other matters involving interests in property (drainage, sewers, &c.), are conducted according to specially arranged methods of procedure.

5. And so too with regard to disputes concerning communal elections, admission to communal offices, communal boundaries, participation in communal rights.*

About the same time, through the imperial laws, the legal control of the regular courts was restored, in civil actions and criminal prosecutions of officials who have exceeded or abused their powers.

The legal protection of the subject in the sphere of public law has, by these measures, been assured to so great an extent that henceforward simplification will be possible. The expectation that the pernicious influence of party spirit on the administration and parliamentary elections would be effectually counteracted has been verified, and the professional officials are finding by experience that their position is secured and raised by their united action with the honorary officials.

VII. *The general architecture of the Prussian State administration* has not been essentially remodelled by the introduction of these new organs, but it has certainly been improved by them.

Prussia needs a strong executive in order to fulfil the onerous duties of a State in which so many dissimilar elements are welded together, many formerly semi-sovereign States both great and small, and where the urban and rural communities are so dissimilar. For this purpose it needs a rigid subordination of its administrative organs, each placed under a responsible head—the central department under the principal Secretary of State, the province under the governor, the *Bezirk* under the *Regierungs-president*, the county under the *Landrath*, the division under the *Amtsvorsteher*, the borough under its mayor.

For these responsible offices Prussia needs a class of higher professional officials carefully trained for practice in the matter of politi-

* For some departments provision had already been made, through older legislative arrangements. Thus, for the levying of the standing army through "*Kreis-ersatz Commissionen*," analogous to the meetings of the deputy-lieutenants in England; for the assessment of the direct State taxes, through assessment committees in counties and boroughs; for disputes between State and Church, through a special high ecclesiastical court.

of political economy, of finance, and of administrative law, and in many offices assisted by men learned in the law.

In the absolute State, regular appointment during good behaviour, and the collegiate form of the provincial courts of administration (*Regierungs-Kollegien*), served to maintain a certain moral independence for these officials. Under the new form of parliamentary government, and under the influence of political parties, however, these guarantees could not be retained unchanged. The principal administrative officials (Under-Secretaries of State, Presidents, *Landräthe*) were now placed "at the disposition" of the constitutional Minister—i.e., appointed during pleasure, in order to maintain intact the responsibility of the Ministers. A division of functions has therefore been introduced, according to which the legality of the administration is secured in other ways:—

1. All orders, decrees, and measures of the administration in which the influence of party spirit can make itself felt in the constitutional State at the expense of justice are placed under the rigid *legal control of the administrative courts of justice* (county court, provincial court, supreme court).

2. For the so-called *Beschluss-sachen* (sessional orders), originating in the State's right of control, it is deemed advisable, for the sake of impartiality and of respect for communal independence, to give certain civil duties to State officials (e.g., the confirmation of bye-laws, the approval of sales and loans, licences for theatres, hospitals, lunatic asylums, hawkers and pedlars, and for dangerous and obnoxious trades), so that these orders cannot be passed without the consent of the honorary members of the *Kreisausschuss*, *Bezirksausschuss*, *Provinzialrath*.

3. For all the remaining functions of the administration, which form the immense majority of the acts of the daily work of government, the bureaucratic system is carried out in its simplicity and with energy.

The energy of the executive has not been impaired by the introduction of magistratical self-government (for urgent orders may provisionally be executed), while, on the other hand, the legality of the administration and the integrity of the officials have received a valuable support which nothing can replace.

And this is just why the extension of the reform to the whole monarchy may be looked upon as certain. It was first of all introduced into the old provinces, where it was most of all necessary to set aside the manorial system. Through a law of 1884 it has been extended to the province of Hanover, and through a Bill of 1885 to Nassau and Hesse. The provinces that still stand out embrace about a fourth of the monarchy, and they will soon follow.

This reform, as a whole, presents a phenomenon of rare occurrence

in the civilized world of to-day—it fulfils the last and final purpose of all communal institutions. It creates anew corporations bound together by public duty, which re-unite society, sundered by private interests, antipathy of races, and hostile creeds, by the bond of common civil duties. This it does by accustoming the upper and middle classes of society to the common fulfilment of personal duties, and by granting to the higher classes higher electoral rights as a return for personal service, without which that self-activity is not to be attained. These counties and cities, closely serried in ever-increasing coherence, have been taken as the firm foundation for all elections to the Prussian Parliament, and thus secure for Germany the certainty of a rising Parliament for the future.

R. GNEIST.

PENNY DINNERS.

PENNY dinners are too much associated in the public mind with starving children.

It is impossible to speak accurately, but probably more than half the working men and women in London cannot afford to spend on the food of their children one-half the sum that would be expended if their children were brought up in the workhouse school.

It was mainly to help these parents that I commenced in March, 1884, the experiment of self-supporting dinners in London ; and for the sober, industrious members of that class I would plead—men and women whose lives are spent in one long struggle to make both ends meet, who never tell their wants or ask for charity, and who cannot give their children a sufficiency of healthy nourishing food. The dinners are required wherever the children of such men and women are found.

And the widower and the widow, out all day at their work, the mother chained to her machine, unable to spare time or fuel to make ready a hot meal, the sick parent “worried” with the noise of the children, the elder sister set free to go out to work—these and many others have testified to the benefit of the dinners by sending the children continuously.

We need, moreover, to realize more the nature and quality of the food of the working classes. “Good feeding,” says the *Lancet*, “is necessary for brain-nutrition ;” but many children, including those of comparatively well-to-do artisans, are brought up upon food that, owing partly to ignorance, partly to the want of suitable appliances for cookery at home, is insufficiently nourishing, often even harmful. At one penny-dinner centre many of the little children who paid for their dinners were unable at first to eat the wholesome food, at

another they were made ill, at a third dry bread was at first petitioned for; in all these cases the usual diet had been so poor or harmful that the children could not at first digest the plain food put before them. It has been a common experience in London that many of the children, who have pence wherewith to pay for their dinners, are like convalescents; needing nourishing food, they have been at first unable to take it.

Should the dinners, then, be open to all who choose to pay for them? A well-known lady writing to me on this subject said: "I doubt whether it is desirable thus to relieve universally and permanently parents, at least mothers, of the natural duty of providing for their children's daily wants. . . . Even infant schools and Kindergartens have their dark side in freeing the mother from her natural occupation. . . . Affection is apt to wither away where natural duties, with their attendant sacrifices and pleasures, are abolished."

If the problem be to establish a dinner trade that shall be a commercial success—and from the first, both the Rev. W. Moore Ede, of Gateshead, and myself have conducted our experiments with a view to that end—the dinners must be open to all who have a penny, and the results, anticipated in the letter I have quoted, faced.

The results are possible, but to what extent? Sufficient to more than counterbalance the advantages? Are the parents who would abuse the penny dinners in a majority over those who need and use them? As far as my own experience goes the answer is emphatically No! The head-master of a large Board school said one day to me, "These dinners have reached the struggling respectable poor," and I believe all the teachers who have seen the children at the dinners would give a like opinion. I have often called their attention to the point, and seldom have they been able to put their finger upon any child whose parents could afford to give it a better dinner. A striking instance of the unwillingness of self-respecting parents to take unfair advantage of a boon offered to them is found in a well-to-do West End parish. For the last nine or ten years dinners at 3*d.* a head have been provided at the National school, and supplemented by 1½*d.* dinners during the winter. Though the cheaper dinners are largely attended during the trying winter months, the demand ceases as the spring returns—the parents are able again and willing to pay the higher rate.

But is not "abuse" a strong term to use? What is offered in these dinners? A nourishing meal, sufficient for a child. Why should a parent be called upon to spend 2*d.* or 3*d.* on his child's meal when he can buy it for one penny? Is the coffee tavern system abused because coffee taverns are frequented by those who could afford to pay higher prices than those charged? Are working men and women so rich that there is no benefit in helping them to reduce

their expenditure on food, an item that exceeds all their other expenses put together? A working-man, especially if he is a careful man, has, more than other people, many and frequent claims on his pocket owing to sickness and death amongst his mates. Analyze his necessary expenses, and see how little is left for that which he needs every whit as much as his richer brethren—a time of rest, and change, and recreation.

In many instances no doubt the penny saved would swell the amount spent in drink, but are the many who would lay it by to be forgotten or ignored? Are those who would wisely use the penny saved to be left unaided because there are others who would waste it?

Supposing dinners to be started, and open to all, it will soon become evident that there are many children who do not come, but who evidently need good food. If they can pay, why don't they come? If they can't pay, what is to be done for them? Experience is still wanting to enable us to come to definite conclusions upon these two questions; they are not to be answered in a day. But we can study some facts, which may help us towards a right judgment.

And first, as regards those who could pay, but do not come, or rather do not continue to come. With one exception, and that at a Board school where the fee was a high one, all the teachers whom I consulted in various parts of London agreed that the dinners would be a great boon, and that the children would come in large numbers. Several times I was warned that the great difficulty would be in providing for so many, and no one, I think, has been more surprised at the actual results than those who were best competent to form an opinion—viz., the teachers.

As a rule, where dinner centres have been opened in London children have come in large numbers for the first week or two, and then have fallen off, and for, I think, the following among other reasons: the usual reaction which befalls all new movements, the distance in most instances of the dinner centres from the schools, the distaste of the children at first for some of the food put before them, the failure of the parents to understand the nature of the movement and their consequent mistrust, the withholding of the penny by parents in the hope of a gift of a free dinner, the competition with free dinners.

As may readily be seen, however, none of these are obstacles of any lasting importance. Time will remove some, and others are fast being overcome. At the Gifford Street Centre, the one first opened in March, 1884, and which has been continued ever since, the reaction has passed away, and the numbers now are well kept up. Again, as regards the distances of the dinner centres from the schools, the School Board for London is acting most generously, and granting the

use of part of the school premises, with, in every instance, beneficial results. In three of the poorest districts, the willingness of the parents to pay rather than receive for their children the gift of a free dinner, although in two instances the free dinners were given just opposite to the schools, is most encouraging and of good omen.

Time and patience, and a disposition to meet the rational wishes of parents and children, are alone required to make the self-supporting penny dinners a success; for the offer of a sufficient nourishing dinner for one penny, with its little short of marvellous results, mental and physical, needs only time to force itself irresistibly upon parents.

But still there will be found children who apparently cannot pay; what is to be done with them? Indiscriminate giving to adults is now universally condemned, but indiscriminate giving to children is comparatively a new phase of the question. Are the children, it is asked, of the drunkard, who deliberately brings upon himself his sufferings, to be allowed to suffer for his sin? The clothes and the boots given for the child to attend school may be pawned for drink, but what harm can a dinner eaten on the spot by the child do? Again, all the vast machinery of a school system is unavailable for want of a little essential oil, food. The State requires that a child should be educated, and expects certain results in return for its grants, and those results cannot be extracted from children whose stomachs and brains are half-starved. Children must be fed by charity or by the State if their parents neglect their duty, otherwise, "deprived of proper food at the age when they most require it," they will "grow up weak, sickly, and incapable of earning more than a miserable and precarious pittance, and in due course become the parents of a generation feebler than themselves, and thus there is a progressive deterioration in the physique of the poorer portion of our town populations." If these arguments are opposed to the principles of political economy, and tend to the pauperization of the masses, the masses, it is answered, are already pauperized. It is contended, moreover, by those who have largely given free dinners that no evil results follow. Mr. Moore Ede's testimony is very emphatic. "By making," he says, "each school responsible for the management of the dinners, and the teachers for the selection of those children to whom free dinners shall be given, we in Gateshead are of opinion that we can grapple with child destitution without in any appreciable degree pauperizing either children or parents." The same results were found by Miss Edith Simcox in Westminster in 1881, and by those who are now carrying on the Gifford Street dinners in London.

Again, do not the results justify such action? In a large Board school in London a class was formed last autumn of about fifty boys,

the greater part put together as "hopelèss cases—dull, stupid, and residual;" a strong experienced teacher was specially selected to take charge. After careful investigation the teacher, "making allowance for fraud," was convinced that 30 per cent. of his pupils were always in a state of semi-starvation. As an experiment he gave some dinners, and it soon became possible to notice and measure the progress made. In a fortnight, so fast was the convalescence, dull apathetic children were rapidly becoming very intelligent.

Such arguments and facts are not to be lightly disposed of, and opposite views need to be supported by a strong case; but it is impossible to overrate the importance of a right conclusion upon a question which may possibly, and probably will, affect every school in the country.

If it once be granted that all those children must be fed whose parents do not give them sufficient food, the State can alone supply their wants. And the result would be a supplementation of wages by the State, and in many instances a consequent lowering of wages by the employer. As it has been well stated in a newspaper written for and read by the working classes, "Can it be supposed that, with the present fierce competition for labour, this little something extra will long be enjoyed, even by the parents? A fall in wages will inevitably be the consequence, just as much as if the State supplied the poor with houses, clothes, or any other necessary. The wages of the poor and unskilled are measured by their necessity, and if we lessen one we lessen the other." In his well-known report on Poor Law Administration in London, Mr. Longley has shown that the grant of outdoor relief to a few thousand women "contributes sensibly to reduce the rate of wages in some branches of female labour in London." What, then, would be the effect of the "little something extra" given throughout London to the children alike of the deserving and undeserving? It is not forty years ago that soup kitchens in the Metropolis were first permanently established, and their palmy days have long since passed away, their abuse in most instances having strangled them. Would it be wise to revive them or their equivalent, and handicap those institutions that have recognized and avoided the evils of the old indiscriminate issue? It has been well asked, "What prospect could be more hopeless than that of developing prudence and self-reliance by gratuitously providing for the wants of those who are neither prudent nor self-reliant? . . . With the weakening of the spring of self-responsibility we could not hope for an elevation of the standard of self-respect."

It will be observed, in the arguments and facts in favour of the free issue of dinners, that the distinction between those parents who cannot and those who will not pay is deliberately sunk, and the question is treated from a school point of view. But is there not a higher

point of view, a deeper aim—the ultimate benefit to, and the permanent improvement in the condition of, our poorer brethren? Now that end cannot be attained so long as we lump them in one undigested mass. There are as many classes among the poor as there are amongst the rich.

In the particular question under consideration, then, our first duty should be to discriminate between those who can and those who cannot pay, not of necessity to refuse help to those whom we have so long encouraged in habits of dependence that they could not suddenly be deprived of the help they have been accustomed to, but, whilst relieving their present needs, to endeavour to restore them to habits of self-respect and self-support.

And probably it will be found that the number of children whose parents cannot as a rule pay for a penny dinner is comparatively small. “Never once,” is the report from an East End district, “has a dinner been asked for, children always gladly bringing their pence and halfpence, evidently not expecting charity, although this is one of the poorest and worst neighbourhoods in London, many of the customers being barefooted and bareheaded.” Like views are entertained by those who have provided dinners in proverbially poor districts in the east, south, and centre of the Metropolis. The condition of some of the parents who have found means to pay me regularly for their children’s dinners is so straitened that, in some instances, it would be difficult to find a lower level. A widow in receipt of parish relief, living in one room with four children, working with her sewing machine for a shop in a poor street, unable to spare time to cook, to whose family a hot meal had been unknown, was able to pay fourpence a day for her four children. Here are some more cases where the children came regularly—a widow, on the parish, seven in family; a family, eight in number, the father out of work, very poor; a family, six in number, father on the parish.

If the penny can be forthcoming in these instances, is it not a fair inference that in the majority of cases it could be? Moreover, it should be borne in mind that there are comparatively few children who do not, as a rule, have a mid-day meal to the value of at least one halfpenny, bread and dripping, or (but in rare cases) bread only. The question, therefore, is narrowed to this—are there many parents who cannot afford an extra halfpenny a day to give a child a good dinner? *

Upon the right answer to this question—in other words, upon the exercise of sound discrimination—depends the success of the dinners.

* Experiments are being tried in halfpenny dinners, but I fear the self-supporting element must be given up in them. The profits are, and must be, insufficient to pay all the expenses. I greatly doubt, moreover, the possibility of giving a sufficient mid-day meal for $\frac{1}{2}$ d.

"Systematic visitation of the homes," says the author of the "*Bitter Cry*," "and careful examination into each case, is necessary." In cases of temporary distress there would probably be little difficulty in coming to a right conclusion. Children should be considered eligible for free dinners whose parents (a) were temporarily unable, through no fault of their own, to pay for a meal, and (b) sent them regularly and punctually to school, unless compelled in times of distress to employ them at home or get them employment. In such cases, probably, dinners might with advantage be given to the whole family. But the question of what should be done for children whose parents cannot even supply them with a minimum of food is a very grave one. For such cases temporary relief, in the form of dinners, might be given to the children and their parents during inquiry, but when once the conclusion as to the state of the family was arrived at, when once it was found that the family was in a chronic state of destitution, food, clothing, a habitable room, everything wanting, a state from which they could not permanently be raised by charity, then dinners to the children would only be as a surface covering of a deep incurable sore. There is nothing but the parish.

But the condition of the children of worthless parents is still more serious. As a rule, whatever is done by charity should be primarily for the permanent benefit of the recipient, and, secondarily, for the upraising and support of those around. Tried by these two standards, what permanent benefit accrues to the child of an idle or drunken person by the issue of a free dinner, or how is the idle or drunken parent raised by the issue of a free dinner to his child, or his struggling respectable neighbour encouraged and supported? The dinner will invigorate the child, and help it to learn the school lessons; but what is it continuing to learn at home? It is becoming more familiarized with drunkenness and idleness, and all that follows in their train. Is not something more than a dinner required for such a child? and yet—such is the public apathy—how great is the danger of giving the dinner, and overlooking, or, perhaps, rather ignoring in despair, the surroundings of the child! And, as regards the parent, will the gift of a dinner to his child soften his heart and prompt him to change his ways? Will he not rather hear of it with indifference, careless whether his child is fed or not so long as he is left alone to idle or drink away his life? And as to the neighbour. There is ample proof—in opposition to that which I have quoted above from Gateshead and elsewhere—that the result is harmful and demoralizing. "The free dinners will kill our movement" is the cry of despair from one of the poorest districts in London. How soon the corruption will spread to the little children themselves will be seen from the following record of experience in Liverpool:—

"Owing to questions asked at the schools, an idea got about that no breakfast was a claim for a penny dinner ticket, and as it became known that tickets were being given away, many applications were made, accompanied by statements of 'no breakfast,' the requests for dinner tickets being from children attending both at the Board and Church schools. These were carefully looked into, but it was found that often the statements were untrue; either the children had had breakfast, or they had had no breakfast, not because the parents had no food or money, but because the parents had gone drunk to bed, and had been unwilling or unable to rise; or they had gone without breakfast at the parents' suggestion, or even at their own, in hopes of dinner tickets being given—a chance of raisin pudding in the future being preferred to dry bread in the present, or that they had had bread, but, having eaten it in the street, did not count it as breakfast."

But is the little child to be left, then, to suffer? If we content ourselves with feeding him, we mitigate his sufferings; but we leave him to suffer, leave him to grow up like his parent, perhaps to have children born to him to grow up in like manner. Although it is very hard to say what should be done in such cases, yet we are narrowing the question by determining what should not be done. There is a law by which Guardians can proceed against an able-bodied man who becomes a burden on the parish owing to his drinking habits; there is another by which a child can be removed from vicious surroundings. These laws need to be extended in their application and made more easy of enforcement. I trust, and I speak as a chairman of a Board of Guardians, that the day may soon come when orphans and deserted children will not be the only little ones boarded out. Who can need more the loving care of a foster-mother than the little child who is learning in its own home from its own parents all that is life- and soul-destroying?

There is no social question that needs more to be agitated, no social sore that needs more to be exposed to public attention and horror, than the condition of the little child whose father and mother have forfeited every right to its custody. And yet there is a painful danger that in feeding the children of idle or drunken men and women we are actually preventing wholesome public opinion being brought to bear upon the whole subject; we are lulling the world (satisfied at something being done) in its false idea of security, and are helping it to continue what is evil and what produces evil.

And now to sum up the substance of these views.

1. Self-supporting penny dinners are required for children "whose parents, although in a position to pay, are unable, from various causes, to provide them with food sufficiently nourishing, varied, and ample." *

2. To establish a dinner trade that shall be a commercial success, the dinners must be open to all.

* All necessary information will be found in a pamphlet entitled "Self-supporting Penny Dinners for School Children: How to Establish and Manage them. With numerous Dinner Recipes." Published by Alexander & Shephard, 21, Castle Street, Holborn. See also the pamphlets referred to in the above.

3. Although in most instances the dinners fall off after the first few weeks, the causes are such as might be anticipated, and, with time and patience, may be expected to pass away.

4. In dealing with those children who need good food, but have no money, we must first discriminate between those parents who cannot and those who will not pay.

5. There is a higher than a school point of view, and that is the ultimate benefit to, and permanent improvement in the condition of, our poorer brethren.

6. Any wholesale distribution of free dinners by which parents would be relieved of a duty they could well carry out would be contrary to such a view, and productive of immeasurable harm.

7. Comparatively few parents cannot, as a rule, pay.

8. Inquiry, therefore, is needed as to both the fact and cause of the alleged distress.

9. Eligible cases.

10. Chronic cases of poverty incurable by charity should be left to be dealt with by the Guardians.

11. The children of the worthless would but little benefit by dinners; they need to be removed from the evil home influences.

It is hardly necessary to point out how heavy is the work above indicated. It is a work that love's labour can alone lighten.

S. D. FULLER.

THE ADVANCE TOWARDS HOME RULE.

TWELVE years ago, when Mr. Butt put forward his plea for Home Rule, it was met by one set of English politicians with a blank refusal, and by another, more diplomatic, with the excuse: "We do not understand what Home Rule means. Bring in your Bill and then we shall see." The refusal of the Tories and the evasive diplomacy of the Whigs produced no discouragement in the minds of the Irish people. They had been accustomed to see the most moderate reforms denied for generations, and it had become proverbial in Ireland that no attention should be paid to the "nevers" of English statesmen, whose cries of "No surrender" on every demand, from Emancipation to the "Three F's," form one of the stock subjects of mockery in popular assemblies. So the Home Rule agitation went on unabated, but the leaders of the movement still declined to reduce their demand to Bill-form on the ground that it would be time enough to do this when its justice was admitted in principle. Mr. Parnell followed Mr. Butt in refusing to give his opponents the pleasure of picking holes in the details of a scheme so long as both Liberals and Conservatives declared Home Rule to be impossible, and, though some Englishmen seemed to regard this attitude as irritating, its practical wisdom is unimpeachable. For could it be expected that statesmen who denounced the project in the rough would be captivated and fascinated by the exposition of the details? The movement of the past few years, however, appears to have effected the conversion of many previous opponents, and many politicians of different shades have begun to nibble at the question. It is needless to scan their motives, or ask the reason why. Enough if they admit that "something must be done."

Mr. Parnell's party have not formally argued the merits of Home

Rule very frequently, yet many persons will now concede that even for England it would have its conveniences. Englishmen may not admire the way in which the Irish have conducted operations to bring about this result, but for practical purposes such admiration is unnecessary. An admission of their efficacy is the sweetest applause which those concerned look for, and it is even notable how lightly British condemnations are treated by modern Irish politicians. While, therefore, it is evident that leading men are beginning to cultivate an open mind on the subject, as yet their views do not appear to have taken definite shape. It would be unwise to overrate the value of mere declarations of anxiety on their part to come to some terms of settlement with Ireland. Such expressions, though gratifying, are vague, and as yet only one important politician, dropping mere phrases, has descended to particulars. That a statesman of the rank of Mr. Chamberlain should feel it necessary to approach the subject constructively rather than critically, and propose, instead of asking for, the details of a plan, shows at all events that we have advanced a long way from the Butt epoch. The amiable gentleman who started the Home Rule movement used to be bullied and laughed at for demanding something which it used to be said, with exquisite sarcasm, he could not explain and no one could understand. Indeed, as a rule, could it not be said that the opponents of Irish demands prefer to treat them funnily in the earlier stages, causing the dense-headed Celt, who has to put up with a certain reputation for humour, to crack a great many grim, unrelishable jokes to gain his ends and prove that he may sometimes be a very serious person? In Mr. Butt's day, the whole Liberal party declared in chorus that they could not understand Home Rule, but not one of them appeared to think there could be any statesmanship in trying to devise a plan for themselves which might be alike acceptable to England and to Ireland. The leader of the movement of 1873 would probably have jumped with delight could Mr. Chamberlain's proposals of 1885 have been tendered for his acceptance. But it is just this dozen years' interval that makes all the difference. You may choke a river at its source, but it cannot even be dammed at its mouth, and there has been too heavy an investment of sacrifice and struggle in the meantime to induce our people to surrender for minor concessions. If the rulers of Ireland prefer, by spurning every suggestion for the accommodation of the Anglo-Irish difficulty, to raise public passion to molten heat, they must take the consequences. Irish politicians wash their hands of them, and treat with disdain the remonstrant whine of those virtuous obstructors of reform who, while denouncing "turbulence," "sedition," and "rebellion," are themselves the fanners and stokers of the fiercest fires of agitation. Twelve years ago it was the ABC of British politics that the Act of Union irrevocably and eternally

settled the relations of England and Ireland, and if to-day there is a change, who will say it is due to the effect of logic or the claims of justice? A few persons of course seem to have the echo of this parrot cry still lingering in their ears, but they are principally newspaper editors, who make it a rule never either to die or surrender. Bating this unapproachable caste, many of those who were formerly bitterest in their opposition to the Irish demand would perhaps be just as glad if the record of their earlier opinions were not so easily ascertainable, and from the publication of Mr. Chamberlain's scheme the "coming-on disposition" of another set of politicians may be inferred.

As to the merits of the proposals of the Radical leader it is due to him at the outset to admit that he must have had very great difficulties in putting forward any definite plan. For, not to speak of the prejudices of a section of the British electorate, already alarmed, perhaps, by his so-called "socialistic" theories, there was the obstacle that, in trying to supply details, he had very little assistance to derive from the accumulated materials of discarded schemes which on most other subjects cumber the lumber-rooms of the House of Commons. When a Land Act had to be drawn, there were hundreds of Bills, from the days of Sharman Crawford to our own, from which a draftsman might glean useful knowledge. But in dealing with Home Rule, the candid investigator will find little to reward his quest in the Parliamentary Bill Office beyond the sweet simplicity of Daniel O'Connell's ten-line Bill to repeal the Act of 1800. In fact, it is doubtful whether, excepting a proposal to establish Elective Councils drafted in 1883 for the Irish party, any one in search of the materials out of which to manufacture a new Constitution for Ireland would find anything to guide him in the shape of detailed proposals. With such help as this Bill afforded, however, Mr. Chamberlain seems to have addressed himself to his difficult task, and, after dealing with the question of County Boards, he boldly puts forward as a competitor to Grattan's Parliament the idea of a "National Council," exercising all the powers now vested in Private Bill Committees of the House of Commons. It has been correctly stated that a proposal of this kind was contained in the original draft of the Elective Councils Bill of 1883.

The clause creating a central Council, however, was struck out when a "proof" was submitted to the Irish party, and it was never sanctioned by them, although the first draft saw the light in some of the Dublin newspapers. Nor is it uninteresting to note that, although this scheme *plus* County Boards is now put forward by Mr. Chamberlain, within a fortnight after quitting office, as a settlement of the Irish difficulty, the much more modest Elective Councils Bill of 1883 was energetically opposed and defeated by the Government of which

he was so influential a member. The cold, dry light which streams on all debateable questions from the Opposition benches has, however, illuminated duller eyes than those of Radical statesmen, and it is more important now to consider why his proposals must fail to satisfying the Irish people. The first observation the dullest Irishman would make on them is that, if Englishmen are willing to grant a measure of Home Rule to Ireland, they need not begrudge the concession to native sentiment of calling the new Legislature a "Parliament" instead of a "Council." Let them keep their Councils for Fiji, or some island of yesterday; we'll none of them. Having learnt to speak the English language, we surely may have leave to employ it as royally as our neighbours. Again, the suggestion that this Council is to be "liable to be brought to book in the High Court for exceeding its functions" is so intolerable that it would not even be discussed by Irish representatives, unless Mr. Chamberlain means the tribunal to be one modelled on the Supreme Courts of the United States, to take cognizance of purely unconstitutional infringements. But he surely does not forget that the Supreme Federal Court also takes cognizance of the acts of Congress; and does he propose that an Irish suitor might similarly bring the Imperial Parliament "to book" for an infringement on the prerogatives of his National Council? In the same spirit is the proposal that this body "should have its power of rating strictly defined and limited;" and, without further criticizing the scheme, it will be seen that the conception of a Sovereign Chamber controlling purely Irish affairs has not, so far, entered into the calculations of Mr. Chamberlain. Yet he calmly suggests, as if all the declarations which so many generations of Irishmen have made were the feelings of children, that, once his scheme got into operation, the impressionable Celts would abandon their dream of a native Parliament. This splendid British phlegm, which treats no Irishman, except a dynamiter, as a serious person, would be an admirable endowment in a Radical leader if the National party were an entirely helpless body of gall-lacking politicians. But, as things are, I, as one of them, take leave to say that when the cry of Grattan's Parliament is heard no more it will not be because it has been silenced by the establishment of a "National Council." If Ireland agreed to forego any of the rights which England solemnly guaranteed her under the Constitution of 1782—as, for instance, a separate minting, postal, and customs system—it would be for the sake of convenience and economy, and because compensating arrangements of a more practical character might be devised. The irreducible minimum of the Irish party, therefore, is that, leaving aside affairs of Imperial concern, all things else should be ordered and discussed in College Green by a Parliament responsible only to the Irish people, and Nationalists would prefer to

hand down the struggle to their children rather than abate it one jot. If this Parliament misbehaved itself, England has her army and her fortresses in the island, and her ironclads on its coasts, and those who distrust any other guarantee against the dismemberment of the Empire save that which lies locked in "villainous saltpetre," would have the satisfaction that it would be easy to march in and Cromwell it at any moment. To destroy its liberties by naked force would certainly be a more decent operation than was the bribing away of the life of the Parliament of 1800.

But it will be said, even if England were willing to accede to this demand, how is Ireland's contribution to the Imperial exchequer to be assessed? and secondly, is it proposed to invite our masters to alter their own legislative system so that 103 Irish members may come over to Westminster at certain times to discuss foreign and colonial affairs? As to the first objection, would it not to-morrow be a simple matter to strike a finance account between the two countries which would show the present average amount of direct and indirect Irish taxation as against what is spent in Ireland? If so, on ascertaining the balance, the Imperial contribution could be easily arrived at. We should be generous if, in calculating the amount, we claimed no rebate on the ground that, at the time of the Union, the Irish National Debt was only £13,000,000, and that our country has since been fraudulently saddled with taxation on the English debt of £700,000,000. In case it is held that the Imperial contribution could not always remain the same in case of war, any extra levy which might be demandable could easily be apportioned according to relative wealth and population, or by means of special customs imposts.

Then as to representation in the Imperial Parliament, no doubt, under a perfect federal system, a number of Irish members would be entitled to discuss the objects on which their taxation was spent. To arrange for this would involve a re-adjustment of the existing method of doing business at Westminster, which Englishmen might urge we have no right to claim, however topsy-turvy that method may be. Granted. Only, let Imperialists not flatter themselves that the present generation of Irish members at all events are so very anxious about the right to sit in the London Parliament. Supposing, then, that, having contracted to pay a lump annual sum, Ireland was, for the sake of peace, to forego all right to be represented elsewhere than at home, would the British not be glad to be rid for ever of those brutal savages and "blackguards" who disgrace the traditions of the House of Commons and trample on its ancient usages? The joy, I think, would be mutual, though no doubt the system would be more symmetrical if an Imperial delegation left Ireland periodically to take part in discussing foreign and colonial, naval and military, affairs. If, however, English statesmen make it

a main objection to a Home Rule scheme that it would dislocate their own parliamentary arrangements, then by all means, if the matter can be settled so, I should cheerfully give up my say on Hong Kong and hundred-ton guns. Hard as it may be for the Jingo-souled to credit, there are, nevertheless, Irishmen sufficiently parochial in their patriotism to believe that the best thing for the smaller country would be a system in which the attention of her people should be concentrated on their own affairs without minding anything else. Nor is it easy to see how so decimated an island as ours could afford two sets of representatives—one for Home and the other for Imperial affairs. If it be best that anything which tends to subtract from or to impoverish the intellectual strength of the native Legislature should be guarded against—in that view alone the federal system is open to objection, although no doubt it may be desirable on several grounds. Be this as it may, the thing for Englishmen to realize is, that the Irish demand a Legislature which shall control everything in the island from a prison to a palace, and every official from the judge to the hangman. They point to the experience of several powerful nations to show that it would be an easy matter to define what are Imperial and what are local affairs; and they ask, in the interest of both countries, if there be any statesmen willing to take up the question in a generous and determined spirit in the new Parliament. If the “white plume” of Midlothian still led the van in that assembly, there is no man in the Liberal party to compete with Mr. Gladstone for breadth of view, be the professions of his Radical lieutenants what they may. Were his strength as certain as his statesmanship, he could settle the question; but already his young men are claiming the future as their own. Who knows? No wizard can bridge the period from this till the dissolution. Even the capable citizen may forswear his maker, and thereafter mayhap it is the Tories, freed by the effacement of the Orangemen at the elections, who will be called upon to undo the hapless work of Castlereagh.

T. M. HEALY.

CONTEMPORARY RECORDS.

I.—HISTORY OF RELIGION.

PROFESSOR PFLEIDERER'S "Philosophy of Religion"* is one of the most important and solid books on the subject. It now appears in a new edition, so enlarged and expanded as to be virtually a new work. It is about twice the size of the first edition, a volume of 797 pages, which appeared in 1878. The additions relate both to the philosophy, which now occupies the whole of the first volume, and to the history and exposition of religion, which are dealt with in the second. In the former part the enlargement is due to a more extended critical history of the philosophies of religion; in the latter part it is mainly due to an attempt to apply the philosophy to history, indicating a tendency to return to the idea and method, though not to the classification, of his older book, "Die Religion, ihr Wesen und ihre Geschichte" (1869). The two parts are so connected that the philosophy introduces the history, and the history, with its complementary exposition, illustrates and verifies the philosophy. Pfleiderer is an acute critic, a clear and vigorous expositor, a positive and penetrative thinker; most at home in the realms of critical and constructive interpretation, yet with the speculative courage that can follow a principle up to its sources, or out to its last application. His book is an educative book, certain to make the student feel the vastness of the subject it handles; certain, too, to stimulate and instruct the mind resolute enough to tackle its problems and pursue its subtle criticisms and recondite reasonings.

In the first volume, which is a "History of the Philosophy of Religion from Spinoza to the Present Time," Pfleiderer discusses his subject under four divisions:—First, the Critical philosophies; which comprehend Spinoza, Leibnitz, Wolf, English Deism, Lessing, and Kant. Secondly, the Intuitive; which include Hamann, Herder, Jacobi, Goethe, Novalis, and the Romanticists. Thirdly, the Speculative; embracing Fichte, Schleiermacher, Schelling, Baader, Krause, and Hegel. Fourthly, the tendencies of the present; Positivism, Neo-Kantism, Herbart's school, Schopenhauer, and the later Hegelian speculation. An introductory chapter describes

* "Religions-philosophie auf Geschichtlicher Grundlage." Von Dr. Otto Pfleiderer, Professor an der Universität zu Berlin. Zweite Auflage. Berlin: G. Reimer. 2 vols., pp. xii.-640 and 676. 1884.

Theosophic Mysticism and the anti-scholastic philosophy of the Renaissance—the latter as impersonated in Giordano Bruno—as the precursors and anticipators of religious philosophy; and a concluding chapter notices briefly the contemporary workers in this field in the various European countries. In the 640 pages which these discussions occupy there is enough of hard thinking and elaborate disquisition to initiate the student who wishes to master this subject into its deep mysteries and immense questions.

Pfleiderer describes the philosophy of religion as the co-ordinating and scientific investigation and knowledge of the whole of the phenomena which in the life of humanity constitute "religion," and he affirms that in this sense it is the youngest of the philosophic disciplines. We cannot quite agree with him, nor can we accept as correct the limits he has set to his history. The scientific investigation of the phenomena belongs to the science of religion, their explanation to its philosophy. So far as the philosophy is concerned with inquiry into the sources and reason of religion, into its nature and action, into the causes of the different forms and phases it has assumed, and so far as the science is concerned with inquiry into the various facts or phenomena, both are very much older than Spinoza. The reasons that admit Spinoza ought also to admit ancient Stoicism; the Epicureans have as good a right to notice as the English Deists—Lucretius, a better right than any of them, save David Hume. Clement of Alexandria, with his theory of the origin and religious functions of Greek philosophy, Augustine, with his doctrine of progress or development in religion, of the relation of the prior faiths to the Christian, and of the place and work of religion in history, ought to have had recognition in a discussion like this. Then, too, there ought to have been notice of the way in which discussions in religious history, and the history of religious thought, contributed to the rise of the new philosophy. Vossius, by his "*De Theologia Gentili*," Cudworth, by his "*Intellectual System of the Universe*," Theophilus Gale, by his "*Outer Court of the Gentiles*," and, immense as is the distance between him and the others, and, superstitious and absurd though he be, Alexander Ross, by his "*Pansebeia*," did more to bring about a scientific knowledge and inquiry into religions and religious ideas, with the causes of their rise, growth, and difference, than the whole brood of men like Collins and Morgan and Chubb. We could have wished, too, that within his limits our author had been in some cases more exhaustive. His exposition of Hume does not bring the "*Treatise on Human Nature*" into relation with the "*Dialogues*" and the "*Natural History of Religion*;" and he criticizes Spencer's "*First Principles*," but not his "*Principles of Sociology*," though in the second volume there is a short discussion of his ancestral and euhemeristic theory. Nor will Mr. Spencer, in face of his own strong protestations, care about being described as "the chief representative of Positivism in England," and as holding even more strictly to its principles than Mill. Then, too, I am doubtful of both the sufficiency and accuracy of the distinctions on which the author bases his division into chapters. The divisions do represent a sort of chronology, but they do not sufficiently emphasize the relation of the man to the philosophical movements of his time, or of his speculative to his critical

principles. Schleiermacher was more intuitive than speculative, his source of religion being emotional, not rational; and Schelling, in his most characteristic and fruitful period, was also intuitive; while the former, in dealing with history, was nothing if not critical, but the latter nothing if not speculative.

These are but formal criticisms; when we pass beyond these to more material questions, we find ourselves embarrassed with the simple mass of matter presented. Here the book ought to be judged from three points of view: first, its critical exposition of the various thinkers and theories; secondly, the principles that have determined the criticism; and thirdly, the general purpose the history has been designed to serve, or, simply, its relation to the author's own doctrine of religion. As regards the first point, the expositions are not all of equal merit; they differ considerably as regards sympathy, accuracy, and fulness. Some are distinctly first-hand and original; others, second-hand and dependent. I think the chapters common to both editions, the real nucleus or germ of the book, the freshest and most suggestive. In some of the additions there is a strong tendency manifested to confound the history and criticisms of religious thought with the philosophy of religion; and so, considerable compressions and judicious excisions, while lessening the size, would add to the value of the work. The second and third points are intimately connected. Professor Pfleiderer may be described as a transcendental idealist: he seeks to find in the universe a reason at once immanent and objective, to determine through it at once the end and method or law by which it is to be realized. He holds the affinity of the subjective and objective reason, and conceives religion as related to both—a means whereby the subjective may realize its being, and the objective its end. Religion in history exhibits a constant struggle towards a more perfect or congenial form for its substance, its spiritual nature and contents being best expressed and realized by what is spiritual. He so presents and criticizes the successive philosophies as to make each contribute to the establishment of the principles demanded by his own doctrine, which may be described as eclectic; in its main principles Hegel's, but as modified by elements and applications due now to Schelling and now to Schleiermacher. Two impressions his history will leave on every careful student: first, of the organic connection between a man's ultimate ideas and his interpretation of history; as the reason of man is construed, so is the force or the reason that binds the universe and that works the evolution and guides the course of humanity. And secondly, of the poverty and hopeless inadequacy of the empirical and anthropological theories as to the origin and nature of religion now so fashionable in England. The man who weighs the immensity of the problem religion offers to philosophy, especially the philosophy that would understand man in history, will never again be able to look with approval on the *bizarre* and *à priori*, yet pragmatic and uncritical hypotheses which seem to men like Mr. Spencer to account for the being, development, and work of religion.

In the second volume Pfleiderer presents his positive doctrine. In the first division he discusses "the development of the religious consciousness," taking up successively its genesis, its development among the Indo-Germanic and Semitic peoples, and finally in Christendom.

With the discussions and principles in the first chapter I cordially, in the main, agree; in the historical chapters there is more room for difference, though where the difference is most marked I find the author always suggestive and worthy of careful study. But the serious defect in these chapters is the inequality and often insufficiency of their treatment. Individual religions and single periods in religious history—*e.g.*, in relation to India, Greece, and Judæa—are admirably handled; but others, like Rome and Islam, are either inadequately or unfairly discussed. Strange to say, the important religions of China and Egypt have no place in his historical view. A full treatment of religion in history would have led him far beyond the two families he almost exclusively regards. The following, touching the secret and power of the Cross, will indicate his attitude to the faith which came by Christ:—

“With the exaltation of the crucified Saviour to the heavenly Son of God and Master of the world, the divine might of suffering and ministrant love was itself raised to the throne of the universe, in which hitherto only the right of the stronger, of physical or intellectual superiority, had been allowed to reign. Over against the cruel selfishness of peoples, the proud aristocratisms of classes, the frivolous treatment of women, the brutal ill-usage of slaves, there stood forward in Christianity an ideal which looked away from all the outer advantages of birth or fortune, and valued man only according to the purity of his heart, according to his intrinsic loveliness, and his readiness for service or sacrifice. And precisely on this account it recognized, even in the lowest and most miserable, in the poor and sick, in the slave and the criminal, still the dignity of the man, of the child of God and brother of Christ, making him an object of pitying and saving love. This was the new thing in Christianity, by which it transcended quite as much Gentile wisdom as Jewish righteousness; while they asked after the deeds or deserts, the possessions or knowledge of man, it found the essence of manhood in the heart, and discovered in the sanctuary of the purely human the divine element in man. This was the secret of its power, by which it has conquered and saved the world.” (Pp. 216–217.)

In the second and third divisions there are important and suggestive discussions concerning what may be termed the subjective and objective sides of the religious consciousness—*i.e.*, concerning its contents or essential ideas, on the one hand, and its embodiments, movements, and relations in the realm of the real, on the other. But to touch on any one of these would lead us too far. Enough to say the book is essentially a book for the student who wishes to know something of the way in which our greatest modern thinkers have conceived and construed religion. Any one who masters it will find that the latest is also the largest of the philosophical disciplines, and does more than any other to fulfil the ancient promise of uniting speculation touching the oldest and highest object of thought with the latest knowledge.

In the history of religions we have to notice a few books of interest without being of primary importance. The third volume of Dr. Buchholz's “*Homerische Realien*” is occupied with the Homeric theology.* This book may be described as exegetical rather than

* “*Die Homerische Götterlehre, auf Grundlage der Homerischen Dichtungen dargestellt.*” Von E. Buchholz. Leipzig: Wilhelm Engelmann. 1884.

comparative or critical. It does not concern itself with the comparative mythology or the literary and historical criticism of the Homeric poems, but it handles them as they lie before us, with the view of determining how the Homeric Greeks conceived and represented the gods, their character, limitations, qualities, conduct, relations. It may be doubted whether it be possible within these limits to give a really scientific exposition of the Homeric mythology, but it has been Dr. Buchholz's aim to isolate the epic age for the purpose of separate study and reproduction. His book is as a *Götterlehre* much more minute and exhaustive than Nägelsbach's, though for insight and power of lucid and connected presentation we greatly prefer the older work. He says: "The oldest Greek worship was admittedly naturalistic, and had developed itself from a nature-poetry which floated between myth and allegory;" and he holds "the distinctive characteristic of the Hellenic Polytheism" to have been the clean-cut "personification and complete anthropomorphizing of the gods" who had come to be, by the allegorizing process (p. 5). If he had borne this doctrine in mind, he would have been the better able to explain the relation between *Μοῖρα* and the gods. Every theology which has been developed out of naturalism leaves a dark background or fate behind the deities, at once disposer and ender of their being. If the natural object or process be personified, Nature ever remains impersonal behind the personification—condition of its being, but cause of its end; and the impersonal, as the universal, becomes a permanent yet hidden force, which, here as Brahma, there as *Μοῖρα*, sits behind all forms of the personal, limiting their power, overruling their actions, and making their destiny. Yet we have been struck with Dr. Buchholz's laborious and careful exegesis, the acuteness of many of his remarks, and the fulness with which he has discussed and described the Homeric world of the gods. His work, when completed, will be a real help both to the student of Homer and of Greek mythology.

A work of a very different kind is one intended to prove that India was the source of the Pythagorean doctrine.* It is a small thing to show that affinities existed between the supposed doctrines of Pythagoras and certain Hindu speculations; what is necessary is to prove that there are good historical grounds for supposing that an intercourse existed that could explain the resemblance by borrowing. No attempt at such proof is made here; indeed, enough materials to warrant the attempt do not exist. The affinities are interesting, but the relation is not established. A much more satisfactory and scientific work is M. Gaston Boissier's, now in the third edition, on the religion of Rome from Augustus to the Antonines.† The purpose of this book is to trace and explain the extraordinary change in religious feeling and belief that happened between the end of the Republic and the second century of the Empire. The characteristic literary monuments of the one period are the letters of Cicero—of the other, the correspondence and meditations of Marcus Aurelius; but the first are completely without the spirit of religion, while the second are as completely steeped in

* "Pythagoras und die Inder." Von Dr. L. v. Schroeder. Leipzig: Otto Schulze. 1884.

† "La Religion Romaine d'Auguste aux Antonins." Par Gaston Boissier. Paris: Hachette & Cie. 1884.

it. And the men were here only representative. M. Boissier traces the course and causes of the change. The work was undertaken without any preconceived idea, and had no polemical purpose, and is throughout so sober and impartial that one reads it with equal pleasure and profit. In an admirable introduction he describes the general character of the Roman religion, shows what causes had tended to corrupt it, and how corrupt, feeble, and despised it had become in the last days of the Republic. We could have wished that he had made the religious significance of Lucretius more apparent. Essential piety lived at the heart of his passion against religion; in his polemic there burned true prophetic zeal, enthusiasm for truth and against unverity in the lives alike of men and peoples. The first book is occupied with religion during the age of Augustus, and contains a fine and just account of the religious and moral reforms under that emperor; traces them to their causes, personal and imperial; and exhibits their effects, political, social, and literary. The second book deals with religion after Augustus, especially as influenced by the foreign religions and by philosophy. Under the latter head we have a careful and fair discussion of the resemblances and supposed relations of Seneca and Paul. The third and last book is concerned with Roman society in the time of the Antonines, and is quite worthy the author and the theme. We heartily commend the work to any who wish to understand the state and interaction alike of political, moral, intellectual, and religious forces in the first centuries of the Roman Empire and the Christian Church.

M. Ernest Havet has at last completed the work* the first volume of which was published in 1873. The reason of the long delay need not be sought in the labour and research required for its completion; he has been largely independent of modern scholarship and the instruments it has been accustomed to think necessary. The first and second volumes of the work—on Hellenism—were not without value, though their violent polemical spirit and aim took from them all scientific and scholarly veracity; yet they were on a subject where a good and independent work is still needed. His third volume—on Judaism—was his entrance on a field he had neither the skill nor the tools to explore; and in the fourth volume some of the same defects again appear. M. Havet may indeed be described as a curious survival of the eighteenth century. He shows remarkable credulity on the line of his sympathies, as remarkable incredulity on the line of his antipathies; or, in other words, he has great power in believing what makes for his theory and in disbelieving what makes against it. His theory is, that it was in and through the Jews of the Diaspora that Christianity assumed form and took possession of the Roman world, and that for the Church and system that thence resulted the actual history and teaching of Jesus had next to no significance. Of course, the theory is stated with the absoluteness that belongs to the uncritical; any truth or worth it may contain is vitiated by the want of scientific spirit and method in the author.

M. Renan has favoured us with a new volume of religious studies.†

* "*Le Christianisme et ses Origines : le Nouveau Testament.*" Par Ernest Havet. Paris : Calmann Lévy. 1884.

† "*Nouvelles Études d'Histoire Religieuse.*" Par Ernest Renan. Paris : Calmann Lévy. 1884.

As usual, a large part of its interest lies in the glimpses it affords into the spirit of the author. No living writer so likes to reveal himself, or so pleases and instructs by the revelation. In the preface he tells us that the essay on Francis of Assisi has the value of "un brevet d'indulgence," which may stand him in good stead some day. "Un capucin, qui avait lu l'article dans les *Débats*, dit à la princesse . . . avec laquelle il causait souvent de moi : 'Il a écrit sur Jésus autrement qu'on ne doit ; mais il a bien parlé de Saint François. Saint François le sauvera.' " So he feels safe and hopeful, esteeming Francis as, after Jesus, the man who had religion most immediately from Nature. His essay may be regarded as at once a vehicle for his own admiration and a thank-offering for the saint's good intentions and offices. His appreciation of the saint comes from what is like the saint in his own nature, though the community belongs rather to their defects than to their endowments. Like the patriarch of Assisi, he has, as a simple sojourner, traversed the world without being seriously attached to it. Both, while poor, have been rich ; God has given them the usufruct of the universe, and they have been contented to enjoy without possessing. The abuses which shock him are those that strike at enjoyment rather than those that touch property. Saint-like, his happiness is to make happy. He has pleasure in recording the improvement in public spirit since his first studies appeared : "Le temps est un collaborateur nécessaire de la raison ;" and the denial of the miraculous does not now excite men as it once did. Miracles do not happen in the world accessible to human experience. Here is a sentence quite in the manner of a famous passage in the "Vie de Jésus" :—"L'efficacité de quinquina est prouvée, parce que, dans une infinité de cas, le quinquina ou ses équivalents ont changé la marche de la fièvre. A-t-on jamais prouvé cela pour la prière ? Non, certes. Et pourtant le fait est facile à expérimenter, car il s'adresse au ciel des millions de prières par jour." It is known that even Homer nodded, and the spirit of the saint must have slumbered when this comparison was penned. In it the idealist descends into the state of Philistinian realism.

Only some of these studies have special interest for us here. The first essay, "The Experimental Method in Religion," is very slight, but has all the lightness and grace with which M. Renan knows so well how to adorn trivial things. He opens thus :—"An Oriental said to me one day, 'You Europeans never comprehend anything in the religions, for you never saw one born among you. We, on the contrary, see one born every day.' " On this text he discourses through several pages on the qualities that make the East so creative and the West so infertile in religions. But the whole thing is very much in the nature of a paradox. The West has been as fruitful as the East in religious movements. Christianity is more a creation of Europe than of Asia ; the influences that created Islam were almost as much Western as Eastern. Europe has been as fruitful in churches and sects as Asia in religions, and they are but in a sense equivalent phenomena. The West has been more intellectual and moral than the East, but it has on this account been more, not less, religious ; the one has developed the intellectual bases and evoked the moral energies of religion, while the other has enlarged its mythology, and clothed it in the histories and marvels the untutored imagination loves. But this difference, so

far from involving the Western, involves the Eastern inability to comprehend religion. Europe has proved herself better able to understand Asia than Asia has been able to understand herself, while she has yet to prove that she possesses in any degree the mind to understand Europe and the faith by which Europe lives. The essays on Paganism and Comparative Mythology are simply interesting reviews, neither on their respective subjects up to date. The only interest attaching to the papers on Buddhism belongs to their authorship. The one epitomizes the work of Burnouf, the other the conclusions of Senart—that is all. The other articles do not specially concern us.

A. M. FAIRBAIRN.

II.—MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

A BOOK from Dr. Martineau needs no certificate of character. Most readers know that they may expect from him weighty thoughts, conveyed in language so choice and stately as to border at times on the ornate. Such expectations are fully realized in the two volumes which Dr. Martineau has entitled "*Types of Ethical Theory*."* In an interesting preface, in which he touches upon the steps of his intellectual progress away from Priestley, Bentham, and James Mill, to his present standpoint, the author takes occasion to say that "intellectual pride and self-ignorance alone can blind us to the fact that systems of philosophical opinion grow from the mind's instinctive effort to unify by sufficient reason, and justify by intelligible pleas, its own deepest affections and admirations." In this light, according to his expressed desire, his book will be regarded. Whatever else it may be, the work is the monument of a beautiful spirit. This opinion will be shared even by those who cannot accept some of the most fundamental positions which the author lays down. And the mingling of the historical and the dogmatic in the contents of the book has at least this advantage, that it sends no one empty away. He who chokes upon the dogmatic morsels may still assimilate the sections of valuable historical analysis which constitute the greater part of the two volumes. Some of these are a distinct addition to English philosophical literature.

The plan of the work is not at first obvious, and requires explanation. Dr. Martineau begins with an enumeration of the different ways in which ethical facts—man and his doings—may be looked at. One broad division is reached, according as we start from a study of the universe (nature or God), treating man simply as an objective factor therein, or base our results upon a study of human nature as the central fact. In the first case we get an "unpsychological," in the latter a "psychological" theory. All ancient philosophy is treated by Dr. Martineau as unpsychological in character. "Psychological ethics," he goes the length of saying, "are altogether peculiar to Christendom." Hence Plato is reckoned in the first class, though there is surely more psychology in Plato than in the geometrical ontology on which Clarke bases his ethics. Yet Clarke appears as a psychological moralist. Arbitrary, however, as some of the results of the scheme appear, very little good can be got by criticizing the framework in which Dr. Martineau has arranged his material; nor is there space here to deal with the historical sections of the work, of which the plan only can be indicated. Non-psychological theories of Ethics are divided into "metaphysical" and "physical," according as the system is based upon the essential nature of things (*e.g.*, upon eternal Ideas or upon the nature of God), or upon nature, viewed merely as a series of phenomena. Metaphysical Ethics may again be subdivided

* "*Types of Ethical Theory*." By James Martineau, D.D., LL.D., Principal of Manchester New College, London. In 2 vols. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1885.

into "Transcendental" and "Immanent," according as the ground of the universe is viewed as beyond nature and more than nature, or as in nature and fully expressed thereby. The first volume (dealing as a whole with unpsychological theories) begins with the consideration of Plato as the type of the transcendental variety of metaphysical ethics. Spinoza is taken as the representative of immanent metaphysics and ethics, a large space being devoted to Descartes and Malebranche by way of introduction. Physical Ethics are represented by the system of Comte. Passing in the second volume to Psychological Ethics, we meet a twofold division, which might be objected to by opponents as of a somewhat question-begging nature. By "idio-psychological" ethics Dr. Martineau designates—not very happily—any theory which accepts the facts of the moral consciousness without distorting them; and under this head he expounds his own doctrine—a doctrine which he claims to be largely in agreement with Kant's, and even more so with Butler's. Among modern writers, however, "with the exception of the writers of the Scottish school, and their editors, critics, and disciples in Paris, it is difficult to find any class of recent moralists who have declined to betray their science to the physiologist on the one hand, and the ontologist on the other." With the exception of this faithful remnant, all other moralists who deal in psychology are condemned to be called "hetero-psychological" theorists. These are treated in the latter half of the second volume under three subdivisions. The first head is Hedonist Ethics, which is again distinguishable into ordinary Utilitarianism and "Hedonism with Evolution." The second head is Dianoetic Ethics, under which the author treats of Cudworth, Clarke, and Price. Thirdly and lastly, we have Æsthetic Ethics, represented by Shaftesbury and Hutcheson.

The nature of Dr. Martineau's position may be divined from this classification, and from the philosophers with whom he recognizes his affinity. To begin with, he is a pronounced Intuitionist—an Intuitionist of the type which was more common in this country before the influx of Kantian and Hegelian thought. Moral judgment is treated as the "announcement of the inner oracle"—the verdict of a faculty which pronounces by immediate inspection upon the moral worth of any given mode of conduct. Dr. Martineau, however, in his presentation of this position, differs from other writers in maintaining that the moral judgment is passed, not, as it is usual to say, upon actions (which are judged absolutely by comparison with a standard), but upon conflicting motives, one of which is in each case clearly designated by conscience as the higher or worthier, and as having, in consequence, "the clear right to us." "This apprehension is no mediate discovery of ours, of which we can give an account; but is immediately inherent in the very experience of the principles themselves—a revelation inseparable from their appearance side by side. By simply entering the stage together and catching the inner eye, they disclose their respective worth and credentials." Or, as the author puts it again, "There is no analysis or research required; the claims are decided by a glance at their face." Dr. Martineau makes some suggestive ethical applications of his view as to the *comparative* nature of moral judgments. Unless, however, motives be taken as simply equivalent to the inner side of an action—as distinguished from the

outward results, which may defeat expectation through the interference of unforeseen agencies—the account can hardly be accepted as a fair rendering of our ethical procedure. For though, in the case of a man who deliberately commits a breach of morality, a good motive is admitted as a certain extenuation, yet the proximate object of moral judgment is the course of action which the man deliberately adopted, or, in other words, which he *intended*. On the general question, while fully admitting that the developed and highly-trained conscience of the modern man furnishes in most cases an infallible touchstone of the nature described, I am unable to see how it is possible, apart from experience of the effects of action, or, failing that, apart from moral training and the ethical heritage of humanity, to prove or even to conceive the existence of such a power of immediate or abstract judgment as I understand Dr. Martineau to maintain.

Dr. Martineau is also an unhesitating Libertarian. Moral judgment, he says, postulates moral freedom. "When I judge my own act, I feel sure that *it is mine*; and *that*, not in the sense that its necessitating antecedents were in my character, so that nothing could prevent its coming; but in the sense that I might have betaken myself to a different act at the critical moment when the pleadings were over and only the verdict remained." In reference to this argument, which recalls one side of the Kantian teaching, I think we must admit with Kant that only through the idea of freedom is moral action and moral judgment possible; but I cannot on that account accept the abstract freedom maintained by Dr. Martineau—a freedom which speculative reason pronounces to be impossible, and which I completely fail to realize to myself. May we not find a sufficient solution by developing in our own way Kant's somewhat unintelligible doctrine of noumenal freedom? May it not be said that in the moral judgment of actions and in their historical or psychological explanation we occupy two essentially different standpoints, both of which are relatively true, and neither of which can be set aside by the other? In moral judgment we entirely disregard the genesis of the action from its antecedents; we simply bring it face to face with the Law, whose infinite and perennial claim upon us we recognize as men. Our verdict depends upon the recognition of an ideal which we acknowledge to be potential in our nature. Hence the man who judges morally, so long as he does judge morally, never entangles himself in the time-puzzles of Determinism.

One other point calls for notice, seeing that great stress is laid upon it by Dr. Martineau—I mean his account of Obligation. "The very essence," he says, "of imperative authority . . . implies a law above and beyond the nature summoned to obey it. . . . Nothing can be binding to us that is not higher than we. . . . The person that *bears* the obligation cannot also be the person whose presence *imposes* it. . . . Personality is unitary; and in occupying one side of a given relation is unable to be also in the other." "In morals," he says again, "it is Self and God that stand face to face." He tries to enforce his contention by the supposition of an absolutely solitary individual in an atheistic universe: such a being, he contends, could feel no obligation. To this it may be easily answered that such a being would not be a man, and his example, therefore, does not prove

that in our case obligation is not self-imposed. Nothing can be better than Dr. Martineau's insistence on the objective nature of the moral law, and his rejection of the idea that the law is in any way constituted, or made authoritative, by the subjective act of recognition. Nor is there any objection to speaking of the law as a divine or God-given law. But in the remainder of his account Dr. Martineau seems to me almost to reverse what I conceive to be the true position. My objection bases itself upon the sheer separation which Dr. Martineau appears to make between the Self of the moral being and the divine or objectively legislative Self. If intelligences were simply mutually exclusive points of subjectivity, then indeed they could not be the seats and depositaries of an objective law; they could not be the subjects of law at all. But the modern and truer sense of the word objective, as I take it, is not that which is external to the subject, but simply that which is valid for all subjects, as springing from their common nature. Personality is not unitary, as Dr. Martineau says; the very capacity of knowledge and morality implies that the person is not confined to one side of a relation, but that he is capable of regarding himself and all other beings from what Dr. Martineau well names "the station of the Father of Spirits." If, indeed, we regard God as, in a strict sense, other than we, a satisfactory doctrine of obligation seems impossible of attainment. For, as Kant puts it, so long as the law comes to me from without, I can demand its warrant and evade its claim upon me; but I cannot escape from my own law—the law which is the expression of my own necessary will.

The author of the noteworthy volume "*Metaphysica Nova et Vetusta*," to which attention was called in a former record (CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, September, 1884), has followed up his metaphysical treatise by a complementary work called "*Ethica; or, the Ethics of Reason*,"* and has since given his name to the public. Scotus Novanticus turns out to be Professor Simon Laurie of Edinburgh. The present treatise contains a very close discussion of the chief points in debate between the different schools of moralists; and the author seems, in my judgment, to be remarkably successful in harmonizing the elements of truth in each. Professor Laurie's position, that the Good, or "the truth of doing," is realized in the organization or rational harmony of feeling, bears in one way a certain resemblance to Dr. Martineau's graduated scale of motives. Both recognize an order of worth in the feelings that constitute the incentive to action, and for both the moral man is he who preserves this order intact. But Professor Laurie recognizes at the outset that a moral code can only be worked out by a perception of the effects of my volitions, and the action of these effects upon my moral sensibility. In other words, as he says in his well-pointed account of Kant's ethical position, we are, and must be, dependent on experience for the content of the Ought. In this way, we have room left for an acknowledgment of the development of morality—an acknowledgment which, though sometimes made, is surely unmeaning from the standpoint of an abstract Intuitionism. Another important point in the book is that, while repudiating Hedonism as a possible account of the End of a moral being

* "*Ethica; or, the Ethics of Reason*." By Scotus Novanticus, author of "*Metaphysica Nova et Vetusta*." London: Williams & Norgate. 1885.

("the Good for man is Self-realization"), Professor Laurie is not afraid to make use of feeling as the touchstone by which we recognize wherein our true development lies. "Reason," he puts it, "in constituting an organism out of the raw material of Feeling, has no guide save Feeling. Through the ages, man is groping his way to such a constitution of his own real or feeling organism as will be its true Good; and the evidence that he has found it is in feeling—the feeling of Harmony." Law is what we seek, but the ultimate criterion is Happiness—not the general Happiness, as the Utilitarians say, but *my* Happiness; for "it is quite manifest that the well-being of my fellow-men is nothing to me, except so far as I feel well-being in their well-being." But this Happiness would be very improperly identified with Pleasure—which is "the satisfaction of immediate desires, a succession of pleasing states of consciousness, and is in its essence and notion transitory;" it is rather to be called a feeling of peace, a peace that may be through discord, a joy that may be through sacrifice. "This peace and joy are not pathological, as is the pleasure which any feeling as such yields. They are the peace and joy which attend law and duty. The joy is a rational joy, inasmuch as it is the issue of the organizing of the chaotic elements of feeling in subjection to a reason-idea and the Law in it." It is not possible here to do more than single out a few points from a book which rewards a careful study.

Professor Godwin's "Active Principles" * is more of the nature of a text-book or compendium than a fresh discussion of ethical problems. The book is clearly written, and will probably realize its aim of being "intelligible to all;" but its even style hardly admits of due emphasis being laid on cardinal points.

Messrs. Longman's edition of the "Works" † of the late Professor Green will confer a boon on a large circle of readers. The first volume, now published, does not call for critical notice, seeing that it consists chiefly of material that has long been prominently before the public—namely, the two "Introductions" to Hume. It is well to have as a pendant to these Professor Green's practical application of their arguments in his criticisms of Mr. Spencer and G. H. Lewes. These originally appeared, it will be remembered, as articles in THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW. The concluding article, however, criticizing "Mr. Lewes' Account of the Social Medium," was withheld in consequence of Lewes' death, and is now published for the first time. Still greater interest will attach to the remaining volumes, which are to include a selection from the author's unpublished papers, and which, it is to be supposed, will reprint from the pages of the old *North British Review* those earlier essays which many a youthful admirer has unearthed with difficulty.

Professor Caird has republished the valuable articles which he contributed some years ago to THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW on "The Social Philosophy and Religion of Comte." ‡ Professor Caird's treatment is

* "Active Principles or Elements of Moral Science." By John H. Godwin, Hon. Prof. New College, London. London: James Clarke & Co., Fleet Street.

† "Works of Thomas Hill Green." Edited by R. L. Nettleship. Vol. I.—Philosophical Works. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1885.

‡ "The Social Philosophy and Religion of Comte." By Edward Caird, LL.D., Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Glasgow. Glasgow: Maclehose & Sons. 1885.

at once sympathetic and judicial; and the book cannot fail to prove salutary and instructive reading, alike to Comtists and to those who pass Comte by altogether on the other side. Comtists in particular are a little too apt to look upon themselves as a peculiar people in the midst of a world not yet brought into the fold. They may here learn their own affinities with the "metaphysicians." It may or may not be consolatory to them to know that Hegelians assimilate most of the positive elements in Comtism, only claiming to make its "synthesis" more complete.

M. Perez' "*First Three Years of Childhood*" * deserves a cordial welcome in its English dress. The author and Professor Preyer of Jena are perhaps the observers who have worked most systematically in a field which has begun to be cultivated with fresh ardour under the influence of the doctrine of evolution. In a pleasant preface, Mr. Sully pronounces the present work to be a rich mine of facts, and one of the fullest, if not indeed the very fullest, monograph on its subject. It is brightly written, and should find many readers beyond the circle of psychologists.

Several contributions to the literature of the half-year come from America. Dr. M'Cosh continues his "*Philosophic Series*," † completing the "didactic" part of his programme, in two pamphlets on "*Development, what it can do and what it cannot do*," and "*Certitude, Providence, and Prayer*." Dr. Morton Prince has enlarged and revised a graduation thesis, ‡ written some eight or nine years ago, in which he argues strenuously for a somewhat bald materialism. His views on the relation of mind and body, though arrived at independently, he considers to be coincident with those of Professor Clifford. A work of wider philosophic culture is "*The Religious Aspect of Philosophy*," § by Dr. Royce, Instructor in Philosophy in Harvard College. The author finds an escape from the conflict of moral ideals and resulting scepticism through the idea of "the organization of life," which denies none of the ideals absolutely, but, on the contrary, endeavours to allow each its just scope. In the second part of the book Dr. Royce works his way through scepticism to a religious conception of the universe as existing for an all-knowing and all-judging Thought, whose existence is implied in the very possibility of error. The work is attractive from the freshness and unconventionality of its treatment, which makes it popular in the good sense of that term.

ANDREW SETH.

* "*The First Three Years of Childhood*." By Bernard Perez. Edited and Translated by Alice M. Christie. With an Introduction by James Sully, M.A. London: W. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1885.

† "*Philosophic Series*," Nos. III. and IV. By James M'Cosh, D.D., LL.D. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

‡ "*The Nature of Mind and Human Automatism*." By Morton Prince, M.D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

§ "*The Religious Aspect of Philosophy: a Critique of the Bases of Conduct and of Faith*." By Josiah Royce, Ph.D., Instructor in Philosophy in Harvard College. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885.

III.—GENERAL LITERATURE.

BIOGRAPHY.—Mr. Clements Markham's "Life of Robert Fairfax of Steeton" * throws many little sidelights of an interesting character on English life from the time of the Commonwealth to the first years of the Hanoverian dynasty. Robert Fairfax was a naval officer of considerable service and distinction, who was also alderman and member of Parliament for the city of York, and he left behind him copious letters and journals, and documents of various other kinds, which have been preserved to the present time, and have furnished Mr. Markham with the materials of a work that contains much that is curious and of general interest regarding the times.—Any additional insight into so remarkable a career as that of the hero of Khartoum will be welcome, and "General Gordon's Private Diary of his Exploits in China" † deserves a place in what may now be called the Gordon literature. The kernel of the book consists of a few extracts from a journal, "comprising twenty pages of foolscap paper," given by the General to Mr. Mossman. Though only mere jottings, they may be of biographic use. More than half the volume is taken up with the history of the Ever Victorious Army before Gordon got the command. There is much valuable local knowledge to be gathered through the difficulties of a style that is not much above pigeon English. This editor needs editing to have his right credit.—Mr. Pulling's "Life and Speeches of the Marquis of Salisbury" ‡ is rather a summary of the political history of the country from 1841 to the early part of the present year than what the title might be expected to imply. It is well written, though occasionally disfigured by unduly bitter language. Few opportunities of abusing Mr. Gladstone are neglected, and Mr. Chamberlain is the ultimate of the author's detestation. His method of incorporating the speeches of Lord Salisbury into the context of the work is convenient rather than satisfactory. From the high Tory point of view, the general argument will be considered able, but the biographical and oratorical illustration is uninspired and meagre.

MISCELLANEOUS.—In Lady Martin's "Some of Shakspeare's Female Characters" § we have not only a work unique in its nature as giving us the ideas of a great actress on the characters she herself used to personate, but a work of great interest and intrinsic value, though some of her interpretations are rather fanciful. We owe the book—as, indeed, according to one of the charming autobiographical reminiscences with which she plentifully intersperses it, we owe her whole artistic career—to somewhat accidental circumstances. She became

* London: Macmillan & Co.

† "General Gordon's Private Diary of his Exploits in China." Amplified by Samuel Mossman, Editor of the *North China Herald* during Gordon's Suppression of the Tai-Ping Rebellion. With Portraits and Map. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle & Rivington.

‡ "The Life and Speeches of the Marquis of Salisbury, K.G." By F. S. Pulling, M.A., Exeter College, Oxford; sometime Professor of Modern History at the Yorkshire College, Leeds. In 2 vols. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle & Rivington.

§ Edinburgh: W. Blackwood & Sons.

an actress because a neighbour who was a theatrical manager overheard her recite when a girl, and she has become authoress by writing letters to gratify a dying friend. Now that she has consented to their publication, she retains the simple and elastic epistolary form, and discourses with great freedom, fulness, and variety on the several characters she selects. Her favourite is Imogen, and her second Rosalind. On the whole, the work affords an important permanent record of this actress's ideas of the parts she played, and the publishers have spared no pains to make it as elegant as possible in binding and typography.—Professor Vambéry republishes his recent lectures on the Russian advances in Central Asia, under the title of "The Coming Struggle for India."* His general position on the subject has long been well known, and, though opinions may naturally enough differ about it, it is very unjust to attribute it—as M. Vambéry complains has been largely done—to a Hungarian prejudice against Russia. For while his views are not equally authoritative on all aspects of the subject, they are always supported by reasons well worthy of consideration, and often by important results of his personal experience. The book is a valuable help to the formation of opinion on a grave question.—"Winged Words"† is the seventh volume Mr. Haweis has published of his sermons in Marylebone, but he has the secret of perpetual freshness and variety. His present selection consists of two sets: one practical, treating of such topics of every-day life as parents, children, friends, love, marriage; and the other doctrinal, treating of the Divine Unknown, the Divine Son, the Divine Sacrifice, the Divine Book, and the like. All the subjects are handled in Mr. Haweis's free and unconventional, but inspiring and suggestive, style.—"Ambushes and Surprises,"‡ the latest fruit of Colonel Malleon's productive pen, is an account of the most famous ambushes and surprises that have taken place in warfare, from that by which Hannibal destroyed the Roman army at Lake Trasimenus down to those from which the English extracted themselves victoriously at Inkerman and Azamgarh. The book is very readable as well as instructive.—Lady Verney's Essays § need no commendation to the readers of THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, in which, indeed, a number of them originally appeared. The first five form a series of considerable value as well as interest, because they describe the condition of the peasantry in various countries from the results of personal observation and intercourse with them, and the authoress is at once a good observer and a good descriptive writer. The other essays are miscellaneous in subject, and are fresh and agreeable reading.—Lord Hobart's Essays have also been collected and republished in two volumes.|| He seems to have been a thoughtful and cultivated man, who took an interest in many different subjects, and, indeed, wrote on them to some purpose. His essays will still be read with both interest and profit, and those on Indian subjects

* London: Cassell & Co.

† By the Rev. H. R. Haweis, M.A.

‡ By Colonel G. B. Malleon, C.S.I. London: W. H. Allen & Co.

§ "Peasant Proprietors, and other Selected Essays." By Lady Verney. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

|| "Essays and Miscellaneous Writings." By Vere Henry Lord Hobart. With a Biographical Sketch. Edited by Mary Lady Hobart. London: Macmillan & Co.

carry considerable authority. His widow, who edits them, gives us also a biographical sketch of their author.—Messrs. Putnams have published a collection of “Representative American Orations,”* intended to illustrate the political history of the United States from the days of Washington to those of Garfield. They are classified in groups according to their subject, and each group is preceded by a suitable elucidatory introduction by the editor, Professor Alexander Johnston, which is often the best part of the book. The speeches themselves are most of them rather disappointing.—The third volume of Halkett and Laing’s “Dictionary of the Anonymous and Pseudonymous Literature of Great Britain,”* which has just appeared, carries that important work down to the middle of the letter T, and, so far as we are able to test it, seems to be as carefully edited as its predecessors. It deepens our impression of the great value of the work, of the patient labour of its lamented authors, and of the fulness and accuracy with which they have accomplished their task.—Overpressure in Danish schools† is the subject of a treatise by Dr. Hertel, who has collected abundant evidence from the high schools of Copenhagen testifying to the increase in the percentage of sickness among boys and girls under the abnormal strain of long working hours. Examinations are an evil to which Danish school-boys, in common with English, are subject; but with them there is a want of the compensating physical excitement of competitive games. The writer, as Dr. Crichton-Browne points out in his Introduction, is more than moderate in his complaints, and himself sets up an excessively high standard of endurance for children. He has, however, done a good work in exposing many evils in the present state of things—due, some of them, to want of good sense among parents; his treatise is clear, if a little prolix, and has been translated into very tolerable English.—Mr. Tilley has published a charming little volume, introductory to some future work, on “The Literature of the French Renaissance.”‡ In considering the features of the rise of the Renaissance, he notices the spirit of free inquiry, the thirst for beauty, and the revival of classical learning; distinguishing clearly between the characteristics of the French and of the Italian Renaissance, the vigour of intellectual force in the one, and the more sensuous æstheticism of the other. Rabelais and Ariosto are his literary types. A discussion of the antecedents of the Renaissance in France includes, of course, an account of mediæval literature and learning, political influences, and the introduction of the printing-press. The author’s method is scientific, his reasoning liberal, and his style literary; his work, though necessarily concise, never becomes mere chronology.—The title “Urbana Scripta”§ savours of imitation, and the subject-matter of Mr. Galton’s sketches (for he is too modest to call them essays) is not impressively

* By the late Samuel Halkett, Keeper of the Advocates’ Library, Edinburgh, and the late Rev. John Laing, M.A., Librarian of the New College Library, Edinburgh. Edinburgh: William Paterson.

† “Overpressure in High Schools in Denmark.” By Dr. Hertel. Translated by C. Godfrey Sørensen. Introduction by Dr. Crichton-Browne. London: Macmillan & Co.

‡ “The Literature of the French Renaissance: an Introductory Essay.” By Arthur Tilley. Cambridge: University Press.

§ “Urbana Scripta.” By Arthur Galton. London: Elliot Stock.

original. But as a critic he tries to practise his own very correct theory of right criticism—namely, that it should be marked by simplicity, and exhibit the author's quality rather than the critic's smartness. In his remarks upon modern English poetry he shows that the distinguishing excellence of nineteenth-century poets lies in that power of constructive criticism which realizes and interprets the life and thought of the past from the standpoint of the past. The sketch of Lord Tennyson's work is, if not scientific in its treatment, at least irreproachable in its views and graceful in its simplicity. The chapter on Mr. Browning is little more than an attack upon the feeble enthusiasts of Browning Societies. The writer has not shown always in his own style that austerity of restraint which he so properly admires in Mr. Matthew Arnold; the "splendour and speed" of Mr. Swinburne's verse is a phrase too noticeable for unlimited repetition. The volume has little of the vivacity of "*Obiter Dicta*;" its attraction lies rather in its unpretentious grace. It is a pity that the punctuation is not less erratic.—The new system of Social Philosophy * which Mr. Crozier is concerned in expounding has for its standpoint of interpretation the "essential identity of the human mind in every age and clime," and finds the solution of the problems of civilization and progress in the laws of the human mind considered as a "concrete entity." The author's argumentative style is clear and pleasant, but when he gives way to rhetorical impulse his diction becomes overwrought and bombastic.

* "*Civilization and Progress.*" By John Beattie Crozier. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF RELIGIOUS ERROR.

IT would be easy to expose the errors about me, both in fact and in logic, for which Principal Fairbairn has made himself responsible in his May article in *THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW*, but that would not answer the purpose which leads me to write. Such an outlay of time and trouble is not what those who take an interest in me would thank me for. They would rather wish me to say what I myself think upon the subject he has opened, and whether there are any points for explanation lying about in the vehement rhetoric he has directed against me. Certainly they will not think there is any call for my assuring them that I am not a hidden sceptic; and I can meet them with the thankful recognition that for a long seventy years, amid mental trials sharp and heavy, I can, in my place and in my measure, adopt the words of St. Polycarp before his martyrdom: "For fourscore years and six I have served my Lord, and He never did me harm, but much good; and can I leave Him now?" But this immunity neither has, nor ought to have, hindered me from entering with sympathy into the anxieties of those who are in this respect less happy than myself; and be it a crime or not, I confess to have tried to aid them according to my ability. Not that I can pretend to be well read in mental science, but I have used such arguments and views as are congenial to my own mind, and I have not been unsuccessful in my use of them.

As I have said in print, "A man's experiences are enough for himself, but he cannot speak for others. . . . He brings together his reasons and relies on them, because they are his own, and this is his primary evidence; and he has a second ground of evidence in the testimony of those who agree with him. But his best evidence is in the former, which is derived from his own thoughts. . . .

He states what are personally his own grounds in natural and revealed religion, holding them to be so sufficient that he thinks that others also do hold them implicitly or in substance, or would hold them, if they inquired fairly, or will hold if they listen to him, or do not hold from impediments, invincible or not as it may be, into which he has no call to inquire." ("Gram. of Assent," pp. 385-6.)

II.

Enough of introduction. I begin with what is of prime importance in Dr. Fairbairn's charges against me—the sense in which I use the word "Reason," against which Reason I have made so many and such strong protests. It is a misleading word, as having various meanings. It is sometimes used to signify the gift which distinguishes man from brute: I have not so used it. In this sense it is mainly a popular word, not a scientific. When so taken it is not a faculty of the mind, rather it is the mind itself; or it is a generalization, or it stands for the seat of all the mental powers together. For myself, I have taken it to mean the faculty of Reasoning in a large sense, nor do I know what other English word, to express that faculty, can be used instead of it. Besides, "Reason" is of a family of words all expressive of Reasoning. I may add that it is the meaning which Dr. Johnson puts upon the word, and the meaning which he traces through all its derivative senses, corroborating his account of it by passages from English authors. "Reason," he says, is "the power by which man deduces one proposition from another, or proceeds from premisses to consequences; the rational faculty; discursive power." Also it is the sense, I suppose, which Principal Fairbairn himself gives to the word, for he speaks of "the region of reason and reasoning" (p. 667).

III.

This being the recognised sense of the word, it is quite as important for my present purpose to show it to be the sense in which I have myself used "Reason" in what I have written at various times; though Dr. Fairbairn, as having "studied all my books" (p. 663), must be well aware of it already. For instance:

First, I discard the vague popular sense of it as the distinguishing gift of man in contrast to the brute creation. "Sometimes," I say, "it stands for all in which man differs from the brutes; and so it includes in its signification the faculty of distinguishing between right and wrong and the directing principle of conduct. In this sense certainly I do not here use it." ("Univ. Sermon" p. 58.)

This is but a negative account of it, but in another sermon I speak more distinctly: "By the exercise of reason is properly meant any process or act of the mind, by which, from knowing one thing it advances on to know another." (*Ibid.* p. 223.)

Again: "It is obvious that even our senses convey us but a little way out of ourselves, and introduce us to the external world only under circumstances, under conditions of time and place, and of certain media through which they act. We must be near things to touch them; we must be interrupted by no simultaneous sounds in order to hear them; we must have light to see them; we can neither see, hear, nor touch things past or future. Now, Reason is that faculty of the mind by which this deficiency is supplied; by which knowledge of things external to us—of beings, facts, and events—is attained beyond the range of sense; . . . it brings us knowledge—whether clear or uncertain, still knowledge, in whatever degree of perfection, from every side; but, at the same time, with this characteristic, that it obtains it indirectly, not directly, . . . on the hypothesis of something else . . . being assumed to be true." (*Ibid.* p. 206.)

And again: "Reason, according to the simplest view of it, is the faculty of gaining knowledge without direct perception, or of ascertaining one thing by means of another. In this way it is able, from small beginnings, to create to itself a world of ideas, which do or do not correspond to the things themselves for which they stand, or are true or not, according as it is exercised soundly or otherwise." (*Ibid.* p. 256.)

IV.

These passages are on subjects of their own; but they will serve the purpose of making clear the account which in times past, as now, I give of the reasoning faculty; and, in doing so, I have implied how great a faculty it is. In its versatility, its illimitable range, its subtlety, its power of concentrating many ideas on one point, it is for the acquisition of knowledge all-important or rather necessary, with this drawback, however, in its ordinary use, that in every exercise of it, it depends for success upon the assumption of prior acts similar to that which it has itself involved, and therefore is reliable only conditionally. Its process is a passing from an antecedent to a consequent, and according as the start so is the issue. In the province of religion, if it be under the happy guidance of the moral sense,* and with teachings which are not only assumptions in form, but certainties, it will arrive at indisputable truth, and then the house is at peace; but if it be in the hands of enemies, who are under the delusion that their arbitrary assumptions are self-evident axioms, the reasoning will start from false premisses, and the mind will be in a state of melancholy disorder. But in no case need the reasoning faculty itself be to blame or responsible, except if viewed

* I believe that some philosophers, as Kant, speak of the Moral Sense as a Divine Reason. Of course, I have no difficulty in accepting "Reason" in this sense; but I have not so used it myself.

as identical with the assumptions of which it is the instrument. I repeat, it is but an instrument; as such I have viewed it, and no one but Dr. Fairbairn would say as he does—that the bad employment of a faculty was a “division,” a “contradiction,” and “a radical antagonism of nature,” and “the death of the natural proof” of a God. The eyes, and the hands, and the tongue, are instruments in their very nature. We may speak of a wanton eye, and a murderous hand, and a blaspheming tongue, without denying that they can be used for good purposes as well as for bad.

v.

It must not be supposed then that I think a natural faculty of man to have been revolutionized because an enemy of truth has availed itself of it for evil purposes. This is what Dr. Fairbairn imputes to me, for I hold, it seems, that “in spite of the conscience there is” not a little “latent atheism in the nature, and especially in the reason, of man” (p. 665). Here he has been misled by the epithets which I attached in the “Apologia” to the Reason, as viewed in its continuous strenuous action against religious truth, both in and outside the Catholic body. I will explain why I did so. I had been referring to the fall of man, and our Catechisms tell us that the Fall opened upon him three great spiritual enemies, which need to be resisted by means natural and supernatural. I was led by my general subject to select one of the three for my remarks, and to ask how did it act, and by what instruments? The instruments of the Evil One are best known to himself; the Flesh needs no instruments; the reasoning Faculty is the instrument of the World. The World is that vast community impregnated by religious error which mocks and rivals the Church by claiming to be its own witness, and to be infallible. Such is the World, the false Prophet (as I called it fifty years ago), and Reasoning is its voice. I had in my mind such Apostolic sayings as “Love not the world, neither the things of the world,” and “A friend of the world is the enemy of God;” but I was very loth, as indeed I am on the present occasion, to *preach*. Instead then of saying “the World’s Reason,” I said “Reason actually and historically,” “Reason in fact and concretely in fallen man,” “Reason in the educated intellect of England, France, and Germany,” Reason in “every Government and every civilization through the world which is under the influence of the European mind,” Reason in the “wild living intellect of man,” which needs its “stiff neck bent,” that ultra “freedom of thought which is in itself one of the greatest of our natural gifts,” “that deep plausible scepticism” which is “the development of human reason as practically exercised by the natural man.” That is, Reason as wielded by the living World against the teaching of the Infallible Church.

And I was sanctioned in thus speaking by St. Paul's parallel use of the word "Wisdom," which is one of the highest gifts given to man, and which, nevertheless, he condemns considered as the World's Wisdom, pronouncing that "the World by Wisdom knew not God."

VI.

In thus shifting the blame of hostility to religion from man reasoning to man collective, I may seem to be imputing to a divine ordinance (for such human society is) what I have disclaimed to be imputing to man's gift of reason ; but this is to mistake my meaning. The World is a collection of individual men, and any one of them may hold and take on himself to profess unchristian doctrine, and do his best to propagate it ; but few have the power for such a work, or the opportunity. It is by their union into one body, by the intercourse of man with man, and the consequent sympathy thence arising, that error spreads and becomes an authority. Its separate units which make up the body rely upon each other, and upon the whole, for the truth of their assertions ; and thus assumptions and false reasonings are received without question as certain truths, on the credit of alternate appeals and mutual cheers and *imprimaturs*.

I should like, if I could, to give a specimen of these assumptions, and the reasonings founded on them, which in my "Apologia" I considered to be "corrosive" of all religion ; but before doing so, I must guard against misconstruction of what I am proposing. First, I am not proposing to carry on an argument against Dr. Fairbairn, whose own opinions, to tell the truth, I have not a dream of ; but I would gladly explain, or rather complete on particular points, the statements I have before now made in several works about Faith and Reason. Next, I can truly say that, neither in those former writings nor now, have I particular authors in mind who are, or are said to be, prominent teachers in what I should call the school of the world. Such an undertaking would require a volume, instead of half a dozen pages such as these, and the study too of many hard questions ; and I repeat here, I am attempting little more than to fill up a few of the *lacunæ* to be found in a chapter of the "Apologia," which, like the rest of the book, had to be written *extempore* ; certainly I have no intention here of entering into controversy. And further, I wish to call attention to a passage in one of my St. Mary's Sermons, headed, "The World our Enemy," which is not directly on the subject of religious error, but still is applicable when I would fain clear myself in what I am saying of falling unintentionally into any harsh and extreme judgments. A few sentences will be enough to show the drift with which I quote it.

"There is a question," I say, "which it will be well to consider—viz., how far the world is a separate body from the Church of God. The two are certainly contrasted in Scripture, but the Church, so far from being literally and in fact separate from the world, is within it. The Church is a body, gathered together indeed in the world, and in a process of separation from it. The world's power is over the Church, because the Church has gone forth into the world to save the world. All Christians are in the world, and of the world, so far as Evil still has dominion over them, and not even the best of us is clean every whit from sin. Though then, in our idea of the one and the other, and in their principles and in their future prospects, the Church is one thing and the world is another, yet in present matter of fact the Church is of the world, not separate from it; for the grace of God has but partial possession even of religious men, and the best that can be said of us is, that we have two sides, a light side and a dark, and that the dark happens to be the outermost. Thus we form part of the world to each other, though we be not of the world. Even supposing there were a society of men influenced individually by Christian motives, still, this society, viewed as a whole, would be a worldly one; I mean a society holding and maintaining many errors, and countenancing many bad practices. Evil ever floats on the top." ("Sermons," vol. vii. pp. 35-6.)

In accordance with these cautions I will here avow that good men may imbibe to their great disadvantage the spirit of the world; and, on the contrary, inferior men may keep themselves comparatively clear of it.

VII.

These explanations being made, I take up the serious protest which I began in the "Apologia." I say then, that if, as I believe, the world, which the Apostles speak of so severely as a False Prophet,* is identical with what we call human society now, then there never was a time since Christianity was, when, together with the superabundant temporal advantages which by it have come to us, it had the opportunity of being a worse enemy to religion and religious truth than it is likely to be in the years now opening upon us. I say so, because in its width and breadth it is so much better educated and informed than it ever was before, and, because of its extent, so multiform and almost ubiquitous. Its conquests in the field of physical science, and its intercommunion of place with place, are a source to it both of pride and of enthusiasm. It has triumphed over time and space; knowledge it has proved to be emphatically power; no problems of the universe—material, moral, or religious—are too great for its ambitious essay and its high will to master. There is one obstacle in its path: I mean the province of religion. But can religion hope to be successful? It is thought to be already giving way before the presence of what the world considers a new era in the history of man.

* *Vide* University Sermons, "Contrast between Faith and Sight."

VIII.

With these thoughts in my mind, I understand how it has come to pass, what has struck me as remarkable, that the partisans and spokesmen of Society, when they come to the question of religion, seem to care so little about proving what they maintain, and, on the warrant of their philosophy, are content silently and serenely to take by implication their first principles for granted, as if, like the teachers of Christianity, they were inspired and infallible. To the World, indeed, its own principles are infallible, and need no proof. Now, if its representatives would but be candid, and say that their assumptions, as ours, are infallible, we should know where they stand; there would be an end to controversy. As I have said before now, "Half the controversies in the world, could they be brought to a plain issue, would be brought to a prompt termination. Parties engaged in them would then perceive . . . that in substance . . . their difference was of first principles. . . . When men understand what each other means, they see for the most part that controversy is either superfluous or hopeless." ("Univ. Sermon." p. 200-1.) The World, then, has its first principles of religion, and so have we. If this were understood, I should not have my present cause of protest against its Reason as corrosive of our faith. I do not grudge the World its gods, its principles, and its worship; but I protest against its sending them into Christian lecture-rooms, libraries, societies, and companies, as if they were Christian—criticizing, modelling, measuring, altering, improving, as it thinks, our doctrines, principles, and methods of thought, which we refer to divine informants. One of my "University Sermons," in 1831, is on this subject; it is called "The Usurpations of Reason," and I have nothing to change in it. I was very jealous of the "British Association" at its commencement; not as if science were not a divine gift, but because its first members seemed to begin with a profession of Theism, when I said their business was to keep to their own range of subjects. I argued that if they began with Theism, they would end with Atheism. At the end of half a century I have still more reason to be suspicious of the upshot of secular schools. Not, of course, that I suppose that the flood of unbelief will pour over us in its fulness at once. A large inundation requires a sufficient time, and there are always in the worst times witnesses for the Truth to stay the plague.* Above all things, there is the Infallible Church, of which I spoke so much in the "Apologia." With this remark I proceed.

* *Vide* one of my University Sermons, "Personal Influence the Means of Propagating the Truth."

IX.

I will take an illustration of the prospect before us in the instance of a doctrine which is more than most the subject of dispute just now. Lest I should be mistaken, I avow myself to hold it, not because of the disintegrating consequences of letting it go, but on the simple word of the Divine Informant; yet I want to show the prospective development of error. A century ago the God of Christianity was called a God of mere benevolence. That could not long be maintained, first, because He was the God of the Old Testament as well as of the New, and next and specially because the New Testament opened upon us the Woe thrice uttered by the Judge himself, the Woe unquenchable denounced upon transgressors. But the instinct of modern civilization denies the very idea of such a doom in the face of a progressive future. Yet consider—is there not now, as an undeniable fact, a vast aggregate of intense weary pain, bodily and mental, which has existed through an untold length of centuries, all round the earth. Consider only the long pain and anguish which are the ordinary accompaniments of death. Supposing mankind has lasted many thousand years, the suffering has lasted just as long; there has been no interval of rest. But you will say it has an end, and is comparatively brief, to each mortal; then you mean to say that your objection to future suffering would cease were it only for a thousand years and not for ever? Considering what is told us of the punishment of Dives, would that alleviation really content you? I do not believe it; you would not be satisfied with the curtailment of such punishment even to a hundred years; nay, not to twenty, not to a dozen. In spite of the word of Scripture, your imagination would carry you away; you would shrink from the idea of a course of suffering altogether; death indeed you could not deny, but “after death the judgment” and a trial before it, would cease to be a reality to you. It is a subject beyond you; it is not duration which you revolt from, but rather the pain. Indeed, are we sure that long duration intensifies pain? We have no positive notion of suffering in relation to duration. Punishment is not therefore infinite, because it has no end. What alone we know about eternity is negatively, that there is no future when it will be otherwise. All that is necessary for us to be told is that the state of good and evil is irreversible.

X.

But again, what do we know of the obstacles to a reconciliation between God and man? Suppose the punishment is self-inflicted; suppose it is the will, the proud determination of the lost to breathe defiance to his Maker, or the utter loathing of His Presence or His Court, which makes a reconciliation with Him impossible. To change such a one may be to change his identity. Moreover, what do we

know of the rules necessary for the moral government of the universe? What acts of judgment are or are not compatible or accordant with the bearing of a Just Judge? and by what self-evident process do we ascertain this? What of His knowledge who is able to "search the heart?" We are told He is one who "overcomes when He is judged;" ought we not to have the whole case spread out for us, as it will be at the Last Day, before we venture to pronounce upon its details? They are parts of a whole. Go to what is the root of the mystery, and tell us what is the Origin of Evil. Solve this, and you may see your way to other difficulties. Does not this greatest of mysteries, the "Origin of Evil," fall as heavily upon Natural Religion as future punishment upon Revelation? After all, the Theist needs Faith as well as the Christian. All religion has its mysteries, and all mysteries are correlative with faith; and, where Faith is absent, the action of "corrosive reason," under the assumptions of educated society, passes on (as I have given offence by asserting) from Catholicity to Theism, and from Theism to a materialistic cause of all things. Dr. Fairbairn calls it sceptical to preach Faith, and to practise it.

XI.

I have confined myself to the Divine Judgment; but this is only one of the doctrines which the abolition of the Woe to come is made to compromise. Here again modern philosophy acts to the injury of revelation. Those solemn warnings of Scripture against disobedience to the law of right and wrong are but the fellow of the upbraidings and menaces of the human Conscience. The belief in future punishment will not pass away without grave prejudice to that high Monitor. Are you, in losing its warning voice, to lose an ever-present reminder of an Unseen God? It is a bad time to lose this voice when efforts so serious have so long been making to resolve it into some intellectual theory or secular motive. But there is another doctrine, too, that suffers when future punishment is tampered with—namely, what is commonly called the "Atonement." The Divine Victim took the place of man: how will this doctrine stand if the final doom of the wicked is denied? Every one who escapes the penalty of pain, escapes it by virtue of the Atonement made for it; but so great a price as was paid for the remission supposes an unimaginable debt. If the need was not immense, would such a Sacrifice have been called for? Does not that Sacrifice throw a fearful light upon the need? And if the need be denied, will not the Sacrifice be unintelligible? The early martyrs give us their sense of it; they considered their torments as a deliverance from their full deserts, and felt that, had they recanted, it would have been at the risk of their eternal welfare. The Great Apostle is in his writings full of gratitude to the Power who has "delivered us

from the wrath to come." It is a foundation of the whole spiritual fabric on which his life is built. What remains of his Christianity if he is no longer to be penetrated by the thought of that "so great death" from which he had been now "delivered?" Can the religion with which Society at present threatens us be the same as the Apostle's, if this solemn doctrine is in this Religion and not in that?

XII.

Shall I be answered that it is only dogma which is left out in modern Christianity? I understand; dogma is unnecessary for faith, because faith is but a sentiment; vicarious suffering is an injustice; spiritual benefits cannot be wrought by material instruments; sin is but a weakness or an ignorance; this life has nearer claims on us than the next; the nature of man is sufficient for itself; the rule of law admits no miracles; and so on. There is any number of these assumptions ready for the nonce, and there is Micio's axiom in the play, soon perhaps to come upon us, "Non est flagitium, mihi crede, adolescentulum scortari."

When Reason starts from assumptions such as these, its corrosive quality ought to be sufficient to satisfy Dr. Fairbairn.

P.S.—This is all I think it necessary to set down in explanation of passages in my "Apologia." As to my other writings, I can safely leave them to take care of themselves. Any one that looks into them will see how strangely Principal Fairbairn has misrepresented them. But perhaps, for the sake of those who do not know them, it is my duty to denounce in a few words the monstrous words which he has used about me.

His *organon* of criticism is the old "Fallacy of the Leading Idea," viz., that of imagining to himself an hypothesis, by which he may proceed to interpret such phenomena of intellect as it pleases him to ascribe to me, and thereby to save himself the task of quotations, or any pains to which a conscientious critic would feel himself bound. In fact, though he professes to have read, or rather to have "studied," all my "works, tracts, essays, lectures, histories, and treatises," after all he has selected for adverse notice (over and above the "Apologia") only some clauses in an Oratorian and two sentences in an Oxford Sermon.

As to what he considers my "Leading Idea," it is in truth an imputation as offensive to the feelings of a Catholic as it is preposterous in itself; it is that I have been and am thinking, living, professing, acting upon a wide-stretching, all-reaching platform of religious scepticism. This scepticism is the real key to my thoughts, my arguments, and my conclusions, to what I have said in the pulpit and

what I have written in my study. I may not realize it, but I am "a poet," and "it is the unconscious and undesigned" revelations of self "that testify more truly of a man" (p. 663). This, he tells us, is his deliberate view, gained with pains and care, and on my part admits of no escape.

"It will be necessary," he says, when starting on his search for it, "to discover, if possible, Dr. Newman's *ultimate ideas*, or the *regulative principles* of his thought" (p. 663). Next, "It is difficult, almost a cruel thing," still a necessity, "to attempt to reach the *ultimate principles* that govern his thought" (p. 664). "Unless his *governing ideas* are reached, neither his mind nor his method can be understood" (*ibid.*). Once more: only by holding certain points distinct "can we get at those *ultimate principles* or *ideas* we are here in search of" (p. 665).

At last he has found the object of his careful searching: he quotes some half-sentences from my "Apologia," which he does not understand, accuses me of denouncing the faculty of Reason (*supr.*, p. 460), asks how I come to do so, and then announces his discovery: "The reason must be sought in Dr. Newman's *underlying philosophy*," which is "empirical and sceptical" (p. 667). From "leading ideas" and "fundamental principles" I have all through my life shrunk as sophistical and misleading, but I do not wonder that Dr. Fairbairn should like them, for they are to him, as I have intimated, of the greatest service. His "underlying philosophy," gained so carefully, enables him to dispense in his criticisms on me with quotations, references, evidences, altogether.

To this use he puts his "Leading Idea" in the very next sentence after he has discovered it; and by the sole virtue of it he at once utters a sweeping condemnation of my "Grammar of Assent," without any one quotation or reference to support him. Thus he writes: "The real problem of the 'Grammar of Assent' is, How, without the consent and warrant of the reason, to justify the being of religion, and faith in that infallible church which alone realizes it. The whole book is pervaded by the intensest philosophical scepticism: this supplies its *motif*, determines its problem, necessitates its distinctions, rules over the succession and gradation of its arguments. His doctrine of assent, his distinction into notional and real, which itself involves a philosophy of the most empirical individualism, his criticism of Locke, his theories of inference, certitude, and the illative sense, all mean the same thing" (p. 667). Not a shred of quotation is given to support this charge—not a single reference; but at the end of it, instead of such necessary proof, a sentence is tacked on to it, which after some search I found, not in the Essay on Assent, but in one of my Sermons, written above thirty years before, taken out of its context, and cut off from the note upon it which I

had added in its Catholic edition. Such is the outcome of Dr. Fairbairn's scrupulous care, that "lectures and treatises should be chronologically arranged" (p. 668). Such, above all, is the gain of a "Leading Idea," and it is irresistible in the hands of Dr. Fairbairn; it ignores or overrides facts, however luminous. The instance I have given is a strong one, but I will set down some others.

For instance: 1. When I have with warmth and strength of words denied that the alternative of atheism is my *only* argument for believing in the Catholic Church, and given evidence in contradiction of the charge, he answers that it is "*certainly true*," on the contrary, that "I believe it is the only *real* alternative" (p. 664).

2. When I express my recognition of the "formal proofs on which the being of God rests," and "the irrefragable demonstration thence resulting," he says that my "recognition must be criticized in the light of my own *fundamental principle*; it is to me entirely illegitimate" (p. 668).

3. He cannot help being obliged to quote me as saying that the "unaided reason, when correctly exercised, leads to a belief in God;" still he boldly says of me that "in my intellect, as I know it, in my reason, as I interpret it, I find no religion, no evidence for the being of a God" (p. 669).

4. When I say that I am a Catholic because I believe in God, and that Theism is attainable even under paganism ("Univ. Serm.," p. 21), "No," he answers, "you really mean that you are a Catholic in order that you may continue Theist" (p. 665).

5. And when I say that the Church's infallibility is "far from being" the only way of withstanding "the energy of human scepticism" ("Apol." p. 245), he answers that my "*position* will not allow me to hold, that Theism existed without and independently of Catholicism" (p. 665).

6. "Reason," I have said in my "University Sermons," "when its exercise is conducted rightly, leads to knowledge; when wrongly, to error. It is able from small beginnings to create to itself a world of ideas. It is unlimited in its range. It supplies the deficiency of the senses. It reaches to the ends of the universe, and to the throne of God beyond them. Also, it has a power of analysis and criticism in all opinion and conduct; nothing is true or right but what may be justified, and, in a certain sense, proved by it; and unless the doctrines received by faith are approvable by Reason, they have no claim to be regarded as true" (pp. 182, 206, 207, 256).

How carefully he has "studied" my writings! The account he gives of their teaching about Reason is this: "There is another and still deeper difference—the *conception of the Reason*. . . . Dr. Newman's language seems to me often *almost impious*" (p. 673).

Such are the convenient uses to which he puts his fundamental

principle. No wonder he gratefully recognizes and records the service which his fundamental principle has done him in dispensing with any more of that anxious searching which he found necessary in attaining it.

"Detailed criticism," he says, "of Dr. Newman's position, with its various assumptions and complex confusion of thought, is of course here impossible" (p. 669). Of course; impossible, and therefore let alone.

Marvellous is the power of a Fundamental View. There is said to have been a man who wrote English History, and could not be persuaded that the Heptarchy was over or Queen Anne dead, I forget which; and who, when pressed with a succession of facts to the contrary, did but reply, as each came before him, "O but, excuse me, *that* was an exception!" Dr. Fairbairn reminds me of that man.

JOHN HENRY CARDINAL NEWMAN.

LAND REFORMERS.

IT is useless to pretend that there are no other differences among Liberals at the present moment than the mere rate of going—some faster, some slower—towards the same ends. On more subjects than one they differ, even as to the direction of the path, and as to the aim to be kept in sight. To some extent this may be due to mere want of knowledge or to misunderstanding, on the part of one section or the other, in regard to particular subjects. Such, perhaps, is the case with the loud and almost incoherent cries, raised by particular sections, on what is called “the Land Question.” I am disposed to think so, because I frequently see opinions expressed, in which I entirely agree, followed almost in the same breath by recommendations with which these opinions are absolutely incompatible and inconsistent.

It has hitherto been the general aim and sentiment of the Liberal party to obtain the abolition of “limited ownership,” by which is meant ownership limited, by deeds of entail or settlement, to a life interest. Yet not a few of the very men who are now urging this, at a time when already it has been very nearly attained, are the same men who are demanding of Parliament to make the ownership of land more “limited” than ever. Moreover, the new limitations are to be much more mischievous than the old. The old kind of limitation was one at least compatible with the fullest sense of endurance and stability. Men who regarded their sons’ interest as identical with their own had every possible incitement and inducement to improve the land of which individually they were only life-owners. Consequently, this kind of limitation co-existed with the fullest sense of property, with the utmost desire to improve, and with the most self-sacrificing devotion of income to

outlays of every kind tending to increase the produce of the soil. It is, indeed, notorious that the best and most liberally managed estates have been, and now are, the estates of old families held under various forms of settlement. No doubt upon small estates the operation of "limited ownership" was less favourable, not because there was less motive to improve, but because there was less power to do so from the limited rental. The real objection to the limitations on ownership which consisted in hereditary life interests, was that they prevented the free sale of land when such sale was really required to place estates in the hands of men who had more capital or a larger free income. But these limitations were not of a nature to discourage men from the acquisition of land. On the contrary, they ministered to the desire of acquiring land, because they enabled men to satisfy to some extent the natural ambition of founding a family. In this form, and in this sense, under the old system, life interests were really and effectually perpetual interests; and the unquestionable evils which accompanied them were largely modified by those higher motives which give to men an interest in future generations.

But some reformers who have been most eager to abolish limitations of this class are now advocating other limitations on the ownership of land, which are infinitely more injurious, because they are wholly unaccompanied by any of the compensating motives which have made so many old entailed estates the very best models of enlightened management and of bounteous outlay. Whilst professing to desire the extension and multiplication of ownership in the soil, they insist on measures which destroy ownership altogether, by dividing it between a duality or a multiplicity of interests, with no intelligible principle to regulate the division, and with no freedom between man and man to settle matters of business on business principles. Whilst professing to do away with what they call "feudalism," and to establish in its stead a purely commercial ownership in the soil, they insist upon State interference to an extent, and in a form, which must scare away commercial capital, because it renders the reward of outlay and expenditure absolutely uncertain, and artificially precarious.

If a poor man, by dint of great industry and self-denial, saves enough money to buy a bit of land, and to equip it with all the necessary apparatus of cultivation, he ought to be equally free to cultivate that land himself, or to let it out on hire, either wholly or in part, precisely as he may find most suitable for himself and for his family. But how can he do this when the State steps in and tells him that if he ventures to let it on hire his tenant must become part owner with himself, that the bargain he makes with him must be subject to revision from time to time by some "Court," or that some trifling outlay on the part of his tenant—perhaps some twentieth

or thirtieth part of his own outlay—is to give that tenant the right of selling the occupancy of the whole possession? Is it possible that men of common-sense can ever be induced to invest money in the purchase of land under such irrational conditions? If the ownership of land is ever to be indeed made free and accessible to all who may have the taste and the means to invest their capital in it, the whole aim and object of legislation ought to be to give confidence, and not to shake it. Such confidence cannot be given by “meddling and muddling” legislation. The natural vicissitudes of the seasons, and still more the system of free imports, make the returns from agricultural land of necessity more or less precarious. But if, in addition to the necessity of calculating these adverse chances, an owner of land must also contemplate the purely arbitrary interference of Parliament with the freedom of his bargains with other men, nobody can have the smallest confidence in such ownership as an investment which is desirable or even tolerably safe.

I commit myself to no abstract dogma against legislation in any sphere of conduct. It is enough to say that individual freedom is the rule, and that every attempt to interfere with it must make out its own case of high expediency or of necessity. Life, Health, and Morals are, speaking generally, the interests on behalf of which the law has been most frequently and most properly called upon to interfere, in recent years, by protective regulations. Experience has shown that such interference is often called for—although even in these the extent of interference is necessarily limited. We protect Life from a few dangers, but not from a thousand others. We protect Health from a few sources of attaint, but from a few only. Even such a clear case as compulsory vaccination is in some danger of breaking down. We can, and we do, take some legislative precautions, in the interest of Morals, as, for example, against frauds such as adulteration of goods. But the general rule is of necessity the rule *caveat emptor*—let each man look out for himself. And so, without laying down any abstract dogma, we may say with truth that all experience as well as all reasoning is against any legislative attempt to regulate the price of anything, whether to diminish or to increase it. The conditions which determine Price in all matters whatever are too many and too complicated, too nicely adjusted to motives and inducements which are out of sight, to be a subject on which legislation can ever interfere with advantage, or, indeed, without disaster.

Now the conditions on which one man may hire land from another are in the main conditions of Price. That is to say, they will be so when the reformers have attained their professed object of abolishing all the softening and modifying considerations which they call “feudal.” These modifying considerations will be kept up by all

old proprietors. But the new proprietors who are to be induced to buy land on the commercial footing will be free from them—except in so far as they spring and grow up naturally from the very nature of a relation which is more enduring than other forms of commercial dealing. But let us render unto Feeling the influences which belong to it, and to Right and Justice the influences which belong to them. There can be no result but utter confusion when the law confounds the two.

If ever there was a case in which it is needless for law to undertake the functions which naturally belong to men in their individual capacity, it is in the case of the ownership of agricultural land. The ultimate interests of the State, and of such an owner, are, and must be, identical in the long run. No man can make money out of agricultural land except by increasing its produce. Even the comparatively small or barren areas of ground which can be used for purposes of pleasure, can hardly be said to be exceptions to this rule, because, although they may not increase produce, they bring rents which are largely expended on the improvement of land which is purely agricultural. Lord Hartington was thoroughly right in his recent speech when he said, "I believe the interests of landowners correspond with their duties." This is the fundamental fact with regard to ownership which leads up to the conclusion to which he pointed in the same speech—that "he should make the land not less free, but more free"—more easily acquired, and, when acquired, as freely dealt with. He added, with equally obvious truth, "You will not attract buyers to the purchase of land if you begin by encumbering the possession of land with restrictions and liabilities which attach to no other description of property."

The truth of all this has been signally illustrated by the results, so far as they have gone, of the last Irish Land Act. No doubt this case of legislation is complicated both by political violence and by a concurrent period of agricultural depression. But so far as regards the depression we know that Occupancy—that is to say, Tenant-right—fetches a full price when it is sold. It is the Ownership, not the Occupancy, of land which has become wholly unsaleable. This is partly the result of a complete unsettlement of the public mind on every question relating to landed property, and an indefinite expectation that it will be still farther injuriously affected by legislation. But allowing for all these causes, or rather counting them as part and parcel of one series of effects, there is, over and above, this fatal blow to ownership—that the Act provides for an arbitrary re-adjustment of rents every fifteen years. Now this period is not long enough to allow for the mere repayment of capital spent upon improvements. If a landlord were to lay out money on buildings, or on drainage, he could not recover from the tenant within the time,

in the shape of increased rent, or in the shape of interest, enough to recoup him for his outlay and his risk. The Court at the end of fifteen years may cut down the rent far below the figure at which it stood before, and the whole of the landlord's outlay would thus become a dead loss. The Court is bound by no principle whatever. It does not administer "law," nor any known judicial principle. It is not even bound to consider the element of market-value. It administers a purely arbitrary discretion : and there is the constant underlying feeling in the whole community, that such a Court may take, and will very probably take, "public feeling," or in other words political passion, into account in deciding what is a "fair" rent. The consequence of this legislation now is that the State is placed in the ridiculous position of having to offer a large bribe to induce men to purchase land in Ireland, although of all countries in the world it is the one in which "land hunger" most extensively prevails. Moreover, this bribe is offered, not to capitalists, but exclusively to the existing tenants, who, over a large part of Ireland, are notoriously impecunious. I do not know whether that bribe will succeed or not. My own impression is that it will not, and that for the simple reason that until rent is restored to its natural position,—until the State ceases to regulate price through the intervention of a body purely arbitrary in its action,—no confidence can be restored to men who seek to own the commodity which is subject to such a process. The ownership of land in Ireland has become unsaleable because the law has made it a worthless article. If, however, any large number of occupiers are tempted to become owners, we may be quite sure that the first thing they will do will be to agitate for the abolition of those laws which restrain them in the free dealing with the property they have acquired. Mr. Gladstone himself declared in one of his speeches that there is no country in the world which would derive so much benefit as Ireland from perfectly free trade in land. It would seem as if erroneous legislation had then got us into a vicious circle. Out of that circle there is no escape, except in a great accession to the number of owners : whilst in it there is little or no hope of men ever wishing to enter the ranks of that proscribed and fettered class.

But any approach to this kind of legislation, mischievous as it has been in Ireland, would be still more mischievous and even fatal in England and in Scotland. Even the Irish Land Act indicated the admission by Parliament that rents ought not to be dealt with by the Land Court in cases where the owner had equipped farms with all permanent improvements. This system, which was comparatively rare in Ireland, is all but universal in England and in Scotland. The capital invested by owners, first in the purchase of the land, and next in its equipment and improvement, is always immensely greater than

the capital which the tenant invests in mere tillage. Yet many "land reformers" are now aiming at legislation which is to over-protect that one of the two parties who contributes a mere fraction of the total capital involved, at the expense of invading and imperilling the security of that other one of the two parties who contributes the great bulk of that capital. Any such legislation will be not only unjust as regards the past, but prohibitive as regards the future. Old owners will be punished and fined in proportion to the extent of the outlay they have made on the security of ancient and universal laws; whilst new men, warned by their fate, will eschew that kind of property and of outlay which is exposed to such a fate. We may depend upon it that, if we desire a large number of new men to become owners of land, we must so direct legislation, or so let it remain, that they may be free to make the very best and the very most of it. Whether they wish to cultivate it themselves or to let it out for hire to others, they must be allowed to do so unencumbered and unembarrassed by vexatious limitations.

Then there is another item of some "land reformers' " creed which is equally obnoxious to every principle of common-sense. That item is what is called "free cultivation." By this it is meant that, when an industrious and saving man has invested his capital in land, he must not prevent any tenant to whom he may let it from raising exhausting crops and then throwing it up into the owner's hands spent and ruined—a mere *caput mortuum*. Of course it will be denied that this is intended. But, as it never can be to the interest of any owner of land to prevent his tenant from raising the most profitable crops which are consistent with good husbandry, it is quite certain that the demand for "free cultivation" means cultivation free from the restraints which owners must impose in self-defence against the scourging and impoverishment of their land. Those who raise this cry are for the most part criers who are themselves wholly ignorant of agriculture, and wholly incapable of judging what restraints are and what are not required for the maintenance of good husbandry. New owners will certainly require freedom to judge for themselves what practices are, and what practices are not, compatible with the ruin of their land. If this freedom is not allowed, then the professed aim and object of all these "reforms" will not be attained. Men will not invest in a kind of property over which dreamers and theorists of every kind are allowed to exert their confusing influence in legislation. It is especially irrational to suppose that any statute can ever deal satisfactorily or justly with such a subject, seeing that the progress of agricultural knowledge in chemistry is perpetually making new discoveries as to the crops which can or cannot be raised on particular soils, and under what conditions as to manures or as to

intervals of rotation. These are details which must be left to perfect freedom of contract between man and man. No owner of land can have any conceivable object in restraining his tenant from any cultivation which is profitable and yet not permanently injurious to the soil. On the contrary, it must always be his direct interest to encourage and promote every kind of good husbandry which is really such.

But I pass from small owners to small occupiers of land. I am fully satisfied that, in many parts of the country, the consolidation of farms has been carried to an excess. But this is an evil which will cure itself. The owners of land are finding out that the smaller class of farms are less affected by the agricultural depreciation than the very large farms. But as farmers of all kinds and degrees are men who hire land because they have not enough capital to buy it, and also to stock it and cultivate it, the whole class of hirers must depend on the class of owners to supply that portion of the capital which consists in the price of the land, and in the cost of its buildings, fencing, and draining. The same general considerations, therefore, apply to all legislation which aims at the establishment of small farms in lieu of large farms. It must give absolute security to the capital invested by the owner, and any special and forced protection of the occupier, whose capital is smaller and more "floating," must of necessity defeat its own object.

There is nothing, however, against sound principle in this work being undertaken, either by private companies becoming owners of estates and cutting them up into small possessions, or in the same work being undertaken by public bodies. I assume that these bodies will honestly buy land in the market, and at the market price. There never was a better time. Millions' worth of land is in the market. Municipalities are already in many cases enabled by local Acts to buy land for building purposes, and in some cases for allotments. In many cities they have exercised these powers with benefit, and even with pecuniary gain. But this is a very different thing from undertaking the duties and functions of a landowner over a large number of farming tenants. Very few persons among the reformers have any adequate idea of the outlays and of the risks this would involve—all to be met out of the rates. But here, again, if it is to succeed, the municipal "bodies" must themselves be free to let their land on what conditions they please—that is to say, on whatever conditions they find acceptable in the market. Many of the Burghs in Scotland are proprietors of farming land as part of the "Public Good" of the town. They always manage their estates precisely on the same principles on which individual landlords manage their estates. They build the necessary buildings, they

drain and fence, and they generally let their farms by public auction, which is rather the exception than the rule on many private estates.

In all these cases, then, what we want is not restriction, but freedom—the same freedom which is needed above all things in every other business of life, and which is certainly not less needed in a business which is liable to be affected, not only by the vicissitudes of the seasons in our own country, but by the overflowing production of all other countries in the world.

I pass now both from smaller properties in land, and from smaller farms, to an object which is essentially distinct from both—namely, the object of providing allotments of land for labourers, or for men who belong in a general sense to the labouring classes. There is no object with which I have a greater sympathy. But one essential preliminary to success is that the cry against “enclosures” be resisted, or at least that it be listened to only when toned down to common-sense. Every allotment is an enclosure. The very essence of it is that it is some given area of land fenced off, enclosed, and given over to the exclusive possession of some individual man. The progress of enclosures has been the progress of civilization and the progress of agricultural improvement. It has been universally so regarded, even by such Liberals as Jeremy Bentham. For purposes of recreation, where these are required by the population of great cities, the preservation of commons is, indeed, an excellent object. But for the purposes of agriculture, whether pursued by labouring men, or by farmers, or by small owners, the principle of individualism is essential. I am not excluding the case of club-farms, which are, as yet, purely experimental. In fact, the club becomes an individual in this case. I am speaking of the old “common-rights,” the wide disappearance of which is so often deplored as a “robbery” of the labouring classes. Under that system the only result was wide areas of land given over to a few flocks of geese, a few donkeys, and some inferior cattle. Under such a system no land can ever be improved, no stock can ever be raised in quality. No man will ever expend his earnings in buying a better bull, or a better cow, or a better ram if the quality of the stock is to be kept down by the inferior beasts of his careless neighbours. I have always found in my own experience that, where grazings are held in common, the most industrious men invariably ask that, if possible, their share shall be separately enclosed. And [this is the system of all modern allotments, whether the separation be from commons or from larger farms which have already been enclosed. They are all enclosures. All their value, and all their hopefulness as regards success, is that they should be essentially individual, attainable by individual thrift and industry,

secured to individual skill and perseverance. But in this, as in all the other cases, the very possibility of successful cultivation depends on an equipment in houses for man and beast, and in fencing, which is very costly. If these are to be provided by larger capitalists, or by public bodies charging the cost upon the rates, then such bodies must be free to let the allotments at rents which will be remunerative. And not only must they be free to do so, but they must be bound to do so, otherwise the system will certainly degenerate into a new form of outdoor relief.

There is another branch of the subject on which many land-reformers are very inconsiderate as to the real effect of their proposals. Land must always belong to that which Mr. Gladstone called, in one of the most famous of his Budget speeches, "rateable property." It is the most conspicuous, the most accessible, the most tempting to all taxing and rating authorities. Yet it is unquestionably the least remunerative and fruitful as a source of income, and pays the lowest rate of interest. There are, indeed, great difficulties—perhaps insuperable difficulties—in making personal property pay any adequate share of the local taxes which now affect exclusively the property called rateable. This places a high premium on all investments of capital which are free from rates, and tends to a corresponding discouragement of investments in land. This discouragement will be immensely aggravated by every new scheme which contemplates heavier rates for purposes which are quite new, and the success of which is at least purely experimental. But, besides all this, it is one of the aims of many so-called reformers to treat rateable property on precisely the same footing, as regards imperial taxation, as if it bore no special burden in respect to rates. Yet it is quite certain that every proposal of this kind will tend to make the possession of land more and more a luxury for the rich, and less and less attractive as a means of living for the poor, or even for men of moderate means. I doubt whether small owners would survive a very few generations of a succession duty levied on capital value, in addition to the necessary burden of all local rates. Rich men, with money derived from other sources, may afford it easily, for they would pay it out of extraneous resources. But small owners would be compelled on every succession either to sell or to borrow. The result of this cannot be doubtful. Small ownership would be rendered more difficult than ever; or perhaps those who cling to it would be slowly but surely reduced to such conditions of life as have been so graphically described in the recent most interesting papers of Lady Verney on the Peasant Proprietors of many parts of France.

The true aim of all reformers ought to be to make land as easily acquired as possible, and, when acquired, to make it as freely dealt

with as any other kind of property. And as, in the nature of things, it must always be more burdened than other property for local purposes, the incidence of imperial taxation should be regulated with a due regard to this unavoidable necessity. Unrestricted imports must make agriculture more than ever precarious in this country. And if we wish it to be pursued by men who are comparatively poor, we must not so direct our measures as to discourage others from assisting them with their capital, by trammels, restrictions, and obligations from which every other industry is free.

ARGYLL.

MR. GLADSTONE IN NORWAY.

UNDER ordinary circumstances, the bare record of a yachting cruise in waters which have been made familiar by the writings of far abler pens than mine, as well as by much direct personal experience, would possess no attractions for the readers of the *CONTEMPORARY REVIEW*. The value of the record, if such there be, will clearly be in the fact that it refers to incidents which have been participated in, to a greater or less extent, by one on whom the eyes of his countrymen, and indeed of most men, have long been fixed with attention, and whose personal importance extends its influence to all his actions. In consenting, therefore, to write an account of the cruise, I felt, after considerable hesitation, that the simplest, and in every way the most desirable mode of doing so would be to send a transcript of my travelling diary, without attempting to add to it in any way.

The circumstances which led to the voyage to Norway being undertaken by Mr. Gladstone are well known, and require no further allusion. It will be sufficient to say that, all the necessary arrangements for the cruise having been made, we embarked on board the *Sunbeam* at Greenhithe on Saturday, August 8 (having deferred our departure until the afternoon, in order to enable Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone to be present at the christening of their grandson), and proceeded thence, under steam, at 6.30 p.m., stopping at Gravesend for a few minutes on the way down the river. Our party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, Miss Mary Gladstone, Mrs. Bridge, Sir Andrew Clark, Mr. Arnold Morley, Mr. George Leveson-Gower, Mr. L. V. Harcourt, my husband, three daughters and myself. The wind was fresh from the south-west, and as it increased we flew before it, under full sail, at the rate of from ten to thirteen knots hour.

Sunday, August 9.—We all breakfasted together, except Mr. Gladstone, who remained in his cabin, whence he listened later on to the morning service, held as usual in the saloon. The weather was fine, and we progressed rapidly, passing through a large fleet of fishing-boats upon the Dogger Bank. Most of the party assembled for evening prayers and dinner, after which the breeze freshened considerably.

Monday, August 10.—Early in the morning the wind changed its direction about two points, and increased in force. Several of those on board suffered a good deal; but Mr. Gladstone, by keeping quiet in his cabin, was not at all uncomfortable, much to the satisfaction of Sir Andrew Clark. We had sighted the light on Ekero during the previous evening, and it had therefore been necessary to shorten sail, so as not to make the land too soon, and also to get up steam, in order to pass through the narrows. A terribly bad night we had of it, rolling and pitching about. The noises on deck, as the sails were shifted and trimmed, added to our discomfort, the yacht having to put about and heave-to in the face of a stiff twelve-knot breeze, with a heavy sea running. At four A.M. we took on board our pilot, the same man, curiously enough, who had been with us in the *Sunbeam* during her first cruise, in 1874, and who, thirty years ago, had acted as pilot to my husband in his little yacht the *Cymba*, during her voyage up the Baltic.

Tuesday, August 11.—By seven o'clock we were safely anchored in the small harbour of Stavanger, close to the clean little town of the name; and all met at breakfast in good spirits, though somewhat fatigued by the jerkings, tossings, and holdings-on, of the past night. The *Zingara* yacht, with the Duchess of Montrose, Lord Winchilsea, Admiral Montgomery, Dr. Wilson, and Mr. Taylor on board, was anchored not far from us, weatherbound, on her way from Hardanger to Ekero.

On landing, at about twelve o'clock, the reception which we met with in this comparatively out-of-the-way place, where our visit had been totally unexpected, was very striking. From early morning little groups of townspeople had been hovering about the quays, trying to get a distant glimpse of the world-renowned statesman who was among our passengers; and when I at last steered our heavily laden gig to the landing-place, Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone received a cordial and enthusiastic welcome from the assembled spectators, who lined the streets, bareheaded, for some little distance, and who afterwards followed us at a respectful interval, as we walked through the town. Every window and doorway was filled with onlookers, several flags had been hoisted in honour of the occasion, and the church bells were set ringing. It was interesting and touching to see the ex-Minister walking up the narrow street, his hat

almost constantly raised in response to the salutations of the townspeople.

After visiting and inspecting the old church, our party divided, some going for a long walk, while others returned on board the yacht to meet the little steamer which had been provided for us by the Vice-Consul. In this vessel we proceeded to Aardal, at the head of one of the branches of the Stavanger Fiord. Here we disembarked, and, provided with fishing-rods of various sizes, took up our positions by the waterside. The children were near a small stream famous for the excellence of its fish; I was close to the mouth of a large river, for the chance of some sea-trout; while others walked on to the falls. Unfortunately there was very little water, the best pools being almost empty. In these circumstances our fishing was not very successful; and the afternoon having turned out wet, we ultimately sought rest and shelter at a neighbouring cottage, where a civil woman, with an enormous family of small infants, provided us with excellent milk and sweet rusks.

It was a clean, tidy six-roomed house, and numerous ^{*}as were the children, they were all well clad and evidently well fed. In fact, the well-to-do appearance of all the people about here is quite striking.

We then went to see the nets drawn, with unsatisfactory result, and subsequently returned to the steamer, wet but merry. On our way down the fiord we stopped at one point to hear the splendid echo, the sound of which reverberated among the chains of mountains like distant artillery—to use a hackneyed but useful simile. We had a cheery dinner on board the little steamer, with the Vice-Consul and captain as our hosts, and managed to exchange a good many ideas, notwithstanding our limited acquaintance with each other's language. It was eleven o'clock before we reached the *Sunbeam*, where we found that the time had passed pleasantly during our absence, the visitors having included a party from the *Zingara*, and an agreeable Norwegian family, who were greatly delighted with the yacht, talked a little English, and made sweet music by singing some charming national songs.

Wednesday, August 12.—About 8.30 A.M. we got under weigh, left the friendly little harbour of Stavanger, which had sheltered us for thirty-six hours, and steamed up the far-famed Hardanger Fiord, the grandeur of the scenery of which is too well known to need description by me.

Strawberries of various kinds are here cheap and plentiful. Yesterday morning we were surprised to receive some of enormous size, but remarkable for their complete want of flavour. Last night, on the other hand, we enjoyed, on board the steamer, a delicious mess of tiny mountain strawberries, of fine flavour, with some rich cream.

The day was showery, and the fleeting clouds and sudden gleams of bright sunshine produced some wonderful effects of light and shade on the fresh green fields, the golden stubble (for the corn is already cut, although little more than a month ago the snow was on the ground) and the toy-like red, white, and yellow wooden houses, each the exact counterpart of the other, and all dotted about on the hillsides and banks of the Fiord in the most haphazard fashion.

We anchored off Lervig about five o'clock, and at once landed at the village, some of the party starting on a walking expedition, while I with others went fishing. A rough country cart, drawn by a small dun pony, with a fair-haired boy as driver, was hired for our use, and, some walking, some driving, we proceeded until we were met by a farmer, who rowed us to a charming lake just above the village of Lervig. Here we fished for some time, in the midst of one of the heavy thunder-storms peculiar to mountainous countries, and subsequently returned to the yacht, drenched through and through, but with a nice basketful of small trout.

Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, Sir Andrew Clark, and other members of the walking party, under the guidance of the pastor of the parish, had in the meantime made a pleasant little excursion, in the course of which they had visited a room, seven hundred years old, said to have been at one time the palace of a king. The building, which is now walled over in order to preserve it, was originally constructed of huge baulks of timber, procured from far larger trees than any which now exist in Norway, the forests having all been cut down.

Thursday, August 13.—We started at 8.30 A.M., and proceeded under steam up the Hardanger Fiord. The mountains on either side rise in places to a height of from 3,000 to 5,000 feet; but there are not so many glaciers and snow-fields to be seen upon them as, for instance, in the Sogne Fiord, where we hope to go later on. There are, however, two magnificent waterfalls, and the banks throughout are wonderfully fertile and well wooded. On we went, past Tergen and the island of Varalso, past Jondal and Utne—the point of junction with the Sör Fiord, until at last we reached Vik, at the end of the Eid Fiord, where we anchored, at 5.30 P.M., in the only possible place, close to the shore, in thirty-five fathoms of water, with sixty fathoms of chain out. Close by is a fine salmon river, leased by Mr. Walters and his son, who also have another river above the lake. They were extremely kind in giving the whole of our party free permission to fish, as well as in sending some splendid salmon on board. Mr. Walters and his son also dined with us, and gave us some interesting information about the place and their experiences here, and the method which is adopted of preserving salmon in ice for exportation to England. We discussed very fully all our plans for the great

expedition (for it was really rather an undertaking, especially for those not in the most robust health) which we proposed to make the next day to the Voring Fos; and our council lasted so long that it was quite late before we separated for the night.

Friday, August 14.—At about 3.30 A.M. I was awoke by "Sir Roger" (my intelligent black poodle) standing over me, scratching with all his might and main at the clothes, and barking violently. Having severely scolded him for this irregular conduct and told him to lie down, I tried to go to sleep again, dreamily wondering what could be the cause of sundry violent thumps and bumps on the side of the vessel, whether something was wrong with the rudder, or whether some careless sailor had left a block hanging loose overboard; until at last there came a knocking at the cabin door, and Kindred, our first mate, addressing Tom in a very melancholy voice, said, "Please, sir, I want to get up steam, as her stern is touching the shore." We were on deck in a very few moments, and there, to our horror, we found our beloved *Sunbeam* lying almost broadside on to a rocky beach, from which a sharp stone pier jutted out, her yards projecting over the garden of the snug-looking little hotel, the windows of which were now filled with night-gowned figures.

Fortunately, the predicament in which the yacht was placed had been observed from the shore by Mr. Walters, who obtained assistance, and thus enabled us, by means of a hawser laid out to a buoy, to keep the vessel's bow from touching the ground. So abruptly does the shore shelve at this point, that although we were aground by the stern, there was at least ten fathoms of water forward. Then came sudden gusts and "willicwaughs," rushing down from the mountains, accompanied by torrents of rain, causing us, as soon as our stern was once more clear of the ground, to swing round in a perfectly helpless and alarming manner, and finally to drift down upon a large fishing-smack which had dropped her anchor rather too close to us during the night, and was now in dangerous proximity. As the two vessels met, ominous cracks and splinterings were heard, and a certain amount of damage was done, notwithstanding the efforts which were made by the use of boat-hooks, fenders, and deck-seats, to lessen the effects of the collision. There was no one on board the fishing-boat, and some of our men therefore climbed into her, and cut away a portion of the rigging, which had become entangled in ours, and which, it may be added, was old and rotten. The result was that the wind nearly carried her mast overboard; so that as soon as we were again free, we replaced with new rope that which had been destroyed on board the smack. All this time we were getting up steam, which was a matter of a couple of hours. When at last all was ready for a start, there came a few moments of great anxiety as to whether the *Sunbeam's* screw had been

injured by the rough contact with the shore; but our doubts on this score were soon relieved, and we at once proceeded to steam slowly ahead, and to pick up our sixty fathoms of chain, the anchor finally appearing crown-foremost, with three turns of the cable round the stock—a sufficient reason for its failure to hold the ground. We made another attempt to remain at our anchorage by dropping two anchors, each with sixty fathoms of chain attached; but the force of the wind was by this time so great that after being once more nearly driven ashore, we were reluctantly compelled to heave them up again, and to proceed under steam to Odde in search of better shelter, leaving all our fishing and expeditionary programme unaccomplished, our salmon and ice behind, and, I am sorry to add, some of our bills unsettled for the time being.

About five o'clock, when the incident of the collision was practically terminated, and we were having some coffee to warm ourselves, after our six "*mauvais quarts d'heure*," Mr. Gladstone appeared at the door of his cabin in the saloon, where we were sitting, and was greatly interested in hearing what had happened, and in the present condition of affairs. Baby, too, had come up from her berth some time previously to know what *could* be the matter, and what all the noise was about; and Mrs. Bridge, Mabelle, and Mr. Morley had been on deck throughout; but with these exceptions the remainder of our passengers had either slept through the affair in blissful ignorance that all was not as it should be, or had not troubled themselves to turn out from their comfortable beds to ascertain what was happening, though they had been conscious that something was wrong, and that the noises which disturbed them were somewhat extraordinary.

It was 7.30 A.M. by the time we had fairly left Vik, and eleven o'clock before we reached Odde, at the head of the Sör Fiord—a southward-stretching arm of the Hardanger; the weather meanwhile having greatly improved, thus enabling us to enjoy the splendid scenery to the best advantage. At Odde, a pretty little village, and an important centre for excursions, we found that a large new hotel—the Hardanger—had been built since our last visit to the place, eleven years ago. At this establishment we proceeded to make the necessary arrangements for afternoon expeditions, Mr. Gladstone, Sir Andrew Clark, Mr. Leveson-Gower and Tom deciding to visit the Laathefos and Skarsfos, while Mrs. Gladstone and I, with the rest of the party, went to the Buerbræ Glacier. We drove in *stolkjærres* to the Sandenvand Lake, and having rowed across, found horses and guides (one of whom had been engaged by us when here before, and who recognized us with pleasure) awaiting us. Mounted as well as circumstances would permit, for there was a great scarcity of saddles, we proceeded up the smiling fertile valley to within a mile of our destination, whence we scrambled

over the rocks and rough ground until we reached the beautiful dark blue ice arch at the foot of the glacier, and finally found ourselves touching the glacier itself, which, as is usually the case, looked much less bright and sparkling and unsullied than it had done from a distance, the surface of the lower portion being covered with the stones and dirt which had fallen upon it from the mountain-sides as it forced its way downwards. Mr. Harcourt took some photographs of the scene, which we much hope will turn out successfully. The atmospheric effects were fine, but somewhat too transient, heavy showers obliging us to seek frequent shelter beneath the rocks. It was altogether rather an arduous little expedition, and we all thought it wonderfully plucky of Mrs. Gladstone to persevere to the end.

We had a rough row back across the lake, on the shore of which we met Tom and Mr. Leveson-Gower walking down from the Laathefos, whence Mr. Gladstone and Sir Andrew Clark had already preceded them. Then a very quick drive—the horses galloping down-hill and round the sharp corners as hard as ever they could—brought us back to Odde, where having paid a brief visit of inspection to the old church, and called on the Bishop of Durham, who, with his two chaplains (the Rev. J. R. Harmer and the Rev. H. E. Savage), is staying here for a few days, we returned to the yacht.

At Odde, as elsewhere in Norway, it has been extremely interesting to observe the way in which Mr. Gladstone is received, or rather greeted, by the country people. Without undue pressing or curiosity, they regard him with the closest attention and evident admiration, baring their heads as he passes, and gazing after him with looks which betoken admiration and respect. This is not only the case in the villages, but in remote places where we have been fishing, and on byroads and paths, where we have happened to meet with any of the peasantry. The fact, strange as it may seem, that these Norwegian country-folk should know so much about Mr. Gladstone, and, having heard of his arrival in their part of the country, should be so greatly interested to see him, impressed us deeply.

Saturday, August 15.—About ten o'clock, Mr. Gladstone, Mabelle, and most of the gentlemen set out for the Skjæggedalfos. They ought really to have started earlier, for the expedition there and back occupies at least thirteen hours. The result of the delay was that, although they enjoyed the row to Plads Tyssedal, and the charming though somewhat steep walk thence to Gaarden Skjæggedal, they did not actually proceed as far as the fall itself.

In the meantime I drove Mrs. Gladstone, in a stolkjærre, Muriel and Sir Andrew Clark, Baby and Miss Gladstone accompanying us in similar vehicles, to the Laathefos and Skarsfos. On the way we met Mr. Harcourt and Mrs. Bridge, who had been taking some

photographs, Muriel returned with them to fish, and we thought that Sir Andrew Clark had done the same. We therefore continued our course and ascended to the top of the mountain, by means of a good but steep zigzag road, commanding extensive views of the Folgefond Glacier. At the summit we found that thoughtful provision for the requirements of picnic parties had been made by the Norwegian Alpine Club, in the form of a stone table and seats, of which we availed ourselves while the horses rested. After walking on a little farther to see the Espelands-fos, and stopping to pick some of the innumerable berries of all kinds and colours—purple, blue, crimson, scarlet, and yellow—growing by the wayside, which held forth great promises in the way of table decoration, beside being very good to eat, we returned in the direction of Odde; Baby and I driving down quickly in order to do some fishing; while Mrs. and Miss Gladstone, after staying a little while longer to admire the view, followed slowly, gathering flowers on the way. Half-way down, to our surprise, we found Sir Andrew Clark resting by the wayside, not having returned with the fishing party, as we had expected him to do, and having thus been left behind. While we were at lunch several carriages had passed us *en route* from Christiania to Odde, including one procession of eight of these vehicles, seven of which were occupied by as many women, who would have been “unprotected” females, but for the occupant of the eighth, their “talk,” or escort-guide, who brought up the rear. We found the boats awaiting our arrival, but the fishing was not very successful. Baby hooked one fish of about four pounds immediately; but the landing-net unfortunately was not ready, and she lost it.

Sunday, August 16.—At half-past eight o'clock, in the midst of a heavy and continuous downpour of rain, the Bishop of Durham and his two chaplains came on board to celebrate the Holy Communion. Later on we landed to attend the English service held by the Bishop at the hotel; and at noon we proceeded to the Norwegian church close by, a plain wooden, whitewashed structure, with a slate roof and a tiny spire. The interior was equally modest and unpretentious in style, the walls of the long aisle and of the apse being whitewashed; while the roof was covered with cream-coloured paint. At the further end, in the apse, stood what looked like a Roman Catholic altar. In front of it was the communion-table, upon which the clergyman's vestments, somewhat elaborate in style, had been laid. The rector of the parish was preaching his last sermon to his flock, previous to his departure to another district. In his black gown and white ruff he presented a somewhat striking appearance, standing out in strong relief from the white background. On one side of the church sat the women and girls; on the other the men and boys; the women

wearing those wonderful, large, snowy-white, crimped caps, with a queer little lappel or point behind, which are peculiar to the neighbourhood of the Hardanger Fiord, and which must often suffer severely from the vicissitudes of the climate. The simple style of coiffure adopted by the girls, who wear their hair in long plaits on either side of the head, is in marked contrast to this somewhat elaborate but effective attempt at personal adornment. One could not help thinking regretfully how many of the caps would be spoilt, and how many of the bright-coloured bodices would be damaged by the heavy rain which was still falling, and which threatened to continue throughout the day. Many of the congregation had come from places at a considerable distance from Odde, in the little street of which their stolkjærres and carriages were now waiting, while the adjacent beach was covered with boats drawn up high and dry beyond the reach of harm, in case of a sudden accession of bad weather. The whole morning, from as early as eight o'clock, had these boats been rowing up the fiord, some laden with groups of merry boys and girls, others containing entire families, including sundry babies of tender age, who were about to be christened; while others, again, were the bearers of bereaved relatives solemnly conveying the body of a loved one to its last resting-place.

The discourse of the minister, a grave, earnest-looking man, with reddish hair and closely-cut beard, must have been of a stirring character, for among the women there was scarcely a dry eye, while many of them sobbed audibly. I had observed the same thing on previous occasions when visiting churches in Norway; so that, although I should be sorry to throw any doubt upon the power of the preacher's eloquence, which appeared to be great, it is possible that the effect produced may have been mainly due to the easily excited emotions of his simple-minded auditors. The fact, too, that, as usual when there is service at Odde, which is only once in every three weeks, two or three funerals were to take place afterwards, and that the mourners formed part of the congregation, should perhaps be taken into account in considering this point. The church, which is probably capable of holding four or five hundred people, was so crowded that it was difficult, even with the assistance of the vergers, to find places, or to move when once we were seated. Notwithstanding this, most of the men of the congregation contrived to leave their places, and walking up the aisle in solemn procession, to lay down their offering of silver or copper coin upon the altar, as they passed behind it and returned to their seats. A sad-sounding, wailing hymn was meanwhile sung by all present. Then the new rector called together all the little boys and girls of his flock, and arranging them in two rows along the aisle, proceeded to cate-

chise them. The children paid the greatest attention to his questions and remarks; there was not a wandering look amongst them, and their replies appeared to be ready and satisfactory. Next came Luther's hymn, sung without accompaniment, but with the utmost fervour; after which we began to think that we had stayed long enough in the close stuffy atmosphere of the crowded church, in which no attempt whatever appeared to be made in the direction of ventilation, and which was pervaded by an odour difficult to define, but which seems to be peculiar to the country. Deeply interested, as he evidently was, in the service and all connected with it, Mr. Gladstone, like the rest of us, was obliged to go out for a time to get a breath of fresh air, after which we returned to a kind of vestry, whence we could see and hear what was going on, without running the risk of being suffocated. In the same place were several women, with babies which they had brought to be christened: while elsewhere the mourners connected with four funerals were waiting for their sadder share of attention from the poor clergyman, who by the end of the day must, I should think, have felt fairly exhausted with his labours. The parish is, however, so scattered and extensive that it is necessary to concentrate the work as much as possible in the one Sunday of each month on which, as I have before noted, service is held in the church. The actual interments of course take place as the necessity arises, so that it often happens that the service is read and flowers are strewn over the closed grave of one who has been buried for a fortnight or more.

When at last the congregation left the church, it was interesting and pleasant to observe on what good terms the clergyman was with his flock, and how he had won their hearts and their esteem during his now expired period of office. He walked about the churchyard, shaking hands and exchanging a few kindly words with each and all; and when, two hours later, he embarked on board the departing steamer, a large crowd had assembled in order to see the last of him, many handkerchiefs being waved as a farewell sign, while still more were used for the more legitimate purpose of wiping tears from the weeping eyes of their owners.

After considerable difficulty and delay, caused by the crowded state of the small but clean and comfortable hotel, we procured some lunch, and then set out on various little walking expeditions. Sir Andrew Clark and I went to call on Professor Greenfield and some friends of his from Scotland, who subsequently came on board the *Sunbeam*. We had an unusually large attendance at evening service on the yacht, including the Bishop of Durham, Mr. Harmer, and Mr. Savage the rector of West Hartlepool. Tom read the service, and Mr. Savage afterwards delivered an admirable little address.

Monday, August 17.—We were called at four o'clock. The

Bishop and his chaplains, whom we had invited to accompany us, were on board by five ; and directly afterwards we steamed away from Odde for Vik, where we arrived soon after ten. We landed without delay, and at once set out on our proposed and postponed expedition to the Voringfos, some on foot and others in stolkjærres, in which way we reached the shores of the Eidfiord Vand, where boats were in readiness for us. A fresh breeze swept over the surface of the little lake, which is surrounded by precipitous mountains ; and, with the aid of oars, umbrellas, and cloaks, hoisted as substitutes for sails, we soon reached the tiny village of Sæbo, on the opposite side, where the ascent of the Voringfos commences. Here, after a brief delay at the inn, we found ponies enough for the whole party, together with a most extraordinary and miscellaneous collection of saddles. But Mr. Gladstone, the Bishop, Mr. Savage, Mr. Harmer, Tom, and one or two others preferred to walk—or perhaps I should say to go on foot, for it was certainly much more of a scramble than a mere walk in many places. The new path to the foot of the falls is a great improvement upon the old one, however, and the ponies are so sure-footed that I trusted mine to carry me nearly the whole way, my saddle being a curious kind of armchair, perched on his back, and studded all over with brass-headed nails. Even over the great slimy slabs of ice-like gneiss he neither stumbled nor slipped, much less fell. About half-way up we met a young Bulgarian, who inquired with evident interest whether we had seen anything of Mr. Gladstone, who, he had understood, was making the ascent to-day, and whom he would have liked to have seen. It must have been rather tantalizing to him to learn that he had already passed the gentleman in question some half-hour previously, without recognising him, and that by this time he must be a long way ahead. I felt sorry that the meeting had not taken place, as it might have been interesting.

At last, after much climbing and scrambling, we reached the comparatively level ground just below the fall, at a height of about a thousand feet from the valley, whence a glorious view of snow-covered mountains is obtained. The new path then passes by the side of the rock-encircled gloomy-looking lake, from which there appears to be no exit till it reaches the comfortable little wooden hut erected by the Turistforening for the convenience of travellers, where excellent beer and coffee can be obtained. In bad weather this hut must be a great boon ; but to-day, happily, the sun shone brightly, and we were able to enjoy the grandeur of the scenery to the best advantage. The contrast of the masses of ferns, foliage, and flowers near the fall, with the bare, rugged, sterile rocks, over which we had recently struggled, was very striking at this point of the expedition. The falls themselves come into view, after a walk of about half a mile, suddenly and in the most marvellous manner, as one turns a corner, the vast

body of water shooting out over the perpendicular rock into a basin 600 feet below, in an unbroken mass, sending up a volume of spray which forms by no means the least impressive part of the spectacle. It was this spray which, many years ago, before the fall had been discovered, caused the natives who saw it from a distance to give the place the name of "the smoke-hole." Indeed, the mystery does not appear to have been cleared up until 1821, when the lower part of the fall was explored by Professor Hansteen.

Having duly admired the wonderful scene, and the charming rainbow effects produced by the sheets of spray and the bright sunshine, we found that it was time to retrace our steps in the direction of Vik. I am not sure that the descent did not seem rougher and longer than our journey up had been, although, as a matter of fact, we got over the ground much more quickly. As we crossed the green pastures on the level ground near the village of Sæbø, we met several people taking their evening stroll, and also a tourist, apparently on his way up to spend the night near the Vöringfos. The wind had gone down since the morning, and we crossed the little lake with fair rapidity, admiring as we went the glorious effects of the setting sun upon the tops of the precipitous mountains, and the wonderful echo which was aroused for our benefit by the boatmen. An extremely jolty drive, in springless country carts, soon brought us to the little inn at Vik, and by half-past eight we were once more on board the *Sunbeam*, exactly ten hours after setting out upon our expedition, which had included a ride or walk, as the case might be, of eighteen miles, independently of the journey by boat and cart—a hardish day's work for any one, but really a wonderful undertaking for a man of seventy-five, who disdained all proffered help, and insisted on walking the whole distance.

No one who saw Mr. Gladstone that evening at dinner, in the highest spirits, and discussing subjects both grave and gay with the greatest animation, could fail to admire his marvellous pluck and energy; or, knowing what he had shown himself capable of doing in the way of physical exertion, could feel much anxiety on the score of the failure of his strength.

Tuesday, August 18.—We left Vik at 5.30 on a splendid morning, and had a pleasant voyage through charming scenery to Rosendal, situated in one of the most picturesque spots of the Hardanger Fjord. The valley behind the village leads up to the vast Folgefond Glacier, beyond which, at a distance, as the crow flies, of not more than twenty miles, is Odde, where we spent last Sunday. In order to reach that place, however, it would be necessary to travel at least seventy miles by water, unless the glacier were crossed, which is not unfrequently done. One of the principal features of Rosendal is the well-known Kvindherred church, which, unlike most of the Norwe-

gian churches, is built of stone instead of wood, the style of architecture being what is known as the Early English Gothic. Mr. Gladstone, who takes a deep interest in all such edifices, at once went off with one or two others of the party to inspect it; while Mr. Leveson-Gower, Mr. Harcourt, and I went to call upon Baron Rosenkrone, who resides in the old baronial house of Rosendal. It is a remarkable-looking mansion, built round three sides of a square, not unlike an Italian courtyard, with massive iron gates, outside which, having rung the bell, we waited and watched the pigeons flying about, and the huge shaggy brown and white St. Bernard dog, who looked somewhat askance at us, and appeared to be prepared to resent our visit as an intrusion. Having with some difficulty ascertained that the proprietor was at home, we were shown into a comfortable-looking old-fashioned apartment, where, one after another, four ladies appeared, neither of whom was more capable of speaking English or French than we were of addressing them in their own language. The conversation, such as it was, was therefore carried on in German, of which they had a very slight knowledge; but as soon as our host himself appeared all our difficulties were removed, for we found, to our relief, that he spoke English fluently, although with some hesitation, due no doubt to want of practice. The Baron, who is the sole survivor of the old Norwegian nobility—the titles of all those born subsequent to 1821 having been abolished by law—received us hospitably, and showed us all over his interesting mansion, which was built between two and three hundred years ago, and which contains a rare collection of books of all sorts, antique carvings, curious fireplaces, some very fair casts of Thorwaldsen's most famous works, many old paintings, and several clever modern pictures by Dahl, Gude, and other Norwegian artists. The gardens were specially attractive, with their luxuriant flowers, the delicious fragrance of the avenues of lime trees, and the graceful verdure of the mountain ash, the berries of which were just turning scarlet. It was almost difficult to get away, so kindly hospitable was our host; but at last we bade him farewell, and made our way back to the yacht, overtaking Tom and Sir Andrew Clark, who appeared to have been somewhat disappointed with their visit to the church.

The Baron and his family shortly afterwards paid a return visit to the *Sunbeam*, and were duly introduced to Mr. Gladstone, an honour which they much appreciated. Very soon, however, we had to bid farewell to our newly found friends, and to steam away towards Bergen, where we ultimately arrived at 9.20 P.M.

Wednesday, August 19.—Bergen looked quite picturesque in the bright sunshine, when we came on deck early this morning. It is well situated in point of scenic effect, occupying as it does a hilly peninsula at the foot of the snow-clad mountains, which rise on every

side. Its position is so sheltered that it is one of the mildest places in Norway—an advantage not without its drawbacks, for it is also one of the wettest, the average rainfall being between 70 and 80 inches, as compared with 20 inches at Christiania. The environs of Bergen are charming, and there are many pleasant little walks and excursions to be made in the immediate vicinity of the town, as well as further afield. It is, however, as a busy commercial city, rather than a place of resort for tourists and pleasure-seekers, that it is best known.

At half-past eleven we landed, and were received by a great crowd, who cheered enthusiastically, uttering the curious short little Norwegian hurrah. Having entered the carriages which had been provided for us by Mr. Jansen, the British Vice-Consul, we proceeded slowly through the picturesque streets to the interesting museum, at the end of Christies-gade, built on the slope of a steep hill on the outskirts of the town. The bystanders and passengers in each street either cheered us or took off their hats as we passed, while every window had its occupants; many of the houses being even decorated with flags in honour of Mr. Gladstone's visit, though his probable arrival could only have been known a few hours previously. The director and curator of the museum, Mr. Lorange, and his father-in-law, received and showed us all the most interesting objects of the collection; specially the northern or Scandinavian antiquities, specimens of many of which are only to be met with here. The objects connected with the Vikings had special attractions for me; but what interested me more were some beads brought back from Byzantium by the Varangian guard of the Emperor Justinian, when he made his Eastern expedition about the year 200 A.D.; some swords and axes ordered by King Canute when he reigned in Britain, for the use of his body-guard, each weapon bearing the name of the man by whom it was made. There was also a boat hollowed in the most skilful manner out of the trunk of a tree, the original form of which, with projections showing where the branches had been, it still retained. This frail craft had been picked up in some distant sea by a Norwegian ship, and was found to contain two poor half-starved, half-drowned Indians, who had either drifted far away from their own shores, or had escaped from some hostile island in this manner, and were saved, by the timely arrival of their rescuers, from certain death. We were also shown the golden crown of laurel which was presented to the great violinist Ole Bull when he returned to his native land, shortly before his death.

Curiously enough, when last we were here, Bergen was doing him honour. On that occasion he came on board the *Sunbeam*, and was kind enough to play to us. To-day the inhabitants are on the tiptoe of expectation in connection with the arrival of another dis-

tinguished member of the musical art, Madame Christine Nilsson, who comes by the steamer which is due here to-morrow.

The visit to the museum, interesting as it had been, was somewhat fatiguing; and even Mr. Gladstone, after walking, and standing, and talking incessantly for three hours, began to think that lunch was not undesirable. We accordingly proceeded to the new and apparently comfortable Hotel Norge, which has been opened within the last few months. The civil and obliging manager, Mr. Pommerenk, apparently thought that Mr. Gladstone's tastes are much less simple than is actually the case; for instead of allowing us to join the ordinary two o'clock table-d'hôte, he gave us a sort of Heliogabalus' feast, which we had not at all expected. Fancy, among other things, eating "côtelettes de grives!" The poor little singing thrush is small enough already as an article of food, one would think, without cutting him up into more minute particles, and smothering him with "purée de truffes"!

MENU.

Potage à la Duchesse.
Champignons Naturel en Coquilles.
Fried Cod-fish.
Côtelettes de Grives à la purée de truffes.
Filet de Bœuf à la Jardinière.
Woodcock et Salades.
Glacé panachée Gateaux.
Fromage Roquefort et Beurre.
Dessert.

HÔTEL NORGE, le 19 Aout 1885.

The luncheon, or rather dinner, was, however, excellently cooked, and was good in all respects except that of length. In the afternoon we went to call on Mr. Jebsen, the late British Consul, who had invited us all to a banquet in honour of Mr. Gladstone, an invitation which, I regret to say, it was thought more prudent to decline, on the ground that, as far as the chief personage in question was concerned, its acceptance might serve as a precedent in other cases of the same kind. Mr. Jebsen, who retired from his official position some years ago, rather than accept the lower dignity of Vice-Consul on the occasion of the appointment of a Consul-General at Christiania, received us kindly, and gave us a great deal of interesting information about the country, the people, the Constitution, and the difficulties which arose recently between the Storting, or Parliament, and the King, but which it is hoped have now been satisfactorily overcome.

In the evening we went to the public garden, or so-called "Park," to listen to an excellent military band. In honour of our visit the bandmaster was good enough to substitute "Rule Britannia" for one

of the items of the printed programme. The garden, which was prettily illuminated with coloured lamps, was densely crowded with people who had come in the expectation of seeing Mr. Gladstone.

Thursday, August 20.—Some of the party went early to the fish-market, or Triangelen, which, to my mind, is one of the most interesting sights of Bergen. The rule here is to sell the fish alive, the boats being all provided with wells in order to keep them in this condition, and then to kill them in sight of the purchaser, it being illegal actually to part with them without first knocking them on the head or cutting them open. This rule applies both to the fish which are sold from the boats drawn up alongside the quay, and also to those disposed of in the warehouse or covered market, where they are kept in ten large tanks, supplied with water from the sea, and fitted with movable bottoms, which can be raised or lowered in order to bring the fish to the surface, and so to get at them: an operation which is performed with wonderful dexterity by the salesmen, though I should think it must be very uncomfortable for the poor fish.

After breakfast, Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, Sir Andrew Clark, and Mabelle, accompanied by Mr. Lorange and Mr. Gaade, went to see the old church at Fantoft, four miles to the south of Bergen, situated upon the estate of the last-named gentleman. The edifice in question, which has recently been re-erected by Mr. Gaade, is built entirely of wood, as the name of "Stavekirke" denotes, and is in the usual quaint style of these ancient Norwegian churches, the best specimens of which are to be seen at Hitterdal and at Borgund. They are supposed to date from the twelfth century, some of the details exactly corresponding to those of Anglo-Norman buildings of the same period. The walls are composed of logs of pine-wood, laid one on the top of the other, held together by strong corner-posts, and protected from the weather by thick coats of pitch. The roof is lofty, and is generally separated from the interior of the church by a ceiling. Curious figures and the most elaborate carvings decorate the most prominent points, such as the capitals of the pillars, the door-posts and frames, and also, externally, the gables and edge of the roof. One of these churches, standing near Thronthjem, was purchased by King William IV. of Prussia, in 1841, and was removed and re-erected by him in the Riesengebirge.

There are some excellent shops in Bergen, and the establishment of Mr. Hammer, the dealer in antiquities, and more particularly in silver-work, both ancient and modern, is too well known to need description. We paid him a visit during the morning, and found that, as usual, he had a large number of beautiful and tempting objects, among which I noticed specially a very fine drinking-horn, of the year 1500, a handsome silver goblet surmounted by the figure of a trumpeter, and a silver-gilt bridal crown of the same period as

the horn. The latter I managed to secure, in execution of a commission. I afterwards heard that the goblet was on board the yacht *Mohican*, and was interested to observe the horn on board the *Osborne* when we dined with the Prince of Wales at Molde.

Mr. Jebsen, with several members of his family, and Mr. and Mrs. Janson, came to lunch, after which we had visits from Mr. and Mrs. Clark and party, of the yacht *Mohican*, now in the harbour, and Mr. and Mrs. Burns, of the *Capercaillie*, just arrived from Shetland.

At half-past four, the *El Dorado*, having Madame Nilsson on board, came in sight. We had intended to go out to meet her, but unfortunately steam could not be got up in time. Some of the party, therefore, went on shore to see her land instead, and described her enthusiastic reception as deeply interesting. Mr. Gladstone had called on her at her hotel earlier in the day. We hoped that she might be able to come on board the yacht before our departure; but she was naturally fatigued by the voyage, and by her triumphal progress through the gaily decorated and flower-bestrewn streets.

Visitors detained us longer than we had expected, and steam was up some time before we were really ready to start. In fact, our old pilot, evidently caring more for the attractions of Bergen than for the progress of our voyage, declared that it was now too late to start at all to-day, and that we must wait until the morning. Having a keen remembrance of his behaviour under similar circumstances in 1874, we practised a little *ruse* in order to free ourselves from his authority, and having sent him on board the *El Dorado* for some parcels, we got under weigh in his absence, and steamed slowly down the harbour, pursued by several boats, one of which, I greatly regret to say, contained Madame Nilsson, who thus had the fruitless trouble of attempting to pay us a visit. We heard afterwards that she had in the first instance gone to the *Mohican* by mistake, and had spent some time on board that vessel, under the impression that it was the *Sunbeam*.

Friday, August 21.—The scenery increased in grandeur as we steamed up the Sogne Fiord, until at last, when we reached the entrance to the Aurlands Fjord, leading to Gudvangen, it became simply superb. The day had been as fine as possible, and now, as we approached our destination, the dim light of evening threw an extra enchantment over the scene. The Næro Fiord, which is a branch of the Sogne, is extremely narrow, the precipitous cliffs on either side completely hemming it in, and forming what is really a deep gloomy ravine, into which the rays of the moon at her highest zenith never penetrate in summer, nor those of the sun in winter. The banks are intersected by cross ravines or valleys at frequent intervals, among which, perched high above the lake—sometimes as much as from 1,500 to 3,000 feet—are to be seen occasionally what are called

eagle-nest farms. They are apparently quite inaccessible, and it is marvellous how they can ever have been constructed in such a position; but in each there is some sort of track or winding staircase, of the roughest and steepest description, leading down to the water's edge, and to the tiny boathouse, without which no farm would be complete. As in the Geiranger Fiord, it is a common custom to *tether* the children when they are playing outside these lofty cottages, to obviate the risk of their rolling over the edge of the cliff. At one point we fired a cannon, the report of which awoke the most wonderful series of echoes, sounding like the roaring of lions, or the distant roll of thunder, as they gradually died away.

Saturday, August 22.—Mr. Morley, Mr. Harcourt, and I, drew the trammel-net early, and found a few good fish in it.

As soon as we reached Gudvangen, Mr. Ingram, a friend of Mr. Morley's, who had reached Bergen shortly before we sailed, and had paid us a brief visit, came on board, bringing with him some packages which had arrived by the *El Dorado*, and which, not having had time ourselves to claim, he had very kindly secured and brought overland for us. After dinner we landed, and went to the excellent hotel kept by Mr. Helland, where we found an excellent piano, with the aid of which Mrs. Bridge discoursed sweet music to us.

At nine o'clock we all set out, in a somewhat miscellaneous collection of carriages, for Stalheim, passing through the picturesque but somewhat chilly Nærodal Valley, the sides of which were so steep that the sun did not reach us until we got to the foot of the Stalheimsklev, a precipitous cliff, 1,300 feet in height. A wonderful zigzag road on the face of this cliff leads to a spot which commands one of the finest views in Norway, down into the deep gloomy valley which we had just traversed, and over the ranges of mountains on either side.

We reached Gudvangen again early in the afternoon, and at once weighed the anchor and steamed down the narrow Næro Fiord in the bright sunshine, which enabled us to form an idea of its attractions under different conditions to that which had prevailed yesterday evening.

At Aurland, where we arrived at half-past five o'clock, we lost no time in landing, and at once availed ourselves of the kind permission of Mr. Wigram, who leases the river here, to fish. Mr. Harcourt was the most successful of the party, for he landed a large fish after a tremendous struggle at the top of a weir, down which we momentarily expected to see both him and it disappear. Mr. Wigram himself came on board after dinner, bringing a fine twelve-pound salmon which he had just caught, and which made fifty-seven pounds of fish taken out of the river at this spot to-day.

Sunday, August 23.—Each day seems to surpass the last in point of fine weather. We went to see the people going to church, and found that the women wore a very different style of costume to that seen on the Hardanger Fiord; and further observed that the congregation appeared to enjoy a delightful amount of freedom, for they strolled in and out of the church at any point of the service, apparently as the fancy happened to take them.

At noon we had the usual Sunday service on board the *Sunbeam*, which was attended by all our own party and crew, and also by many strangers. The son of an old farmer, named Christian Fretheim, who formed one of our little congregation, brought with him, as an offering from his father to Mr. Gladstone, a curiously carved Norwegian bowl, about three hundred years old, with two handles in the form of horses' heads. Originally it had been used as a drinking-cup for beer, but it was now filled with new-laid eggs, which formed a very acceptable present, much appreciated.

Mr. and Mrs. Ingram, Mr. Wigram, and Mr. Campbell came to lunch, after which Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone and some of the party drove up to a small lake some little distance inland, while the remainder rowed up to Fretheim, at the head of the fiord, and spent a pleasant afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. Ingram, who have a house near Flaam, and an excellent salmon river.

Monday, August 24.—We left Aurland soon after daybreak, and steamed up to the head of the Lyster Fiord, at the north-eastern extremity of the Sogne Fiord, where the scenery is a strange combination of grandeur and soft beauty, the numerous bays by which the mountainous shores are diversified being the site of smiling homesteads, luxuriant orchards, and prosperous-looking farms. At Urnaes, on the point of a promontory which forms the inner angle of a bend at the centre of the fiord, stands another old "stavekirke," to which we paid a visit. Externally it was similar in general appearance to those which we had seen previously, though much more Byzantine in the character of its details; while the view of the interior fairly transported us in imagination to Constantinople or to Granada. The north door in particular seemed to be an exact copy of one of the Moorish arches of the Alhambra. We were not successful in obtaining any precise information with regard to the age or the history of the church, none of the guide-books honouring it with a detailed description; but I am making further inquiries which will, I hope, lead to some result.

After proceeding to the end of the Lyster Fiord, we reversed our course, and steamed to the pretty Ese Fiord, where we anchored for the night.

Tuesday, August 25.—We continued our return voyage down the Sogne Fiord, the scenery of which became tamer as we approached

its mouth, and, turning northwards, arrived in the evening at Moldoen, a little fishing station, where we caught an enormous quantity of fish in 1874.

Wednesday, August 26.—We got under weigh at an early hour, and found the sea rather rough outside, as we rounded the islands of Vaagso and Sando. We reached Aalesund at noon, and on landing were received by the very civil and obliging postmaster with telegrams, and by a small crowd of eager but respectful onlookers. After strolling about and making sundry small purchases, we went to the bookshop of the place, where Mr. Gladstone was much interested to meet with a Norse translation of John Stuart Mill's "Logic" side by side with a translation of the well-known work entitled "Three in Norway." As we passed through the streets of the thriving little town, the windows and doors filled with onlookers, while from many of the houses girls threw flowers at Mr. Gladstone's feet. Although we were so short a time on shore, most of the shops and dwelling-houses also hoisted their flags in honour of our visit, which was entirely unexpected.

The weather had become somewhat rough and threatening, and it was therefore a relief to our minds to learn that a large steamer was leaving here for England on Friday next, by which, in case of urgent necessity, any of our party could return home, instead of being weather-bound here.

We left Aalesund at 2.30 p.m., and reached Molde at half-past seven. The town was quickly decorated with flags, a deputation came to receive us, and preparation was made for the illumination of some of the houses and hotels, the effect of which in the evening was very pretty. So sudden had been the transformation from the ordinary appearance of the place, that it was said that one of the townspeople, who had been into the country on business during the day, failed to recognize it on his return in the evening.

Thursday, August 27.—After Tom and I had had a long consultation, necessitated by the threatening aspect of the weather, we got under weigh at five o'clock this morning, and arrived at Naes at half-past nine, in the midst of a heavy downpour of rain. We had previously telegraphed to Veblungnaes for a supply of carriages to be in readiness for us at Naes, and found fifteen of these vehicles awaiting our arrival. In these we drove up the lovely Romsdal Valley, past Aak, formerly a hotel—at which we had stopped when we were here previously—but now occupied by Mr. Wills, of Bristol; and past poor Mr. Bromley-Davenport's lodge, occupied this year by his son. These houses are situated in the most picturesque part of the valley, which is overhung by the magnificent Romsdalshorn, 5,000 feet high, which has few rivals beyond the Matterhorn in grandeur of form. At Horgheim we rested for a while, and then resumed our snake-like

progress up the valley to Fladmark, where, after some delay, arising from the fact that the one dining-room was already fully occupied by a hungry party, consisting of two missionaries and their wives from Madagascar, who showed no disposition to hurry themselves, we obtained some much-needed refreshment.

It was nearly eight o'clock before we got back to Naes, after our magnificent but very wet drive, and we at once steamed off in the direction of Molde, where we arrived once more at ten. Although it would, in many respects, have been more agreeable to have made the excursion up the Romsdal Valley in fine weather, the existing state of things was not without its advantages, inasmuch as what was rain with us was snow at greater altitudes, the grand aspect of the surrounding mountains being thus greatly increased.

Friday, August 28.—In the early part of the morning we had a visit from our friends Sir James and Miss Hannen, who are now travelling in Norway. We landed later on, and, in carriages which the Vice-Consul, Mr. Dahl, had been good enough to provide for us, drove round the town, along the Fanestrand, where several of the Christiansund merchants have built pretty villas, and to the Røeknøshaug, which is said to command one of the most picturesque views in Norway. At the foot is the excellently managed hospital for the treatment of leprosy, a disease which is now gradually being stamped out in Norway. Luncheon at the Grand Hotel was once more such a long affair, that we had to leave before it was over, in order not to lose the opportunity of seeing all we could of the place.

The royal yacht *Osborne* had, quite unexpectedly, arrived in the course of the morning, and during the afternoon the Prince of Wales, accompanied by Lord Suffield, the Comte de St. Priest, Sir Allen Young, and Mr. Tyrwhit Wilson, came to tea and was good enough to insist on our all (a party of eleven) going to dine with him on board the *Osborne*, where we spent a pleasant evening. The Prince was in great spirits, and appeared to be immensely interested in his visit to Norway, the drive from Vossevangen over the Stalheim to Gudvangen having been one of its most agreeable incidents. As we left the royal yacht there was a highly effective display of blue-lights, which excited general admiration ashore and afloat.

Saturday, August 29.—Sir Andrew Clark went on board the *Osborne* during the morning with the two children. We had intended to make an early start, but there being no wind, we had to get up steam, and it was noon before we were fairly under weigh. Taking advantage of the delay, we paid a pleasant visit to Mrs. Dahl, and admired the beautiful view from her house. At Aalesund, where we arrived at four o'clock, our pilot left us, thus breaking the last link which connected us with the land in which we have spent nearly

three weeks so agreeably. By half-past eight in the evening most of us had had our final glimpse of the Norwegian coast, and our course was shaped direct for Lerwick. There was a light breeze from the northward, and by midnight we were under full sail.

Sunday, August 30.—A fine sailing breeze carried us on our course throughout the day, though a rolling sea interfered somewhat with our thorough appreciation of this favourable condition of things. We had the Litany at 11.30. A little later, while hauling on a purchase, the block fell upon the head of one of the seamen, named Beach, knocking him down against the steam-chest, and cracking his jaw-bone. He was a good deal hurt at the time, but I am glad to say that, under the skilful treatment of Sir Andrew Clark, he soon recovered; the injury not now being considered likely to be attended with serious results. At noon we were 119 miles from Lerwick, and at seven o'clock we made the lights on North and South Unst. A change in the weather had, however, taken place, and a falling barometer indicated the possibility of a storm. A great consultation was thereupon held as to the necessity of abandoning the idea of visiting Lerwick, where we might, of course, be detained for much longer than would be desirable or convenient. It cost me a bitter pang to give up the Shetlands where I knew that we were expected, and where I had promised to present some St. John ambulance certificates; but under the circumstances there was no alternative but to do so.

Monday, August 31.—At 6 A.M. Fair Island was on the starboard quarter, the Orkneys being well in sight ahead. We deliberated for some time as to whether it would be better, having regard to the state of the weather, to make for Thurso or for Wick; and finally decided in favour of the latter port, where we arrived in the course of the afternoon. The Provost and several people of importance rowed off to the yacht to visit Mr. Gladstone; but, the weather being so rough, they declined to come on board. At nine o'clock we resumed our southward course under sail for Dingwall, a town of particular interest to Mr. Gladstone, as the birthplace of his mother, and as still being the place of residence of some members of his family.

Tuesday, September 1.—The wind having died away, we got up steam at 3 A.M. Finding that we should be unable to get nearer to Dingwall than Invergordon, eight miles distant, in Cromarty Firth, we decided to make for Inverness instead, Mr. Gladstone being anxious to reach Fasque in time to assist in celebrating his brother's golden wedding. At six o'clock, as we were passing through a fleet of fishing-boats in the Moray Firth, a thick fog suddenly came on, causing considerable delay. On arriving at Munlochy we found that it would be impossible to reach Inverness in time to catch the

morning mail, and accordingly returned to Fort George, where we succeeded in intercepting it, owing to its being an hour late.

Mr. Gladstone's voyage was now practically at an end. Before landing he addressed a few kindly words to the crew, which were greatly appreciated, and which I now venture to quote :—

“MY DEAR FRIENDS,—Our most pleasant and interesting voyage has come to an end, and I cannot leave the *Sunbeam* without conveying to you, not only on my own part and the part of my family, but also on the part of every one of our fellow-guests, our sincere and cordial thanks for the hearty and skilful service which you have rendered to us, during the voyage. From every one in his department we have received the most loyal service, and to every one without exception our thanks are due, and now gratefully tendered. The calling which you follow is a noble one, and is calculated to bring forth the highest qualities of our common nature, and if it is possible for any occupation to make a man in the highest and widest sense of the word, it is the occupation to which your lives are given. How closely it is connected with the prosperity and fame of this great nation, how closely, indeed, it is connected with the advancement of civilization and the general welfare of the world, it needs no words of mine to tell you, for in your work and life you know it well and feel it truly. This voyage has not been made pleasant and safe without on your part a high sense of duty, constant watchfulness, and arduous exertion; but hard as has been your work, and close as has been your care, I doubt if any one of you has worked harder and watched more closely than our skilful commander and host, Sir Thomas Brassey. No doubt the sea has been kind, and all the other elements propitious; no doubt we have been especially favoured in many ways; still, it is to his incessant devotion, to his rare knowledge of practical seamanship, and to his unfailing and kindly thoughtfulness, that the long distance we have travelled, the devious tracks we have followed, and our sailing across this northern sea, has been attended with such signal success at the cost of such small discomforts. We are not all good sailors, and even in easy waters I am so little of the best, that on this head I am afraid that any claim, if I made it, to be a shipmate with you on the *Sunbeam* would be rejected. My friends, you have seconded nobly the genial and generous hospitality of Sir Thomas and Lady Brassey, and nothing has been left undone which could have been done for our comfort and improvement of our health. Once more, then, on behalf of my fellow-guests and myself, I thank you most cordially for your help and kindness so gladly given to us. In their name and my own I wish you health and happiness, and I pray that God may speed you in all that you undertake.”

ANNIE BRASSEY.

MARRIAGE LAWS IN THE UNITED STATES AND THEIR RESULTS.

THOSE who favour the Legislation of Marriage with a Wife's Sister are never weary of citing America as a country where experience shows that the law of prohibited degrees of Marriage may be relaxed, and that morality flourishes notwithstanding. It is asserted that the morals of America are purer than those of Great Britain and Ireland.

One writer has said : " In the United States the
" moral tone of Society at large, including all classes,
" is far better and higher than our own with regard
" to sexual relations. Grievous scandals are rare.
" The evils of the United States are patent on the
" surface, and compatible with sound purity and
" elevation of feeling. Girls of the middle and lower
" classes have habitually more self-respect and real
" innocence than in this country."

It has, therefore, been thought well to bring together some American opinions as to the state of things in the United States, that the inevitable consequence of tampering with the law of Marriage may be plainly understood upon the faith of testimony which cannot be impeached.

VACHER & SONS,
29, PARLIAMENT STREET, AND 62, MILLBANK STREET, WESTMINSTER.

1885.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

ENGLISH MONEY IN SOUTH AFRICA.

THE United Kingdom is stirred to its depths when it has to provide a war credit of £10,000,000 ; and this not because there has been the least hesitation of will or doubt as to ability to pay, but merely because, of all other attributes, that which rules—and may it long rule—the nation, is a close scrutiny of the national till. It is this eye to business which enables the nation to enjoy its persistent indulgence in purely charitable outlay. It is always in funds, just as is the careful shopkeeper. But occasionally the nation is led on to forget the totals to which perpetual outlay of minor sums in any given direction commits it.

Having but just returned from a prolonged visit to the various districts of South Africa, I came back convinced that neither South Africans nor the home-keeping public at all realize the great total of the minor sums from time to time paid away in South Africa by the home tax-payer. The various native wars alone have cost very many millions, and as I write, at the least £100,000 of English taxes is still being paid each month to assert English supremacy in Bechuana-land. Englishmen at home do not forget that when we took over the Cape Colony from the Dutch, eighty years ago, we advanced to the Dutch some £8,000,000, in return for which they handed over their colonies at the Cape and in what is now British Guiana. Since then, on frequent occasions the English Government has afforded financial assistance; as this last spring, when the Cape Ministry found themselves unable to extend the railway system up to Kimberley, it advanced the necessary £400,000 at the very low rate of $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. It is true that the Government, in introducing the measure into the House of Commons, had the questionable grace to say that this liberality to a colony was only undertaken

because the colony had tried but failed to obtain the money, whereas the completion of the railway would mean the saving to the Imperial Exchequer of £2,000 a month for as long as the Bechuanaland expedition remained in the country. This last was a remarkable reason to give, seeing that the railway could not be completed much before Christmas ; whereas every soldier was to be out of Bechuanaland by November. Nor did the Imperial Government heed the advice given them, that there were local influences at work which made it agreeable even if not necessary, for the Cape Government to find itself unable to obtain the money. Local politicians knew well the local political value of a snub to Kimberley, as well as of the support of those who are now reaping so very considerable a harvest as " transport-riders " or carriers between Kimberley and the present railway terminus at the Orange River. But, however this may be, the generous aid of the Home Government has had a most wholesome and widespread effect for good in South Africa ; and it will, as it were, compel the Cape Colony to push forward its own best interests by thus completing the main trunk line of railway so far into the interior, and right up to so important a commercial centre as Kimberley. There have been sundry other contributions, such as the £90,000 paid to the Orange Free State in compensation for the annexation of Griqualand West. Altogether, neither Englishmen at home nor Englishmen or Dutchmen in the Cape Colony should forget that the many millions expended in the original purchase and subsequent protection and improvement of the English South African settlements are millions that must be kept in mind as by no means thoughtlessly squandered, but permanently entered in the " capital account " of the English nation.

Besides all this, there has been, since the English took over South Africa, at the least £25,000,000 of English money invested in the Government securities of the Cape Colony and Natal, while in various private enterprises there is invested in fixed and floating capital an amount that it is difficult to gauge, but which is certainly to be counted in tens of millions. On all this, it may be said, the English investor has only a right to expect punctual payment of interest ; but he is naturally also eager as to the rate of that interest, and is therefore ever anxious to do what he can to promote South African prosperity.

I thus allude to the money standard by which nowadays all property is measured, in order to show how large is the material stake of the English nation in South Africa. In England itself these facts are apt to be ignored, because transactions there are so gigantic that South Africa takes but one thirty-fifth of the capital in work, and about one-fortieth of the external trade. But although there are in England but few, comparatively speaking, directly connected with South

Africa, there is no reason for supposing that South Africa (where nearly all the externally supplied capital is English, and seventeenth-twentieths of the external trade done with England) can get along very well by itself.

South Africans, and especially those few who conscientiously hope for independence, would do well to ponder over a few obvious questions, such as: Where would the Cape Colony and Natal have been had not the English taxpayer freely and perpetually paid for "little" Kafir and Zulu wars, not even grudging millions at a time? Where would the colonists have obtained at so low a price, or indeed at all, the £25,000,000 of capital that have given them their network of railways and their harbours, such as they are, and docks and bridges? (The Transvaal and Free State cannot obtain loans in Europe, because financial people know well that, being independent States, they may at any moment, and legally, "repudiate" payment of interest or repayment of capital, a thing impossible in an English colony.) Where would have been the traders but for support from houses and capitalists at home? Where would have been the self-government and large political liberty enjoyed for so long by the Europeans in South Africa, except for the kindly supremacy and protection of England? Much is said of loyalty in South Africa, but if South Africans wish to be loyal to their own interests and welfare, they will be loyal to the British connection, and seek to maintain their present proud position as a worthy and vigorous portion of the great British Empire.

What I wish, however, specially to urge in this article is, that the English taxpayer and elector at home should give renewed and definite attention to South Africa, whether on the score of the many millions he has already invested or expended there, or of the millions he may yet find himself willing to pay, to carry out his self-imposed championship of humanity, or his national duty of ultimate guardian of every acre of soil of the wide British Empire.

In South Africa, as elsewhere, politics control the expenditure of money, and also the profits on investments; and in South Africa, for the purposes of this article, we may conveniently divide all things under the two heads, White and Black policy. I hope under these divisions to set out, in brief, deductions made from long study, as well as recent inquiry on the spot, as to what can and should be done in South Africa to secure a better and more economical prosperity for both Europeans and natives in that part of the empire.

First, then, as to such policy or political action as concerns itself with the Europeans in South Africa. We have first of all the men themselves, and then their natural environments, and then their works, and finally the political conditions under which they work.

It will be well, *in limine*, to tabulate relative numbers:—

COLONY OR DISTRICT.	Total Natives.	Total Europeans.	Original Europeans.	Immigrant Europeans.
Cape Colony . . .	950,000	320,000	174,000	146,000
Transkei territories	270,000	10,000	4,000	6,000
Basutoland . . .	140,000	500	...	500
Natal	400,000	31,000	15,000	16,000
Bechuanaland . .	250,000	1,000	400	600
Totals . . .	2,010,000	362,500	193,400	169,100

I use the term "original Europeans" to denote the descendants of families already settled in South Africa when first it became an English possession in the beginning of this century—both those of the old Dutch stock and the representatives of that great Huguenot exodus who introduced into South Africa so many sturdy, frugal, and high-principled families. It will be observed that the English dominions in South Africa are inhabited by 360,000 persons of European stock, and about 2,000,000 natives. Nor may it be forgotten that on the immediate frontiers northwards are millions of native races, for the most part independent, but in the Free State and Transvaal controlled by about 100,000 Europeans, of whom 80,000 are of the original stock, and about 20,000 English.

The two main circumstances of this peculiar distribution of population are the relations between black and white, and those between British and Boer. The former I will deal with subsequently; in regard to the latter we face the most unfortunate of the circumstances connected with South Africa. There is radical difference of sentiment and character between the two races, and the necessity of compromising these differences in administration has weakened, and at times disastrously weakened, the action of the government of the day or place.

In South Africa I found it rather the fashion to throw all the blame of this unfortunate race antagonism on Mr. Gladstone for his "Majuba surrender." But on all hands I also found evidence that, although Majuba undoubtedly embittered relation, these had been previously strained from the very first inauguration of British rule. Those conversant with South African history will not need to be reminded of the Slaughter's Nek hanging, or of the method of compensating for slaves, as earlier instances quite as invariably and strongly appealed to as Majuba.

The real fact is, this race antagonism is coeval with the coming in of the supremacy of English ideas and English character, but fruitfully grafted on to the bitter hostility of the Dutch free colonists to the rule of the Dutch East India Company; and it is an unfortunate antagonism, having nothing in common with wholesome race competition, and being wholly evil in its effects.

Sir Bartle Frere, bringing a wealth of experience to bear on the local needs of South Africa, saw at once that this antagonism must be put an end to; and he saw this could be done by a due admixture of conciliation and courageous firmness. Doctrinaire prejudice in high places in England failed altogether to appreciate such true statesmanship, and the consequence was the great political crime of the whole Majuba episode, which destroyed the very material advances towards a new and permanent harmony between Boer and English which had resulted from the indefatigable and wise labours of Sir Bartle Frere.

There is a great deal that is most excellent in the Boer composition, and I speak from considerable personal experience. I use the term Boer as the term in popular acceptation, including all Afrikaners of those families the English found already in occupation when they took over the country. Most people have read of their peculiar characteristics, varying from the descriptions of them as colonizing Calvinists, Bible in hand, proclaiming themselves commanded, as if by men of God of old, to go into the land of the South African natives and possess it, and to expel the Canaanites and the Hivites and the Jebusites, obeying the comfortable behest, "Ye shall make no covenant with them, nor show any mercy unto them: the Lord hath given the land for an inheritance to you and to your children;"—to the descriptions which alternately describe them as all that is ignorant and lying, and all that is persevering and hospitable.

I was told, and that more than once, that I should leave South Africa with the impression that Truth hardly found a congenial atmosphere in South Africa; but after seeing something at all events of all classes, I unhesitatingly set down this sweeping generalization to puerile vexation of spirit, and to inexperience of any other similar communities. To my thinking it is entirely unjustified, but as it was asserted by South Africans themselves, I was left in the well-known dilemma in which the Greeks found themselves when "Epimenides the Cretan said, All Cretans are liars." I found the same to be the case with the many other general condemnations passed against all things, persons, and places South African.

The chief fault I have to find with the Boer is, that he does not succeed in making himself prosperous, and is, in addition, a drag on the prosperity of his neighbours. He is the firm enemy of all co-operation; he has that fatalistic religious bias that has led him on occasion to declare it impious to make dams where God has seen fit to provide but little water; and although I have suggested to such Boers that in principle it must be just as impious for the Boer daily to make water hot in order that he should drink his favourite coffee, seeing that Providence saw fit to supply only cold water, none the less these peculiarities of character make the Boer

little able to make the best use for himself of his surroundings. There are of course exceptions; but as a rule the Boer is slow to act, averse from change, greedy of land, disdainfully ignorant. Several wine-growers complained grievously that their wine had no sale in Europe. I replied, "Yes; but then your wine is not suited to the European 'taste.'" They quietly and proudly answered, "It is wine we all drink and like; if it is not to the taste of the European market, so much the worse for the market." But the "coo" argument is two-edged, and fails to get them a remunerative price. I have said they are independent and greedy of land. Their one ambition is to buy up large areas of soil, but they refuse to cultivate except as a last resort. Only the other day a Boer farmer in the west suddenly gave up a large area of cultivation. His neighbours asked him why? and the reply came, "Because now I have paid off all my debts." The experience of easily making sufficient to pay off heavy debts was no incentive to continue thus to accumulate wealth, and a valuable agricultural area lapses again into wilderness, "preserved" against all cultivators. Boer "farming" is, in a word, *Latifundia* run to seed. Enormous areas of land are bought up, but in place of hard-worked slaves, and agriculture, and herds of cattle and swine, there are neither stock, crops, nor labourers; and all is, as it were, a pastoral wilderness. The political influence of this peculiar race of people resists, and often only too successfully, the introduction of improvements or facilities that have been proved by experience in other, similar lands to insure success and prosperity. The Boer element needs a great reforming, whether by leavening of other blood or by the friction process of competition, if the Boers are to be commonly prosperous.

This latter process of friction day by day increases. Nearly all land is more or less mortgaged, and the mortgagees are but rarely Boers. It is true that nearly every Boer religiously retains a nest-egg of ready cash, in cases amounting to several hundred pounds; but when he wishes for any capital to expend upon his land, he pledges the land as security. Many Boers thus feel, in a measure, under the thumb of the English, and this threatening of their independence urges them perpetually to look for new lands of those Canaanites who are still outside the frontiers of the protecting British. Consequently we find them, even during the last few months—vainly in Bechuanaland, but successfully at Thabanchu and in Zululand—driving the native tribes off their own lands.

In other ways also the English in South Africa are quietly getting the upper hand. But in the Cape Colony is painfully evident their main fault—and it is for them a highly injurious fault—namely, a perpetual self-depreciation, a perpetual running down of their colony, their men, their climate, and all that is theirs: a fault

justifying the title of the "Apologetic Colony." They complain of the shortcomings of Nature, man, animals, and plants—as though droughts, lying, scab, and rust were not equally serious pests in other lands. For instance, how does the Cape Colony compare with prosperous, go-ahead New South Wales, where the Minister for Mines the other day did not scruple to point out that the recent severe droughts had robbed that colony of stock to the value of £4,000,000. The only praise the Cape men have for themselves is as "pioneer farmers." Even a slight experience of what pioneers have done in North America and Australia shows that this praise is almost as unjustified as is the former condemnation. But while they are thus in error both in their apologies and their boasts, they fail to recognize the solid achievements which are very much to their credit. The French immigrants brought with them vines and intelligent knowledge of wine-making, but the new industry fell, under the upas shadow of Boer conservatism and indolence, to its present low and unprofitable level. English farmers at the Cape can, however, boast that they have introduced two new industries, producing respectively ostrich feathers and mohair. Ostrich-farming has, I believe, never been attempted elsewhere or at any other time; and although Angora goats are kept in Asia Minor, I have not been able to discover that they have been purposely introduced into any other country in large numbers. The English farmers at the Cape may therefore with much justice boast of their successful enterprise in devising and working up to a successful issue two new farming industries, which the keenest enterprise of farmers elsewhere, even in Australia or North America, failed altogether to start. To those who have, by the light of knowledge of similar industries and opportunities in such similar countries as Australia and North America, been inquiring of and watching Cape Colonists, it is most palpably evident that spirit and enterprise are by no means wanting, but that a little more proper pride and well-founded self-confidence would add weight to that English-bred enterprise which has already done so much for South Africa, and will yet do more as it influences for good the "stagnation systems of the original colonists."

It may be well here to note that a vigorous movement is now on foot, under the singularly able guidance of the Chief Justice, Sir J. H. de Villiers, appropriately to commemorate next year the landing of the Huguenots in South Africa, just 200 years ago. It may be hoped that this commemoration, in awaking worthy memories, will also revive those habits of sturdy enterprise and enlightened perseverance which those capable French immigrants brought with them from France, but which they appear in too many cases to have lost with their mother-tongue, which the Dutch rulers of the day so tyrannically suppressed.

Progress in South Africa is severely handicapped because the labouring classes are natives. Two evils result. In the first place, white labour is the backbone of nineteenth-century advance and prosperity. It is by the presence of white labour alone that the great mass of a nation becomes fired with unconquerable energy. This backbone is absent from the South African body politic. In the second place, the fact that the black is there ready to labour degrades labour in the eyes of the whites. I am not referring to sentiments or fancies, but to those actual opinions which do as a matter of fact regulate men's acts. My meaning will be sufficiently illustrated by one experience. A very respectable well-to-do English woman, living not one hundred miles from Cape Town, doing a successful small business in a big village, has three daughters now growing up. She told us she must emigrate to Australia. But why? "Because my girls are just the girls to do uncommonly well as domestic servants, but you can't send them out to service here, because they would serve *with* natives; and that's too degrading."

Thinking of things in this light, one might even see some reason in the barbarous wish that the Boer had had his own way all over South Africa, and left not a native behind. However, as it is, there is the native; and although there are signs in many settled districts that he may there die out any time during the next fifty years, none the less he is there for the present.

To my thinking one great step that could be taken to mend the failings of the present population is to plant somewhere and at once a new colony, as it were, of several thousand English. In 1820 the British taxpayer gave £50,000 to establish 5,000 emigrants in the eastern provinces. The admirable effects, industrial as well as national, of this comparatively small infusion of new energetic blood have been universally acknowledged. The general trade of the whole colony would receive an invaluable impulse from a new movement of this kind, the original nucleus acting as a permanent magnet, attracting other desirable immigrants from time to time. New Zealand is an instance of the rapid progress and prosperity attending on the organized colonization of tracts of territory by selected groups of emigrants. The Cape Colony or Natal, with its experience of wholesome invasion of Yorkshiremen in 1849, could not do themselves a greater good than at once setting about some new plan of organized colonization, and thus adding both producers and consumers to their communities.

Passing from the men to their natural environments, it is at once evident that great changes for the better are both possible and likely. The English territories in South Africa are of wide extent and of varied altitudes above the sea; there is every kind of climate, and although there is the necessary and usual admixture of drought

and flood, warmth and cold, barrenness and fertility, it is none the less an area capable of great things indeed. Happily, on every side one sees much more can be done than is or has been done as yet to promote prosperity. There is ample room for enormous improvement in the farming systems. Water, in all places sufficient for the watering of stock, and in many for the irrigation of cultivable lands, falls from heaven, but has for the most part been allowed hitherto to run off unused. This evil is even enhanced by the faulty system of stock-farming in vogue. According to this a certain head of stock is kept on one farm, of say 6,000 to 10,000 acres, and herded or kraalled every night on the same spot. Not only does this make their night quarters a simple hotbed of disease, but the necessary tramping to and fro to the feeding-grounds destroys all the herbage, and so hardens the surface that in a few years for long distances around the homestead no rain can penetrate, and all is bare. When rain does fall it simply runs off. All these evils are in process of being cured. During the last year and a half there has been an altogether unprecedented move in the direction of making dams and fencing in, and this even among the Boers. If to this can be added tree-planting in the Cape Colony on a scale at all similar to that at present in fashion in Natal, marked benefits will assuredly follow. Already Boer farmers discover that, with ample water and the better grazing capabilities secured by fencing, their farms will carry many more sheep, sometimes twice or three times as many as were carried before. Thus these very recently adopted reforms will not only improve the output, but lead generally to the adoption of other reforms.

No doubt the country itself is rich. The laugh has not always remained on the side of the scoffer. There is the Karoo district, which occupies the interior of the Cape Colony, and in which no grass whatever grows, although there is plenty of a small shrub known as Karoo bush. The legend of this district is, that a Scotch farmer arriving there remarked, "Poor country this."—"Yes," replied a local man, but it does capitally as a sheep walk."—"Walk! That's about all sheep could do there!" Perhaps it was the same scoffer who remarked, he supposed the Afrikaner sheep had such long legs because he had to gallop from one tuft of bush to another if he would get enough to eat in a day. Nevertheless, the Karoo is a splendid sheep country, very much as is the Mallee Scub of Australian notoriety.

Another main drawback to the rapid advance of South Africa has been the comparative absence of facilities of communication. Many tracts for many months in dry years are waterless, until wells have been blasted or creeks dammed. There are rough mountain ranges intersecting the country in many directions, but now the railway

system has been extended far ; and although the final junction line still hangs fire, which is to unite the whole system in one and connect all with the capital coal of the Indiwe and Cyphergat mines, nevertheless the main portions of the system are complete. But here officials check and hinder good results by levying very high rates on all goods—an imposition which Government should do its utmost to do away with. On the Eastern line, for instance, which runs from the seaport of East London up to Aliwal North, the distance covered is not 130 miles, but Government, on the plea of paucity of traffic, now runs one train every other day, and no night trains. The consequence is, that to do the distance by train it may take three days, or about the same time as a well-horsed cart. In America or Australia, if traffic is ever found to fail, the experiment, at all events, would have been tried of doubling the number of trains and lowering the rates. The business way of dealing with such things is undoubtedly to do all things reasonable to keep in full work the line and rolling stock on which so much capital has been expended, for even if the working expenses were barely covered by the receipts, the benefits enjoyed by those who use the line amply repay the community in the long run. Moreover, the feeding such fully employed lines would give much new and profitable employment to the now desponding “transport riders.”

In the matter of water carriage Nature has been so strikingly niggardly to South Africa as to induce the common remark, that Providence never intended any one to enter South Africa except by land. However, now a wise expenditure of capital has made Cape Town a real port, safe and accessible in all weathers. Along the south coast there are several landing-places, the chief at Mossel Bay, Port Elizabeth, Port Alfred, East London, and Durban. But they are all impracticable for many days in the year, owing to the heavy surf that periodically breaks along this shore. Efforts have been made at each place to remedy this defect, but to an outsider the initial error seems to have been attempting in each of these five places to do something, whereas the expenditure thus frittered away, if concentrated on one or two, would have given South Africa three good ports, open at all times to ocean-going vessels—say at Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, and Durban. The benefits of concentrated and sufficient expenditure are well proven in Cape Town. The money expended on all the other harbours, divided into two, would have sufficed to have given Port Elizabeth and Durban all the advantages of well-considered, complete, and sufficient plans. A coast line of railway connecting such places as King Williamstown and Grahamstown with Port Elizabeth, and Kokstad with Durban, would have given all three districts much greater facilities for shipping goods than they at present possess in the ambitious little ports frequent

along the coast but where communications are often interrupted for days, nay weeks, together.

The industries of South Africa are thus carried on under the disadvantages both of the personal character of a great portion of the inhabitants, and also of drawbacks of natural environment. Nevertheless, in many respects they contrive to be in some measure successful. The diamond industry, the exporting of produce from the interior (ivory and "skins" and ostrich feathers), and of the products of ostrich-farming and the keeping of Angora goats, and indeed the export of ordinary "sheep's wool," are at present the staple Cape industries. A chief reason of the present depression is undoubtedly the falling in prices of all these staples.

Of old the carefully regulated monopoly of diamond supply enjoyed by Brazil maintained high prices for diamonds; but the almost fabulously rich deposits discovered at Kimberley have thrown on the market nearly £50,000,000 worth of diamonds, and as a natural consequence the value of diamonds has fallen to one-third of what it was. At present the industry has felt severely this fall in price. But the cost of production is great, and much greater now that much of the best "ground" in the quarry-like mines is buried under the sides or "reefs" that have fallen in. The supply will be greatly curtailed, and it seems almost certain that prices of this article of export will shortly rise.

In regard to the products of the interior, skins and ivory year by year become more scarce, and although their prices, and especially those of ivory, even rise, still the supply of commodities dwindles so as to make it immaterial in the near future what happens in respect of these commodities, unless the opening up of an easy and well-protected trade-route up Bechuanaland taps for the Cape Colony a fresh source of interior trade—which it may easily do.

In regard to "feathers," there has, however, been a very serious falling off in price, which affects not only the interior trade, but also that industry of ostrich-farming which has been started with so much credit and at first with so much profit to the Cape Colony farmers. There does not appear to be much hope for increase of price here, for matters did not mend even when the great Soudan feather supply—estimated to reach an annual value of over half a million, or nearly as great as that of the Cape Colony—came to a sudden end, with the Madhi war. However, if Cape farmers can continue to supply the merchant at present prices at even a small profit, they will do well, as prices cannot well be lower. In regard to wool, as I have already said, a very great deal remains to be done in South Africa to improve the quality of the wool shipped. At very little expenditure of money, but at some expenditure of intelligence and energy, prices may in most cases be doubled.

At the head of reforms and improvements possible stand those in the political conditions under which men work in South Africa. There are four great European communities, and outside of them a variety of native States, territories, and tribes in various degrees of protection and dependence. Of the four European communities, two are Boer States and two English colonies. The Boer States being politically independent, have no further place in this argument, except that one would wish to put on record the warm interest and concern all Englishmen feel in their prosperity, and that they would fain wish them free of their threatening financial embarrassments, even though these wishes are largely leavened by well-founded anxiety. We can only hope that the Transvaal and the Free State may yet be able to prove the truth of President Brand's comforting motto, "*Alles zal recht kommen*," although Englishmen, not without some experience, prefer the motto, "*Heaven helps those who help themselves*," to the maxim which has so important a hold on all Boer natures, "*Wacht een bichte*," or, in plain English, "*Put it off*."

Of the two English colonies, the Cape enjoys responsible government, and is therefore outside the pale of imperial control of its internal affairs; but in the foregoing account of its industrial position I have ventured to touch upon such industrial reforms and improvements as are considered feasible and requisite by those who understand the Cape best. The application of such remedies is entirely in the hands of the people and administration of the colony itself. The other English colony—Natal—has not yet taken the full franchise of responsible government. It is in a transition stage, and although nominally its affairs are much in the control of the Imperial Government, actually a great deal is conceded to local initiative and local opinion and experience, especially in regard to all internal affairs. And judging by the past, the English in Natal are ever ready to join with the Home authorities in doing all that may be done to promote their own prosperity.

But the political conditions under which Europeans work in South Africa are entirely overshadowed by the one main feature of South African politics—the native question. It will be well briefly to describe these natives:

There are three main classes—viz., the black Caffres, the brown Bushmen and Hottentots, and the light-coloured half-breeds, or Griquas. As to their general characteristics we find among the first-named—the Ama-Zulus, Amatongas, Matabele, &c., who have been gradually pushing their way southwards from the north-east. Physically the most powerful, their national arm is a stabbing spear. They are friendly to Europeans when not on the war-path, but do not readily adopt the arts of civilization or European habits or clothing. These north-eastern hordes have striven to push back before them another

group of black races, comprising the Basuto, Ba-rolong, Ba-kwana, Ba-mangwato, and other Bechuana tribes, of less physical power, armed chiefly with throwing spears, much given to agriculture as well as to keeping stock, and taking readily to European dress and the use of other European articles.

The brown Bushmen are a race to themselves. They are the South-African representatives of a weird savage civilization which seems to have existed in its own perfection before it was overrun by the more modern savage races. There were representatives in New Zealand who were utterly destroyed when the Maoris first arrived. The favourite arm of the Bushmen is the bow and arrow, and as the latter was often poisoned, the pioneer colonists entertained a holy horror of these tribes, and it was only the introduction of firearms, that eventually drove them from their mountain fastnesses until now they are merely the disappearing remnant of a race dwelling away in the little-known western deserts. It is the only race in South Africa which shows any artistic ability, and their rock paintings, so common in South Africa, prove them to have been, even up to recent years, masters both of drawing and of colour. Many travellers have recorded the remarkable fact that a knowledge of practical surgery and medicine, widespread among all members of these tribes, puts to the blush our own much vaunted systems of popular education. The Bushman language is classed inflectionally with the Basque, Fin, &c. These tribes exhibit a haughty aversion from the trammels and toils of our Western civilization. They refuse to assist in any labour, with the exception of any form of sporting or hunting, and in this they are as zealous, as persevering, and as knowing as the keenest of English sportsmen.

The Hottentots, on the other hand, appear to be a negroid race of inferior organization and weak powers; but they have this in common with the Bushmen, that they are rapidly dwindling in numbers. The half-bred Griquas are a race descended from Boer fathers and Hottentot mothers, which has spread in small bands over most of Western South Africa, and attempts, but with small success, an imitation of European manners, language, and dress.

Within the frontiers of European supremacy there are probably half a million of the "Ama" tribes and a million of the "Ba" tribes; while another half-million is composed of Hottentots, Bushmen, Griquas, Indian Coolies, Malays, and other "native" descendants of freed slaves. In regard to numbers, although under favourable conditions the blacks thrive and increase, conditions very speedily become unfavourable. It is a commonplace with anthropologists, as well as with European and even local political speakers and writers, to point out that the natives of South Africa are an exception to the general rule, that "savage" races dwindle before civilization. A better

acquaintance with the actual facts proves, however, that the blacks of South Africa are no exception to the general rule. They die out whenever they come face to face with civilization; whenever, that is, they come into competition with the interests or the labour of white men. Two causes are, however, at work in South Africa which prevent this effect from becoming readily or everywhere apparent. The main cause is the continuous immigration of blacks from outside. There may be two millions within the frontiers of the South African States, but there are many millions immediately across those frontiers, from whose ranks are coming perennial streams of immigrants to enjoy the advantages and rewards of civilized life. In Natal this influx is reversing the usual South African order of events, in which the white encroaches on the lands of the native, for the native is here begging for lands from the white. In Griqualand West there is continual incursion of blacks to earn wages as labourers in the diamond-fields; and all along the frontier line immigration is proceeding. Another cause is the policy, pursued in its entirety in Natal and to a very great extent in Cape Colony, of assigning certain lands as native locations. There are many such districts scattered over both colonies; and outside the colonial borders we have such "protected" areas as Basutoland, Bechuanaland, and the Transkei territories. In all such districts the black man does not come into direct contact with civilization; but he is at the same time restrained from the Malthusian check of war. As a rule he obtains abundance of food, and the consequence is, he thrives exceedingly. This is all very good for trade, as with prosperity there grows up a desire for European manufactures. It is said that in Basutoland, when we first took over the country in 1869, there was not a trader's shop in the whole territory, but ten years of our rule had induced a "foreign" trade valued at actually half a million sterling per annum.

Even in these protected districts, however, healthy and natural increase is endangered by drink and disease, both apparently increasing with sad rapidity. Nothing seems to stay the spread of drink, and the evils are painfully apparent in the wide Cape Colony. There the native in many districts is on an equal footing with any other inhabitant, and can obtain what drink he will; in all such districts he is rapidly decreasing in numbers. Indeed, in South Africa, as elsewhere, it is evident that, once the native comes into actual competition with whites, or into direct contact with an advancing civilization, he dies out.

Naturally the great interest in the question as to the increase or decrease of the black, centres in the fact of whether or no he can properly supply the demand for labour for these colonies. At the Diamond Fields he has done so, acquiring even a liking for steady work at wages; but it seems unfortunately only too true that when

he resides for generations among the whites he loses these qualities, and refuses to work except just when he wishes to indulge in some special expenditure. As labourers, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, blacks are good as herds and in the charge of stock, but for manual labour they are indolent and careless to a degree. You may give them as exact and full instructions as you will, but they will not carry them out, unless, as one farmer put it, "you have an overseer to every labourer."

This rapid dying out of the black in any settled district is one important feature of the present position. It is true that in very many individual cases natives rise above their traditions and become owners of land and houses and cattle. The franchise is open to them, and this has had an excellent effect in stimulating natives, in order to acquire the right to its exercise, to accumulate property of an annual value of £25, or earn wages to an annual amount of £50. In some constituencies the native vote is one of the most important. But these nobler aspirations are the exception; and relatively too weak to counterbalance physical decadence—even unto death.

In the native locations indolence and surreptitious drinking have full play, and the consequence is, that in unfavourable seasons there is scarcity of food, and stock-stealing becomes rife. Further afield, as in Basutoland or the Transkei, where there is less control, drink, disease, theft, and even armed quarrelling, are always present, and just now sadly on the increase. The recent Cape Government Commission on the Liquor Traffic placed on record most distressing accounts, nor were they able to suggest any remedy for the sad state of affairs within the Cape Colony proper. Prohibition is urgently recommended for all *native* districts and dependencies. But the evils are painted in strong terms:—

"The Commission has been deeply impressed with the emphatic and urgent representations contained in nearly all the evidence taken, and especially from the natives themselves, on the evils arising out of the sale and consumption of strong drinks. All this evidence points in the clearest way to the use of spirituous liquors (chiefly ardent spirits, the produce of the distilleries) as an unmitigated evil to the native races, and that no other cause or influence so directly increases idleness and crime, and is so completely destructive, not only of all progress or improvement, but even of the reasonable hope of any progress or improvement . . . if unchecked, it can only have one result, and that is the entire destruction of that portion of the natives who acquire the taste for brandy. All the better class of natives, and even the heathen and uneducated portion, appear to be conscious of this, and have implored the Commission to suppress the evil, which is bringing ruin on themselves and their country."

Disease and theft unfortunately follow close on the heels of drink, and famine succeeds for a certainty. This is occurring now on the eastern frontier of the Cape Colony, throwing on our fellow-citizens in that part of the empire a fresh burden of anxiety and expense.

Moreover, the native is slow to forget his former life of perpetual warfare, and his fighting instincts are dormant, not dead. In Natal and the two Boer States the natives are practically without arms, and their squabbles, it is thought, can be easily quelled. This is due to internal legislation. But in Bechuanaland, the Cape Colony, and Basutoland, the natives are armed. The endeavours of the Cape Colony to stop the importation of arms were not only successfully evaded, but led the natives to place a wildly fictitious value on the possession of arms. They were ready to do anything and to undergo any sacrifice for this one fond purpose. In addition to this, the Cape Government neutralized all its years of effort in this direction by allowing firearms to be given in lieu of wages to men working on the railway extensions. It is said on excellent authority that not less than half a million of guns and rifles thus passed very quickly into the possession of the Caffres. One result of this strange Government action was the lamentable Basuto war. Other results have been fatal fights and squabbles among the natives themselves. In England it would be well to take to heart the fact, that in South Africa total prohibition of the sale of liquor or of firearms has not only failed altogether, but positively set a new value on those forbidden fruits. It is clearly evident that a more rational system, which would set on foot really rational restrictions, can alone succeed.

It will be well, before summing up the evils of the present position, briefly to describe the native policy adopted respectively by the Boer Governments, and our own Colonies of Natal and the Cape.

The Dutch system has bad as well as good points. The natives are regarded as inferiors, and their title to their own country as altogether worthless. It supports, for instance, the trekking of a force of Boers into any native country to seize upon large areas of soil under the name of farms. Sometimes the "trekkers" assist some native chief in his local squabbles, and claim from him the lands of his foes; in others the lands even of the entertaining chief are appropriated. In all cases ultimately the Boer farmer becomes possessed of new and extensive lands. Afterwards the main object is to reduce to a minimum of those actually required to do the small labour of stock-minding, the number of natives living on each farm. The remainder of the natives are forced to leave the district. A great instance of the Dutch native policy has occurred quite recently in the Free State. One portion of old Basutoland became possessed by some Barolongs under their chief Moroko, who left two sons, Sepinaar and Samuel—sons, that is, according to Caffre custom; for the Caffre, with a wisdom exceeding that of Europeans, maintains that actual descent can only be traced to the mother. These two chiefs were sons of Moroko's "first" wife. There was a dispute for the chieftainship, and both agreed to abide by the decision of the Free State President as arbitrator.

He, finding that Samuel was son of the wife only some years after the father's death, gave judgment in favour of Sepinaar, who entered on his inheritance. Sepinaar last winter was murdered—it is asserted—by Samuel's party. The Free State territory surrounds this Native territory, and no sooner is this chief put an end to than the Free State steps in and proclaims this Native territory to be Free State territory. At once the whole system of greater and lesser chiefs and all other organizations of the Ba-rolong tribes are gone, and the natives all become equal in the eye of the Free State law—equal, that is, to one another, but altogether and hopelessly subordinate to the interests and needs of the Boers. The immediate practical effect is a forced exodus of large numbers of natives out of their own territory, and in the course of a few years all the Ba-rolong lands will have become Boer farms, and the Ba-rolongs of Moroko become merely historical. The Free State Boers do not deign to explain what *right* they have to the lands of a tribe simply because its chief was murdered. It seems that the international ethics of Europe have no hold on the Boer. On their farms, the Boers appear to treat well the few natives they allow there, even though severity is independently exercised against the refractory. But the strict Boer system soon strips a country of its natives. This system has had full and free play in the Free State, and is to be seen there in all its perfection. In that State the numbers of natives and Europeans are about equal. But then the Boer requires hardly any hired labour in his peculiar system of so-called farming. In a word, the native policy adopted in the Boer States is “get rid of all natives we cannot actually use as labourers.”

We have also two distinct systems of native policy pursued in our two Colonies of Natal and the Cape. In the Cape Colony natives live either in native locations or outside. In the one case they come under special laws and regulations well fitted to promote their prosperity, but too frequently rendered nugatory by the opportunities for illicit drinking. In the other case the natives are simply on the ordinary footing of other citizens of the colony, capable of all rights and advantages open to white men. But then on its borders the Cape Colony attempts to maintain a Native empire, which governs the natives by special regulations and under Cape officials. This is a costly system, and it is difficult to see where exactly the Cape is the gainer. The pleasures of empire over Basutoland have cost the colony a debt of £4,000,000. Mr. Merriman told the House of Assembly the other day that attempting to rule the Transkei had already cost the colony £765,000. From this costly luxury the colony reaps little profit, but runs considerable risk, as when it suffered virtual defeat when the 140,000 Basutos came suddenly and bitterly to oppose its behests. The fact is the Cape colonists are and

ought to remain busied about developing the resources of their own land, and to be called aside to this supplementary and gratuitous task of controlling natives outside their frontier is to be called aside from useful to useless work. As Sir Hercules Robinson not long ago reminded the Cape public,

"It was too much to expect that the colony when first started in the course of self-government could at the same time take upon itself the administration of populous native territories beyond its borders. In placing extensive native territories under the government of the majority for the time being in the popular branch of a Legislature in which these native territories are wholly unrepresented, the system has broken down. The colony has been obliged in consequence to restore Basutoland to the Imperial Government, and if it would in like manner see its way to free itself, at all events for a time, from the responsibility and burden of the Transkeian provinces, he should then look forward with great confidence to the future of the Cape."

So too Mr. Froude, when speaking of the undesirability of making of South Africa one self-governing dominion, said, "Self-government in South Africa means the government of the natives by the European colonists, and not self-government . . . the Europeans, he did not doubt, would control the natives, but only by measures which Great Britain would never allow to be carried out in the Queen's name."

I claim to know something at all events of the men and measures that have made their mark in South African affairs, and I state as distinctly as words will allow that the public men of our English colonies are to the full as careful of the rights of the natives as the public men at home. It is true that their views occasionally lack that political perspective which can alone make clear that the personal needs of the colonists do occasionally come into collision with the just rights of the natives. But the great weak point is, that the forces at the disposal of the local European colonial community are very inferior to the native forces they have to control, and thus we have measures, such as the fatal Basuto Disarmament Act, which would not even suggest themselves to an administration having the Imperial forces at its back and under its immediate control. The fact is, the Cape system is not a success. It is a costly but unnecessary playing at empire, a useless burden and distraction for the Cape colonist. Commercially it endeavours to open to European trade native districts, but the goods that penetrate are mainly of European origin, and the task is thus one that may well be left to Imperial care. Indeed, the Cape colonist has a fair right to call on the Imperial Government to relieve him of the charge of neighbouring native areas, more especially as the strong humanitarian sympathy of the British public is ever on the watch to force the Imperial Government to interfere in all native concerns.

It was whispered to me in South Africa that a small—I believe very small—class, interested in pushing its own way, highly approves

of the present system, for the reason that it means periodical expeditions at the cost of the British exchequer. No doubt money is thus thrown into the colony. But is this gain not altogether swallowed up in the evils that necessarily accompany it? A South African war unsettles everybody and everything. Young men of all classes—barristers and clerks as well as porters and cabmen—all rush to the front; abnormal imports upset trade; a momentary, but in reality a fictitious, prosperity leads to over-confidence, unjustified expenditure, and inflated speculations; country districts are for the time denuded of supplies, and also of all means of carriage. In short, every industry and occupation is upset by the fighting fever, and by the unwholesome demands of a campaign. Thus, although there may be hundreds of thousands of pounds expended in the colony, more than hundreds of thousands are lost in this general *bouleversement* of all legitimate occupations and all systems of commerce and finance.

In Natal the native policy is all in all, seeing that there are nearly 400,000 natives resident within the colony, although there are not 40,000 Europeans. The system there is to confine the natives to locations under native administration, although by placing in each a white magistrate and bringing all under the control of a special code of laws, the power of the chiefs is being gradually undermined, and European ideas of administration cautiously instilled into the native mind. Natives have, indeed, the liberty to leave their locations, and become full citizens of Natal, on equal footing with the whites; but to do this they must conform in all things, dress included, to European customs, and this the Zulu is very loth to do. The immediate consequences of this system has been a large increase in the numbers of natives, chiefly due to immigration. There is general contentment, and willing payment of a hut-tax of 14s. per hut. The system is only not a success in the two important facts that, on the one hand, there is risk of more Zulus entering Natal than there are lands to provide food for; and another, that some sudden fanaticism or mistake may lead to native outbreaks. The first of these eventualities can only be prevented by stopping immigration, as would be at once done were England to annex Zululand and reserve it for the Zulus. The second of these dangers is obviated, but only at great expense, by the maintenance of a very considerable garrison of Imperial troops.

The capacity of the natives, outside every European State, to govern themselves is limited by the power of interference the whites have. Any adventurer can at once foment a quarrel between two native tribes. He and his friends take one side, and, with this European aid, one if not two native "States" are speedily and simply put out of existence. Were it not for this illegitimate white interference

the natives would readily rule themselves. Even the chief Khame, whom I had the advantage of visiting with Sir Charles Warren in the far interior at his big town of Shoshong, 600 miles north of Kimberley, and actually in tropical Africa, carried on a most effective administration, suppressing crime and drunkenness with an unswerving hand, and encouraging education, the improvement of roads and advance in agriculture. But he lived in perpetual dread of this fatal, and apparently inevitable, interference on the part of white frontier adventurers, and was fain to beg the Queen's protectorate. The capacity for administration is hereditary with these chiefs, and the people are thoroughly obedient to their government. But the system is completely at the mercy of any white adventurer. And the one main fact that the practical statesman has to face in South Africa is the steady inevitable encroaching of the Europeans on the lands and independence of the native tribes. This would seem a proper province for the interference and aid of an empire whose beneficent rule has done so much for the well-being of native races.

It will thus be seen that the chief evils of the present system of native policy in South Africa are :—

1. That the Boer system means in result, whatever the motive, simply the extermination of the natives, and the appropriation of their lands by the whites.

2. That the various colonial systems mean an altogether unnecessary burdening of the colonies with the expenses, responsibilities, and risks of ruling natives, thus disastrously checking the growth of the colonies.

3. That, although with every variety of control, the natives under colonial rule are more and more becoming drunkards ; that crime and want are far too common ; and that the risk of rebellion is always present, and the colonial forces too weak to suppress a big rising.

4. That no permanent provision is made for protecting natives on the borders, who are ever subject to the marauding encroachments of white adventurers, who make the colonies their base for hostile operations.

5. That in consequence there are perpetual calls on the British taxpayer to make good acts of omission or commission in South Africa, with which his own Government has had no concern.

How to remedy all this is a problem which can only be solved, in the hopeful words of the new Secretary of State, by careful inquiry and anxious consideration. But solved it must be and that promptly.

Perhaps the most painful, but in another sense most reassuring, outcome of a full study of this problem is the conclusion that the present evils are distinctly the fault of nobody among permanent or local officials. They are the resultants of a variety of circumstances and forces ; they are, as it were, natural developments which can now be,

but could not have been before, dealt with in a complete and satisfactory manner.

The evils themselves are widely recognized, and remedies freely proposed. As a rule, these proposals are made in some particular crisis and the horizon of treatment is too confined. Few seem to know, for instance, that "the Cape" is only one of seven Governments in South Africa, independent of each other. Thus the *Pall Mall Gazette* once proposed "the establishment of a permanent Native Department at the Cape, empowered by the Imperial Government to deal in concert with the Colonial Government with all native questions as they arise, on certain easily defined and well-established lines." Mr. Saul Solomon, one of the ablest of Cape statesmen, also advocates the government of native districts from home through the governor at the Cape, and by means of a special magisterial and police service, leaving some kind of veto to the Cape Parliament. The practical objections to such a course which are at once obvious are that large areas, now or hereafter more or less under British influence and for which the British are responsible, are altogether unprovided for, as are many native districts contiguous to Natal. There is the recent instance of Bechuanaland. Neither the Government nor the Parliament of the Cape Colony have been able to come to any decision as to that enormous native territory. Had a "Native Department" or "Governor" to wait for the advice or consent of the Cape Colony authorities, he might often have to wait until the occasion for action was gone for ever, and he would frequently find that advice given one year would be reversed the next. But all the schemes which involve joint action on the part of the Imperial and Colonial Governments must involve joint control and joint contribution, if they are to be practically successful. These are matters even more difficult of adjustment than joint advice.

Lord Grey advises—"The management of our relations with the tribes, which are more or less within the reach of British influence, as well as with the Republics of the Transvaal and the Orange State, ought to be brought under the sole control of the Governor and High Commissioner who represents the Crown, without his being hampered by having to follow the advice of Ministers responsible to the local Parliaments only." The late Sir Bartle Frere would place with the natives, but under the orders of the High Commissioner, "an English official entrusted with sufficient powers, and charged to do right and execute justice according to English ideas, but through native machinery of administration, and to give security of life and property to the people." It is, however, to a speech of Lord Carnarvon's, in the House of Lords, that we can turn for the most concise description of the complete type of administration that is requisite:—

"The power of responsible government in the colony was by no

means the best instrument for dealing with the natives on native affairs. These native tribes looked with much more confidence to a single head, such as the Queen or a resident governor, than to an assembly of responsible representatives. The very system of parliamentary government involved a frequent change of officers and functionaries, and it was impossible in such circumstances there could be that fixity and continuity of government which was absolutely essential in dealing with native races. A far easier and better system of government for such a country and people would be something in the nature of the government of Crown colonies, but of the simplest possible kind. What we had to do was to make every native feel that justice was administered as between man and man."

It seems, however, that the key-note of a complete system has not yet been struck by any of the statesmen who have dealt with this question. Many home statesmen have failed to grasp actual geographical conditions; the horizon of the South African statesman is too often limited to that of his own colony. In short, it may be said that hitherto progress in South Africa has been retarded because most of the measures applied have been interfered with, either by those who did not know South Africa or by those who did not know any other country.

Taking a properly wide view it becomes most evident that, if the English are to redeem their pledge to protect the natives, and also their desire to relieve their own two colonies of the greatest burden under which they struggle at present, the English nation must take up this native question as a whole. We must deal on common lines with Bechuanaland, Basutoland, the Transkei territories, and Zululand. In so doing all things will come easier; economy, security, and success are thus, and thus alone, to be ensured. That is the problem. Local experience coupled with applicable experience of what has been successfully done in other places, suggests a practicable and easy solution. But these things can only be carried through under the seal of authority. The political exigencies of the Liberal Government prevented their formulating, at the time, any permanent native policy for South Africa, or drawing upon the ample knowledge and experience at the command of the Colonial Office. The Conservative Government naturally hold their hand just now, but the Secretary for the Colonies has said that inquiry and consideration may easily lead to action. Many advocate the prompt reference of the whole question to a Royal Commission. Certainly there must be a collecting and a collating, by independent hands, of the necessary information; above all, there must be hearty co-operation between the home and the colonial authorities. By thus inaugurating a new and fundamental departure in South African native policy the Imperial Government may rid both South Africa

and England of an exhausting political abscess that has defied all palliative treatment.

The present position of affairs in South Africa is favourable to such a new departure. The English taxpayer has just put down a million sterling in Bechuanaland; in Basutoland and the Transkei something strenuous will have to be done to vindicate our authority, and, indeed, our reputation; Zululand appears to be on the eve of annexation. Now, is therefore the accepted time. The Transkei is breeding troubles from which the Cape Government would fain escape; the feeling is strong in the Cape Colony that it is foolish for so young a community to burden itself with affairs outside its own already vast territories.

Some remedy, then, must be devised which will bring the natives permanently under the control of consistent civilization, and immediately under the control of force immeasurably their superior. We shall thus and thus alone fulfil to them our pledges in the cause of humanity and justice; we shall relieve our fellow-countrymen of the Cape Colony and Natal of harassing and distracting burdens, and leave them free and unfettered to concentrate all their energies and attention on the development of their own resources. We shall follow at once our duty and our interest in thus taking a new departure in South African native policy. And that departure must be based on unprejudiced inquiry, and proceed in the direction of instituting a new independent control of native affairs. And it can only be undertaken with success by bringing to its aid both the local experience of the colonists and the world-wide experience of the Imperial Government.

In this article I have shown what definite work may be at once undertaken by the authorities in South Africa as well as by the Imperial authorities—the one in various internal matters, and the other in promptly defining and solving the great problem of a definite native policy—in order to secure at the least expenditure a better prosperity for both Europeans and natives in South Africa. I commenced by pointing out that the English taxpayer has sown as seed in South Africa at least £30,000,000 of invested moneys, and that he has weeded and watered and guarded this domain by continuous expenditure, which in the total already reaches many millions sterling. The harvest-time approaches when he may, if he will, reap the fruits of all this, not only in opening up new channels for his own trade, but also in assisting his fellow-citizens in South Africa to attain to a substantial prosperity greater than any they have yet known, and, at the same time, in securing to several millions of natives for whose well-being he has already made himself morally responsible, unprecedented advance on the paths of Christianity and civilization.

GEORGE BADEN-POWELL.

RECREATIVE LEARNING AND VOLUNTARY TEACHING.

IN a paper read last year at the Birmingham meeting of the Social Science Congress, Mr. Walter Besant drew attention to what he called "the great voluntary movement of the present day." "It is the noblest thing," he said, "the world has ever seen, and I believe it is only just beginning. More and more we are getting volunteer labour into almost every department."

Mr. Besant's object in speaking was to point out a fresh channel for the energies of voluntary workers. He told of the grim and sordid ugliness and dullness which wrap the lives of thousands upon thousands of the dwellers in East London—"the biggest, ugliest, and meanest city in the whole world;" of the men and women who are crowded together to minister to our needs and luxuries, their own existence empty of all that makes life bright or beautiful, while temptations to that which is evil and debasing beset them on every side. And then he spoke, as an artist may, of the beauty and the joy of art.

"No life," he said, "can be wholly unhappy which is cheered by the power of playing an instrument, dancing, painting, carving, modelling, singing, making fiction, writing poetry; it is not necessary to do these things so well as to be able to live by them, but every man who practises one of these arts is during his work drawn out of himself and away from the bad conditions of his life. . . . We wish that every boy and every girl shall learn something, and it matters little whether we make him draw, design, paint, decorate, carve, work in brass or in leather, . . . provided he be instructed in the true principles of art. Imagine, if you can, a time when in every family of boys and girls one shall be a musician, and another a carver in wood, and a third a painter; when every home shall be full of artistic and beautiful things, and the present ugliness be only remembered as a kind of bad dream. This may appear to some impossible; but it is, on the other hand, very possible, and sure to come to pass in the immediate future."

What then Mr. Besant asked of England's voluntary workers was that they should open the eyes of the blind to see and the ears of the deaf to hear that which is lovely and of good report; that they should develop the instinct of making in hands for which in idle hours the spirit of evil is apt to find employment in a distinctly opposite direction; in a word, that they should bring the joy and innocent recreation of art as a familiar factor into the people's lives, a splendid and priceless gift from the rich to the poor.

The object of the present paper is to show that what to some may appear a mere Utopian dream has, on the contrary, a vital connection with some of the most practical questions of elementary education; that the working classes themselves are beginning to recognize this connection, and to tell those who may wish to take a part in this new educational work how much their services are needed at the present moment, and how they may at once begin to help.

When, fourteen years ago, education became compulsory in the United Kingdom, many of the advocates of the new Act felt exceedingly sanguine as to its moral results. But the connection between good conduct and book-learning is not so close as might at first sight be inferred from columns wherein the educated and criminal classes figure in opposing array. Within the past few years there has been a marked advance in public opinion as to the necessity for the industrial element in education which is intended to form the character. In re-forming the character which has been allowed to become blemished, industrial training takes every day a more assured position. No weed grows faster in neglected soil than mischief grows in the soil of idleness, and this fact is recognized and acted on in reformatories; the weeds are uprooted, and the soil carefully cultivated to bear a very different crop. But prevention is better than cure, and if industrial training were made part of the education of every child; nay, more, if pains were taken to make every child love industry and take an intelligent interest and pleasure in using its hands and eyes, who can say how much waste, and worse than waste, of human life and ability might be saved, or to what extent the necessity for our vast and expensive machinery of prisons and reformatories might be done away? Impatience of waste is a characteristic of the present century. The increasing desire of the rich unemployed for work bears witness to this feeling. Here, then, is a great unused force waiting for employment, and a good task waiting to be performed. I shall try to show that the task is one which calls for the very qualifications which those possessed of leisure and general culture are best able to bring to it.

As to the degree of industrial training which it is desirable to give to children generally, let us hear the opinion of a well-known French authority.

"In conversation, M. Lang expressed to the Commissioners his views concerning the question of technical education as carried out in France, more especially with regard to apprentice schools. He is strongly in favour of the introduction, even into the primary school, of a certain amount of handicraft work; yet he does not think that the establishment of special apprenticeship schools should be largely promoted. He conceives that the introduction of such manual instruction should be made only to the extent of giving boys a certain amount of readiness and aptitude in using their hands. He believes that these exercises not only give them this valuable power, but likewise greatly develop their faculties of observation. A general increase in this kind of manual instruction to more than three hours per week he would deprecate, believing that the municipality or State is not called upon to furnish such instruction as qualifies for any one particular trade, but simply to go so far as that the knowledge gained may be applied to trades generally." *

There are many considerations which must be borne in mind in choosing the special occupations which are to create the "readiness and aptitude" of which M. Lang speaks, and which draw out the powers of observation. For the younger pupils it must be such as will not demand much strain of muscle, and for all it must be of a nature which will not overtax either the mind or body of pupils who are tired with mental exercises. To introduce a dry and tedious species of handwork would be to disgust the younger pupils with industrial occupations, and predispose them to idleness in holiday time; it ought, on the contrary, to be of a kind to attract and interest them, a great point being gained if they will practise it voluntarily at home. Some of the limitations which attach to what are termed "peasant industries" apply also to occupations suited for educational purposes. The "plant" required ought not to be cumbrous or expensive; the work should be such as can be practised without inconvenience in an ordinary dwelling, and which can be taken up and laid down readily by those who are liable to be called away by other avocations. As to what are suitable employments for educational purposes, Nature seems to point them out with almost singular clearness. There is scarcely a childish instinct of manual activity which does not find its reflex and consummation in some of those simpler forms of artistic handicraft which have been and ever will be the delight of men and women in every age and country. Few occupations are more distinctly educative than clay-modelling, and clay-modelling is nothing more than a sort of glorified mud-pie making, just as wood-carving may be considered as the sublimated whittling of sticks. It is but a step from the simpler and apparently instinctive process to the more refined and complex, and the transition is one so entirely in accordance with Nature's dictation, that we need not feel surprised that children manifest in experiencing it the eagerness and pleasure which usually attend any purely natural development of the instincts. Other minor arts might be named which bear the

* Second Report of the Royal Commissioners on Technical Instruction, vol. i. p. 75.

same close and obvious relation to the rudimentary occupations which appear to occur to every child who plays with sticks or straws, mud or pebbles, by field or roadway. The children of the wealthier classes are as a rule overlaid with ready-made toys in a manner which is not conducive to developing the creative instinct, and the wholesome desire which manifests itself to fathom the secrets of construction—to ascertain what is inside a costly plaything, what “makes it go”—is not always regarded with due appreciation by nursery authorities. Wanton destruction, which likewise manifests itself in well-to-do nurseries and elsewhere, is something different; it is the instinct of activity perverted and degenerated by neglect, bearing poisonous instead of wholesome fruit. There is something pathetic in a child’s eagerness to “make things,” its pride in supposed success, its abortive efforts—efforts too often put aside by parents with a smile, some game or purely mechanical occupation being substituted, which makes less mess and gives less trouble, while it perhaps does nothing to draw forth the innate powers which had been forcing themselves into notice, and hungrily presenting themselves for appropriate nurture. No instinct requires more careful or delicate handling than this divine instinct of creation, if it is to be brought to full maturity, and bear its ripened fruit through all future life: fruit not evidenced only in the making of tangible things, but fruit of wise and well-ordered energy, directed to the orderly and beautiful making and shaping of life itself. The occupations chosen must be proportioned to the child’s growing powers, and every incentive given to perseverance and *thoroughness*; things may be made too easy as well as too difficult, but the child must be tenderly and patiently helped to overcome difficulties which might readily prove too much for the moral fibre that ought gradually to strengthen along with the mental and physical. Such work is essentially work for cultivated women.

Three years ago, in urging the need of introducing handwork into our elementary schools,* I described an experiment then being tried in Philadelphia. That experiment was based on the principle that a child whose brains and muscles are not sufficiently developed to make it desirable that he should be taught “a serious or severe branch of industry,” might be so trained by means of easy and attractive occupations, proportioned to his age and capabilities, that he “should be able to take up any kind of handwork readily and intelligently, so as to learn a trade sooner than he would otherwise have done.”† Another principle, not yet sufficiently recognized in Europe, lay at the base of the Philadelphian experiment. Design must not be taught, as it too frequently is with us, as a branch merely; it must be regarded as the very root of proficiency in artistic handwork.

* “Handwork for Children,” *Nineteenth Century*, Oct. 1882.

† From a paper read before the Society of Arts by C. G. Leland, Feb. 4, 1885.

Moreover, the element of enjoyment was recognized and emphasized. This was no sentimental question of sugaring an unpleasant medicine, of that shrinking from what is difficult or disagreeable, which characterizes a feeble generation. Rather it was the affirmation that the food most easily assimilated by the young, and which most tends to growth, is not that which is dry and difficult of mastication; that Nature intended the development of the creative instinct to be attended by the natural pleasure which follows the development of other healthy instincts; that as the bird "wings and sings," so youth should rejoice in making and shaping, in beauty of colour and form, in the growing skill of the "cunning workman," in "the finding out of many inventions." The results of such natural development would be enduring. Whatever "unhealthy and over-darkened ways" might await the pupil in after-life, whatever grimness of mechanical drudgeries, some shape of beauty, some memory of work that was full of enjoyment, would still be with him to move away the pall from his spirit. In the evening, his day's labour past, he would still be able to turn to some recreative occupation learned in school-days, happy in carrying it to greater perfection or more complicated results, "for the artist never grows old." Knowing the way to do so, he would be led to add to the comfort and beauty of his home by the work of his own hands, and there are few greater safeguards to a man than pride in his home. Pleasure would be associated with that which is creative, not with that which is destructive; with activity, not with idleness. It is pleasant to learn that the Philadelphian system is gaining ground with our practical Transatlantic neighbours, and is not only making way in schools, but is also attracting attention in connection with questions of reform in prisons and asylums.

A little book † by Mr. Leland, the originator of the system, became popular in England. The plan of village classes was suggested, and, like a seed blown across the sea, the idea took root in England. The occupations which had been tried in Philadelphia were the minor arts, some of which are practised with very practical financial result by children and peasants in other countries, and the best known of which are frequently practised by amateurs in our own, but practised often in a half-hearted way, which leads to small result, owing to a feeling that the amount of time and energy expended on occupations which are taken up only for amusement is scarcely justifiable in an age when so much serious work puts forth its higher claims. By some such workers the prospect of employing their talents for art handicraft in a thoroughly practical and useful way was felt as a real happiness. Boys and youths were gathered into small classes held on Saturdays, or the evenings of other week-days,

* "The Minor Arts." By C. G. Leland. Macmillan & Co.

and the work soon developed in a way which certainly was not expected at the outset. Wood-carving was the art first and still chiefly practised, an art so well adapted for educational purposes that in Sweden it now forms part of the national school course. Boys and teachers alike delighted in the attempt, and in the absence of any sort of hard training, beyond drawing, in the pupil's school life, it was felt that the work, at first undertaken simply with a view to recreation, might, judiciously carried on, become a useful factor in their practical education.

Without entering into the vexed question of how much a State ought or ought not to do for the general instruction of its children, it may be interesting in this context, to show the position which England occupies relatively to other countries, in regard to educational expenditure.

"In considering," say the Technical Commissioners, "by whom the cost of the further development of technical education should be borne, we must not forget that, if it be true that in foreign countries almost the entire cost of the highest general and technical instruction is borne by the State, on the other hand the highest elementary and secondary instruction in science falls on the localities to a much greater extent than with us; whilst as to the ordinary elementary schools the cost in Germany and Switzerland is almost exclusively borne by the localities; and this was also the case in France and Belgium, until the people of those countries became impatient of the lamentable absence of primary instruction on the part of vast numbers of the rural, and in some instances of the town population—an evil which large State subventions alone could cure within any reasonable period of time. With the exception of France, there is no European country of the first rank that has an imperial budget for education comparable in amount to our own. In the United Kingdom at least one-half of the cost of elementary education is defrayed out of imperial funds, and the instruction of artisans in science and art is almost entirely borne by the State. Hence it will be necessary to look in the main to local resources for any large addition to the funds required for the further development of technical instruction in this country."

It may be added that the State expenditure on education in the United States exceeds our own. In Ireland, where a special need for hand-training exists, a special effort was made by the Commissioners to arouse local effort in establishing handwork classes in connection with the elementary schools. A circular drawing attention to the subject was widely disseminated throughout the country, but the soil was not generally prepared to receive the seed thus sown.* At that time, however, a few workers here and there in the country were already beginning to gather a handful of lads into such little recreation classes as I have alluded to. Undoubtedly some practical demonstration of this kind is what is needed as a first step both in Ireland and elsewhere. The sight of a few boys actually learning to use their hands and employing their idle hours in pro-

* Second Report of the Royal Commissioners on Technical Instruction, vol. i. p. 515.

ducing saleable work brings home some at least of the uses of industrial training in a way which nothing else is likely to do as effectually. Moreover, if the teachers are persons mixing in the general society of the neighbourhood, a degree of healthy interest is aroused amongst those best able to stir up "local effort." Stimulating efforts are brought to bear which would be absent were the affair wholly one of official routine. The Commissioners, prompt to encourage any wholesome effort, however small, showed in their attitude towards these little beginnings an unvarying kindness and appreciation which has gone far to bring about the development of the movement which has recently taken place. The first village classes resulted in the formation of others both in town and country. In some the teaching was quite free, in others a small fee was exacted; tools for working at home were lent on receipt of a trifling payment; prizes were given, and small local exhibitions held. It was the combined promise and shortcomings of the little classes, their obvious usefulness and capability of development, and the need of union and organization to make that development possible, to foster and maintain a good standard of work, and to find out and lead the way to new and appropriate branches of handicraft, that led to the formation of the Home Arts and Industries Association.

The first annual exhibition of the society was held last July at the town-house of the president, Earl Brownlow. The greater number of exhibits were of wood-carving, but there were also specimens of *repoussé* work in metal, beaten ironwork, carved chalk, pottery, hand-spun linen, and different kinds of needlework. A loan exhibit of Swedish hand-woven stuffs and embroideries, made by fisherwomen, and used both for household purposes and clothing, beautiful specimens of embossed leather and of a strong species of mosaic, easily made, suggested branches which are likely to be taken up in the classes before long. Among the visitors and purchasers were H.R.H. the Princess of Wales and H.R.H. the Princess Louise. It was pleasant to see some pale-faced London boys going round the exhibition, and pointing out with pride what they themselves had done. The work shown was the outcome of holiday hours happily spent by working boys and men and girls who had been taught by amateurs with or without professional assistance, and nearly all was of a character suitable for the beautifying of working men's homes. No one looking round could help feeling that a fund of artistic ability exists in our islands, if any one will take the pains to cultivate it. Some beautiful *repoussé* work in brass from Keswick was greatly admired, and deserves especial mention: the peasant pupils had been entirely taught by their clergyman and his wife, who speak most warmly of the moral aspect of the work. From the first, indeed, the clergy, especially those most interested in the temperance

movement, have shown themselves prompt to see the uses of recreative handwork, and every instance like this, where energy and perseverance have attained such practical result, must be felt as an encouragement by all.

The work done in manual education by the Brothers and Sisters of the religious orders, both in Ireland and on the Continent is too well known to require comment. Why should this beneficent work be confined to the clerical body or to the interior of convents? There are plenty of laymen, and even a greater number of women, in every county of the United Kingdom, who would lead happier lives if part were devoted to an occupation which offers so wide a field for different kinds of talents and degrees of capability. I have already pointed out how obviously suitable and delightful an occupation for women is the task of developing the creative instinct in children; from personal experience and the experience of friends, I have no hesitation in saying that the influence of ladies is also beneficial at a later age, when growing lads, and girls too, are likely to shake off restraint, and when taming and civilizing influences are specially desirable.

In point of fact, since the idea of both men and women of leisure finding employment in the voluntary teaching of handwork was first mooted, the progress of its popularity has been steadily advancing.

Years ago, when the scheme of handwork classes was still in embryo, Mr. Walter Besant wrote in a letter of the "joy and delight" which such work might bring into thousands of lives. He spoke of the pupils; since then the same words have been used by a teacher to describe a teacher's feeling about it. Perhaps only those who have been actually engaged in the building up of these classes in town or country—often uphill work enough at the outset—can understand the sort of enthusiasm which is sometimes engendered. There is the sense of dormant power wakened and utilized; the happiness of feeling it not merely a pleasure but a duty to become perfected in some already favourite pursuit, followed no longer for selfish amusement, but for the good of others. There is a realization of things passed by before, an interest in the technique of work, which is no longer a matter of mere dilettantism. This interest spreads curiously in a neighbourhood, and is not confined to the teachers; friends and neighbours become good-humouredly critical, and questions of art and manufacture are discussed; old continental treasures are looked up and new ones brought home, the question being more and more frequently asked, "Why don't we make these things over here?" When we think what a large portion of life is covered by buying and selling, making and using, and how pernicious in result has been the gap which has hitherto separated the buying and using from the classes actually engaged in manufacture, we may

think hopefully of all that a closer union and better understanding may bring in their train.

Then there is the gradual growth of interest in the pupils; the friendly relations of a new and pleasant kind established between those who, with the best will in the world, do not always know how to set about becoming friends. In the recreation-room and workshop the desired intercourse becomes easy and natural. There is so much to do, to show, to talk about; and the educated teacher finds himself possessed of what to his pupils is a wealth of general knowledge which they are not slow to dwell upon. The utility of this general culture comes in sometimes in unexpected ways, and in none more than in the teaching of design. Practically it is found best to commence with the study of geometric forms. Here Nature, in her lower inorganic kingdom, may be called on to illustrate the laws of beauty and construction. The mineral and the snow-crystal may be brought under the pupil's observation, and a great deal that is likely to interest him and open his eyes may be shown without straying an inch from the immediate business in hand. Yet more interesting are the later stages, when some of the simplest laws of organic growth may be shown in their application to design, and Nature in her higher forms is continually appealed to, observed, and considered. Again, there is the historic consideration of ornament, which lends an interest to every public building with which the pupils may be acquainted.

Part of the work of the Home Arts and Industries Association has been to open studios at 1, Langham Chambers, W., where voluntary teachers are trained in a variety of minor arts, and from whence it is hoped in time to send forth both paid and voluntary teachers to different parts of the country. An application has been made to and granted by the council of the Society, that a large number of voluntary teachers should at once be trained on special terms to supply the demand created by the opening of the London Board Schools for evening classes, which are to be at once "recreative and practical" in character. Such recreative branches as are not included in the Code are to be taught by voluntary teachers, and these branches include some of the educative minor arts which it is the special object of the Association to encourage. These schools are being opened in compliance with a request made by working men through the medium of their Trades' Council. They are practically, then, asking us to give their children that which we had been preparing to offer. Need it be said that will be most joyfully given? But the training of a large number of teachers on special terms will be a strain on the resources of this infant society—a strain increased by the demands for help which, coming from all parts of the country from those who wish to start village classes on the lines which have

been found to succeed best, testify to the need of the work which has been undertaken. When the need and the work are more widely known, I do not believe we shall have long to wait for workers or for funds to carry out our task widely and efficiently. In reading the reports of societies in France and in America bearing a resemblance to the Home Arts Association, I noticed that donations were not confined to money only. When the "Société pour l'Instruction professionnelle des Femmes" was formed in Paris, gifts of books and materials for carrying on the work of its training school were freely made by well-known public individuals, by publishers, merchants, and private persons. Gifts of a similar description, especially of such materials as wood, brass, leather, &c., and specimens of artistic handicraft, would materially assist the operations of the Home Arts and Industries Association, especially in the training of its voluntary teachers.

In Sweden a society called the "Friends of Handwork," consisting like ours of a large number of paying members, is assisted by a small grant from the State. Without looking for this, it may be hoped that in many instances the local classes of the Home Arts Association may win their way to a grant similar in principle to that afforded to affiliated cookery classes under the Code. This, however, greatly depends on the power of the Association in the first instance to raise the standard of their work to a satisfactory level, and to develop this power of help in the Association.

One word is needed as to the position which the association occupies relatively to the Department of Science and Art and other great official organizations. The work which it does is work which in no way trespasses on theirs, but, on the contrary, in many instances leads up to it. It should be distinctly recognized that the training given to the pupils in the handwork classes is training which under existing circumstances they would not otherwise receive. The advantages of higher technical training will be explained and impressed upon them with the net result that a larger number of students will probably seek to obtain these advantages than would be the case were the new Society not existent. Pupils will be encouraged to save the little earnings made in the handwork classes, with a view of obtaining higher technical instruction should opportunity arise. But while thus acting as the handmaiden of these greater organizations, it may be maintained that the Society proposes to do a work in many respects of quite a different and separate character from theirs, and which, owing to its familiar and unofficial nature, enters into the hearts and lives and homes of the people in a way which gives it a peculiar merit of its own.

I have no wish to claim for the Society's classes a degree of usefulness which as yet is but very partially developed; the movement

is still in its first tentative stage ; there is much to learn and to amend ; but from what I have already experienced and observed, I cannot but believe that in the general teaching of handwork to boys and girls by voluntary instructors gifted with leisure, culture, and a quiet enthusiasm for their work, there lies a hope of achievement of which it is difficult as yet to predict the full extent and value.

Here, then, is work for the unemployed. The voluntary teachers required for London alone constitute a small army, and other towns are throwing open their schools for evening classes in the same way. Teachers are wanted in every town where young men and women and children need wholesome recreation and kind and educated friends ; in every village where boys and girls are to be found wasting or misusing their energies, boys and girls capable of becoming good and useful members of society if taken by the hand and won over to industry and thrift.

To share in such work an appeal is made, not without hope of response, to those who may still find themselves in the ranks of the "unemployed."

E. L. JERR.

JOHN NELSON DARBY.

ON April 29, 1882, there died at Bournemouth, at the age of eighty, John Nelson Darby, whose life exercised a profound and very varied influence. He founded a somewhat obscure sect, indeed, but a brief sketch will show how much wider was the range of his influence, which embraced and shaped—directly or indirectly—the lives of men celebrated in the world of thought and literature.

John Nelson Darby was born at Westminster in the year 1801, of a highly honourable family in the King's County, the Darbys of Leap Castle. He was thus by accident of English birth, but otherwise was thoroughly Irish. He entered Trinity College, Dublin, as a fellow-commoner at the age of fifteen, and graduated there as Classical Gold Medallist, when little more than eighteen years old, in the summer of 1819. His father had destined him to the Bar, but though called in due course, he soon abandoned the din and bustle of the law courts for the calmer pursuits of the clerical life after which he had ever longed. He was of a profoundly religious spirit by nature, and in the days of his earlier manhood—between 1820 and 1825—strove to satisfy that spirit by all the practices of strict Churchmanship. In 1825 he was ordained deacon, and in February 1826 priest, by the celebrated Dr. Magee, Archbishop of Dublin, grandfather of the present Bishop of Peterborough. Darby soon came into collision with the prevalent religious spirit of Dublin. Archbishop Magee and the Dublin clergy had taken alarm at the impending emancipation of the Roman Catholics. The Archbishop delivered a Charge, and the clergy published a declaration addressed to Parliament, denouncing the Roman Catholic Church, and claiming special favour and protection for themselves on avowedly Erastian

principles. They based their demands simply on the ground that Romanism was opposed to the State, while their own system was allied with, if not even subservient to, it. Darby's mind revolted against such a miserably low unspiritual view of the Church. He drew up, therefore, and circulated privately a very vigorous protest against the action of the clergy, a sufficiently courageous step for a young curate of two years' standing. This protest Mr. Darby republished fifty years later in the first of the thirty-one volumes of his "Collected Writings." It is a very interesting document when read in the light of subsequent events, and explains the intensely Erastian tone in the Church of that day, of which the early Tractarian writers so bitterly complained, and against which they so persistently struggled. Darby's protest was unavailing. The Establishment was everything with the Churchmen of that time, the Church of God was nothing regarded, and Darby's soul was vexed thereat. He looked around, therefore, for some body which might answer his aspirations after a spiritual communion based on New Testament and religious principles, and not on mere political expediency, and soon found it in a society, or rather an unorganized collection of societies, which had been for many years growing and developing, and which under his guidance was destined to take final shape in the sect now called the Plymouth Brethren.

We cannot understand the course subsequently pursued by Darby unless we first take a retrospective glance over the very curious and striking religious phenomena presented by the Church in the reign of George IV. It is often remarked, and with much justice, that of no period are men so densely ignorant as of that which immediately precedes their own time. Every man of ordinary education can tell the details of the great Civil War, or the Revolution of 1688, or even the leading events of the French Revolution. How few can give any correct account of Roman Catholic Emancipation, the Tractarian Movement, the Corn Law League, or the Papal Aggression. Yet men are well acquainted with these names, and their very acquaintance helps to cheat them into a belief that they know something about the history thereof. Now to understand the principal religious movements of the present age, the Broad Church and the Oxford movements, as well as the great disintegrating movement of Plymouth Brethrenism, we must realize the prominent religious features of the days of the Regency and of the reign of George IV. In the first twenty-five years of this century the Evangelical movement was in the full swing of prosperity. Externally its prospects were brightening every day. The Church Missionary Society, the Bible Society, and numerous similar institutions attested its zeal and organizing power. Internally, however, a canker-worm had already attacked

its life. Among the leaders of the party, about the year 1800, no one held a higher position than the Rev. John Walker, Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, and chaplain of the Bethesda Chapel, the head-quarters of the followers of Whitefield and Lady Huntingdon in the Irish capital. Walker held and taught an extreme Calvinistic creed, which he bitterly and vigorously defended in a prolonged controversy with the celebrated Irish layman, Alexander Knox, the real father of the Oxford movement. But he very soon grew weary of even a very nominal conformity to the Church system. He recognized instinctively that its fundamental idea, which identified baptism and Church membership, was contradictory to his own, which made God's secret election and its manifestation in conversion the only basis of Church membership and communion. In the year 1804 he formally seceded from the Church, and established a sect called Separatists or Walkerites, which will still be found leading here and there a lingering existence in Birmingham, Dublin, and a few other large towns. Their principles were very similar to the Brownists of Queen Elizabeth's time. Walker held the extremest form of Calvinistic doctrine, rejected ordination and an appointed ministry, practised close communion, refusing to admit any save his own followers to the Holy Communion, and taught that he could not even pray or sing with any others, as the prayers of the wicked—under which amiable category he classed his opponents—were an abomination to the Lord.

This sect decayed, indeed, but its principles survived and exercised a very corroding influence on the labours of the Evangelical party all through the first quarter of this century. The Separatists pursued the leading Evangelical teachers everywhere; poaching upon their congregations, robbing them of their most devout adherents, and representing themselves as specially spiritual in contrast with the Evangelical clergy, whom they described as hankering after the flesh-pots of Egypt, meaning thereby the endowments of the Church Establishment. One instance will illustrate the pertinacious character of their attacks. Among the most pious and devoted Evangelical leaders of that day was the Rev. Peter Roe. Like so many others of that party, he was an Irishman, who was as well known, however, in London and Bath, as in Dublin or his own city, Kilkenny, where he ministered. His biography—which can often be picked up for a shilling on a bookstall—is a singularly heavy book for persons in pursuit of light reading, but for those desirous of tracing the changes of religious thought, it is full of interest. From that book we learn that the Walkerites were so successful in their efforts about the year 1815, that Roe, together with the two leading English Evangelicals of that day, Messrs. Simeon and Legh Richmond, published a volume called “The Evils of Separation,” to warn their

followers against their tenets. Yet, notwithstanding all their denunciations, the Separatist societies—in virtue of their more logical position—flourished and increased, especially in the West of England, Exeter, Plymouth, Bristol, as well as in Dublin and many other places throughout Ireland.

Another influence told powerfully in their favour. Young Darby, as already mentioned, was intensely disgusted by the open and avowed Erastianism of Archbishop Magee and his clergy. In his opinion they had lost all sense of what a Church is, and were desirous of reducing it to a department of the Civil Service, and he was not far wrong. Dr. Magee's charge was only an illustration of the intense secularism which then pervaded the Church, a topic upon which the Separatists were perpetually harping. The Evangelical party did but little to remedy this. They acted in that period as in our own day, hesitating to devote much attention to corporate Church action. They stirred up individuals, but neglected work and life organized on a Church basis. In fact, the idea of a Church with its organization and discipline found only a very subordinate, if, indeed, any place at all, in their system. The High Churchmen, again, of that generation were simply ultra-Protestants of a political type. Macaulay has depicted the High Church feeling of that age in his ballad on the "Country Clergyman's Trip to Cambridge." The term High Churchman, indeed, now betokens anything save a rabid Protestant, yet it is a curious fact that in rural districts of Ulster the phrase High Churchman still retains its Georgian significance, and denotes a Protestant of the popular Orange type. The High Churchmen, then, of that day could lend no help in combating the prevailing Erastian tone. And yet the intense secularism pervading the Church some sixty years ago was something of which the men of this generation have no conception. The study of the popular literature of that time will alone reveal it. Let us take an instance. The careful student of old bookstalls will sometimes come across a curious work called the "Parson's Horn Book," published more than fifty years ago. A glance through its pages will show what was the popular idea of the higher clergy of that age, when a bishopric, in Ireland at least, was esteemed a fair and fitting provision for the younger son of a noble house. It will explain, too, the intense dislike manifested by the Separatists to the very idea of a Church Establishment.

The "Horn Book" is a very scurrilous pamphlet indeed; it depicts the wealth and neglect of the clergy in the darkest colours, and much of it was doubtless exaggerated. Yet there must have been some foundation for the satire, or it would not have taken with the populace. The following lines are a fair specimen of it. They are taken from a piece called the "Devil's Shooting Excursion."

"The month was November, the morning fine,
 The clock had just struck half-past nine,
 The devil had swallowed his coffee and toast,
 And sat by the fire perusing the Post.*
 'A rare morning,' cries he, 'ho! my dog and my gun,
 I vow I must forth for a taste of fun.'"

Then, after noting his various preparations for sporting, the poem proceeds—

"Away he walked adown his farm,
 His tail like a lady's train over his arm,
 His gun on his shoulder, his dog by his side,
 And Cerberus casting in three-headed pride.
 What a set! to ho! to north, west and east
 Pointed at once the well-trained beast.
 When up from the stubble three parsons arose
 With a sluggish wing like their cousins the crows.
 Bang! Bang! down came two while the third wends on.
 The Devil chuckles and cries, Well done!
 Coolly he picks up and bags the slain,
 They were fat and their craws were filled with grain.
 Six bishops next he met in a bevy
 And rustling along in pomp to levee;
 And as they cunningly schemed in pairs,
 How each was to broach there his little affairs,
 The Devil came on them unawares.
 From the aproned lot a brace he picked,
 'Tenaces Vitæ and though*ripe melons,
 They died as hard as hardened felons.'"

It is difficult for us to realize how such lampoons could have been popular; but then we can have no idea how secular in that time the higher clergy were. Two practical examples, however, one drawn from Ireland, the other from England, will help to explain the state of religion which led Darby and men like him to look for a true spiritual Church elsewhere than in the Establishment, and which, at the very same period, stirred up Hugh*James Rose and the early Tractarians to combat that secularity and to revive the spiritual idea of a Church within the bounds of the same Establishment. One of the best known Irish clergymen in the early part of this century was the Hon. and Rev. Power le Poer Trench, last Archbishop of Tuam. He was ordained in 1792. The same year, he was appointed Rector of Ballinasloe—his family seat. Promotion after promotion rapidly followed. In 1793 he was appointed to the Union of Rawdenstown, in the diocese of Meath, which he held together with Ballinasloe. At the same time he was made land agent on the extensive estates of his father, the Earl of Clancarty.† Further still, he was captain of the Yeomanry in 1798, and scoured the country day and night hunting the insurgents. In 1803 he was appointed Bishop of Waterford, whence he was soon after

* The popular Protestant Dublin paper of the time.

† The custom of dignified clergymen holding large land agencies only died out within the last twenty years. The last of the race was the Dean of Ross. He held a deanery in Cork, the rectory of Lisburn, and was agent over the vast property of the Marquis of Hertford, now owned by Sir R. Wallace, M.P.

transferred to the richer See of Elphin. In the year 1803 the White-boys were very troublesome. They assembled on one occasion to destroy the turf-stacks raised on the bogs near the town of Elphin, the episcopal residence. This was too audacious a proceeding for the bishop to overlook. So he called out a detachment of the Enniskillen Dragoons, and dispersed the rioters, riding so fiercely in pursuit that the troopers tumbled off their horses while striving to keep pace with a prelate whose military and equestrian vigour quite equalled that of Synesius, the celebrated North African prelate of the fifth century, whose hunting fame Kingsley celebrates in his "Hypatia." Yet all this time Bishop Trench was regarded as quite a model clergyman. This, however, was only Ireland, says the self-satisfied Anglican. Yet England was not one whit better. A simple reference to the well-known case of Bishop Watson amply proves this, for a careful study of his extensive works will show that politics, agriculture, chemistry, and scheming for promotion occupied his whole attention.

These two instances are fair specimens—and I have by no means chosen the most extraordinary ones—of the secular and Erastian spirit then prevalent in the Church.

The formation of the Plymouth Brethren sect is due to two men whose names are unknown to this generation. One was Anthony Norris Groves, of Exeter; the other was a Dublin barrister named Bellett. Groves was once well known as a wide and cultivated traveller, and specially as the friend and patron of Dr. Kitto, the Biblical critic. Groves was born in 1795; established himself as a dentist first at Plymouth and then at Exeter, where he rapidly accumulated a large fortune. When thirty years of age he determined to take holy orders, having been deeply impressed by the preaching of the Evangelical clergy at Plymouth. With this view he entered Trinity College, Dublin, about the year 1825, where he soon came in contact with Bellett and Darby at the drawing-room meetings for prayer and study of the Scriptures, which even still take the place of lighter amusements in a somewhat extensive circle in the Irish metropolis, and which then were quite the rage with all serious minds. These meetings were largely under the influence of what we have styled Separatist views. Their leaders were disgusted with the political Protestantism then in vogue. They regarded as sacrilege the imposition of the Holy Communion as a mere political test. They could not help contrasting the very mixed and very unfrequent Communion which resulted with that spiritual feast of which the New Testament speaks as celebrated every Lord's Day at least. The train was now laid. The materials for an explosion had all been long and carefully prepared. The match was soon applied. In the year 1826 Groves

attended at one of the Bible Readings to which I have alluded. Mr. Bellett was then present, when Groves said to him, "It appears to me from Scripture that believers meeting together as disciples of Christ are free to break bread together, as their Lord has admonished them; and in as far as the practice of the Apostles can be a guide, every Lord's Day should be set apart for thus remembering the Lord's death and obeying the Lord's command." This suggestion was at once carried out by himself and his friends in Dublin. This, says his biographer, was the beginning of what is termed Plymouth Brethrenism. Events now moved apace. Groves and Darby imbibed scruples about the doctrine and discipline of the Church. They rejected ordination, and hesitated about the lawfulness of a Church Establishment. Groves at once relinquished any intention of taking holy orders, but Darby did not at once surrender his clerical position. Before he did so, two remarkable men appeared on the scene, and largely modified his future course. These two were Edward Irving and Francis William Newman, brother to John Henry Newman. Let us take Edward Irving first. The men of this generation have very little idea of the vast influence exercised by the weird, majestic eloquence, the seer-like utterances, the colossal person of the famous Scotch preacher. Ministers of State, noblemen, theologians, literary men, all ranks and conditions of society, were led captive by him. His teaching, which was closely modelled upon the style of the old Hebrew prophets, dealt very largely with the subject of unfulfilled prophecy and the speedy manifestation of the Second Advent of Christ. Irving infected his hearers with his views and expectations. Meetings for the study of prophecy became the fashion. Thus in the year 1827 a series of prophetic meetings were established at Albury Park in Surrey, the residence of the well-known Henry Drummond, banker and Member of Parliament. The late Dean M'Neile of Ripon was then rector of that parish. These meetings were attended by M'Neile, Irving, and a host of the leading Evangelicals of that day, when the foundation of the Irvingite body was laid, which still looks back to Albury as its birthplace, and still retains its headquarters there. Among the devout and honourable women who attended the Albury conferences in great numbers, was the Countess of Powerscourt. She was so delighted with them that she established a similar series of meetings at Powerscourt House near Bray, in the county Wicklow, which for several years were presided over by the rector of the parish, the late Bishop Daly of Cashel. These meetings lasted till 1833, when the bishop was obliged to retire on account of the extreme anti-Church views which were openly avowed. His retirement did not, however, hinder the advance of the movement. At the last Powerscourt meeting Mr. Müller, the founder

of the celebrated Ashley Down Orphan House near Bristol, appeared on the scene. He was at that time the English leader of the Separatist movement. He had formerly been a Baptist minister in Devonshire, but, disgusted at the divisions and sectarian strife of Christendom, he left the Baptist sect in search of a visibly united Christian communion, free from the bondage of tests and subscriptions, which seemed to him the cause of all the mischief. He came over to Powerscourt and established a meeting for breaking of bread, open to all who loved Christ. Lady Powerscourt embraced their views. She seceded from the Church and joined the Brethren, as they were now called, and shortly after established a kind of Plymouth Brethren monastery at a lovely but very lonely retreat on the banks of Lough Bray, in the very depths of the Dublin mountains.* These events were not without a great influence on Darby. He was for some time curate of Calary, the next parish to Powerscourt, where he imbibed the Irvingite theories about prophecy, which coincided with his natural turn of mind. He became intensely ascetic. The overstrained expectation of Christ's speedy personal Advent worked in 1830 the same practical results as they did in the second century with the Montanists, and again about the year 1000 A.D., when men thought the end of the world was surely at hand. What, they naturally said, was the use of earthly labour, or comfort, or enjoyment, when this world is so soon to pass away as a dream, and the world of eternal realities so soon to be revealed? Darby lived on Calary Bog—a lofty upland a thousand feet over the sea, just beyond the Sugar Loaf mountain—in a peasant's hut. He lived the life of an ancient anchorite, like an Anthony of Egypt, or a St. Kevin of Glendalough, in his own immediate neighbourhood.† His raiment was of the meanest kind, his personal appearance neglected; so neglected, indeed, that a gentleman is said to have once flung him a penny in the streets of Limerick, mistaking him for a beggar; while as regards food, his body seemed almost independent of such a casual consideration. Day and night were devoted to his pastoral work, striving to rouse his highland flock to a sense of the impending Advent. So ascetic, indeed, was his life, so rigorous his self-denial, so unceasing his labours, that his Roman Catholic parishioners concluded that one of the real old saints had risen up again in his person. This asceticism was not confined to Darby. It was a common feature of the movement. Under its influence Lady Powerscourt retired to her mountain cloister. Another

* "The Letters of Lady Powerscourt" were published by Bishop Daly, with a laudatory Preface. They show how much of the spirit of the ancient Montanists was in the whole movement. Her letters read in many places like the writings of Tertullian after he joined that sect.

† St. Kevin's Bed, well known to all tourists to Glendalough, in Wicklow, was evidently selected as the saint's retreat after the model of the Egyptian hermits celebrated by John Cassian. Egyptian and Celtic monasticism were closely allied.

clerical leader of that date, belonging to a family distinguished both in Church and State, refused to have a carpet in his Tipperary parsonage, and surrendering the comforts of a decent residence provided by his mother, retired to a stable. The good lady, indeed, followed her strong-willed son with her kindness, and provided the stable with a carpet, which he straightway cut up into blankets for the poor. For what, he and such as he argued, has a Christian to do with the comforts of a world lying in wickedness?

This tendency to asceticism and separation, joined to prophetic speculation, still, indeed, marks the followers of Darby. No true member of the Brethren will be a magistrate or take any other part in the organization of this wicked world. They will not even contribute to charitable organizations, and, like the original Quakers, are wont to regard music, painting, and similar recreations, as coming under those lusts of the flesh and of the eye which Scripture so strongly denounces. From Irving, then, Darby derived his prophetic system, which became one of the most prominent features of his system, and one of the rocks, too, on which that system was rent asunder. From Darby, on the other hand, Francis William Newman received a mental impulse and direction from which he never recovered himself. The full tale is told by him in the first forty or fifty pages of the "Phases of Faith;" and as the modern sceptical movement is largely due to the writings and influence of Newman, it may, at the same time, through Newman be in some degree credited to John Nelson Darby. Let us briefly tell the story:—Francis William Newman was contemporary with John Henry at Oxford, but speedily found himself separating from him. John Henry, though still a nominal Evangelical, a member of the Church Missionary Society, one of the original founders of the *Record*, and a preacher in such prominent Evangelical pulpits as that of Henry Venn Elliott's at Brighton, was quite too High Church for his brother.* He was also rapidly developing views which seemed to his brother quite inconsistent with Scriptural truth. Both, indeed, were discontented with the existing state of the Church. Both longed for external and visible unity, but each sought for it in an opposite direction. Some time about the year 1827 the younger Newman was engaged as a tutor in the family of the late Chief Justice Pennefather, of the Irish Queen's Bench, well known as the judge who presided over the famous but abortive trial of Daniel O'Connell. Mr. Pennefather was, at the time we speak of, a leading Chancery barrister. He had been married twenty years before to Darby's

* "1828. July 27. I read prayers. The Rev. J. H. Newman, fellow and tutor of Oriel, preached on Isaiah liii. 2. A capital congregation."—Bateman's *Life of Rev. H. V. Elliott*, p. 119. Robert Wilberforce, also, and Charles Simeon assisted Mr. Elliott that summer.

eldest sister. He was therefore a man well past middle life. Mr. Darby, however, though only a man of six-and-twenty, had established over Mr. Pennefather and over all his family the completest moral supremacy. They all bowed before his decision in all matters spiritual. Into the magic circle of that influence Newman was now introduced, and to it he at once yielded himself. Darby taught him the unspiritual character of the Church. The bishops of the day, he boldly declared in one of his earlier pamphlets to have been, almost without exception, devoid of any divine call to their office. The spiritual clergy, he tells us, in private acknowledged only six of the bishops as men of God, or called by God to their high office. He taught Newman to reject all human creeds, all articles of faith, all councils and synods, as being mere devices of Satan to introduce divisions among true Christians; while he impressed upon him that to the Bible, and to the Bible alone, was he to bow, as being in every jot and tittle the very voice of the Eternal God. Newman yielded himself completely to this teaching. He dared not to question. Darby's personal influence was like that of Athanasius, Cyril, Hildebrand. It swept all obstacles from its path. Newman bowed before it, enrolled himself among his followers, and introduced Darby to Oxford in the year 1830, where he exercised for the time a tremendous influence.

Of that visit to Oxford in 1829 or 1830, Newman thus writes in "Phases of Faith," p. 14: "When I returned to Oxford I induced the Irish clergyman (the name by which he always designates Mr. Darby) to visit the University, and introduced him to many my equals in age or juniors. Most striking was it to see how instantaneously he assumed the place of universal father-confessor as if he had been a known and long-trusted friend. His insight into character and tenderness pervading his activity so opened young men's hearts that day after day there was no end of secret closetings with him." Darby, in fact, evidently possessed that sympathetic power combined with that iron will, that determined purpose, that utter disregard of mere material and worldly considerations which strike young men's imaginations and have ever marked the leaders of great spiritual movements, an Athanasius, a Dominic, an Ignatius Loyola, or a John Wesley. But Darby was not the only influence which shaped F. W. Newman in an opposite direction to that in which his brother was then moving. Theologians and expositors of a mystical sort have often noticed from the case of St. Andrew the power which an inferior mind of a spiritual type often exercises over its superior. Andrew was much inferior to St. Peter, still his spiritual gifts and his personal acquaintance with Christ enabled him to exercise a vast and abiding influence over the future of his far abler brother. So has it been in every similar movement. The most influential minds have not been the most

powerful or the most intellectual ones, and so it was with the movement of which we are speaking. Its most striking characteristics and its most practical efforts were due, not to the intellectual superiority of Darby, but to the more retiring and contemplative mind of Anthony Norris Groves. We have already mentioned him as one of the original founders of the party. In the year 1826 he wrote a tract called "Christian Devotedness," which exercised a wonderful influence at that time; and yet it had nothing that is new to any well-read historian. It simply inculcated the principles which St. Dominic and Francis Assisi and St. Columba and St. Anthony and the founders of monasticism and asceticism in every age have taught. Its title-page proclaims the nature of the treatise. It is a consideration of our Saviour's precept, "Lay not up for yourself treasures upon earth;" and the tract then proceeds to make a far more close and literal application of the Sermon on the Mount than ever the most thorough-going follower of George Fox has done. Groves, in his pamphlet, teaches that the one principle needful to extend the Church is an unreserved dedication to God of all we possess and of all we can by diligence in our several vocations procure, including all provision for the future, for the extension of Christ's kingdom on earth.

This view resulted from the favourite principle of all those earliest Brethren concerning the speedy appearing of Jesus Christ. They acted, therefore, like the Thessalonians in St. Paul's time. They lost all interest, as we have already noted, in the affairs of this present life. When their leaders were asked whether a true Christian could take part in art, learning, literature, business of any kind, the answer was an immediate and universal negative. A mere man of the world might take part in these things; but how could one who knew that very shortly all these things must be consumed spend his few remaining days in such solemn triflings; how could he do aught else save, ridding himself of all worldly cares, preach the Gospel to a perishing world? And Groves's teaching took effect. He possessed a handsome fortune. He surrendered it all for the support of missions. He had a wife and children, but his principles extended to them as well as to himself, and forbade him to make any provision for them. In all probability, he argued, they never would require any such provision, as the Lord's appearance would bring with it those spiritual bodies and that higher dispensation where material necessities have no existence; and if ever the need should arise, they have the Father of the fatherless and the God of the widow to fall back upon. He went farther still. He started off with his wife and family to preach the Gospel to the Mahometans of Bagdad, depending, like the Mendicants of the Middle Ages, upon the alms of the faithful for his entire support, and among the records of missionary enterprise there exists no nobler story of toil, privation and suffering

bravely and trustfully endured, than that unfolded in the journal of Groves.* He left England in a small sailing yacht in June 1829, sailed to St. Petersburg, and thence made his way to his destination by way of Moscow and Persia, arriving at Bagdad about seven months after his departure from London. He made little way, indeed, as a missionary, but the plain vigorous teaching and the chivalrous self-denying example of Groves told upon many at home. It was a novel feature in the religion of those days, and came with all the force of a revelation upon a nation whose spiritual life had been largely nurtured upon controversial sermons and fiery denunciations of Roman Catholic emancipation. Many hastened to adopt it. The teaching of "Christian Devotedness" found adherents even within the Establishment. Twenty years ago the memory of its followers and of their actions had not died away in the county Tipperary. The Hon. John Vesey Parnell, afterwards the second Baron Congleton, and the cousin of the famous politician of our own day, was one of the English leaders of the movement. He had been left a fortune of twelve hundred a year by a rich uncle. He acted like Mr. Groves, consecrated it all to the cause of God, and established himself and his family in a house at Teignmouth at an annual rental of £12, without a carpet, with wooden chairs, a plain deal table, steel forks, pewter teaspoons, and all else to match. It was into a society where such enthusiastic views were prevalent that Francis William Newman was thrown. They just suited his existing frame of mind, which is best described by the word "thorough." He bowed implicitly before the Bible as in every jot and tittle the voice of the Most High, and he only longed for a perfect obedience to its dictates. The teaching of "Christian Devotedness" struck him as the very thing he sought. Here at last he had found a man who not only believed, but also lived, the Sermon on the Mount, and he determined to join him in his missionary work. In September 1830, a party was formed to go to the assistance of Mr. Groves. There was no missionary organization, indeed, to keep up funds and look after the infinite details which compass such an enterprise, for such an organization would have implied a lack of faith. Mr. Parnell's property supplied the expenses, and under his guidance a party of six—three ladies and three gentlemen, including Parnell himself and Newman—started off upon a voyage which lasted from September till the following June. The journey was conducted upon a strictly primitive model. They followed in the footsteps of St. Paul, going over the same ground as he did in his journey to Rome, and experiencing much the same difficulties. Newman followed apostolic example in other respects too. He concluded that infant baptism

* "Journal of a Residence at Bagdad during the years 1830 and 1831." London: Nisbet. 1832. In 2 vols.

was invalid. He was rebaptized therefore. He was prostrated with the plague: when he was at the worst, and all hopes had been given up, the Brethren resorted to the Scriptures for advice. They anointed him with oil in the name of the Lord according to the advice of St. James, and prayed over him; and Newman was restored to the sorrowing flock. But yet Newman had not found rest. His Oxford training had taught him Dean Aldrich's logic, and logic kept him in a state of perpetual suspense. A Mahometan carpenter at Aleppo performed the same office for him as the famous Zulu performed for Bishop Colenso. Newman essayed to convert the carpenter, and the carpenter well-nigh converted him. He went to Bagdad and laboured there devotedly for three years, gaining that familiarity with the modern Arabic which has ever since made him an authority on that difficult subject. At Bagdad, Newman strove to reclaim a dissolute but clever Englishman, and the sinner repaid the faithful preacher by suggesting fresh doubts to the ever-restless spirit. Newman bowed to the Bible, as I have said; but the very depths of his reverence increased his doubts. He studied St. John, and that Gospel, which orthodoxy prizes as the very key of the citadel, seemed to him to overthrow the whole fabric of the Trinitarian scheme. St. John's Gospel seemed to him to teach plain Arianism. He accepted Christ as a secondary deity; but these words of our Lord's eucharistic prayer, "This is life eternal, to know Thee the only true God and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent," seemed quite inconsistent with the orthodox doctrine. His doubts increased every day, and at last when he returned home determined to seek satisfaction by communion with Mr. Darby, whom still he revered as of yore, he found that the tongue of scandal had been before him and had proclaimed him a heretic. He was still, however, a devout follower of the Brethren, preaching in their chapels, at the expense even of a permanent separation from John Henry Newman, who could not tolerate such an invasion of the sacerdotal office. He was suspected, however, and yet he had hope. Mr. Darby had taught him to regard creeds, councils, and confessions as an institution of the Devil, and to look for guidance to the written Word alone, interpreted by the individual conscience. That written Word taught him his peculiar views, and surely Darby would sympathize with and help him. But he found that he was utterly mistaken. Darby might reject the creeds of Catholic Christendom and the authority of councils as venerable and as universally received as those of Nice or Constantinople, but he had never abandoned the creed of John Nelson Darby, which was identical in doctrine with the symbolical documents he rejected. Newman and Darby debated. Darby asserted that Newman's rejection of the Homocousion, or the true, real, and essential deity of Christ contradicted holy Scripture. Newman retorted that it was

the very words of Scripture taught him this view. Darby replied that Newman's interpretation of the passage quoted by him, and specially of our Lord's words in the seventeenth of St. John, was rejected by the whole Church, and then Newman, to his horror, discovered that Darby was just as bad as any of the dogmatic Churches which he had rejected, for when hard pressed he followed their example, and fell back from the simple Word of God, interpreted by the individual Christian conscience, upon the decisions and decrees and authority of fallible men. And the end—pathetically told as it is by Newman—was not far off; for the vision of a pure Biblical Christianity had faded away from before his eyes, and nothing remained for him now but to go out all alone into the barren and dry land of scepticism to be in his own person at once the apostle of reverent conscientious doubt and, at the same time, when contrasted with his celebrated brother and with Darby himself, an illustration of those most pregnant words of the Master: "I came not to send peace on the earth, but a sword."

Darby practically abandoned his clerical position in the year 1833. The cup of the Church's iniquity was filled for him by Archbishop Whately. That prelate had just then united with the Roman Catholic Archbishop Dr. Murray in establishing the Irish system of national education. That institution had long to struggle against the bitter hatred of Irish Evangelicalism, a feeling in which Darby heartily and thoroughly joined. One of his earliest and most venomous publications was, indeed, directed against the Government plan, invented by the late Lord Derby, as being a complete submission to Rome. Henceforth Darby directed his efforts, and they were stupendous, to building up his society. Every quarter of the civilized world was visited by him. Switzerland, Germany, Italy, Canada, the United States, and New Zealand felt the power of his presence. But it does not come within the scope of this article to present an exhaustive narrative of his life; I have written it rather to show his influence at a great religious crisis, and to explain the origin of his followers. It must suffice, in conclusion, to dwell briefly on two points—their continental action and their home divisions. The Darbyites, forty years ago, made as great a stir in Switzerland as the Salvation Army has of late. Swiss Protestantism was in a very languid state when Darby was invited thither about the year 1839. The Methodists had endeavoured to inspire new life into it, but Methodism of John Wesley's type was regarded by Darby and men like him as a perversion of the Gospel.* Darby therefore came to

* John Walker, whom I have described as the teacher of Darby, issued an address to Alexander Knox and the Wesleyans about 1804, in which he placed them and all non-Calvinists out of the pale of salvation. Through Alexander Knox, the Oxford movement connects itself with Wesley, as Darby is connected with Whitefield through Walker.

Lausanne, vigorously opposed the Methodists, and that with such success that the Darbyite party absorbed all the elements of dissent from the National Church, and even still numbers upwards of seventy congregations. But troublous days soon came. The years between 1844 and 1848 were full of peril, and religious wars again cast their baleful shadow across the Swiss valleys. Darby's followers were persecuted, his own life was in peril, and he had to fly to England, where, indeed, his presence was much needed, for doctrinal troubles began to split up and divide the Brethren once united in closest bonds. The year 1848 was marked by a division, which has never since been healed, but has been the cause of as much heartburning and bitterness as any religious feud that ever existed. It has been, indeed, an illustration of the oft-made remark that theological quarrels increase in bitterness in the inverse ratio of the difference between the combatants. The Presbyterians of Scotland are united on all fundamental questions, yet Scotland is pre-eminently the land of theological strife. The Brethren to an outsider appear one in doctrine, yet the hostility between an Ulster Orangeman and the most devoted Ultramontane is nothing as compared to the feeling with which an Exclusive or pure Darbyite now regards a Müllerite or Bethesda adherent of the same party. We must briefly explain. About the year 1845 Mr. Benjamin Wills Newton, one of the original founders of the movement, was ministering at the Providence Chapel, Plymouth, where he numbered the celebrated critic Mr. Tregelles among his supporters. Plymouth had from the beginning been one of the chief seats of the movement, whence the designation of Plymouth Brethren by which the sect is now known. There Newton broached some peculiar views on prophecy and the person of Christ, that crux for theological speculators over which so many from earliest days have puzzled themselves and been confounded. Darby was always keenly alive to heresy on this subject. His old theological training taught him the vital importance of the Catholic doctrine, and as he had once excommunicated Newman for error on this point, so now he proceeded to deal with Newton, solemnly delivering him over to Satan, and calling upon all other meetings in communion with him to do likewise. At Bristol there existed, and there still exists, a large congregation under the ministry of George Müller, who was also one of the original founders of the sect. It is called Bethesda, and well deserves the title "House of Mercy," on account of the great Ashley Down Orphanage connected therewith. Müller had not the same keen ecclesiastical and dogmatic mind as Darby. He declined to take any action about Newton's opinions, and according to the original views of the Brethren, admitted all to communion who made a profession of faith in Christ, whether they came from Plymouth or anywhere else. Darby, on the other

hand, declined to admit any unless they would accept what his friends technically still call the Bethesda test, whereby not only Newton is condemned, but also all those who stand neutral in the fight, like Müller and his party. Darby, in fact, showed that he was a thorough Irishman. He far preferred an open enemy to those who showed so little spirit as to take no side at all when a good honest fight was going on. Since that quarrel the Brethren have everywhere been split into two camps—the Open Brethren and the Exclusives—both of which will be found in the obscurer parts of all our towns; for the Exclusives alone, a few years ago, returned their number at 750 congregations in the United Kingdom. The spirit of division has, however, increased as years rolled on, and the Brethren who started only half a century ago to present the world with the spectacle of a visibly united communion, have ended by creating a fresh schism in their own ranks every five or six years. There are now no less than five great hostile sections of them. The Exclusives are divided into Darbyites, Kellyites, and Cluffites; the Open Brethren into Müllerites, or the Bethesda party, and Newtonians. As for Darby, he pursued the even tenor of his way till the end came; developing, however, strangely enough ever higher and higher claims for his own party. Those who agreed with him were the Church of God upon earth. Those who disagreed with him on any point of doctrine or of discipline, he excommunicated at once, and regarded as outside the covenanted mercies of God. During the later years of his life he lived at the Priory, Islington, which, during the decade between 1870 and 1880, was regarded by his followers as a kind of local Vatican, whence issued decrees on all topics, demanding instant and unmurmuring obedience. Why, even the very change of a meeting from one locality to another without permission was regarded as an act of carnal self-pleasing and rebellion, and punished as such. And the end of a movement for spiritual independence and in defence of the rights of the individual Christian conscience was a very disappointing one, for it only terminated in the establishment of a crushing and intrusive spiritual tyranny, embracing all the pretensions, but carrying with it none of the antiquity and historic glory which cast a halo round Papal Supremacy. Verily, as we view Darby's early teaching and action, and contrast them with his latest days, we read in them a new illustration of the words of the wise man: "The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done, is that which shall be done: and there is no new thing under the sun."*

GEORGE T. STOKES.

* The reader desirous of further information on this curious topic will find it abundantly supplied in the article on the Plymouth Brethren in the new edition of Herzog's "Real-Encyklopädie." This deals specially with their Continental history. Dr. Philip Schaff's new "Dictionary of Theology," t. iii. pp. 1856 and 2592, traces the movement to Darby's death.

HEINE BEFORE THE VENUS OF MILO.

[In one of the prefaces to his poems, Heine relates how, in May 1848, he dragged himself into the Louvre to take farewell of our dear Lady of Milo. "I lay," he said, "for a long time at her feet, weeping so bitterly that a stone must have had pity on me. And though the goddess looked down on me with compassion, it was a compassion without comfort, as if she would say, 'See'st thou not that I have no arms, and so cannot give thee help?'"]

ONCE more I come before mine eyelids fail
And drop between me and the light I see.
Once more I come to take my farewell look . .
Of her who, like a glory, led my youth,
And gave a shape and colour to its dreams.
But once again before I turn away
Into my living grave to die—to die.

O perfect form of perfect woman, clad
In that sweet light not born of earth, but drawn
From those high realms that bend above the gods,
Whose sun has lent the softest of its light
To cling forever round this splendid form
That cares not for our worship, nor the love
Of pilgrims drawn by unseen links to lay
Their highest love—highest as no desire
Can ever mingle with it—at thy feet!
Thou wert to me as sunshine to the day,
The presence by whose side I knelt and saw
The shadowy curtains of the land of dreams

Lift, as a morning mist takes to the hills,
And thine the voice that, soft as April rain,
Bade me rise up and enter. But amid
Those forms that haunt the regions of our sleep,
Or look in on our day-dreams in the light,
When, without sleeping, we dream purest dreams,
Thou wert the fairest of them all, and rose
Perfect in all thy glorious womanhood,
Yet so apart that all the meaner air
Made circles round thee till the inner light
Took softer fire from thee, and crowned thy brow
With beauty which the gods alone possess
Who dwell beyond the shining of the stars.

That haunting sense of beauty which the gods
Bestow on some wild mortal whose rash foot
Strikes on the threshold of their calm, was mine
To touch my heart as with a sudden fire
Snatched from their own pure altars. As I stood
In that high wonderland of dreams, I heard
Footsteps that were like music, voices clear
As the melodious murmur of a stream
Half-hushed by moonlight. As they sang, I knew
My worship was an echo of their own;
For in it, like the yearning in a song,
Rose that most passionate cry for fairest forms,
Such as for ever haunt and wander through
The dreams of some Endymion, as he lies
Upon the Latmian hill of early love,
And thine was still the shape to which they sang.

Thou knowest my worship. Yea! for when I fought
In the keen ranks of thought, and kept my place
Amid the heavy tramp of men who knew
No higher worship than their own desires,
I still was true to all my love for thee.

I fought and stung: for one, perforce, must use
The weapons of his foe, but when I struck
I felt the wound I gave and that keen pain
That follows bleeding when no blood is seen.
For this I live in exile, hearing not
The speech in which I sing, for I had songs
That still took all their spirit from thine own,

And from those eyes, as if their calm white orbs
Grew tender with a touch of human love
And saddened. Nay, but this could never be,
For thou art far apart from us, and hast
That immortality which says to all,
"I know not that strange sorrow born of death."

Alas, my life-long worship and my dreams
Of thee and of a thousand shapes that took
Their life from thee, must end. Even as I look
They pass before me, veiling tear-wet eyes
Within the flowing sunshine of their hair,
Each clasping long fair hands upon her breast
As loth to go. One lifts a strange sad face,
Pale with divinity of sorrow past,
From out the golden glory of her hair
And, weeping, questions—"Must we say farewell?"

I answer, but I dare not meet her eyes—
"Farewell, farewell; for all behind me Death
Stands with his shadow forward. It may be
That in that land to which I blindly go,
Hereafter I may see thee fairer still.
Ah, God, I guess but darkly, so farewell."

But thou who standest with no arms to clasp
Thy worshipper, nor tears to dim the light
In those pure eyes of thine; how can I say
Farewell and pass away from thee? I stand,
Thy latest lover, worn and weak of heart,
With all my dreams, like leaves in Autumn, shed
Before this touch of coming death, and know
That I but drag myself away from thee
To that long torture of the living grave
Amid the streets of men where, growing blind,
I shall but see thee with the inward eye,
Looking one calm white pity as I fade
Away into that other land whose dreams—
Ah, dare I question—will they be like thine?

I pass, but thou wilt never pass away :
The years that show no pity unto men,
But only proffer graves to cover each,
Have smiles for thee that, mingling with the light

Around thy gracious presence, crown thee still
With immortality to stand to all
The white perfection of those dreams that come
To lovers in the restless years of youth,
And of my own that, shrunk and withered up,
Rustle like dead leaves in the winds of death—
I cast them in my sorrow at thy feet.

But why should there be tears within mine eyes?
And why should sorrow shake my voice? for thou—
Thou hast no sorrow and disdainest tears
As all unworthy of that life which needs
No beating of a little crimson tide
As in the veins of mortals. For the gods
Who made thee thus immortal in their love,
Stand near thee and possess thee. They alone
Know the white secret in thine eyes, and that
Unchanging pity for some thing afar,
Which thou and they can only see. They walk
With silent footstep through thy dreams, and bow
In worship; and their murmurs fill thine ear
With music that can never reach our own,
For we, being mortal, cannot hear, and live,
Our own dull life around us like a wall
Amid the daily things we understand.

Farewell! I turn away to that long death
Whose shadow is upon me, and these eyes
Will never see thee. Only in my dreams,
Perchance thou mayest be dimly seen, as now
I see thee through the mists of keen regrets
At my lost youth—and in their tender veil
Thy beauty will be as a star that shines
When early light is slipping up the sky.
But I shall not behold thee with those eyes,
Whose light is slowly fading, to be lost
In that thick darkness born of death. Alas,
Thou even now art fading; for my tears
Grow thicker, and my dreams of what thou wert
Are also sinking. One long look, and then
I turn to live again my passionate life,
Whose thoughts, like waves that lap some fairy shore,
Were ever at thy feet to break in song;
But now there shall be silence, for I go

To that live grave amid the rush of feet—
A grave that will not offer rest, but thou,
Wilt thou not bend above me as I lie,
And throw upon the darkness of mine eyes
The shadow of thy light, that I may know
Thou still art near me? lo! I wait to hear
The music of those lips; but wait in vain—
No answer!—and I turn away to feel
The coming darkness settle like a pall
Between mine eyes and thee. Farewell! farewell!

ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

ON A KENTISH HEATH.

PURPLE and gold—how well the words go together. They are both of them royal, imperial, and in combination they express a sumptuous beauty. And our Heath is all purple and gold. For the low-growing, Autumn-flowering, furze is just of a height with the heather, so that the broad levels of purple bloom are shot through and through with thread-of-gold. The basis of the splendid fabric is a deep bronzed green, of wondrous pile and softness, and there-upon, as in the “Kincobs” of the East, is worked with heather-blossom, a rich brocade, the colour of ripening mulberries, and streaked and spangled and flowered with the yellowest of yellow.

Here, the furze runs like a fringe round an unbroken sheet of purple, gilding the edges of it as you see the edges of clouds at sunset gilt. There, it boldly invades the level colour, damascening it as with in-beaten metal, enchasing it with golden tracery. Yonder it mixes up with the heather, bunch for bunch, alternate patches of Tyrian dye and Ophir, like the floor of Belshazzar’s feasting-house, yellow and glorious purple—a Field of the Cloth of Gold.

And the bracken here and there holds up fronds of chestnut and canary and daffodil, strange sun-ripened tints of russet and auburn, and round and about stand the hawthorns in their autumn livery, vinous-bronzed and tawny and scarlet, berried on every spray with crimson bunches. Here and there, too, are clumps of broom and tall Spring-flowering gorse, dark green, on which the whin-chats perch to whistle signals to each other, and the yellow-hammer sits to ask for a “little, little, bit of bread and noo-oo chee-ee;” where the goldfinches sometimes stop for a minute to flirt, and in and out of which in the evening birds come and go, flitting mysteriously,

close to the ground, slipping in at one side and slipping out at the other.

This has always struck me curiously, that after sunset one should see upon the Heath so many more birds than during the day: When the sun is shining the larks are hidden in the sky. There is a perpetual antiphony of finches secreted in the bushes. From tuft to tuft the pipits are calling to one another. But in the dusk of the evening, though all are quiet except perhaps a humming night-jar or family of belated starlings, and the loudest sound you hear is the boom of the passing beetle, the birds are seen everywhere, flitting across the grassy paths, dipping into the heather, fluttering, at the sound of your passing, out of the brambles. The place is alive with them, dodging about in a queer crepuscular, conspirator-like way. The swallows stay out late, and no wonder, for in the autumn twilight a myriad of weak-winged insects, feeble folk of the gloaming, are flickering above the Heath and the fern, and the swift-winged hirundines have them at their mercy.

What a delight an Autumn day is on such a Heath as this! I am one of those who can contemplate heather quite apart from grouse. The colours of the landscape, the songs of the birds, the perfumes which the breeze is perpetually blowing about, the insect life, suffice to make my holidays perfectly happy. And I know no one who can be so "accurately well" idle as I can be. A holiday, as I define it, is "the negation of work in its greatest energy." Anything like *plans*—oh! the horror of the plan-maker—spoils my day. Watches, I think, should be left at home; and if any one opens his mouth on the subject of business he should be at once put to death, kindly but firmly. There must be no appointments made to meet anywhere, at any time. Much better than this that everybody should get lost by himself. Nor must there be any preconcerted purpose in the day's proceedings. If I have to go to see "a sight," the day is no longer a holiday. It is an expedition. When I am shooting, fishing, sketching, "naturalizing," I am at work. I do not count playing in a cricket-match a holiday. If I come upon one being played, and lie down on the bank and watch it, well and good; but I am not going to field out half a day, and try to make myself believe that I have been enjoying idleness. To be thoroughly idle there must be nothing so serious as sport or play mixed up with my vacancy. All I want is to be sunned upon, and breezed at, and be-flowered, be-birded, and be-butterflied; to lie down a little all about and look up into the green of trees; to walk with rustling feet in drifts of dead leaves; to watch rabbits bob in and out. If I have a companion with me it must be some one without a will, with no authority to originate, nor privilege of contention, some one who will not be offended by silence, and with whom you can talk

nonsense. I have an excellent device when I am on the Heath. I say, "Let us look for white heather." There is not much of it about, but still enough to give search some remote chances of success. And "looking for white heather" means with me lying on mossy banks listening to skylarks, sitting by the pond and watching dragon-flies, strolling about in all directions among the purple and gold, up and down the beautiful hillocks. Some day, when decrepitude has overtaken me, and overwork made a wreck of me, I think I shall go to old Fiddyman's Farm and apply for some cows to look after me.

There are a number of cows on the Heath now who look after a small boy. But they could manage much more than that. Any one of them is a more responsible-looking, sensible person than the boy. While he is asleep under the honeysuckles they graze all around him to see that nobody steals his stick. But they never disturb him. When he wakes up they let him go blackberrying, but as soon as it is supper-time they take him back punctually to the Farm and make him over to old Fiddyman.

Meanwhile, do not let us stand. "To sit is better than to stand; to lie down is better than to sit," say the Persians, and out here in the mellow sunshine, with the springy heather and moss tempting us in all directions, why crucify our comfort by standing? Get your eyes level with the hare-bells and watch the republic of the insects at their business and pleasure. A drop of dew is still lying in the down of the young plantain-leaf, and a green small fly, with wings that are perpetually on the fidget, no waist, and a brilliant red tip to its tail, is reconnoitring the little pool. It fidgets about, searching the leaves on both sides, as if it expected to find something and was disappointed—and then it is off. Yet we were nearly being spectators of a tragedy. This tiny insect is a terrible flying-dragon to small caterpillars, for it pounces upon them, stings them, and lays an egg in the wound. Thereafter the egg hatches, and the fly-grub feeds upon the caterpillar, hollowing out its skin, but carefully avoiding vital parts, until it is full-grown. Then it turns into a minute chrysalis and goes comfortably to sleep, and the poor caterpillar, though it must feel strangely hollow, thinks it is time to turn chrysalis too, and so it spins itself a little web and hangs itself up by its tail, awaiting the change which never takes place, for instead of turning into a chrysalis, and after that into a little moth, its skin merely shrivels up into a kind of waterproof cover for the smaller trespasser inside, who in time emerges "the image of its mother" and flits off, with the same nervous twitching wings, to look for other little green caterpillars to victimize.

See here who comes along—a moth with white wings humped up on its shoulders, and long tapering horns sticking straight out

before it. It looks something like a bison—something too like those oxen with wondrous horns that were shipped from India as food for our troops in Suakin. What sport they gave, those rampant cattle! I have stood myself on a heap of coal and watched one of them charging up and down the jetty, clearing everybody off it, transport officers and commissariat coolies, Arabs and Negroes, soldiers and sailors, and Lucas & Aird's navvies. To get it off the ship was the first difficulty, but half-hustled, half-dragged, the fierce horned thing would at last be forced down the sloping gangway on to the landing-place—and then "Stand clear!" was the word. No sooner were its ropes slipped than the beast was off, straight up the jetty, round the piled-up coals, back again, round and round, up and down, snorting, capering, prodding, as nimble as the old experienced bulls of the Portuguese bull-ring—who make such sport for the spectators by chasing the ring-keepers and water-sellers round the outer passage—and as furious as any Spanish one. And how every one vanished off its path, jumping to right and left, into the shallow water, climbing up on to the coal! And then the great white brute, master of the situation, would stand and paw the planks and bellow triumphantly, and toss its horns, till some moving Arab in the distance caught its eye—and then it was off again, tail up in air and head down, at a wonderful speed. But how hard it is, with the sky above me ringing with larks, the bumble-bees fumbling over the white clover, here on this Kentish Heath, stretched at ease and pipe in mouth, to recall the Soudan, with its scorching sand and its dead camels and prowling Arabs. Meanwhile, where is our little hump-backed moth? It has foregathered with another of its kind, and they are dancing a country-dance on opposite sides of a grass-blade. How do these little mites find each other in such wildernesses? This instinct for discovering one, another is surely one of the most wonderful in Nature. See here creeping along up the slender stem, comes a ladybird. It thinks perhaps there are some blight among the blossoms at the top, and if there are it will eat them. It is a nimble little creature, this bug in a tortoise-shell, and a wolf to the "blight," for it falls upon them as a wolf upon a flock of sheep, and worries them one after the other, leaving only their empty skins behind. But it is disappointed now. The hare-bells have got no blight upon them, and the ladybird is getting up on tiptoe to fly away.

" Flieg nach Osten,
Flieg nach Westen,
Flieg dahin wo mein Liebster wohnt."

But whence arose the universal idea of the peculiar sanctity of the pretty insect? They crawl like bugs—in fact, "lady-bug" is their real name—and if you push them they shut up and do not even crawl. It takes them a long time, unless the day be very bright, to

make up their minds to fly, and, in short, they are thoroughly pedestrian, commonplace little beetles. That they eat the "blight" with such voracity makes them great favourites of mine, and many is the pill-boxful that I have carried home off the furze to clear my greenhouse for me. But this does not seem to be sufficient to make them such very sacred creatures as they seem to be. Only listen to some of their names in various European languages—"the little bird of the sun;" "the little lady of the sun;" "St. Michael's chicken," and St. Lucia's; "St. Nicholas' little dove;" "the Bishop Burnaby;" "the animal of heaven;" "the little bird of Mary;" "the little cow," "little bird," "little horse" "of God." Now, how did this insignificant, but pretty-looking, creature arrive at all this prodigious honour? I have never, as yet, met with any explanation. However, here they are; so

" Flieg nach Osten,
Flieg nach Westen,
Flieg dahin wo mein Liebster wohnt."

The Kentish folk herabouts say they are good, when powdered up, against measles and colic. Kill one, and you'll break your leg before the snow falls.

Not that I protest at all against such whimsicalities. These old-world fancies about beasts and birds, insects and flowers, go a long way towards making Natural History fascinating, and I am inclined to resent all interference with them.

"Hare-bell," so wisely-stupid folk try to persuade us, ought to be "air-bell," "hair-bell," or something else. Now, why? Is there any reason for supposing that, because they have no imagination themselves, therefore no one else ever had? Why should it not be *hare*-bell, meaning neither more nor less than this, that the beautiful blue campanile, with its little clapper, is the veritable bell which the hares ring? "Why should they ring a bell?" asks Dry-as-dust. "Why should not they?" retorts Alice. It was a fancy, and a very pretty one, too, I think, that out here, on this heath, where hares delight to bounce about, the animals rang their bells. "Witches' thimble" is another name for the flower, which,

" for her stainless azure hue,
Claims to be worn of none but of the true,"

and perhaps some mouldy wiseacre will be so good as to explain this away too as some "corruption" of the words? The French call the little white hare-bell "nun of the fields." Then why not, in all conscience, "*hare*-bell"? We have colt's-foot, ox-eye, dog-rose, cat-mint, mouse-ear, fox-glove, sow-thistle, horse-radish, buck-thorn, hart's-tongue, sheep's-bit, and ever so many more beasts, birds, and insects, and why should every one who writes about our exquisite heath-land blue-bell insist on saying that "hair" is better than "hare"

—in consequence, forsooth, of the delicate, hair-like elegance of the stalk? But, as a matter of fact, the people who named our wild-flowers were poets, and what beautiful names they have given many of them, speedwell and forget-me-not, buttercup and heartsease! and Professor Fungus is no more in sympathy with them than rooks are with the Muses. Of course it is *hare-bell*. The hares ring them when they want to. The next hare coming along can tell where the first hare has gone, because the bells which it set ringing as it brushed past, are still “wagging their sweet heads.”

By-the-way, talking of names, how very characteristic of the rustic sweetheart many are—“lad’s-love,” “nonc-so-pretty,” “call-me-to-you,” “jump-up-and-kiss-me,” “kiss-me-quick,” “kiss-me-twice,” “cuddle-me-to-you.” Here is the language of flowers straight from unsophisticated Nature—and what a posy to give to a sweetheart! It would save the bashful tongue-tied rustic much painful composition, and relieve him from a great many perplexing propositions. Courting couples walk out on the Heath on Sundays, and it is very curious to watch them. As far as I can make out, they do not talk to each other at all, nor do they seem to derive any enjoyment from the scenery about them. Whenever they pass a bush they pull leaves off and tear them up abstractedly as they go along. They are generally looking in opposite directions. If they meet another couple—village neighbours all the week—their demeanour is even more ludicrously constrained. The girls look at each other’s frocks and hats. The lads ask the most commonplace questions in the sheepishest way imaginable. Then how awkwardly they part! And what a relief the parting is. Each couple has now at any rate one remark to make. There is an affectation of brisking up. It almost seems as if conversation were going to ensue. But self-consciousness again supervenes, and on they go, as silent and depressed as ghosts on the banks of Styx. Yet I suppose they are pre-eminently happy, for “your lover is always melancholy.” All the same, I feel inclined to knock their heads together, or jog them.

A far more diverting personage is your “boy,” the irrepressible, universal boy.

I often come upon the boy grazing in a most promiscuous manner upon the Heath. I do not know what the birds think of it, his wholesale consumption of their hips-and-haws and blackberries. He eats the orange-coloured fruit of the dog-rose, carefully scraping out the “choke” with a stubby little knife, and the honeysuckle berries and crab-apples and sloes and elder-berries—all of which belong to the finches. These are the birds’ crops, their orchards; and if they think the boy’s ways immoral they have considerable excuse. All the year round we are doing our best to terrify them off our own fields and gardens, not hesitating even to go to such unseemly lengths as

hanging up the dead bodies of their relatives as scarecrows. I have seen a long string of sparrow-skins dangling in the wind across a bed of peas, and surely this must shock the other little birds very much, and offend their best and tenderest feelings? Now suppose some day the feathered folk were to combine and mob a little boy, whom they caught stuffing his small graceless person with their blackberries, and hang him in the hedge as a "scare-urchin"? Should we have any fair ground for complaint? It is true that children, even when they have long-legged fathers with them, only browse as a rule upon the lowest branches and along the bottoms of the hedgerows, and that the birds have a monopoly of the tops and of "the other side." But all the same, the supplementary meals which the country urchins gather off the hedges and bushes are so much food taken from the supply of the feathered tribes. Not that the boy thinks so. He goes about with a stick whacking the bushes and carrying his juice-smudged face in front of him, as if he was within his rights. His brown hands are all cobwebbed with fine scratches, and down his cheek runs a centipede scrawl showing where the bramble had sprung back. Not that he cares much for such accidents; they are all in the day's work, and so he strolls along marauding with a fine assertion of natural rights which is very diverting. And I suppose after a fashion the blackberries are his just as much as the black-birds'. He is human, of course; but all the same he moves in a queer little world of his own. Grown-up folk in general he regards as a discipline, and not friendly on the whole to his personal interests. His parents are necessary; so much is obvious to him. But they have extraordinary ideas about right and wrong, theorize preposterously on wet feet and holes in trousers, and hold unaccountable opinions about school and the washing of faces and hands. He submits to all this as far as he must, and consoles himself with the reflection that some day he will be old enough to do without parents, and then he will not wash his face oftener than he chooses, nor go to school. In the meantime he plays truant as frequently as he can, and especially when Autumn, with her mellowing fingers, has been busy among the wild fruit is he to be found afield. What a happy little wretch it is! Everything about him excites him to activity; everything affords him pleasure. Whistling, throwing stones, chasing butterflies, eating blackberries, he wanders about, a thoroughly careless, irresponsible, gladsome urchin. Nothing hurts him. He triumphs over the miscellaneous food he crams himself with; comes up smiling after every accident. His body is all elastic and hinges, and it does not matter much how he tumbles. I saw some time ago an account of a boy who sat on the blow-hole of a stranded whale, and was suddenly snorted off by the indignant Behemoth fifty feet up in the air and as many yards out to sea. I do

not say the story is true, but I hope it is. So too, quite recently, a boy going along in a field in Cornwall was suddenly snatched up by a whirlwind and whisked over the hedge. But in each case he came back quite unhurt. There is one catastrophe, however, to which he seems particularly liable, and that is the wasp. Where he finds so many it is difficult to say, but the fact remains that he has a positive genius for getting stung. This demoralizes him altogether, and he has been known to run prodigious distances to report the calamity to the domestic circle, roaring all the way. For one thing the wasp is like the boy, a rummager in hedge-rows; for another, it is very fond of blackberries. Moreover, it is given to concealing itself, especially in fruit, and as the urchin, with sweet trustfulness in things in general, seems to think it a reflection upon Providence that he should examine what he is going to eat before he puts it in his mouth, he does not as a rule detect the insect upon the berry or inside the plum till it is too late, and the wasp has made its protest. The boy's confidence in Nature is so complete, so generous, that he disdains anything that has the appearance of caution, and when one sees him in the middle of a bramble-bush picking with both hands, and popping in the berries without the least examination, it is perfectly awful to think of the entomological odds-and-ends that he must consume in the course of a day's debauch. The wasp, on the other hand, is of a suspicious sort, quick to take offence, and prompt in reprisals when liberties are taken with it. It has only one argument, but that is a stinging one, and the boy, therefore, holds the "wops" in abomination. They have a nest in the gravel-pit over by the Scotch firs beyond, and at all hours of the day you may see them there hawking for flies. Their tactics are very interesting, for they will fly backwards and forwards time after time, as if to let the fly basking on a pebble get accustomed to it, and so throw off its guard; but all of a sudden they will pounce down on it exactly like a kestrel on a field-mouse. Very often they miss their aim, and still more often they dart at things that are not flies, mistaking specks on a stone or little fragments of twig or flower for their prey. Their annoyance at such discomfitures is very odd. They strut about flicking their wings, and jerking themselves in an excited, out-of-temper way that is unmistakable; but when they strike their victim their ferocious rapidity is dreadful to watch. Curving their sting round, they benumb the fly with a thrust, nip off its wings and legs, mumble it up into a little pill, tuck it in between their knees, and fly straight off to the nest. But never mind the wasps now; listen to the pines overhead.

What a mystery and a melody there is in the voices of the pines. Where I am now writing, "about a young bird's flutter from the wood," the sound of "a going" in the tree-tops reaches me. For

the pines are all murmuring together. Shut your eyes and it is the sea itself. No wonder they have always been sacred trees, or above all consecrated to that most glorious of the divinities, the great god Pan. What a noble essay that is of Bacon's. I read it first when I was a boy at Marlborough, and have never since forgotten what the Greeks meant by "Pan," or how beautiful the myth was. It was under the pines that the Fauns gathered with their reeds, and the nymphs met them. Cybele, "mother of the gods," has the pine-tree for her cognizance, and Bacchus tipped his thyrsus with its fruit. They say that if you cut a cone open you will see a hand in it—the palm of Jesus as he uplifted it when blessing the tree for concealing him from his pursuers. But I have just cut several into bits and failed to find it. Not so with the mimic oak-tree, which you may find in the stems of bracken. It is just at the right stage now, and, if sliced aslant the stalk shows "King Charles's tree" in miniature as delicately-exact as in any moss agate. But the wind is stirring, and listen to the pines! "Tales of wood-folk vex my mind." They are in agitated discourse; from their breezy eminence, overlooking half a county, perhaps they see something we cannot see. And now they have quitted down again into their favourite slumberous whispering. And what a dreamy tint the foliage has as you look up into it—a misty twilight colour, as in Keats' caves deep under the sea.

But, look you, who comes here? A squirrel. He is the rightful owner of this corner of wild orchard, and the pine-cones, "beset with many a scale and chestnut in its coat of mail," are his too. So no wonder he sits on the bough and stamps at us in "anger insignificantly fierce." We are trespassers on his estate, where the hawthorn grows its berries and the hazel its nuts. He is going his rounds to see how the acorns are getting on upon the oak down by the gate. But look, here comes a friendly visitor. Stand by and watch, and you will see some sport. Do the creatures think of us sitting underneath and looking at them? Not a bit of it. For all they care, there might not be another living thing in all Kent but they two. Was ever romp so wild, so furious, so frantic? How do they stick to the tree as they go whirling round and round the trunk after each other? If they happened to let go they would fly off into space. But they hold on, and the mad frolic continues, up and down, in and out, dodging, jumping over each other, scrambling, avoiding collisions by miraculous agility, each in his turn chasing the other, and with such a scratching of little claws upon the flaking bark as a dozen kittens rather than two squirrels might make. All of a sudden they stop—"time!"—and while one hangs ridiculously in a limp sort of way across a fork, with its tail blowing about in the wind, and its nose inquisitively pointed downwards, the other, sticking flat on to

the trunk, and looking more like a squirrel-skin glued on to the tree than a live thing, looks upwards at its playmate. The latter gradually withdraws its head and creeps off, choosing a long branch that overhangs a nut-bush. It does it very cleverly, for all I should see of it as it goes is an occasional paw if it were not for that long fluffy tail which betrays its owner. The other is carefully watching. It is an old game evidently, and its tail gives impatient little quirks, its head twitches. Its playmate has reached the end of the bough, and looks round. Its friend has its eyes on it. So souse! here goes, and the squirrel dives head-first straight into the nut-bush with a mighty splash of leaves. The next instant it is on the ground, and away down the grassy drive, but none too soon, for the other, jumping straight away off the trunk, lands on the turf within a yard of the runaway as it passes the pine-tree. And the two go bouncing off, their long tails straight out behind them, and looking redder than ever upon the green turf, bounce, bounce, bounce, and into the bracken, and out of sight.

What delightful things these squirrels are in freedom, "skimming up the silent beech" or "dancing oak trees round and round." How good, by-the-way, that "silent" is for the beech with its smooth-skinned trunk, the squirrel's noiseless highway to the deep tranquillity of the leafy dome. Or to lie out in the autumn sun and see them go skipping along the stair-ways of their mazy forest-houses, quietly picking the seeds out of a cone in the top of a wind-blown fir, or on the mossy bank under a bower of hazels sitting to crack their nuts. How deft its tiny fingers are, how sensible its bright eyes.

"Soft is his shining auburn coat,
As ermine white his downy throat,
Intelligent his mien :
With feathery tail and ears alert,
And little paws as hands expert,
And eyes so black and keen."

Then what a change to see the same creature in a cage. How people can keep them I cannot understand, any better than I can understand how men and women can bear to keep caged larks. To my mind, there is nothing in Nature more pathetic, not even the sobbing of a little child in trouble, than the song of the lark behind bars. Beautiful; no doubt, but charged with such ineffable anguish. If it did not sing it must die. Could we but understand its song! It sounds like the breaking of a bird's heart—its appeal to the genius of the blue summer sky, its home; to the great good sun whom it worshipped with sweet orisons; to the angels at Heaven's gate. It is an appeal against the outrage of its captivity—an appeal to the hearts of men. "Surely if I sing my sweetest song, my strongest and my best, they will let me go. . . . Not sweet

enough? Ah! then it is the sadness at my heart that makes me fail." Then it tries again with a second flood of melody to reach the sympathy of a city. Alas! in vain—brave bird. You are but rivetting your own fetters.

If one could only learn the language of birds! Listen to those two whin-chats. They have got a secret of some kind between them, for they are not speaking their minds out. Their conversation is evidently in cipher, as it were, and by signals. What is it? Is one of the brood a cripple and unable to fly, or do they think I am some kind of mancat-weaselhawk? Do you remember how, when the Pilgrims were on their progress, they came to a wood where the birds sang hymns in alternate verses? They were told they were "the country birds" of the locality. "They are very fine company," they said, "when we are melancholy; also they make woods desirable to live in." I should think so. To live in such woods I would eat all the flesh of all the "white snakes" I could find, and German legend says that such a diet will teach us to understand what birds say. Sigurd, "Fafnir's bane," ate the heart of the dragon Hogni, so the Volsung tale avers, and was thenceforth free of the speech of everything in fur or feathers. But if there is one bird of all others that one might despair of understanding, it is the whin-chat. It must be the veriest polyglot of birds, for it ranges from Archangel to Ulundi.

I was lying on a slope among the heather, in a little open space, all springy with moss and sweet with wild thyme, and the purple and yellow round me for a wall, when I became aware of an approaching visitor, a toad. Slowly and with toilsome step the pilgrim came climbing up the hill, taking hold with its hands, so it seemed, of the hare-bell and the scabious to help itself up. And I thought of Christiana journeying to the City and the hill called Difficulty. How hard it found it, this six or seven feet of slanting turf. Its steps were only half an inch long, and if it had come from the very bottom of the dell the distance was indeed no Sabbath-day's journey for such as it.

I was half inclined to get up and carry it to the top. But, then, I was not sure where it wanted to go. I did not know enough of its affairs to justify interference. My kindness might have proved a high-handed piece of brutality. So I let it creep and crawl, watching its shoulders working round with such fatigued determination, the hind legs moving up so languidly and slow. And then all of a sudden the traveller came upon the edge of the plaid which I had spread under me. It stopped, raised itself on its fore-paws, looked up.

"I dare say," said panting Christiana, "this is a breathing hill." And with the same weary solemnity of grace it stepped on to my rug, and rested.

^a For all things having life sometimes hath quiet rest,
The bearing ass, the drawing ox and every other beast."

Then it looked about it. No good Shepherd was there to lend it glasses with which it might catch sight of the wished-for Celestial City. But it breathed itself, gave a shake, and started off again, like the stout-hearted stalwart little toad-errant that it was. And as I watched it coming nearer and nearer, so slowly and deliberately straight up to me, I could not help thinking of all kinds of stories where toads had gone on errands of great importance and with wonderful tidings for people in trouble—wise old toads who knew how the tasks which unkind stepmothers gave to pretty maidens were to be done in time, who gave advice that always proved to be well worth following, and were benevolent and sagacious and trustworthy. Perhaps it was coming to tell *me* something?

I was lying on my side half raised on my elbow, with my head on my hand. As it was passing my foot I moved it. Sir Peregrine stopped. "This is a moving mountain, no doubt," he said, "like that of Laputa," and went plodding on. I moved the plaid, and again the toad stopped—"or of the nature of an earthquake," quoth he, and resumed his climb. And, unmolested, I let the fat round-shouldered little traveller come up to my elbow. There it rested, and I looked at it. What bright eyes it had—no wonder they say it "wears a jewel in its head." And it looked at me.

Just then my little daughter came up. "Edie," I said, "here is a little toad. He is taking a message up the hill to the dormouse that eats the nuts, and is very tired. What a pity we have not got a toadstool for it to sit and rest on!" But Edie knew where there was a big one just close by under the Scotch firs, and she fetched it, a sturdy brown boletus.

So I made a hole in the turf, and planted it firm, and fetched back Bufo, who had only got a foot away, and set him upon his stool. The comical look of the full-blown creature perched on high made us laugh prodigiously. I wished Spenser could have seen it.

"The grisly toadstool grown there might I see,
And loathed paddocks lordling on the same."

"But perhaps it will be late with its message to the dormouse," said Edie, at last. "Or perhaps," I said, "it is going to a party; let us make it look smart." Then Edie picked some heather, and we strung the tiny bells on a fine grass-blade, and bent it into a circle, and hung it round the toad's neck, and set it going again. And away it went up the hill slower than ever, and disappeared into the heather, with its wreath round its neck. "How pretty the other toads will think it," said Edie. "I hope they will," said I.

PHIL ROBINSON.

LIBERAL PROGRAMMES.

WE are going, in a couple of months, to a general election upon an extended suffrage. For the first time in our history every male householder in the United Kingdom, in county or in borough, is to be entitled to a vote. By common consent the change is looked forward to as great, eventful, conclusive of our future. Further, we are going to the country under unusual party conditions; with a Liberal Government having thrown up office and crossed over into Opposition, and with a Conservative party in power and in office, though supported only by a minority of the House of Commons.

There are many advantages in this situation for the present Government. They have to administer; they have to carry out the policy of their predecessors in Egypt and in Afghanistan; they are saved from the dangers of any initiative. It would be unreasonable to find fault with them; they cannot do anything or be expected to do anything until after the general election, and then only in what we hold the improbable event of their being in a majority.

Meantime they having formed a Government—they, who we thought, and who thought themselves, incapable of the feat—the prestige and success which almost always wait on the earliest days of any Government, the fact that in foreign politics a change of Government may be a positive advantage, if no change of policy be introduced, because it commits both parties to the same policy; and thus offers a better guarantee, in their dealings with us, to foreign Powers; the cessation whilst Parliament lasted, whatever the cause, of obstruction in the House of Commons, and now, not even the beginnings of *hostile* criticism of new policies because they have not yet been called into existence:—all these conditions tell greatly for the Conservative party, and will help them at the poll.

On the other side we, the Liberals, have the fact of our existing majority, and the general understanding that for Liberal ideas and policies you must look to the Liberal and not to the Conservative or Tory-Democratic party, whichever it may now be. And this will tell as much as ever in the towns, whilst in the county divisions the newly enfranchised labourer is not unlikely, as quickly as he becomes political at all, to embrace politics of a decidedly advanced aggressive and democratic type. There is thus ample reason for each party putting itself in order; and with so much that is yet unknown as to the politics of the most recently enfranchised and as to the effect of redistribution, it can be no cause of surprise that politicians on both sides should be considering how to build the platform on which they are to stand.

What is to be the Liberal programme, the Liberal cry? Let me at once say that the question so phrased is distasteful to me. It smacks too much of mere party tactics. It might too easily be interpreted to mean—the people have come to power, what can we of either party bring ourselves to offer that they may choose us as their rulers, and not our opponents, for a lease it may be of six years to come?

But to permit such an interpretation would be unworthy and unwise, and would imply, it seems to me, an altogether inadequate conception of the forces for progress now at work, and of the true and great future of the Liberal party and cause.

It would seem as if the enfranchised people were likely to think of nothing but what they could get or make out of the business for themselves; and that the question might be which party would bid highest and pay most.

I utterly disbelieve that this is the state of mind of any considerable portion of our people, or that this is the way to their confidence. We are in the midst of a great popularizing current of social and political ideas. The platform and the press have been training a veritable army of speakers and writers on these subjects. The questions on which we shall have to legislate have been ripening in the public mind before the extension of the franchise had come; it is itself a product of the intellectual movement of which I speak.

The moral of the situation is the marriage between forward intellectual thought and the needs and instincts of the people. The two together supply an ample force for an inevitable and magnificent progress. We have no need for a cry. Let us go on in the consciousness of this ample power—inevitably ours—freely and fearlessly to work out, one by one, the problems before us as rapidly as may consist with good legislative results. To work in this spirit, to think first of true progress, of Liberal duty, and

the Liberal cause, and then, but not till then, of the Liberal party as an instrument for such purposes, is our true policy.

Looking back upon these lines, Mr. Gladstone's address to the electors of Midlothian is before me ; and I find nothing in it which does not consist with the views which I have expressed.

In point of urgency and of importance, I have no doubt that Local Government Reform—largely because of its bearings upon the Irish question—and Land Law Reform must take the first rank.

I do not anticipate any splitting of the Liberal party upon these or upon other questions of the proximate future ; any splitting into so-called—inaccurately called—Whig and Radical sections. In so great a tide as that on which we are embarked some will drift away upon the sands ; but the danger of such a split as would gladden the heart of Lord Randolph Churchill is purely imaginary.

Land Law Reform will begin with freeing the land from the fetters of the past, dealing with primogeniture, settlement, entail, simplifying and facilitating the transfer of land, so that more and more it may come into the hands of absolute owners with unencumbered interests, free to develop to the utmost the capabilities of the soil.

Other questions will come next—the home and homestead questions of Mr. Chamberlain ; but they will come most advantageously, I hold, and we shall be best prepared to discuss them, when we shall have first cleared the ground of laws which interfere with free sale and free enjoyment of the land. But they will have to be treated ; of this I have no doubt.

How far it may be possible or worth while or safe for the State or the local authority to seek to create a peasant proprietary, by the advance of money or the compulsory purchase of land, will have to be discussed and threshed out as a problem of political economy—of a new political economy no doubt.

But the homes of the people is a much more serious and vital question. The family is the unit, the basis of the State. The best thing that you can do for a population—and the essential thing, however difficult, however cautiously to be attempted—is to secure the decent home, where health, morals, and some decency of personal habit may be not impossible things. However difficult, however dangerous the task, you have done nothing until you have attempted this ; and you may have to make many trials, cautious, tentative, before you accomplish any real success.

And next to this the best thing you can do is to secure for the children of the people the best possible elementary and practical training, fitting them for their future struggle, their future

life. Mr. Chamberlain proposes that it should be free. I agree entirely with him in his object and in his reasons, as I understand them; and I undertake to say, indeed I know, that its parliamentary advocates will not be found in the ranks of Radicalism alone.

Indeed, I do not agree with Mr. Chamberlain in the fear that "moderate Liberals" may be so shocked and alarmed as to be incapable of considering and discussing such questions. I do not expect to find them in any numbers taking affright. The old school of Radicalism, if it still survives, would be much more likely resolutely to oppose.

I note with an especial interest Mr. Gladstone's views upon these two subjects.

After speaking with no uncertain voice upon the freeing of the land from restrictive land laws, he passes on to say, "I shall rejoice if the means thus to be provided, *or other means in themselves commendable*, shall lead to a close connection between the nation and the soil, through a large extension in the number of those directly interested in its possession, and in its produce, but most of all in the proprietorship of their own dwellings."

On the subject of gratuitous education, indeed, Mr. Gladstone indicates doubts and possible differences of opinion. But, be it remarked, he treats the question as if it necessarily involved a raid upon denominational schools, or at least the limitation of instruction to matters purely secular or the imposition by authority of one and the same scheme of religious instruction throughout. I do not think that it necessarily implies any of these things. What it does imply is the abolition of the school fee for primary education, a proposal, as I think, of the highest value—all else is matter for fair arrangement when the time comes.

Men and women must be very poorly read to be frightened by such measures as these about the homes and the education of the poor being called "socialistic." There is at least no unhealthy socialism necessarily about them, and considering its history, and that the meaning of the term itself is changing, it might be as well to avoid the use of the word socialism in this connection in the future.

I for one have no objection to steps being taken involving considerable public expenditure, the object of which shall be to raise the level of the physical, intellectual, and moral health of the great mass of the population. Such expenditure seems to me quite as legitimate as the ordinary expenditure of governments; and it may easily be less wasteful in its method and far more profitable in its results. I have no doubt whatsoever that the same amount of power—and this is the question—which we now get out of our army and navy could easily be purchased at a saving of waste which would

more than meet the estimated cost of giving free elementary and some free technical training to the children of the people.

There is one safe test, I think, by which to judge such measures ; we should never yield to the temptation of them unless we can first satisfy ourselves that, if successful, they will not, at once or later, undermine and sap, but on the contrary that they will give new life and vigour to independence of character and habit of mind, and to the spirit and capacity of self-help and self-control. If they stand this test, there is little danger to apprehend ; and you may proceed without fear to discuss their probable success and their cost.

I hold it to be quite clear at this moment that our system of national education has stood this test ; and I believe that it will stand it none the worse when it is free.

There are many kindred questions—kindred in this sense, that they are concerned with the true “ condition of the people ” question—that is to say the condition of their lives, from the cradle to the grave, which will demand and compel, in our new era, a greater share of thought and of attention on the part of men and women than they have hitherto received. I am thinking now of social and moral questions, including those of temperance and the discouragement of vice, in which women are especially interested.

And in these respects a great change has come, is coming, which political men of the world will be mistaken if they do not heed.

The religious movement in this country is not dead ; and the Church is not a mere department of the State, “ established ” that it may have no soul. And lofty faiths are being appealed to, even where they do not take dogmatic form ; faith in principles, in moral principles above all, in progress and in practical devotion to unselfish and lofty aims.

Of late years, in many ways the hearts and minds of thousands of men and women, who can think and write and speak and act, have been deeply stirred. They have come to say, with a deep intent, that the conditions of life and law shall, if it be possible by any contributory effort of theirs, be put upon the side of physical, moral, intellectual health ; they have grown weary of the mere machinery of personal or party ambition. Amongst Liberals there will be, I undertake to say, in the new Parliament a largely increased number who are determined, as far as they can, that the Liberal party which exists or ought to exist for the sake of the Liberal cause, truly and nobly understood, shall not *propter vitam, perdere causas vitæ*. It will be useless for the strictest party man to blame them ; party allegiance is only possible if within the party its members are at liberty to make their impress upon it, and thus to moralize politics as best they may.

Such people will lend their whole force to solve the problem of

decent homes for our people ; they will desire to diminish in more ways than one the temptations to drunkenness and to vice ; they will demand, they are demanding, the suppression, the punishment with a stern hand, of sexual crime ; they will effectively protest against anything in law or in administration which lowers the moral standard of life of our population. Government and law shall be on the side of morals—as the old common law was on their side—or there is an inextinguishable party that will “ know the reason why.”

I am one of these. I cannot be accused in my parliamentary career of having ever lost sight of the honourable obligations of a public man to the party to which he belongs. I know well at this moment, none better, the necessity of union in the interest of the Liberal cause ; but I am convinced that it will prove as necessary as it is right, that heed should be paid to the great and growing interest of men and women in other subjects than those which generally form the materials for party strife.

What Mr. Gladstone says in his letter, speaking of the various political sections of the party, seems to me to be appropriate here :—

“ Liberalism has ever sought to unite freedom of individual thought and action, to which it so largely owes its healthy atmosphere, with corporate efficiency. This aim is noble, but it is difficult. For my own part, although it is not the method best adapted to the personal convenience of those who may lead, nothing would induce me to exchange it. . . .

“ Doubtless there are many Liberals who would decline to countersign all my opinions, nor could I undertake to be responsible for all theirs. But no section constitutes the Liberal party. Each section constitutes an element of the Liberal party ; and it is by the mixture and composition of its elements, not by the unchecked dominance of any one among them, that its results have been and will be attained.”

..

These evident truths will, if I am not mistaken, require a wider interpretation and application in the future than they have so far received in the past.

The passing of the Criminal Law Amendment Bill has furnished evidence of this new element, *pas une quantité négligeable*, which will have to be taken into account in political calculations. I need hardly point the moral. It is perfectly well known, though it may be officially denied, that influences outside ordinary party politics, and convictions deeper than were ever sounded by any party plummet, carried that measure in the last days of an expiring Parliament, with a Government in a minority occupying the Treasury bench.

Let it be noted that these facts are another illustration of the way in which “ coming events cast their shadows before.” Every advance of the suffrage has always and everywhere been preceded by a general political, intellectual, and moral advance ; so that when the suffrage comes to be enlarged the immediate consequence is the carrying of measures and the adopting of policies, thought out and intellectually accepted before, or well on the road to be so.

And so with these social and moral questions; they have been precursors; they will have their speedy and appropriate reward: the new House will make short work of questions upon which some of us have been spending large portions of our lives; nor shall we delay in putting it to the proof. I will cite the most striking example, the long agitation, long, laborious, costly in more ways than one, which led, two years ago, to the partial suspension of the Contagious Diseases Acts.

Their enactment, their obstinate continuance, are a shameful page in our contemporary history. These Acts of 1866 and 1869 were passed by a Liberal Government, and the blame and the shame and the responsibility have rested on them since they passed. We now know from the late Prime Minister that they were passed without the House, the country, the Government, or the Cabinet itself knowing what they were or how they passed. They have outraged and revolted the sense of justice as between women and men, the ideas of liberty and of law, the moral and religious sense of the community.

More than sixteen years have elapsed since the last of those Acts; the agitation against them, despite political parties and a hostile press, has been unceasing, unwearied, persistent till two years ago when—as by a surprise, but not to us—they were condemned on moral grounds by a large majority of the House of Commons. They have been partially suspended since; and no one has dared to propose their reinforcement; but they were not repealed by the Government of the Liberal party which was responsible for their enactment, but which condemned by suspending them; and they still endure upon the Statute-book a disgrace to our Legislature and our law, and a danger before which, in the interests of justice, of liberty, of morality, of the most fundamental principles of law itself, we are bound, as we shall do, promptly, energetically, and as I doubt not decisively, to protest. And yet it is true that we have had already a large reward. Aim high and persist, and you shall have your reward; though some may perish by the way. A conspiracy of silence in the press; all the forces of so-called society against us; political parties against us; the dead-weight of passive acquiescence in iniquity which by fraud and stealth had gained its vantage-ground, against us; lives spent, hope deferred, some hearts faint. All at once—collapse of the opposing forces and—light. It is we who gain a vantage-ground in face of day against which the powers of hell shall not prevail. The measure of our labour and sacrifice and persistence, and of the long deferring of our hope, has been the measure of our assured reward.

We look up, around; we find ourselves upon higher ground and upon a wider field, with new allies. We have not yet repealed

the Acts, though that is certain ; but we have already done more. Because of our persistence, and that we have not been permitted to gain a cheap and easy victory, the struggle has lasted, and lasting, it has grown. Out of it has come the new life on all these subjects of the churches, the moral purity associations, the discovery of the Belgian traffic, the House of Lords inquiry, the Criminal Law Amendment Act, the societies and organizations which are being called into existence to enforce it, to protect the young and the weak, to provide "an open door" and a friend in need for the unfortunate, willing, could she but find the way, to return unto a truer life.

The fatal defect and cowardice of the past was that "the man of the world" held up his head, the virtuous man hung back, as if ashamed or afraid. That is so no longer, thanks to the initiative of this repeal movement. We hold no terms with vice or crime, though they be dealt with in different ways ; men shall be on one side or on the other, and women too, if we can make it so. The religious world, the moral world, all those who have any feeling of the sacredness of human individuality, of liberty, of law itself, shall be marshalled against the world of vice and of its consequential crime.

Well may we be grateful as we are ; determined as we are, confident as we are. It will be our duty to see that this question is brought to a speedy issue.

To continue any longer, after the new Parliament, this anomalous condition of suspended animation of the still existing Acts would, in our view, be too discreditable, too damaging to party Government itself.

The Acts must be enforced or repealed ; let who may venture, propose their reinforcement in the new House.

In this regard, after these long and shameful years, it is party Government that is under obligations to us, not we to party Government. For me, it is known that I recognize that my first duty is to this question, which I will see settled, if I can, forthwith, by unconditional repeal ; and it should also be known that in this new Parliament, with others as with myself, no party obligations can rank as high.

The statecraft of the olden time thought more of how successfully to maintain the interests of a party, of how most easily to govern a people. It must be for us not to think only or most of how to satisfy them and secure their support ; the great object of the Liberalism of the future must be to raise the whole population to a higher moral, intellectual, and physical health, so that they may know how best to govern themselves individually and collectively. To do this we must wage war not only against the crimes, but

against the vices of men, and we must address ourselves also to enabling them, whilst respecting their independence and encouraging the spirit of self-help, to live in conditions which shall make decent, healthy, virtuous, and independent life possible to all the great masses of our population.

This is above all the true "condition of the people" question; and happily it is a question in which there need be no party rivalry, save the honourable rivalry of who can best subserve the common end. It will be for the benefit and the credit of both great parties in the State that such a spirit and that such views should prevail; for the greatest of all benefits which any number of men can confer upon party Government is to moralize it, to raise its tone, and to find some common ground on which men of all parties may unite in common purpose for the general good.

Amongst the questions which now find a not inconsiderable support in Liberal ranks, but which are not favourably regarded from a mere party point of view, is the question of women's suffrage.

In principle it is not easy for a Liberal to deny the right.

If household suffrage be now the basis of our constitution, on what principle is the suffrage to be denied to women-householders?

If the Liberal idea be that of fairly representing all the forces, the ideas, the needs of our population, on what principle are we to deny any representation to women, at the same time that we grant and extend it to all male householders?

To men of Liberal ideas, of a keen sense of justice and equality, and of individual right, without reference to sex or class, it is difficult indeed to defend their exclusion.

If we come to political interests, we find, on the one hand, the preconception among many Liberal politicians, that the votes of women may not on the whole prove of advantage to the Liberal party, or to the progress of Liberal political thought.

Amongst Conservatives, on the other hand, whilst their instincts and habits of mind are opposed to so great an innovation on the prerogatives of the past, party calculations are not unlikely to suggest a Conservative advantage in their admission.

Whilst on both sides there may exist the fear, not altogether unfounded nor altogether evil, that women may prove less amenable to party organization than men.

It does not seem possible to foresee with confidence in the near future how these various considerations may practically affect the policy of either of the two great parties in the State. But this seems clear to me, that the class of politicians to whom I have referred, as an increasing class, who will be less and less willing to be guided by party considerations alone, and more and more likely to press the social and moral questions with regard to which they

feel a special interest and responsibility, will undoubtedly be led to favour the emancipation of women, on the ground of moral right, as also on that of the new forces which they will bring to bear in favour of moral and social reform.

With great questions coming to the front, in the solution of which women have a special right to be consulted, and have a special contribution to make, bearing in mind the progress of women in the business of life outside the home, the place they are taking in useful public work, and the constant assertion of their claims, there is little danger that this question of their enfranchisement will be allowed to fall into the background. It will be continuously pressed forward for decision, and the decision, when the time arrives, will, I hope and believe, be in favour of their right.

If there be any principle of action to which the Liberal party is bound it is the principle of complete representation, without waiting to consider its immediate effect on the future of the Liberal party or even of the causes which it represents; and I entertain a not unreasoning hope that this principle will prevail to secure their support.

I must return to Mr. Gladstone's Manifesto, and I desire to note three other subjects than those I have already mentioned, with which he deals.

They are the subjects of Parliamentary Procedure, of our Egyptian policy, and of Ireland.

It is unnecessary to dwell on the question of Procedure. The country expects that the time of Parliament shall not be deliberately occupied and wasted for purposes of obstruction. I know of no difference of opinion in the Liberal ranks as to the necessity of so modifying the Rules of Parliament as to afford an efficient protection against the arts of mere obstruction, and to prevent the time of the House of Commons being wasted by trivial and unnecessary questions, or by the prolongation of debate after sufficient opportunity of serious discussion has been afforded.

On the subject of Egypt, Mr. Gladstone's deliverance is as satisfactory as it could be to those who, like myself, have viewed from the very first, with dislike and distrust, the part which events, unfortunately "stronger than men," led his Government to play in that country.

Mr. Gladstone held, and still holds, that "the paramount interest of honour compelled us, in the execution of our pledge for the maintenance of a native government, to re-establish the authority of the Khedive and the peace of the country, and to prosecute all the practicable reforms."

I have never held that opinion; but I do not desire to discuss that subject now.

But Mr. Gladstone admits serious errors of judgment with cost of treasure and of precious lives in the Soudan ; " miscarriages," as he calls them, " the proper and certain consequence of undertakings that war against Nature, and that lie beyond the scope of human means and of rational and prudent human action."

And then, leaving the Soudan and coming back to Egypt, he expresses " an earnest aspiration for our entire withdrawal from Egyptian territory at the earliest moment which honour will permit."

He protests against annexation, or a British protectorate, or an indefinite or greatly prolonged occupation.

And he declares that from the very first—by which I understand him to mean a date earlier than the formation of his late Administration—" we committed by our intervention in Egypt a grave political error, and that the consequence which the providential order commonly allots to such errors is not compensation, but retribution."

It would be impossible to speak more clearly or more decidedly, in a sense satisfactory to that large and preponderant proportion of the Liberal party who either from the first disapproved our intervention in Egypt, or who, agreeing with Mr. Gladstone that it was not to be avoided, have come to the strongest conviction, enforced by the teaching of experience, that what we have now to desire and to do the first moment that we can, is to free ourselves from the embarrassment of an impossible task.

The last of my subjects is Ireland ; the last and the most difficult.

Repeal of the Union is quite conceivable, and a Parliament on College Green. Though highly inconvenient, detrimental as I deem it to the best interests of both countries, as compared with better expedients, and dangerous to peace, it is not impossible, with guarantees of what would be most essential to Imperial unity.

Those who may wish to see a statement of Irish views unantagonistically put could not do better than read " The Price of Peace in Ireland," by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy.

He propounds the view that " an Act reviving the Irish Parliament might specify the questions reserved for a Parliament of the Empire."

He states truly that " precedents of reserved questions may be found in the constitutions of Canada, Australia, and the separate States of the American Union."

He admits that " satisfactory securities must be taken for securing the interests of the Protestant and propertied minorities ;" but he thinks it practicable to provide securities " which would satisfy the most timid."

Sir Charles Gavan Duffy says nothing of the necessity of one Customs Law ; for he is thinking on the lines of his colonial experience.

Mr. Parnell's view appears to be a Crown Colony with a future Constitution, or an independent Parliament at once.

But a Crown Colony within two hours' steam of Great Britain has no precedent in history, nor foundation in common sense. Ireland must form part of our Imperial unity on fair terms, or be independent; and the latter is an impossible solution; whilst the precedents of the several States, each greater than a kingdom, of the vast American Federation can be no guide for our small group of islands. Ireland could be so dealt with were she some thousand miles away, not otherwise advantageously or permanently, I believe.

It is needless to say that Mr. Parnell and his friends are entirely within their right in raising this question. An Act that has been passed can be repealed; but I do not believe that he can gain in this country by the policy he has announced of making government impossible here, if his demands be not literally complied with.

I have nothing whatsoever to say against the discussion of the question; on the contrary, I think that it would be of advantage—the only way, in fact, of coming ultimately to some reasonable, practicable and beneficial common view; and for this reason I will discuss it shortly now.

I begin by the most ample admission, or rather the statement of the strongest conviction, that Ireland is entitled at the hands of the larger population of Great Britain to absolute equality of treatment; and that we ought at once to agree to give her the completest possible self-government consistent with the rights of minorities and with Imperial unity; meaning by Imperial unity not merely the being united under one Crown, but the securing a unity of policy and of action in all Imperial questions. But subject to this, Ireland should be governed by the Irish, and not by officials, political or permanent, imported from this country.

The question to me is one of method; and the method of a separate Parliament does not appear to me to be the only one or the best.

Mr. Parnell speaks of the survival of an Irish nation, as if, that fact granted, there was only one ultimate issue—Irish independence; subject only to some loose federative tie.

He says that Scotland has lost her nationality and become merged in England.

Nationality is national individuality, with the characteristics and rights of individuality.

Has Scotland lost these? Scotch character remains distinct. Scotch law differs from English law, more than does the law in Ireland; more than in many respects it would be likely to do, as far as I can see, even with an Irish Parliament. Scotch legislation and administration are determined by Scotchmen in all that by common consent is not Imperial but Scotch only.

No Englishman has the remotest desire to override Scotch opinion in these matters.

How has Scotland lost her nationality? In what way is she less national than Ireland, save in respect of national antagonism, which we ought to wish to abate, and which will abate with the abatement of its causes, and in time.

In one respect Scotland has more national unity than Ireland. She has no Ulster.

It is a mistake, I think, to say that where there is nationality there also there must be practically complete independence; a mistake in regard to national as in regard to human individualities.

The family is our true unit, alike for nations and for individual human beings: and there are families of nations bound together by every variety of influence and circumstance, and yet not absolutely one.

Were Ireland drifted away from us, there is a part of herself—Ulster—not homogenous with the rest; having an individuality of its own.

Is Ulster, in such case, to be a nation if she wish? If not, her individuality must be respected, though her separate existence be denied.

Why cannot England act towards Ireland as the greater part of Ireland would have to act towards Ulster, on the hypothesis to which I have referred? I desire every liberty, and a perfect equality with ourselves for the Irish people, but I do not desire separation, nor do I think it at all likely that Great Britain will desire or accept it; any more than in the United States the North could accept the separation of the South.

Our past policy has taught the Irish people to fight for their own hand. Who can blame them? What would they have achieved without?

But this admission cannot bind me or those with whose opinions I may agree, to accept a solution which would in my conviction be equally bad and mischievous for both countries.

There is no part of Mr. Gladstone's long manifesto which can compare in interest or in value to my mind with that most admirable portion of it which relates to Ireland.

His definition of the limit within which the desires of Ireland may and beyond which they cannot receive the assent of Parliament, is irreproachable in respect of clearness, comprehensiveness, decision.

"To maintain the supremacy of the Crown, the unity of the Empire, and all the authority of Parliament necessary for the conservation of that unity, is the first duty of every representative of the people. Subject to this governing principle, every grant to portions of the country of enlarged

powers for the management of their own affairs, is, in my view, not a source of danger, but a means of averting it; and is in the nature of a new guarantee for increased cohesion, happiness and strength."

And even more admirable, because more needed and more rare, are the words of sympathy and yet of warning in which he appeals to the sense of the authority of reason and justice which ought to exercise a moderating influence upon the Irish mind. •

The main question is, he says, "whether the thorough and enduring harmony which has now long been established between England and Scotland should include Ireland also.

"If the duty of working for this end cannot be doubted, then I trust that on the one hand Ireland will remember that she too is subject to the authority of reason and justice, and cannot always plead the wrongs of other days in bar of submission to them."

Why should not all that is reasonable, possible, desirable within our Imperial unity be assured to Ireland by relations such as those which Scotland holds towards England, largely modified as they inevitably would be in what I might call an Irish sense, by the development of the coming principle of large local self-government and by our democratic future.

I admit that Ireland must have guarantees of a future local autonomy. I see no difficulty in affording them. The greatest guarantee she has—is she unconscious of the fact?—already obtained.

The extension of household suffrage to the whole people of the United Kingdom has added to the strength of our Imperial unity. Great Britain is less likely than ever to consent to the separation of Ireland. But, on the other hand, with the advent of democracy comes the immeasurably greater readiness to accept the will of the people in each part of the United Kingdom, whenever that is possible consistently with the unity of our Empire.

Instead of refusing to listen to Irish demands for reform, we shall, in my belief, in the new Parliament and in the future, eagerly invite them. When they do not clash with Imperial unity they will, I believe, be accepted with readiness and facility, and soon, as with Scotland, as a matter of course.

Some things are sometimes better done without machinery than with; and so it is likely that a common understanding, a harmonious freedom in co-operation, may be best and most safely, most completely and lastingly brought about between Ireland and Great Britain, without the machinery of separate Parliaments.

There is a Nemesis which waits on "serious error;" it descends upon the children to the third and fourth generation; but its form changes as time passes and a cause is won; and the time does come when eyes are opened and the veil of past injustice and injuries, clouding the sight of both parties to a feud of generations, is with-

drawn ; and then comes—as in the United States themselves there came—that truer Nemesis which consists not in severance, but in a truer, an equal, a freer and yet closer union, in which the people which was the injured and the weaker comes back to exercise an influence, even more than in normal proportion to its numbers and its strength, upon the common life.

I think, 'I trust, it is not merely the wish that is father to the thought—that the fear of Ireland is, judging from the past, that she cannot look for fair-play, and that unless practically severed she, as the weaker, must go to the wall. I believe, on the contrary, that without that severance, which to me seems a policy of despair, she may be perfectly free for practical self-government, whilst holding at least her own in Imperial councils, with Irishmen alone administering their own affairs, with Irishmen taking their equal share with us in all Imperial action, in our Imperial Parliament, and in the highest offices of the State. May God grant that there be such a future before the two countries of our affection and our birth.

JAMES STANSFELD.

CONTEMPORARY LIFE AND THOUGHT IN TURKEY.

A FEW months since an old Turk anxiously inquired what was the meaning of all the talk about war in Europe. He added, "I can't understand it at all. I only know that the pot is boiling, and when the cover comes down it is certain to fall on our heads." Wiser men than he have long since come to the same conclusion, and the prospect of a war between England and Russia created a state of anxiety and alarm here from which we have not yet recovered.

No one can fully appreciate this feeling, or understand the motives which actuate Turkish statesmen, who does not bear in mind the heavy losses of Turkey and the rapid decline of her power since the Crimean War, which closed only thirty years ago, and which was supposed to have given a new lease of life to this Empire. A sad life it has been! In these years Turkey has almost lost her hold upon Europe. The Danube is no longer a Turkish river. Wallachia and Moldavia have disappeared in the independent kingdom of Roumania. There is no longer a Turkish garrison at Belgrade, and Servia as well as Montenegro is independent. The old provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina, from which Turkey drew some of her best soldiers, have been seized by Austria, who is already coveting Macedonia in addition. Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia, the richest provinces of the Empire, have gone for ever from under Turkish rule, and the boundary of the Empire has come down to within about eighty miles of Constantinople on the Black Sea. Greece also has taken her share, and pushed up her frontier nearly to Salonica. Albania is held only by a military occupation, and is in constant revolt. There is but little left of the magnificent European Empire which belonged to the Sultan thirty years ago.

In Africa, France is in Tunis, England in Egypt, and Italy on the Red Sea; Tripoli is threatened. Only the Asiatic provinces and the islands remain. Of these, England has taken Cyprus. Crete is under European protection, and so is Lebanon, and Russia holds Batoum and Kars, with a

large slice of Armenia. Europe has also acquired the right by treaty to interfere in Armenia and Macedonia. In addition to all this, the Empire, which had no debt of any importance at the close of the Crimean War, has become hopelessly bankrupt, and the annual revenue falls below the necessary expenses notwithstanding the great increase of taxation. Constantinople itself has lost much of its commercial importance, and is steadily declining. The completion of the railway to Vienna will put an end to what remains of its trade with Bulgaria and Roumelia.

It is easy for the people of Europe to forget all this, but here it is never forgotten, even for an hour, and we are always ready to ask at any rumour of war, What are we to lose next? No matter what the war may be, we have everything to lose and nothing to gain. Turkey is afraid to be on too intimate terms with England lest she should provoke Russia. She cannot throw herself into the arms of Russia because she fears England and Austria. She has no faith in France since the Tunis affair. She has found that when her friends "consolidate" her Empire, it amounts to the same thing as when her enemies dismember it. It is not strange that she looks to the strong man of Europe as her forlorn hope. Bismarck is powerful. He is not a neighbour, and is not supposed to have immediate designs upon any part of the Empire. What is better, England, France, Russia, and Austria are all afraid of him.

In the prospect of a war between England and Russia, the only hope of Turkey was in maintaining absolute neutrality under the protection of Germany, and no man here saw this more clearly than the Sultan himself. Neither Russia nor England had anything to offer him to tempt him to become her ally. It is of no use to speculate now upon the question whether Germany would have secured this neutrality to Turkey, or whether Turkey would have finally allied herself to England or Russia. My purpose is simply to call attention to the influence of the calamities of the last thirty years upon the Turkish mind. The one purpose of the Turk is to defend and strengthen what remains of his Empire, and he has no faith in any of his old allies. He may, at some time, be driven into a new alliance with some one of them. He may try to play one against another, but he will trust none of them. Any policy which is based upon winning the hearty confidence of the Sultan is foredoomed to failure.

With Germany the case is different, and she has more influence at Constantinople to-day than any other European Power. Every effort is made to win her good-will and secure her protection. But I doubt whether the case is so different as appears at first sight. The Sultan cannot be supposed to be ignorant of the relations between Germany and the Empires of Austria and Russia. Some one is sure to have told him of the rumour that Germany is thinking of Asia Minor as a more favourable field for colonization than the islands of the Pacific. More than all, Germany is a Christian Power, and therefore as little to be trusted in an emergency for the defence of Mohammedanism as any other.

She is simply not associated with any of the losses of the last thirty years, not occupying any Turkish territory, and inclined to accept the friendly advances of the Sultan. No one will accuse either party

of acting unwisely in taking advantage of these circumstances, and making the most of them. Although Bismarck "would not sacrifice one Pomeranian soldier" for the sake of the Sultan, or the Sultan one Anatolian Turk for Bismarck, still there is nothing lost, and much to be gained, by both parties in this friendly informal alliance, and it must be taken into account by any Power seeking alliance with Turkey.

It is probable that a somewhat similar feeling has led the Sultan to seek an alliance with the United States. That country has never had anything to do with the dismemberment of Turkey, and has no designs against her. Her late Minister, General Wallace, was perhaps the Sultan's most intimate friend, and his advice was asked, if not followed, on most important occasions. It is understood that an attempt was made to secure American intervention in Egypt at a critical moment; but there is little reason to expect that this friendship will ever develop into any serious alliance. There can hardly be any inclination in America to meddle with the Eastern Question, which has so long been the torment of Europe.

The truth is, that Turkey stands alone, and that, in view of the events of the past thirty years, she feels it more keenly than ever before. She seeks security now in skilful diplomacy, directed by the Sultan himself, and in the development of her power as the Empire of the Caliph, the leader of the Mohammedan world.

From the standpoint of the Sultan, who is no doubt a sincere believer, this is the highest wisdom, and I cannot but admire the boldness and skill with which he fights his battle—alone against the world. He has certainly won the sympathy and admiration of all those who have come in close contact with him, as a true king, born for better days. It is not for me to criticize his position; I am simply a reporter of contemporary life and thought as I see it. I have spoken of the Sultan as alone, not simply in view of the fact that he has no ally whom he fully trusts, but also because he alone conducts the affairs of the Empire. His Ministers are simply his clerks, and there seems to be no man in whom he fully confides. The inconveniences resulting from this are obvious, and they are felt not only in Constantinople by those who occupy high posts and by all who have anything to do with the Government, but equally in all parts of the Empire. I do not know how much credence is to be given to the rumours of serious discontent which have been current all this year; but in the present critical position of the Empire there must be serious differences of opinion among enlightened men as to what can be done to save it.

There are some, even among the leading Turks, who hold what may be called the European view of the situation. They feel as deeply as others the calamities which have fallen upon Turkey, but they think that they are due primarily to the mistakes of the Turkish Government itself, and not to any foreign alliances. They have no faith in any great Mohammedan revival, and no faith in the power of Turkey alone to resist the advance of Russia and Austria. They would encourage the material development of the country, welcome foreign capital, and make a serious alliance with England. There are men with such ideas, but, so far as I know, they have no influence at the present time.

The mission of Sir Drummond Wolff to Constantinople has roused

the curiosity of the people and attracted general attention. As I do not know what the object of his mission may be and have no gift of prophecy, I have no opinion to express about it. So far as I can learn, the general impression at Constantinople is that he has come on a fool's errand—that the Sultan, who is never in haste to decide any question, great or small, will enter into no serious negotiations with a Government which, may not be in existence three months hence. If he has come to offer to restore Egypt to Turkey, his offer will no doubt be gladly accepted. Even Cyprus would not be refused. I can think of no other proposition which he could make which would awaken any enthusiasm at Constantinople, or fall in with the official view of the true policy of the Empire.

Those who are most sanguine in regard to his success believe that his mission is simply designed to bring about a better understanding and more cordial relations between England and Turkey—to do away with the unpleasant impression left upon the mind of the Sultan by Lord Dufferin; but the fact that a special commissioner has been appointed to treat with the Sultan would imply that he brings definite proposals of some kind in relation to Egypt.

The Egyptian Question is a very difficult and complicated one as seen from London, but from the standpoint of Constantinople it is very simple. Egypt is an integral part of the Turkish Empire, and England has no more right to occupy it than Russia would have to occupy Constantinople. All that England has to do is to withdraw her troops and leave the Sultan to deal as it seems to him best with his vassal. He neither needs nor wishes any foreign aid. He feels quite strong enough to restore peace to Egypt, and to put an end to the troubles in the Soudan. Any English Government which is ready to adopt the same view can make a treaty of alliance with Turkey.

Much is said in Constantinople just now of the efforts of Russia to secure the good-will of the Sultan and prevent the success of Sir Drummond Wolff's mission. It goes without saying that Russia will do what she can to accomplish these objects. It may seem to those unfamiliar with the course of events at Constantinople that the traditional enemy of Turkey ought not to have much influence here; but it is generally more important for a weak nation to conciliate powerful enemies than to offend them in the interest of those from whom it has nothing to fear. More than one English ambassador here has found himself powerless against Russian influence because the Turks felt that it was perfectly safe to put off England, but very unsafe to resist Russia. I think it has been generally true since the Crimean War that Russian influence has been more effective at Constantinople than English, and I cannot recall any period when Russia has been more active or more complacent here than she is now, and the impression exists among the Turks that at present they have nothing to fear and little to hope from England. Under these circumstances it is the general opinion that Russian influence will prevail now in spite of the fact that England is exceptionally fortunate in having Sir William White at Constantinople as her representative. So long as he remains it is certain that no mistakes will be made at the Embassy. In all this question, however, everything depends upon what Sir Drummond Wolff is commissioned to offer the Turks in Egypt. The current

opinion of which I have spoken is based chiefly on the experience of past years, on the fact that the Sultan is supposed to have no faith in a positive active alliance with either England or Russia, and on the fact that Russia demands nothing but a friendly neutrality, which is what the Turks generally would prefer.

It is perhaps quite as well for Turkey to avoid an intimate alliance with the European Powers, but her distrust of foreigners is carried so far that she discourages the investment of foreign capital in Turkey. This is a positive evil. The country is poor, very poor, and growing poorer every day. Its great want is active capital to develop its resources, which are either lying idle or wasting away under the burden of oppressive taxation. The foreign capital which is seeking safe investment would infuse a new life into Turkey, and at once increase the revenues of the Government, if it were encouraged to come, but, on the contrary, everything is done to keep it away. English capital seems to be regarded as specially undesirable. It would be accepted in the form of a loan, but not otherwise. The truth seems to be that Turkey would be glad to follow the example of Bismarck, and expel foreigners from the country, or the example of the United States, and enact a "Chinese law" to keep out all Europeans. No doubt Turkey has suffered much from foreigners, especially from Baron Hirsch, but she may be considered to have balanced this account when she repudiated her debt, and what foreigners now ask is simply the right to use their capital themselves in the country at their own risk. It is a pity that there seems to be no prospect of their being permitted to do so.

While the mission of Sir Drummond Wolff has called special attention to the Egyptian Question, and while the prospect of a war between England and Russia for the moment absorbed all thought at Constantinople, the question which concerns us more nearly than any other, and the one which has more influence upon European politics than any other, is that of the Balkan peninsula. Upon this hangs the fate of Constantinople, and consequently Turkey clings tenaciously to whatever influence is left to her there. Upon this depends the future of Austria and Russia, and the peace of Europe. It is this which has moved Germany to form the Triple Alliance, and give Russia a free hand in Asia. In this is bound up the fate of the Bulgarians, Greeks, and Servians, of Montenegro and Albania. Singularly enough, there is only one capital where the details of this question are thoroughly mastered—that is Vienna. That is the one place where nothing is left to chance which concerns the Balkan peninsula.

Servia, under Prince Milan, has come decidedly under the influence of Austria. Russia has fought her diplomatic battle there and lost it. She has managed thoroughly to alienate the Government and the majority of the people from all sympathy with her. There is still a Russian party, and Russia is believed to have encouraged the late attempt at revolution. She has at least openly patronized the Karagiorgovitch family, and married the son to the daughter of the Prince of Montenegro. But the better class of Servians have come reluctantly to the conclusion that their liberty is more secure under Austrian than Russian protection. Whether they are right or not, this is the fact. Servia is no longer Russian in its sympathies.

Macedonia is the general battle-field of all the conflicting interests

in the Balkan peninsula, and, unhappily for its inhabitants, the conflict is not altogether diplomatic. The Turks hold it, the Greeks and Bulgarians claim it, the Servians, Albanians, and even the Roumanians assert their claims, and Austria covets it. Russia is active there. During the present year it has been invaded by revolutionary bands from Bulgaria, Servia, Albania, and Greece. The origin of this movement is a mystery. It commenced in Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia, where there are large numbers of Macedonian refugees, some of whom are little better than professional brigands, who live quietly in Bulgaria, but take the name of insurgents when they cross the frontier into Macedonia.

This movement was not favoured in any way by the Governments of Bulgaria or Eastern Roumelia. On the contrary, it came at a time when the Bulgarian Exarch was on the point of coming to a friendly understanding with the Porte in regard to the question of sending bishops into Macedonia, which was violently opposed by the Greeks on the very ground that the Bulgarians were revolutionists. The Governments at Sofia and Philippopolis acted with great energy in concert with the Turks to put down the movement, but a certain number of insurgents escaped them in the Rhodope Mountains and caused no little trouble in Macedonia, in view of which the Turks drew back from their agreement with the Exarch. The Bulgarian Government deserves the greatest credit for its vigorous action, which was not popular with the mass of the people. They cannot see what the Government of the Prince understands perfectly—that it is not for the interest of Bulgaria to press the solution of this question, but rather to cultivate friendly relations with the Porte and to secure an amelioration of the condition of the Bulgarians in Macedonia, in accordance with the Treaty of Berlin, by assuring the Turks that they have nothing to fear on the side of Bulgaria. Loyal and friendly action on both sides would soon put an end to this agitation, which is now a constant danger to all parties. Unless something is done there is reason to fear a new attempt next spring.

Still, it is a mystery who stirred up the trouble this year, and brought about the simultaneous movement from Bulgaria, Servia, Greece, and Albania. Both Russia and Austria have the credit of it, and it is supposed to have had some connection with the Afghan excitement. Russia has not only disowned it, but has attempted to gain credit with the Turks on the ground that it was her influence which put an end to it. Possibly both Austria and Russia had a hand in it. Such things have happened before in Macedonia. Before this outbreak things had somewhat improved in this unhappy province, and the Turks were evidently doing their best to secure tranquillity there; but even then it was in a pitiable condition. All parties suffer, but the Bulgarians most of all, as the Turks distrust them, the Greeks persecute them, and the brigands plunder them in common with all the rest. The Bulgarian papers are always reporting their sufferings. My own impression is that it would conduce to the tranquillity of the province if the Porte would allow the Exarch to send the Bulgarian bishops to their Sees. The Greeks would resent it and Russia does not favour it, but I have read what the Greek papers have to say on the subject, and I fail to see the justice of their claims. As a religious

question, there is no reason why the Turks should compel the Bulgarians to submit to Greek bishops. As a political question, there is no reason to believe that the Bulgarians in Macedonia are any less loyal to the Porte than the Greeks. The question whether the Christians of Macedonia are really Greeks or Bulgarians is not one to be settled by force, but should be left to be settled freely by the people themselves. This most regrettable conflict between Greek and Bulgarian in the Balkan peninsula can only be settled by a loyal recognition on each side of all the legitimate rights of the other.

The little province of *Eastern Roumelia*, created by the Congress of Berlin, is one of the most attractive and beautiful countries in Europe. Some day it will be a favourite resort of tourists. Nothing is wanting but good hotels, and, to a certain extent, this want is supplied by the monasteries and convents, which are open to all, and are supplemented by the generous hospitality of the people. It is another Tyrol. It ought to be a rich, prosperous, and happy country. The people are very industrious and frugal, very intelligent, and enthusiastic for universal education. They have made remarkable progress in self-government since the war, and there is perfect security for life and property everywhere. The people have a grateful appreciation of all that they have gained, but they are very far from being either contented or happy. It is not in human nature that they should be. They wish to be united with Bulgaria, and they are constantly assured that some day, if they are only patient, they will be. They feel that everything in Eastern Roumelia is provisional and uncertain. They do not see how the union is to be brought about, and they fear that it may involve them again in the horrors of war. Even under these trying circumstances it would be easier to be patient if their present position was favourable. It certainly is not. They are overburdened with a cumbrous and costly administration which they cannot modify, and which would serve a nation of three millions, but is ill adapted to an agricultural people of only 800,000. They are not even free to make laws under this system, for everything has to be approved at Constantinople, where, for various reasons, it is generally left unapproved. In addition to all this, their commercial interests are interfered with, and some of their industries have been ruined by the artificial line which separates them from Bulgaria, and makes free trade between the provinces impossible. This is a constant source of irritation.

Eastern Roumelia has a Governor-General who is a Bulgarian, who has had more experience in administration than almost any other Bulgarian, and who has always had a high reputation for integrity. No one doubts that he does his best for the prosperity of the province, but his position is not at all an enviable one. He is expected to serve not only two, but many masters. In the eyes of the Sultan he is a Turkish *Vali* whose first duty it is to defend the interests of the Empire. In the eyes of the Bulgarians he is a sort of Constitutional Prince, bound to carry out their views, but above all to prepare the way for the speedy union of his province with Bulgaria. Russia, who nominated him, expects him to serve her interests under the direction of her consul at Philippopolis. The Austrian consul has his views of what ought to be done, and the Greek consul is as active and pressing as

either of the others. Among the people there are conflicting parties represented by papers which are uncontrolled by law, which attack the Government without mercy, and often advocate revolution. Thus far the country has been saved from anarchy and from the supreme folly of rebellion by the patience and skill of the Governor-General and the fact that there is in the Bulgarian character a foundation of solid, practical common-sense. The people know what war is, and they are not inclined to adopt rash measures.

Still, the situation is full of peril for Eastern Roumelia, for Turkey, and for Europe. An over-zealous and excitable Russian consul at Philippopolis could probably cause a revolution at any time. It should be said, however, that Russian policy at the present seems to be in full sympathy with the peaceful intentions of the Porte. But the danger exists, and the sooner it can be removed the better for all parties. I have no hesitation in saying that, next to the Bulgarians themselves, the Turks have more to gain from a union of Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia than any one else. A united Bulgaria would of necessity be the best friend of Turkey. With a long open frontier towards Constantinople, with every possible interest in the maintenance of the *status quo* at Constantinople, with nothing to fear except from the enemies of Turkey, Bulgaria could not fail to be a faithful ally. Even under existing circumstances, the feeling of hostility to Turkey is rapidly disappearing from Bulgaria.

The *Principality of Bulgaria* has had in some respects quite as hard a time since the war as Eastern Roumelia, and is undoubtedly still in a somewhat critical position. She commenced her career with a young German Prince without experience, a democratic Constitution, and a Russian army, without any recognized leaders of her own, and without a man of any practical experience in government, with a very small percentage of educated men, and society disorganized by war and military occupation. The wonder is that the whole country did not fall into anarchy and confusion. The progress which has been made is far beyond the most sanguine hopes of those who know the country. The administration of all departments of the government is carried on with a regularity and system which proves that the Bulgarians have a genius for this work, and, what is better, they seem to have a full appreciation of their deficiencies and to be anxious to remedy them. The organization of the army has been the work of Russia, and in my opinion, which may not be of any great value, the army is a good one. The soldiers appear well, and there seems to be much of promise in the young Bulgarian officers. The army is certainly much too large for the country, and I am told that the Russians seem to care more for men than for supplying the arsenals with the material of war, which is said to be deficient and of an inferior quality. The department of Public Works is also under Russian direction. The rest of the administration is Bulgarian, and it certainly compares very favourably with the Russian departments. The country generally has advanced rapidly; and no one can visit it without being impressed with the great changes which have taken place there since the war. The Bulgarians there and in Eastern Roumelia have certainly progressed during these six years at a rate which is exceptional in the history of the world.

It must be confessed, however, that the political history of Bulgaria

during these years is not a pleasant one to recall. There has been a suspension of the Constitution, a restoration of it, and there have been Ministerial changes almost without number, to say nothing of other unpleasant events. The Prince himself has been made to feel that his position was very insecure, and the people have been kept in a state of chronic excitement. Party spirit has been bitter and violent. This state of things has no doubt been due in part to the inexperience of the Prince and of his Ministers, but it seems to me to have been due chiefly to foreign interference in the affairs of the country.

Bulgaria owes her independence to Russia, and the Congress of Berlin recognized the right of Russia to exercise a controlling influence in the organization of the country. Bulgaria in her gratitude welcomed this influence. We must suppose that Russia has honestly desired to complete the work which she began, and to see Bulgaria a well-governed and flourishing Principality; but it would appear that no serious attention has ever been given to this problem at St. Petersburg. Everything has been left to subordinate agents, who have never worked harmoniously, and who have seldom taken the pains to understand the Bulgarian people. Russia gave Bulgaria a democratic Constitution, and before the Prince ever entered Bulgaria he was advised to abolish it. She gave Bulgaria a Prince, and she has done her best to displace him. She has more than once given exactly opposite instructions to her consul at Sofia and to the Russian Ministers in the Government. She has almost always acted in opposition to whatever Ministry was in power. She has been most unfortunate in the character of many of her agents, and has changed them constantly. She has kept up a state of constant irritation in the country, and even in the army. She has made it impossible to maintain a stable government at Sofia. The result is what might be expected. She has no such influence in the country as she had at the close of the war. The country is beginning to echo the sentiment of the old Bulgarian Exarch, who said to a Russian general, "Yes, we are very grateful to you for delivering us from the Turks, but now who will deliver us from you?" I think that the Prince and the Bulgarian people honestly desire to keep on good terms with Russia, and are ready to make great sacrifices to please Russia. They are grateful for the past, and they sympathize with the Russian people, as of the same race and religion; but it is a fact that, while their theoretical love for Russia and the Czar is unchanged, they are utterly at a loss to understand the policy of Russia in Bulgaria. The truth seems to be that Russia has no fixed policy there.

It is curious to observe the wisdom of Austria in contrast with this carelessness of Russia. Ten years ago the Bulgarians hated the Austrians more than they did the Turks. Perhaps they do not love them now, but Austria has carefully developed her commercial relations with Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia. She has adopted a friendly and conciliatory policy; she avoids irritating interference; she is patient; she supports the Prince and the Government. Her influence is thus steadily increasing. Russia has done none of these things. She has taken no pains to establish commercial relations; she has built no railways; she has sent no capital into the country; she assumes the position of a dictator; she has opposed the Prince, and allowed her

agents to interfere in everything in the most offensive way; she has hundreds of officials living on the Bulgarians. The result is what might be expected. With all their sincere gratitude, with all their respect for the Czar, the people are becoming restive, and more and more inclined to assert their independence.

The position of the Prince of Bulgaria has been a very difficult one—even more difficult than that of the Governor-General of Roumelia; but he has won the confidence and affection of the people. He has profited by his experience, and is stronger to-day than ever before; he is the chief hope of Bulgaria, and the Bulgarians are just now rejoicing in the report that he will henceforth be supported by the Czar. He certainly ought to have the support and sympathy of all the Powers interested in the peace and prosperity of the Balkan peninsula. A strong and independent Bulgaria, and ultimately an alliance of the Balkan States, including Roumania, would remove all danger to the peace of Europe from this part of the world. It is a rich and beautiful country, inhabited by as interesting and promising a people as can be found in Europe. If they can only have the time and the opportunity for development, if they can advance as rapidly for a few years to come as they have since the war, if they can only be left to themselves and made to believe in the stability of their position, they will win for themselves an honourable place among the nations of Europe. All that they need is to feel that their destiny is in their own hands.

All this may seem to be ideal politics in view of the ambitions and jealousies of the Great Powers of Europe, but it exactly expresses the aspirations of the people of the Balkan peninsula. They do not wish to be swallowed up by any great nation. They wish to be allowed to go their own way, and work out their own destiny. So far as they are concerned, the action of Germany in preventing a conflict between Austria and Russia has been a great blessing; and if the union of Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia could be accomplished in a peaceful way, with the consent of Turkey, there would be no reason for any war in the Balkan peninsula. There need be no hostility between Turkey and Bulgaria. On the contrary, the longer the Sultan reigns at Constantinople the better for Bulgaria. And I have been assured by a distinguished Austrian statesman that if they can only be certain that Bulgaria is not an armed outpost of Russia they will do what they can to secure her independence and prosperity.

It seems to me quite within the range of practical politics that Roumania and the Balkan States should be left to themselves; and it is in the first degree essential to their prosperity and progress that they should act upon this theory—that they should devote themselves earnestly to their own moral, intellectual, and material development, and cultivate friendly relations between themselves. The present difficulties between Bulgaria and Servia and Roumania are artificial and of foreign origin. They have no serious importance in themselves. A regrettable party spirit has been developed in these countries, but this also is due in part to the uncertainties of the present situation, and it may be hoped that it will pass away in time.

These States have still much to learn which can only be learned from experience, and Europe ought to look upon their mistakes with charity and patience. It will be a greater shame to Europe than to

these nations if these children of European diplomacy do not grow up to be an honour to the family.

It must not be supposed from this article that all life and thought in the East is political. Too much of it is, but this is not our fault. It is our misfortune; and in spite of our political environment all the nationalities of Turkey and the Balkan States have a religious and intellectual life which is not only interesting to them but of some importance to Europe. The progress in this respect during the last thirty years, even among the Turks, has been very marked, and must have a great influence upon the future history of the East. The traditional Turk, who sits on his heels and smokes all day, thinking of nothing, has disappeared from Constantinople, and a still greater change has taken place in the Christian nationalities. But these changes cannot be discussed here, at the close of a political article. They merit a more careful study.

AN OLD RESIDENT.

CONSTANTINOPLE, *September* 15, 1885.

CONTEMPORARY RECORDS.

I.—MODERN HISTORY.

HISTORICAL students will welcome with pleasure another instalment of Mr. Hodgkin's "Italy and her Invaders."* The two volumes which have just appeared deal with one of the most interesting periods of history, the fortunes of the Gothic monarchy in Italy. No subject is more full of dramatic interest than the adventurous life of Theodoric the Ostrogoth, his marvellous power of organizing a new kingdom, which aimed at combining all the best elements of Roman and Germanic civilization, and then the rapid fall of the power which he had so carefully established. The interest of the story suddenly shifts on the death of Theodoric from Ravenna to Byzantium. After the statesman who brought order by good government adapted to his folk, came a revival of the Roman Empire, remarkable rather for the success with which it used old names and phrases than for any promise of the future. Yet experience showed that the new civilization of the Goths had not dulled their vigour, while the Empire which had so often tottered to apparently hopeless decay could produce a general who trained a mixed army of foreign races to act worthily of the heroic days of Rome. Theodoric, Justinian, Belisarius, and Totila could not be dull in any hands; in the hands of Mr. Hodgkin the subject is as exciting as a romance. Mr. Hodgkin's style is clear and flowing. He tells his tale admirably, and is never dull. His learning is great, but he gives its results without affectation or pedantry. He has left nothing undone which could add clearness to his narrative. He has carefully visited the places which were of importance, and has come to his own conclusion about the site of the battle of 552, which he thinks was near the village of La Scheggia between Gabbio and Cagli. Everywhere his pages show thorough workmanship, and his digressions will be read with interest. His picture of Rome in the days when Belisarius first entered it, before the siege of the Goths, which was the cause of its decay, is vivid and picturesque. His account of the walls and aqueducts of Rome clothes with reality a vast amount of archæological research. In military matters Mr. Hodgkin's powers of description are seen at their best. The generalship of Belisarius, the composition of his army, his skill in taking advantage of every error of his enemy who was far superior in numbers, his power of inspiring confidence in his own men—all are graphically told. Mr. Hodgkin's book is a contribution to general literature no less than to historical science. It is not written only for the student, but is full

* "Italy and her Invaders." Vols. III. and IV.—The Ostrogothic Invasion; The Imperial Restoration. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1885.

of the enthusiasm of one who sees working in the past, the same motives as animate the present. Its pages are full of happy analogies, and illustrations drawn from all periods of history. It has all the attractiveness of a book written with genuine enthusiasm, while he has spared no labour to make it as complete as possible.

It is a long step from Justinian to Warren Hastings; but Sir James Stephen's "Nuncomar and Impey" is the only other English work of first-rate importance which we have to record.* It is a book which appeals to many classes of readers, and may be read and enjoyed from different points of view. It will interest those who take pleasure in the details of criminal procedure by its admirable unravelling of a complicated case. It will appeal to the student of Indian history by the information which it gives of the difficulties which beset the administration of law in India. Its calm discrimination of character and motive dispels many of the misrepresentations which have gathered round the career of one of the great founders of the English Empire in India, Warren Hastings. It instructs the man of letters into the means by which Lord Macaulay was enabled to construct such telling pictures, and impress his own convictions with such artistic effect upon the public mind. To the student of historical method Sir James Stephen has conferred a great boon by the incidental remarks on the presuppositions of historical writing with which his pages are strewn. Sir James Stephen professes the warmest admiration for Lord Macaulay; but his book is one long indictment against Macaulay's temper and method. He shows us the sources from which Macaulay picked up his views, and discloses how he made up for want of careful investigation by strength of assertion and pictorial writing. It is seldom that the judicial attitude of mind is directed towards solving historical problems. It is well to be reminded sometimes how great is the difference between the justice which we administer to an ordinary felon and that which literary historians measure out to the great men who have moulded human affairs. After a careful investigation of the evidence given at the trial of Nuncomar, and of all that was brought forward at the impeachment of Impey, Sir James Stephen acquits Impey of any deliberate misdoing. When we remember how Macaulay coupled Impey with Jefferies we see on how slight foundation villains are constructed by those in search of the picturesque. Sir James Stephen writes judicially. His book is one long summing up. He puts a case before a jury, pointing out the flaws in the evidence for the prosecution. He does so with strict impartiality. He does not wish to impute motives, but the sarcasm natural to a clear-headed man who has had to listen to much claptrap occasionally breaks out and gives a flavour to his pages. He stands on the plain foundation of common sense, and uses several canons of judgment which the ordinary historian despises. He refuses to believe on *à priori* grounds in the existence of fiends in human shape holding conspicuous positions in life. He does not think that the tracing of a possible motive to commit a crime is in itself a proof that the crime was committed. If these two assumptions be destroyed, what is to become of pictorial history? When Sir James Stephen further says of the impassioned

* "The Story of Nuncomar and the Impeachment of Sir Elijah Impey." In 2 vols. London: Macmillan. 1885.

peroration of Sir Gilbert Elliot's impeachment of Impey, "to me, like most eloquence, it resembles nothing so much as mouldy wedding-cake," we feel that we are in the presence of an iconoclast who does not even respect the basis of our existing political system. If Lord Macaulay falls, he falls in good company.

The steady advance in the publication of the "Dictionary of National Biography," of which the third volume has recently appeared,* places at the disposal of historical students a vast mass of material for reference, and each volume increases the usefulness of the whole work. The list of authorities at the end of articles gives ample help for independent research.

The publication of the Calendar of State Papers naturally creates a steady literature of comments, especially amongst the Germans, whose industry in producing monographs is inexhaustible. Dr. Busch has subjected the diplomacy of England under Wolsey's direction from 1518 to 1521 to a careful scrutiny.† The result of every investigation into the proceedings of Wolsey is to set him higher as a genius in statescraft. Generals might fight in the field, but a statesman of Wolsey's type was engaged in a never-ending conflict. A single false step overthrew an elaborate scheme; an error in calculation made long labours useless. Yet Wolsey toiled on with dauntless energy, and by his skill raised England to a position of importance in Europe which was far beyond her real due, if measured by material resources. Dr. Busch shows how Wolsey tried to mediate in all European questions, to make the voice of England *seem*, at all events, to be decisive in their solution. Different estimates may be taken of the usefulness of Wolsey's policy; there can be no doubt concerning the ability with which he carried it out. Though Dr. Busch does not assign to England so high an influence on European affairs as does Dr. Brewer, both agree about the qualities which Wolsey displayed.

Mrs. Napier Higgins has undertaken an interesting subject: "Women of Europe in the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries";‡ but the scale of the work threatens to be unwieldy. Two stout volumes only deal with Scandinavia, Russia, Poland, Germany and Hungary in the first half of the fifteenth century. Mrs. Higgins does not attempt to disentangle the purely personal interest in her heroines; she weaves round them the history of their time. This is scarcely a useful way of writing history, nor is it a satisfactory way of illustrating the influence of women. We fear that Mrs. Higgins' book will not be so much read as it deserves to be. There is a great deal of thorough work in fields which are rarely traversed. There is a good deal of the family history of our powerful houses on whose action the affairs of Europe greatly depended. Mrs. Higgins has worked with all the zeal and energy of a student. She has chosen a subject which renders it impossible for her to arrange her materials to good purpose.

The history of Papal Rome seems to have an attraction for English readers. Perhaps visitors to Rome who have heard of the old days of Papal rule are curious about its details. Miss Maclaughlin has

* Vols. I.-III. London: Smith Elder & Co. 1885.

† "Drei Jahre Englischer Vermittlungspolitik." Von Dr. Wilhelm Busch. Gmn. 1884.

‡ In 2 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1885.

tried to gratify them by an adaptation of Signor Silvagni's work, on "The Court and the Society of Rome in the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries." * The book scarcely merited a translation. It contains nothing that is new, except a few unimportant extracts from the diary of an Italian Abate at the end of last century. It consists of a string of gossiping chapters, put together without much method in such a way as to satisfy the taste of an indolent reader. It abounds in scandal, and its attempts at historical narrative are poor. It is written to suit the ideas and opinions of modern Italy, and dwells complacently on the changes between the condition of Papal Rome and the Rome of to-day. It is hardly fair to apply this method to Rome exclusively. The changes between Austrian Venice or Bourbon Naples and the modern cities would be equally great. Some features in Roman life were due to the fact that it was the capital of a small province, some were due to the fact that the province was under Papal rule. It requires a little care to distinguish between these two sets of conditions, and Signor Silvagni has not attempted the task. The book does not rise beyond trivial gossip, and the translator does not show a very accurate knowledge of details.

A book of another character deals with the history of the Papacy during the last three centuries. It is a posthumous work of the Italian patriot and statesman Count Terenzio Mamiani, who was one of the last of the generation which laid the foundation of United Italy. Count Mamiani is best known as a philosopher, who filled up the intervals of political activity by a series of philosophical essays. His last work was written at the age of eighty-five.* It is rather an historical essay than a continuous history. It takes a lofty view of the Roman Church in its general relation to human progress. From the position of a philosophic theist Count Mamiani criticizes the history of the Papacy. He does not so much quarrel with its religious ideas, or its religious system, both of which he considers more reasonable than those of Protestant sects, but with its political activity. The Papacy reduced to a purely spiritual power and deprived of its temporal dominions is at last free to work its own work, provided only that it does not become rigid as a corpse by attempting an impossible reaction. Count Mamiani in fact constructs a philosophy of religious history to justify the actions which created modern Italy. Whether this justification be convincing or not, philosophically, the actual events themselves are full of interest, and are well told by Col. Probyn in his "History of Modern Italy." Much of course remains to be known; but Col. Probyn has written an excellent and lucid narrative in a sober spirit.

M. CRRINGTON.

* "Rome, its Princes, Priests, and People." Being a translation of Signor David Silvagni's work "La Corte e la Società Romana nei XVIII e XIX Secoli." By Fanny Maclaughlin. In 2 vols. London: Elliot Stock. 1885.

† "Del Papeto nei Tre Ultimi Secoli." Di Terenzio Mamiani Milan. 1885.

II.—PHYSICAL SCIENCE.

IF we look at a gaslight through a globe of Venetian glass for the first time, we are disappointed at finding that the blue opalescence, which is the charm of the material when looked at by light scattered from its particles, is altogether wanting in the transmitted light, and that the gas-flame simply appears of a smoky hue. There are many other substances which exhibit an analogous phenomenon, though its observation is not one of every-day occurrence. In the case of the atmosphere, however, we have a very similar action with which all are familiar, though few may have recognized the similitude. In the light scattered by the minute particles suspended in the air there is a considerable preponderance of blue, causing the apparent blueness of the sky. It is to Professor Tyndall that we are indebted for most of what we know about this subject. It is clear that the diffused light must have come from the sun, and if in the light thus scattered there is a preponderance of blue, it is also clear that in the sunlight which is directly transmitted, and which consists only of those rays which escape the action of the diffusing particles, there must be a smaller percentage of blue light than exists in the solar radiation before it penetrates the atmosphere; in other words, the sun's rays as they reach us contain a less percentage of blue light than when they left the sun. If we imagine the sun to be shining in a cloudless sky, and the blue light which reaches us from every point in the heavens collected together and added to the light which reaches us direct from the sun, the resultant tint will approximate to that which the sun would appear to possess if he were seen directly without the intervention of the atmosphere, but it would be less blue than the sun really is, because about half of the blue light from the particles suspended in the air is radiated into space, and fails to reach the earth at all. In a lecture delivered at the Royal Institution on April 17, Professor S. P. Langley gave an account of his recent attempt to determine the influence of the earth's atmosphere on the character of the solar radiation which reaches the earth's surface. As it is impossible to make observations outside the atmosphere altogether, the only method available is to measure the intensity of the several constituents of the sun's radiation near to the sea-level, and at the same time to measure the same constituents at the most lofty station accessible. The difference in the results will show the amount of absorption caused by the air between these two levels. From this the amount of absorption due to the air above the higher level may be estimated. For the experiments to be satisfactory it is necessary that the two stations should be as near together as possible, measured horizontally, and that the air should be as dry as possible. Mount Whitney, which is about 15,000 feet high, in the Sierra Nevada, was selected for the observations. The measurements were made by means of an instrument designed by Professor Langley, and called a bolometer. It consists of a very fine platinum wire which is connected with a battery and galvanometer in such a way that any variation in the resistance of

the wire is detected by the galvanometer. Any increase of temperature increases the resistance of the wire, and thus the instrument serves to measure the intensity of the radiation to which it is exposed. The solar light is spread out into a spectrum by means of prisms, or, preferably, by a grating, and the platinum wire is moved along the spectrum, remaining parallel to the Fraunhofer lines. The galvanometer indicates the intensity of the solar radiation at every point of the spectrum. With the bolometer, Professor Langley found that he could detect solar radiation at a far greater distance beyond the red end of the spectrum than it had ever been observed before. The comparison between the observations made on the plain and on the summit of the mountain showed that the atmospheric absorption was much greater than had previously been believed, but, while this was the case throughout the spectrum, by far the greater part of the absorption took place at the blue end. By combining together the constituents of solar light in the proportions in which they appear to exist beyond the limits of the earth's atmosphere, the colour which the sun would appear to have if seen directly can be imitated, and is very distinctly blue.

These results of Professor Langley's have another and a very important bearing. They show that the estimates which have hitherto been made of the amount of energy annually radiated by the sun are far below the mark, inasmuch as the corrections made for atmospheric absorption have been much too small, and that the solar radiation exceeds 12,000 horse-power per square foot of the sun's surface.

But Professor Langley's are not the only attempts which have been made during the last few months to increase our knowledge of solar radiation. Captain Ericsson last summer erected at New York a solar pyrometer consisting of a series of 96 mirrors, arranged so as to form a frustrum of a pyramid of 96 sides, the diameter at the base being eight feet. The axis of the pyramid was directed towards the sun, and the solar rays reflected from the mirrors were received by a conical "heater" of rolled iron. Two heaters of different sizes were employed. The experiment consisted in determining the highest temperature to which the heater could be raised by the solar radiation. Allowance being made for the heat lost in reflection at the mirrors, and for absorption by the earth's atmosphere, it is easy to determine what fraction of the sun's heat reaches the heater, and, since the temperature of the heater has attained its maximum, the amount absorbed by it from the sun must be equal to the amount radiated from its surface in all directions. Hence the heat radiated by the heater at the temperature it has attained (336.5° F. for the small one, and 200.5° F. for the large heater) can be compared with that radiated by the same area of the sun's surface if we know the coefficient of absorption of the iron heater. So far the method is sound, but Ericsson assumed the truth of "Newton's law of cooling"—viz., that the radiation is proportional to the excess of the temperature of the body above that of its surroundings,—and hence deduced a temperature for the sun exceeding $8,000,000^{\circ}$ F. If, instead of assuming Newton's law, which we know to be only approximately true for small differences of temperature, we assume the results of Dulong and Petit to hold for such high temperatures as that of the sun, then the

temperature of Ericsson's heater would be accounted for if the temperature of the sun's photosphere were lower than that of melting iron, provided its radiating power were equal to that of lamp-black.

According to the dynamical theory, a gas consists of independent molecules, exerting no action upon one another except during a "collision"—that is, while they are much nearer to one another than is generally the case in gases at ordinary pressure. The pressure of the gas is due to the continual impact of these molecules against the surface exposed to them. The mean or average energy of motion of the molecules increases uniformly with the temperature, but at any given temperature the velocities of individual particles may be very great or very small, provided the whole energy of the gas remain the same. In addition to this motion of translation, the spectroscope shows that the molecules of a gas, when sufficiently heated, possess also vibratory motions, the periods of which are characteristic of each particular gas, corresponding to the vibration periods of the bright lines in its spectrum. Some gases show very many such lines. It is natural to suppose that these vibrations are due to the complex structure of the individual molecules, and we should further expect that some simple relation would obtain between the vibration periods corresponding to the several bright lines of the same gas, similar to the relations between the upper partials of sounding bodies. Though very carefully sought, no such relation could, however, be discovered, and the search was regarded as hopeless. Herr Balmer has now found that the wave lengths of the hydrogen lines are given by the formula $\frac{m^2}{m^2-4}C$ where m may be any integer from 3 to 16, and Cornu has shown that the wave lengths of the ultra-violet lines of aluminium and thallium are strictly proportional to those of the ultra-violet lines of hydrogen.

The first determinations of the resistance of distilled water to the passage of an electric current were made by Cavendish more than a century ago. Cavendish was his own galvanometer, and appears to have compared the water with an iron wire by dividing a shock between the wire and his own body in the first experiment, and between the column of water and himself in the second, varying the columns of water till the shock appeared of the same intensity. Cavendish concluded that the resistance of rain water was 720 times that of a saturated solution of sea salt, and 400,000,000 times that of iron wire. In another experiment he found that the resistance of distilled water was about 2.4 times that of rain water. The resistances of electrolytes have been carefully studied by Kohlrausch, and his results have confirmed those of Cavendish for various saline solutions in a manner that is astonishing, considering the apparatus which Cavendish had at his disposal. Kohlrausch found the resistance of distilled water to be enormously great when care was taken to keep it as pure as possible (exposure for a few hours to air containing a small amount of tobacco smoke very much diminished the resistance), and it was thought by some that absolutely pure water would prove to be a good insulator if it could be obtained. Kohlrausch has recently measured the resistance of water distilled in a vacuum under a pressure of only .01 mm. of mercury, which is less than one seventy-thousandth of an atmosphere. From his results it appears that a column of water a metre in length

and a square millimetre in section would have a resistance of about 40,000,000,000 ohms, so that the resistance of water prepared in this way is about 42,000,000,000 times that of mercury, or nearly 400,000,000,000 times that of iron.

H. W. Hempel has found that the amount of electricity afforded by an influence machine (such as the Holtz or Voss machine) depends on both the nature and the pressure of the gas in which it is worked. In his experiments the machine was placed under a strong iron bell, which could be filled with air or other gases at pressures up to seven atmospheres. The machine was driven by an electromotor placed within the bell, and the amount of electricity afforded during 400 rotations of the plates was measured. By increasing the pressure to $4\frac{3}{4}$ atmospheres, the yield was increased sixfold, and was greater in air and carbonic anhydride than in hydrogen. It is an interesting fact that at a pressure of $3\frac{3}{4}$ atmospheres in carbonic anhydride, the "gaseous friction" was so great that the motor could scarcely drive the machine.

In electric light installations it is very often of great importance that the steam-engines or other prime movers should be at a considerable distance from the lamps. This is especially important when water-power is available in the neighbourhood. The horse-power conveyed by an electric current is measured by the product of the number of ampères of current, and the number of volts between the terminals, divided by 746. With incandescent lamps the number of volts admissible cannot generally much exceed a hundred, and each 20-candle lamp may be taken to require about half an ampère of current, so that very large currents at low potentials must be supplied when there is a large number of lamps. Now, with a given conductor, the energy wasted per second by conversion into heat in the wire is proportional to the square of the current, but does not otherwise depend on the electromotive force between the terminals. Hence, if the power must be conveyed for a long distance, it is important to employ a small current at very high potential; otherwise extremely heavy conductors become necessary. For example, the transmission of a current for the supply of 20,000 lamps at a distance of a mile from the generators with a loss of only ten per cent. of the power in the conductors would necessitate the employment of nearly 1,500 tons of copper in the leads, if the current were supplied at 100 volts, but the same amount of power might be transmitted with the same loss by the employment of only $3\frac{3}{4}$ tons of copper if the potential were raised to 2,000 volts. To utilize the small current at high potential for the production of a much greater current with a correspondingly less electromotive force is a problem one solution of which has been afforded by the secondary generators of Messrs. Gaulard & Gibbs. These act on the same principle as an ordinary induction coil, but the secondary wire, instead of being very long and thin, is made up, like the primary, of a kind of helical ribbon formed of slit rings of sheet copper. A rapidly alternating current of high electromotive force is sent through the primary coils of a number of these generators in succession, and the induced currents from the secondary coil of each generator supply the lamps in its immediate neighbourhood. The generators of the latest pattern show a very high efficiency, and at Turin lamps were supplied at a distance of more than twenty-four miles from the source of power. When power can be

obtained very cheaply at a distance of a few miles, the system has much to recommend it.

An improvement on these generators has very recently been effected by Messrs. Zipernowski, Déri & Bláthy, who wind the primary and secondary wires together into a flat coil of considerable diameter. Around this coil they wind transversely a quantity of soft iron wire which has been varnished so as to insulate each turn from the others. This wire, while holding the coil together, serves also to conduct the lines of magnetic force due to the primary current completely round the coil. Several years ago it was recommended that ordinary induction coils should be completely encased in soft iron, a separate contact breaker being employed, but the suggestion was not published. It appears that for the same weight of copper a much greater yield can be obtained from these converters than from those of Messrs. Gaulard & Gibbs, and fewer reversals per second of the primary current are necessary.

Another solution of the problem is afforded by the employment of the small current of high electromotive force to drive a motor having a considerable length of wire in its armature, and to cause this motor to drive a dynamo so constructed as to furnish a much greater current at a correspondingly lower potential, which will be adapted to the lamps. A more efficient arrangement, however, is a combination of motor and dynamo in one machine, with one set of field magnets, but the armature wound with two wires, one long and fine to receive the primary current, the other thicker and shorter to generate the current for the lamps. This solution, which has more than once been suggested, has recently been practically realized by Messrs. Paris and Scott, at Norwich. In their apparatus the primary and secondary wires are wound together in the same armature of the motor-dynamo or "transformer," and it is the secondary current, or, rather, a shunted portion of it, which maintains the field magnets of the transformer. To understand the action we may imagine an arbitrary case. Suppose the primary generator to supply a current at, say, 1,050 volts; let the resistance of the primary circuit be 10 ohms, and suppose that there are just ten times as many turns of primary wire in the armature of the transformer as of secondary wire. Then there will be the same electromotive force in each turn of wire in the transformer whether it belong to the primary or the secondary circuit. Suppose, then, that the back electromotive force in the primary wire is 1,000 volts; the electromotive force in the secondary will be one-tenth of this—that is, 100 volts. The resultant electromotive force in the primary circuit will be 50 volts, giving a current of 5 ampères. The current in the secondary wire must be less than ten times this—that is, less than 50 ampères—by an amount which shall enable the primary current to overcome the mechanical resistance of the motor, for, if the current in the secondary reached 50 ampères, this current flowing in one turn of wire would just balance the primary current of 5 ampères in ten turns of wire and there would be no resultant force to turn the motor. For this condition of affairs to obtain, the resistance of the secondary circuit must be such that a current somewhat less than 50 ampères is maintained by an electromotive force of 100 volts—that is, it must be a little greater than 2 ohms. The apparatus thus transforms the

energy of a current of 5 ampères at 1,050 volts into that of a current of something less than 50 ampères at 100 volts. The success of the system will depend on what is involved in the words "something less," but it has the advantage of supplying continuous currents, while those of the secondary generators of Gaulard & Gibbs and of Zipernowski & Déri are alternating. It is also claimed for the system that any number of transformers may be coupled in parallel arcs, and be employed to light a correspondingly large number of lamps, without injuriously affecting one another. An important advantage accrues from the primary and secondary wires being wound together, since it enables the primary and secondary currents to nearly destroy each other's inductive action, so that a much higher efficiency may be expected than could be the case with a simple motor receiving the same current.

A peculiar interest attaches to observations of the nebulæ, for according to the nebular theory of Laplace they represent solar systems in a very early stage of existence. There are many apparent nebulæ which, when examined with instruments of high power, are resolved into innumerable minute stars. These may be dismissed as being in reality star clusters, and not nebulæ at all. A true nebula remains such under the highest magnifying power, and when examined with a spectroscope, instead of presenting the spectrum exhibited by stars, which, like the solar spectrum, is continuous except for comparatively narrow black lines, it shows a bright line spectrum similar to the spectra of incandescent gases. Hence it is inferred that a nebula consists of a mass of incandescent gas. There are some nebulæ which present no special features; others show an apparent condensation about a point or points; in others, again, the condensation is so far advanced that a distinct nucleus appears, like a star in the midst of the nebula. These are successive stages in the development of the system. According to the hypothesis of Laplace, the solar system, like all other cosmical systems, was at one time a mass of incandescent gas—in fact, a nebula. Supposing such a mass to be moving in space, the chance that it would have no motion of rotation is indefinitely small. We may therefore assume that every nebula possesses a motion of rotation. The combined effects of gravitation and of cooling will tend to reduce the dimensions of the nebula. Every contraction of its bulk must, however, be accompanied by an evolution of heat, so that the process of cooling and contraction must of necessity be a very slow one. The heat developed by the contraction of a mass of gas, extending originally to the furthest known planet, until it formed our sun, would supply that luminary with radiant energy, according to his present rate of expenditure, for several millions of years. The process of contraction, though slow, must be sure, and it is equally certain that, as the dimensions of the mass diminish, the speed of rotation, or angular velocity, must increase, for when a system is acted upon only by the forces between its own parts, the dynamical quantity known to mathematicians as the *angular momentum* must remain invariable. At length the speed of rotation may become so great that gravitation is unable to compel the outermost ring of the system to contract along with the central portion, and this will split off, and, for the moment at any rate, may be supposed, like Saturn's rings, to remain intact rotating around the

central body. But such a ring will in general be unstable, and will soon break up so as to lose its annular character, and the parts coalescing, a planet will be formed, which will not only rotate about its primary, but also about an axis through its own centre of gravity. The central mass will then go on contracting till another ring is thrown off, and so on; while each planet, behaving like the central mass, itself in process of time may throw off secondary rings, which will become satellites, until at length the system is complete. If this theory be true, we may expect in the various nebulae which surround us to see pictured several phases in the history of the solar system, and if life were long enough we might hope to see the history of that system repeated in them. The nebula of Andromeda is one whose nature is still questionable. It exhibits a nucleus which, until recently, did not exhibit the characteristics of a star. On August 31st a true star was observed in the nucleus. It was seen by Dr. Huggins on September 3rd, when it gave a continuous star spectrum, but showed some signs of bright lines between the solar lines D and b. It appeared as an orange star between the eighth and ninth magnitudes. Lord Rosse described it as exhibiting a continuous spectrum with a bright band in the green. Mr. W. F. Denning described it as a yellow star, whose magnitude might be set down as about $7\frac{1}{2}$. It has shown some signs, however, of changing its position with respect to the nucleus, and it is not improbable that the new star is a variable star like that of 1866, not belonging at all to the nebula, but much nearer to the earth, though happening to be in the same line of sight. There is some evidence that the star was first seen in England by a schoolboy, Lawrence Richardson, at Bootham, York. The Bootham school is provided with an observatory, containing a clock, a transit instrument, and a four-inch equatorial with driving clock, all supplied by Messrs. Cooke and Son. On the evening of September 1st Richardson was examining the nebula in Andromeda with the four-inch equatorial, when he noticed the star, which he did not remember to have seen before, and he made a note thereof at the time. It would be an advantage if other schools in the country were similarly provided with observatories, for there is no reason why good work should not be done by young astronomers; and few occupations have a greater educational value than astronomical observations, if properly directed.

W. GARNETT.

III.—GENERAL LITERATURE.

MISS ROOSEVELT'S "Life and Reminiscences of Gustave Doré" * would have been better had it been shorter and more compactly put together. The very title—"Life and Reminiscences"—indicates some uncertainty of plan; but the authoress' materials are certainly copious; they are drawn for the most part from original sources; they

* London: Sampson Low & Co.

abound in details of an interesting character ; they are illustrated with numerous hitherto unpublished sketches from Doré's own pencil ; and on the whole, while her standpoint of almost idolatrous admiration will not be generally shared, her book furnishes a readable and animating account of the popular French painter.—Colonel Hozier's "Turenne" is a piece of more careful and effective work. It is the third, and in some respects the best, of the series of short military biographies projected by Messrs. Chapman & Hall. It not only gives us a concise and clear account of the career of Turenne, and the improvements he introduced into the art of war, but explains generally the military tactics of the time, and the reasons why they were then adopted. The book is thus one of value for the military student, and yet it is written popularly enough to be agreeable to the general reader.—Until Mr. Duffield published his excellent translation of "Don Quixote" two years ago, Shelton's—the first English version—still remained much the best, and Shelton's was often inaccurate, and, as Mr. Ormsby says, "barbarously literal," and his diction has become antiquated. Mr. Ormsby's first idea was merely to revise Shelton, but, finding that impracticable, he undertook a new translation without knowing of Mr. Duffield being similarly engaged, and has now published it in four elegant volumes.* If he may not compete with Mr. Duffield's rich scholarship he has certain advantages of style, and has produced a most satisfactory work, for which English readers must be grateful. The notes are short, but pointed and exact.—Mr. James Long, lecturer on dairy-farming at the Institute of Agriculture, and otherwise well known as "Merlin" of the *Field* newspaper, recognizing the importance of the growing dairy-farming movement in this country, has prepared a very useful and practical handbook on the subject,† describing with great abundance of facts and details—"drawn as far as possible," he states, "from personal experience"—the whole management of dairy-farms, and of milk, butter, cheese, koumiss, and other products. His opinions are sometimes contrary to those generally accepted, but they are worthy of careful attention, because they are founded on the results of hundreds of experiments conducted by himself, as well as a wide observation of the practices of other countries where dairy-farming has reached an advanced stage. Not the least interesting part of the work is the account of the systems of dairying practised in various Continental countries.—Sir John Lubbock's little treatise on "Representation"‡—the second of the short series on current political topics which Mr. Sydney Buxton is editing—gives an admirably lucid account of the different methods of voting, either actual or proposed, for securing effective representation. The merits of single-membered constituencies, of *scrutin de liste*, of the single transferable vote, the cumulative vote, the free ticket, and the limited vote, are all discussed with fairness, and one cannot help receiving the impression that the

* "The Ingenious Gentleman Don Quixote of La Mancha." By Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra. A Translation, with Introduction and Notes, by John Ormsby. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

† "British Dairy Farming. To which is added a Description of the Chief Continental Systems." By James Long. London: Chapman & Hall.

‡ London: W. Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

idea of proportional representation has not yet got a sufficient hearing in this country. Those, at all events, who profess to be unable to comprehend the idea, will have no reason to say so after reading Sir John Lubbock's brief but instructive volume.—In "Brazil and Java" * we have a bulky report written by M. Van Delden Laërne, a Dutch official at Batavia, who was sent by the Government of the Netherlands on a special mission to Brazil to inquire into the coffee cultivation and coffee trade of that country. It is a very thorough study of the whole economic condition of Brazil, with much information besides on coffee-planting in Java and elsewhere. Among the most interesting chapters are those on Brazilian slavery and Brazilian railways.—Mr. G. Powell publishes a very good translation of M. Henry Havard's "Dutch School of Painting," † which describes the development and characteristics of Dutch art and artists in a very lucid and agreeable style. It will form an excellent guide for those who wish to know about the Dutch painters.—A set of pleasant stories and essays contributed to journals and magazines, "Woven in Darkness" ‡ is the work of a painter who has had the misfortune of becoming blind. His love of the brush has ample illustration in the delightful essays upon landscape, but the skill shown in telling short weird tales gives him a real standing in the world of literature. It has often been said that it is more difficult to write a story in limited than in large compass. Mr. Fenn's deprivation naturally enough puts a pathetic colour through some of his pieces; but, with his gift of easy and interesting narrative as substitute for the open vision of the painter, he has to be congratulated rather than commiserated. The numerous pieces in the two stout volumes are unusually readable.—In his "Parliamentary History" § Mr. Raven has given rather a skeleton summary of events since 1832 than anything deserving to be considered historical. As a useful handbook of reference to the more important Bills passed by Parliament, it deserves a place in the political library. His method of making each year a chapter has considerable advantage, and the attention given to financial figures commands recognition. For the most part the style is as good as excessive abbreviation will allow, but occasionally several sentences are put into one irrespective of the claims of sound punctuation. Mr. Raven's analysis comes down to 1880.

* London: W. H. Allen & Co.

† London: Cassell & Co.

‡ "Woven in Darkness: a Medley of Stories, Essays and Dreamwork." By W. W. Fenn, author of "Half-Hours of Blind Man's Holiday," "After Sundown; or, the Palette and the Pen," &c. In 2 vols. London: Kelly & Co.

§ "The Parliamentary History of England, from the Passing of the Reform Bill of 1832." By John Raven. London: Elliot Stock.

THE GENERAL ELECTION IN FRANCE.

IT had long been foreseen that the Opportunist party would come off very badly in the elections, to the advantage of the Right and the Extreme Left. This is precisely what has happened; and the only surprise is in the severity of the defeat. On the 4th of October the Right gained more than a hundred seats. This is the capital fact. The ballots of the 18th still further increased the number, though they did not altogether justify the hopes of the Reactionists, intoxicated as they were with their success. Some of these elections will no doubt be invalidated, and a few fresh elections will take place, probably in January. But it is by this time perfectly clear what the composition of the new Chamber will be, and we are fairly in a position to enter on the discussion of it. Once it is seen that there is an indisputable majority, a few seats more or less can make no difference to the general situation of parties.

The Monarchical Right, which in the last Chamber reckoned only ninety seats, will in the new Chamber have nearly two hundred. Two hundred deputies are not, indeed, a majority; but if they hold together they can decide the majority at pleasure. Such a union will not be easy, in spite of their electioneering alliance; it certainly will not be constant; we must expect dissensions, and even passionate conflicts, between the two parties, neither of which can succeed but by the ruin of the other, and which are so profoundly dissimilar in their origin, their principles, their education, and their beliefs. But, divided as they may be in defence and in preparation, they can still cohere for purposes of attack. If ever they think that the moment has come for making an end of the Republic, we shall see them concentrate all their forces to back up the excesses of the

Extreme Left. It is clear that the country is in their hands, and that it is in their power to make all government impossible.

Now, how has this come about? Is it due to a monarchical reaction? No one here believes it for a moment—not even the parties concerned. The truth is, that the Opportunist policy had excited universal disgust. This policy consists, as its name implies, in following public opinion instead of leading it. A Cabinet may, under these conditions, prolong its existence for a time by careful management; but once it falls, there is nothing left of it, for it represents no interest and no political theory. The Opportunists had wearied the country by their greediness for place. It was the government of a coterie; and France was sacrificed to personal ambitions and self-sufficient incapacity.

M. Ferry had struck two great blows—one at home, by Article 7 of the Law of Public Instruction, which was the beginning of the struggle with the clergy; the other abroad, by the conquest of Tonquin. Throughout the whole of this last affair he went straight forward without ever consulting Parliament, and asked for credits only when the money was as good as spent. There is not a doubt that, had the campaign been successful, the Ministry would have been secure for a good while to come. The growth of our colonies and the success of our arms would have gratified the national vanity. It would not even have been necessary that the acquisition should in itself be advantageous to us. But it was one of those enterprises in which a Government stakes everything on the chance of gaining everything. The first reverse was ruin. The moment M. Ferry had fallen every one turned against him, even his noisiest admirers of an hour ago. The acts of courage and good sense which had marked his home administration were forgotten; the real service he had rendered us in Tunis was ignored. The disasters in Tonquin obliterated all. Our army, our fleet, our material of war, all were passed under examination, and every defect exaggerated. The sums expended were reckoned up and found to be enormous. The treasury deficit was investigated and amplified. In short, every one was exclaiming against the author of the Tonquin campaign; and it was to this cry, within the ranks of the Republican party, that the elections took place.

The Right had the same causes of complaint, exacerbated by party spirit and the rancours of the clergy and the magistracy. The clergy, even when they take no open action, are a great force in a Catholic country. In the rural districts they retain a powerful influence; in the towns they have gained adherents since they have been made the objects of petty persecution by the authorities; and all women are on their side. All these causes taken together afford sufficient explanation of the collapse of the late Ministry and of the Opportunist party which supported it.

The electors have voted in one place for the Radicals and in another for the Right, in order not to vote for the Opportunists. The vote of the 4th of October is primarily a vote of censure. It would be a mistake to regard it as the prelude to either a Radical or a Monarchical revolution. France, as a whole, has a perfect dread of the red flag, and of everything which reminds her of 1793; she has not forgotten Sedan, and she sees, moreover, that the Bonapartists are divided into two camps; while the Orleanists, who certainly have made some progress, will not force themselves on the country, and they are a long way off being sent for. What the country requires is not a new form of government, but peace and tranquillity under the existing form. This is assuredly the meaning of the elections of the 4th of October: "We want no revolutions, no wars, no rash adventures; we long for security, for quiet, for economy; we want to have done with meddlers, and blunderers, and utopists; we want a strong government to protect us, an industrious government to complete the economic organization of the country."

I do not even believe that the country wishes for a change of persons. It is sick of the struggle for places; and the available *personnel* of office is so limited that it sees little use in continually changing one Minister for another. M. Grévy has but to lift a finger, and he will be re-elected in December; M. Brisson and M. de Freycinet may stay where they are, if they only have the good sense to avoid idle and useless discussions and occupy Parliament with matters of business and important reforms.

It may seem strange that I should speak of a dearth of statesmen; and indeed it is not really men that are wanting, but available men. The followers of M. Gambetta and M. Ferry have set themselves to make a return to office impossible for those who, while upholding the Republican principle, have opposed their doctrines and policy; and thus they have stamped with unpopularity all that was left of courage and capacity in the great Republican party. I confess that I see no statesmen in all our Jacobin Mountain; we have orators, we have tribunes; but unless some extraordinary metamorphosis takes place I do not see one who is capable of governing. They may have a Delécluse among them; they certainly have not even a Rossel. The Monarchical parties, on the contrary, and especially the Orleanist party, are not without men. M. Bocher, M. Buffet, M. de Broglie are no mere orators; but it would take a revolution to bring them back; and at present—just as truly as before the elections—a revolution can only become possible by the repeated and persistent fault of the Republic.

But while I thus discard all idea of an approaching revolution, I do not fail to recognize the gravity of the two salient facts of the elections—the sudden incursion of two hundred Deputies of the

Right, and the character of the Parisian list, composed, as it is, entirely of Radicals. It seems like two rumblings of revolution coming from opposite quarters of the horizon, and as if France would have to decide either between the two Royalties she has in reversion or for the Republic of 1793, which now calls itself the Commune. Looking at it from a distance, all these threatening forces must appear to have made considerable way. But I repeat that it is not so in the case of any one of them, and will not be, unless the Republic, by its own misconduct, should itself lend them a helping hand.

And now let us examine the nature of these forces, each in its turn. The Imperialist party, notwithstanding the terrible associations it had for us, was the greatest danger of the young Republic during its first years. It has now been almost annihilated by three successive losses—the Emperor, the Emperor's son, and M. Rouher. Since the death of the Prince Imperial, it has had no dynastic chief; since the death of M. Rouher, it has had no statesman. Prince Jerome, who is a man of mark, has found means to alienate his own party; his son's revolt has given it the final blow. The Imperialists have, in this election, allied themselves with the Orleanists—an alliance which a short time ago would have seemed impossible, which must have been excessively painful to both parties, and which in any case cannot last long. The result has shown the comparative decline of the Bonapartists, who have secured only eighty-five or ninety seats out of a hundred and ninety-seven. There is desertion in their ranks. More than one of their leading men has gone over to the Orleanists. The party is crushed for the moment; and it is doubtful whether it can ever rise again.

It is quite otherwise with the Orleanists. The number of seats they have gained is very considerable; and this is the more remarkable, because the help of their allies has been neither very active nor very trustworthy—witness the position of the Duc de Broglie in the Eure. The leaders of the party are united, estimable, and esteemed. All the princes are distinguished men—some of them men of very high distinction indeed. They have no terrible record against them like that of Sedan. The dislike of the pure Legitimists goes for absolutely nothing. We have here, then, a real party, which must be reckoned for in any forecast of the future. But there are two obstacles to its immediate accession, and the first of these lies in the very nature and character of the party itself. It is not one which can resort to a *coup d'état*. Its policy is to hold itself in readiness, but to make no advance. It is essentially a party of non-compulsion. Its leaders have, as their actions have repeatedly proved, a sincere regard for legality and a horror of the woking civil war. The other obstacle is on the side of the elect-

orate. It may be taken for certain that if the two hundred candidates who have just been elected had said to their constituents: "Vote for me, that I may go to Paris and overthrow the Republic," not one of them would have been returned. They did not lower their flag or conceal their preferences; but the country, which knew their opinions, knew also their discretion and their impotence. I will go so far as to say that, if the Government will show itself frankly conservative, they will support it—a course which will do them infinite honour. I do not forget the 24th of May, nor yet the 16th of May—no one can imagine it possible for me to forget them. But these are not the same men; this is not the same party; death has made terrible changes in its ranks; and circumstances are no longer the same, either among them or around them.

The news of these two hundred Conservative elections has somewhat diverted attention from what is happening in Paris, which nevertheless it is impossible to disregard. Paris has greatly changed since the funeral of M. Thiers, and even since that of M. Gambetta. Out of the thirty-eight Parisian deputies only four were elected on the 4th of October. M. Lockroy, M. Floquet, M. Anatole de la Forge, and M. Brisson alone obtained the necessary majorities. The *scrutin de liste* is so tedious and complicated a process, when it is a question of electing as many as thirty-eight deputies, that on the morning of Saturday the 10th—six days after the election—it was still uncertain whether the result would be officially known by night. It was a serious matter, for the law requires that a full week at the least should elapse between the publication of the original result and the repetition of the process; and hence, if the result had not been obtained on Saturday, the second ballot must have been postponed from Saturday the 18th to Sunday the 25th. This long duration of the process of continuing the votes will cost the city of Paris, which has to maintain the tellers, a million francs; and is in itself a proof of the state of confusion we are in. On all hands we have committees, with no particular claim to authority, publishing their various and very different lists, all composed of names one hardly knows at all, or of names one knows only too well, and dreads accordingly. Moderate men like M. Frédéric Passy allow themselves to be put forward in evil company. We find in the same list the names of Cabinet Ministers and names which one can only describe as those of rebels. On the day of the ballot the voters will meet in the sections, list in hand, and ask each other, "Do you know them?" and nobody will know more than ten or twelve of the names in any one list. Even of those, many will only be recognized as having figured on the benches of the last Chamber. What, for instance, are the claims of M. Roques de Filhol? What services has he rendered? Whose

candidate is he? Why is he selected to stand? As to M. Basly, we know who he is. M. Basly is the *aubergiste* who led the strike of Anzin. That is his only distinction. These gentlemen are not yet elected—they are as yet but candidates for election; but we may in any case be very sure that no member of the reactionary parties, nor yet any moderate man, unless perhaps M. Passy, will have a chance. All our Paris Deputies will be either Communists or Radicals. It is not a pleasant prospect. I may add that they will not all be of the highest standing in the matter of intelligence and education. Paris is still the city which, having to choose between M. de Rémusat and M. Barodet, chose M. Barodet.

I do not dispute the gravity of the situation. It would be very great indeed if we were still living in the days when a revolution in Paris was necessarily accepted by the whole of France. The Commune, quite involuntarily, has done us the service of altering that.

We thought, indeed, in 1871 and 1872, that it had done us the further service of ridding us for ever of those who make a trade of civil war, by striking a sufficient number of their dupes to terrify the rest. Nothing short of this would have been an adequate compensation for the moral and material ruin that it wrought. But this it did not do. At a certain moment it suited the personal policy of Gambetta and his friends, who were looking round for the means of supplementing their majority, to recall from exile these same mischievous and turbulent spirits, who have no other pursuit than that of social strife, and to grant an amnesty to those whom they had misled. This latter measure was, indeed, more explicable than the former, but it destroyed all the good which was to be expected from a just and exemplary severity. We have now got back our whole *personnel* of revolt; and we have got them back exasperated by their sufferings at the galleys, uplifted in their own eyes by the ovations which greeted their return, and persuaded that their day of vengeance will come. Thus, through the selfish recklessness of a few politicians, the whole value of the lesson has been lost, for which both victors and vanquished had paid so heavy a price.

But one thing the amnesty could not take from us. It has been proved to demonstration, and that by the Commune itself, that henceforth a riot in Paris does not mean a revolution in France. Paris had accustomed the country to follow her blindfold. It had taken armies to do it under the first Republic, but it had been done; by the time the Revolution was over it was an understood thing. The Empire, with the strong centralization it created, completed the work and fairly established the supremacy of a city from which every impulse proceeded and towards which every movement converged. A monarch took possession of the Tuileries, and France acknowledged her master. The Tuileries were sacked by the populace, and a

Committee installed at the Hôtel de Ville; in that Committee France recognized the new Government. Of course the new Government had thirty-five millions of enemies in the provinces; there was no doubt about it; but the Governmental machinery worked for it as it had worked for its predecessor, and the thirty-five million enemies, without becoming a whit less hostile, became thirty-five million subjects. This is the state of things from which the Commune has delivered us. It held possession of Paris for several weeks, and it never held possession of anything but Paris. In Paris it exercised the most absolute dominion; it had more guns than any insurrection before it had ever been able to muster; there was nothing it felt bound to respect, neither law nor constitution, neither compact nor tradition nor religion; it decreed and executed without hesitation confiscations and burnings and massacres. It went so far as to send out its mandates over the length and breadth of the country, and, foreseeing that a telegraphed order might be hardly enough to ensure obedience, it sent its emissaries to all the great towns to support its commands. Yet all this notwithstanding, it remained a purely Parisian insurrection, confined, besieged within the circuit of the fortifications; and it would not even have lasted its two months had not the Government been anxious to spare the innocent population and to put down the insurrection without destroying the city. Henceforward Paris is no longer France, it is only Paris. The general in command of a *corps d'armée* who should now receive an order signed by General Ludes or some other imaginative leader would at once put by the document in a place of safety, to produce it a few days later before a court-martial. We may therefore regard a revolution by insurrection as henceforth impossible.

Even a riot, a mere Parisian riot, has become, if not impossible, at least in the highest degree unlikely. The old battlefields of insurrection no longer exist—those crowded districts with high houses and narrow streets, which, closed up with huge barricades, and bristling with guns at every window, could be turned in a few hours into impregnable fortresses. The broad roads which have been opened out in every direction throughout the city, at once make it available for the manœuvring of a regular army, and quite unmanageable for partisan warfare. We have an able and resolute governor; we have the forces of the municipal guard, the *gendarmerie* of the Seine, the corps of police, and a large garrison; we have a ring of fortifications around us, and railways in readiness to bring up fresh regiments at need; we are, in fact, so thoroughly furnished with the means of immediate repression as to leave no excuse to those who indulge their fancy with vain terrors of revolt.

We may add that no thought of an appeal to arms exists in the minds of the people. The suggestion is very rarely put forward in

the clubs, and when it is, it is by no means intended to awake the thunder of the cannon, but only the gentler thunder of a little cheap applause—and even this it sometimes fails to do. Besides, the clubs are not the place for it. It is in the secret societies that a rising of this sort is concocted; and we have now no secret societies. The old leaders know very well that they have not a general among them—and that we have. The populace which, up to the 4th of October, allowed them to go peaceably to the poll, would not show the same indulgence if they should venture to draw the trigger. The newly-elected candidates of the Parisian masses, much as they are to be dreaded as legislators, have nothing of the rioter in them. I must admit that there are three or four of them for whom I cannot answer, as I know nothing whatever about them except the syllables of their names; but I can answer for thirty-four out of the thirty-eight, and it almost stands to reason that the other four will be of the same mind. The faubourgs are perfectly aware of it, and like them none the less. Nobody means fighting or imagines it possible. As I said before, a revolution of the old sort is out of the question; and a mere rising is so improbable that it cannot reasonably be reckoned among the chances of the future.

Does it follow, then, that French society is open to no attack, and that the present form of government may defy every effort of its enemies on the Right and on the Left? Assuredly not. There is one other force which may yet imperil the French Republic and even society itself. This force lies, not in the hands of this or that pretender, nor of any mob of anarchists, but in those of the Republic itself. Already the Republic has made large use of it, not knowing what it did; and it has thereby lost much of the solidity which it possessed six years ago. Many wise and earnest men, who desire to see reform without revolution, are asking themselves in dismay whether this force is to be set in motion once again, at a moment when there is hardly a blunder left to make.

If the Government had eyes to see, the indications afforded by the action of the electorate are this time plain enough to guide it. On the one hand there is a strong movement in the direction of moderate ideas; on the other hand, there is a distinct though a much less massive movement in the direction of extreme ideas. Now a Government is necessarily bound to attach itself to that side which brings it an accession of strength—the moderate side, and to avoid that side which threatens to weaken it—the side of extravagance. Again, looking at it from another point of view, we find that the elections give proof of a general and deep-seated uneasiness. The Government may be sure of the adhesion of the country in setting aside all those questions which simply tend to increase this uneasiness, and in endeavouring by every means in their power to further the resump-

tion of business and to relieve the depression of industry and agriculture. Once started on this path, it will have the country with it; and Parliament, notwithstanding the equivocal position in which the elections have placed it, will have no choice but to follow.

But will it enter on this path? If it does, all is well for a long while to come. But I fear that it will do just the contrary. I am not speaking in particular of M. Brisson's Ministry; I am speaking of the Ministry, whether his or any other, which is to be the final upshot of the efforts at present being made by the party leaders. M. Paul Bert has already spoken the word by which all may be lost: "We must give the helm a turn to the left." To forsake your own programme in order to approximate to that of the Irreconcilables—this can only mean an attempt to reinforce your majority by catching the votes of the Irreconcilables. M. Paul Bert belongs to the Opportunist school, for whom the art of government consists in obeying the majority of voters during the elections and the majority of deputies during the session. This may be in conformity with the spirit of universal suffrage; but universal suffrage, thus carried out, completely sacrifices capacity to mere multitude. It creates a million-headed tyrant, against whom there is no resource, no appeal, no right even of remonstrance. It is not the art of government, but the art of suicide. Instead of having a Minister who leads the majority, we have a majority thinking and deciding for the minister.

Now the parliamentary majority begins at the benches where M. Ribot, M. Germain and M. Philippoteaux used to sit, and ends at those over which M. Clémenceau exercises his Irreconcilable sovereignty. It is a good way from the top to the bottom; there is room between the two for several republics. In addition to the difference of opinion between the Republicans down below and the Republicans up above, there is also the difference of character. Hitherto, the character of the Moderates has been accommodating; the character of M. Clémenceau and his friends has been uncompromising. These two words explain the whole situation. M. Clémenceau has plenty of talent, but he is the only member of his party that has. Or let us add, for justice' sake, M. Camille Pelletan. That makes two; there is no third. As to their theory of government, it would need to be applied for but one single hour for every one to see the hopelessness of it. On the lower benches, on the contrary, there is knowledge, experience, foresight, wisdom; but with all this, a spirit of compliance which approaches timidity, and is even not far removed from cowardice. The Moderates know that the Government wants force, but they have not themselves the force to carry out their convictions. The wishes of the Radicals are wild enough, but at any rate they stick to them. Do what it will, the Government may count on the sorrowing fidelity of the Moderates; what it wants is

the support of the Irreconcilables, and as the Irreconcilables never give way, it has to give way to them, or go without their votes. In this way a majority of 380, composed of more than 300 members who are always ready to yield, and fifty members who never yield at all, is practically a majority of 300 victims and fifty oppressors. The consequence is that, under the pretext of blind obedience to the majority, the majority is always being trampled on. It is hardly likely that M. Clémenceau should take the trouble to stir up a riot. It is not even necessary for him to make a speech. To make himself master of the situation, he has nothing to do but sit quietly in his place.

Such is the outcome of the Opportunist theory. It suppresses the executive, by placing it at the mercy, not, as it professes, of the majority itself, but of the uncompromising section of the majority.

Whereupon, this is what happens : a handful of Radicals command the majority, which commands the Ministry, which governs France. All this is done under the shelter of the Constitution ; but it really is the Constitution of 1793—a single Chamber, governing through its Committees.

In proportion as the situation develops, it will become more and more evident that it is so. And this is why I maintain that the Republic is preparing to die by its own hand if it turns the helm towards the Extreme Left. The Republic must stand or fall by her own act. Either her moderation must save her, or her extravagances must destroy her. All other perils are purely imaginary.

JULES SIMON.

RECENT OBSERVATIONS ON THE HABITS OF ANTS, BEES AND WASPS.

ONE of the most interesting questions connected with the instincts and powers of animals has reference to the manner in which they find their way back after having been carried to a distance from home. This has by some been attributed to the possession of a special "sense of direction."

On this subject Mr. Darwin suggested that it would be interesting to try the effect of putting animals "in a circular box with an axle, which could be made to revolve very rapidly, first in one direction and then in another, so as to destroy for a time all sense of direction in the insects. I have sometimes," he said, "imagined that animals may feel in which direction they were at the first start carried." In fact, in parts of France it is considered that if a cat is carried from one house to another in a bag, and the bag is whirled round and round, the cat loses her direction and cannot return to her old home.

On this subject M. Fabre has made some interesting and amusing experiments. He took 10 bees (*Chalicodoma*), marked them in the usual manner with a spot of white, and put them in a bag. He then carried them half a kilometre in one direction, stopping at a point where a cross stands by the wayside, and whirled the bag rapidly round his head. While he was doing so a good woman came by, who was not a little surprised to find the aged professor standing in front of the cross solemnly whirling a bag round his head, and, M. Fabre fears, strongly suspected him of some satanic practice. However this may be, having sufficiently whirled his bees, M. Fabre started off back in the opposite direction, and carried his prisoners to a distance from their home of 3 kilometres. Here he again whirled them round, and then let them go one by one. They

made one or two turns round him and then flew off in the direction of home. In the meanwhile his daughter Antonia was on the watch. The first bee did the mile and three-quarters in a quarter of an hour. Some hours after two more returned, the other seven did not reappear.

The next day he repeated this experiment—of course with different bees. The first returned in five minutes, and two more in about an hour. In this case, again, 3 out of 10 found their way home.

In his next experiment he took 49 bees. When let out a few started wrong, but he says that "*lorsque la rapidité du vol me laisse reconnaître la direction,*" the great majority flew homewards. The first arrived in 15 minutes. In an hour and a half 11 had returned, in 5 hours 6 more, making 17 out of 49. Again he experimented with 20, of which 7 found their way home. In the next experiment he took the bees rather further—to a distance of about $2\frac{1}{4}$ miles. In an hour and a half 2 had returned, in three hours and a half 7 more; total, 9 out of 40. Lastly he took 30 bees; 15 marked rose he took by a roundabout route of over 5 miles; the other 15 marked blue he sent straight to the rendezvous, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles from home. All the 30 were let out at noon; by 5 in the evening 7 "rose" bees and 6 "blue" bees had returned, so that the long detour had made no appreciable difference. These experiments seem to M. Fabre conclusive. "*La démonstration,*" he says, "*est suffisante. Ni les mouvements enchevêtrés d'une rotation comme je l'ai décrite; ni l'obstacle de collines à franchir et de bois à traverser; ni les embûches d'une voie qui s'avance, rétrograde et revient par un ample circuit, ne peuvent troubler les Chalicodomes dépayés et les empêcher de revenir au nid.*"*

I am not ashamed to confess that, charmed by M. Fabre's enthusiasm, dazzled by his eloquence and ingenuity, I was at first disposed to adopt this view. Calmer consideration, however, led me to doubt, and though M. Fabre's observations are most ingenious, and are very amusingly described, they do not carry conviction to my mind. There are two points specially to be considered—

1. The direction taken by the bees when released.
2. The success of the bees in making good their return home.

As regards the first point, it will be observed that the successful bees were in the following proportion, viz. :—

3	out of 10
4	" 10
17	49
7	20
9	40
7	15

or altogether 47 „ 144.

* "*Nouveaux Souvenirs Entomologiques,*" p. 119. By T. H. Fabre.

This is not a very large proportion. Out of the whole number no less than 97 appear to have lost their way. May not the 47 have found theirs by sight or by accident? Instinct, however inferior to reason, has the advantage of being generally unerring. When two out of three bees went wrong, we may, I think, safely dismiss the idea of instinct. Moreover, the distance from home was only $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 miles. Now, bees certainly know the country for some distance round their home; how far they generally forage I believe we have no certain information, but it seems not unreasonable to suppose that if they once came within a mile of their nest they would find themselves within ken of some familiar landmark. Now, if we suppose that 150 bees are let out 2 miles from home, and that they flew away at random, distributing themselves equally in all directions, a little consideration will show that some 30 of them would find themselves within a mile of home, and consequently would know where they were. I have never myself experimented with *Chalicodomas*, but I have observed that if a hive bee is taken to a distance she behaves as a pigeon does under similar circumstances; that is to say, she flies round and round, gradually rising higher and higher and enlarging her circle, until I suppose her strength fails or she comes within sight of some known object. Again, if the bees had returned by a sense of direction they would have been back in a few minutes. To fly $1\frac{1}{2}$ or 2 miles would not take 5 minutes; one bee out of the 147 did it in that time, but the others took 1, 2, 3, or even 5 hours. Surely, then, it is reasonable to suppose that these lost some time before they came in sight of any object known to them. The second result of M. Fabre's observations is not open to these remarks. He observes that the great majority of his *Chalicodomas* at once took the direction home. He confesses, in the sentence I have already quoted, that it is not always easy to follow bees with the eye. Admitting the fact, however, it seems to me far from impossible that the bees knew where they were; and at any rate this does not seem so improbable that we should be driven to admit the existence of a new sense, which we ought only to assume as a last resource.

But M. Fabre himself says, "*lorsque la rapidité du vol me laisse reconnaître la direction,*" which seems to imply a doubt. Moreover, some years previously he had made a similar experiment with the same species, but taking them direct to a point rather over 2 miles (4 kilometres) from the nest, and not whirling them round his head. I looked back therefore to his previous work to see how these behaved, and I find he says (p. 305)—

"Aussitôt libres, les *Chalicodomes* fuient, comme effarés, qui dans une direction, qui dans la direction tout opposée. Autant que le permet leur vol fougueux, je crois néanmoins reconnaître un prompt retour des abeilles lancées à l'opposé de leur demeure, et la majorité me semble se diriger du

côté de l'horizon ou se trouve le nid. Je laisse ce point avec des doutes, que rendent inévitables des insectes perdus de vue à une vingtaine de mètres de distance."

In this case some went in one direction, some in another. It certainly would be remarkable if bees which were taken direct missed their way, while those which were whirled round and round went straight home.

Moreover, it appears that after all they did not fly straight home. If they had done so they would have been back in three or four minutes, whereas they took far longer. Even then if they started in the right direction, it is clear that they did not fly straight home. I have myself tried experiments of the same kind with hive bees and ants. For instance, I took 40 ants which were feeding on some honey, and put them down on a gravel-path about 50 yards from the nest, and in the middle of a square 18 in. in diameter which I marked out on the path by straws. They wandered about with every appearance of having lost themselves, and crossed the boundary in all directions. I marked down where they left the square and then took them near the nest, which they joyfully entered. Two of them, however, we watched for an hour each. They meandered about, and at the end of the time one was about 2 ft. from where she started, but scarcely any nearer home; the other about 6 ft. away and nearly as much farther from home.

I prepared a corresponding square on paper and having indicated by the arrow the direction of the nest, I marked down the spot where each ant passed the boundary. They crossed it in all directions, and if the square were divided into two halves, one towards the nest and one away from it, the number in each were almost exactly the same.

One of the most interesting questions in connection with instinct arises from the remarkable habit of certain solitary wasps (*Sphex* and *Ammophila*). The *Ammophila*, for instance, having built her cell, places in it as food for her young a full-grown larva of *Noctua segetum*. Now if the larva were uninjured, it would struggle to escape and almost inevitably destroy the egg, nor would it permit itself to be eaten; on the other hand, if it were killed it would decay and become unfit for food. The insect, however, avoids both horns of this dilemma. Having found her prey, she pierces with her sting the membrane between the head and the first segment of the body, thus nearly disabling the caterpillar, and then proceeds to inflict eight more wounds between the following segments; lastly crushing the head and thus completely paralysing her victim, but not actually killing it; so that it lies helpless and motionless, but, though living, let us hope insensible. Now M. Fabre argues that this remarkable instinct cannot have been gradually acquired.

The spots selected are exactly those occupied by the ganglia. No others among the innumerable points which might have been chosen would have answered the purpose; not one wound was misplaced or thrown away. M. Fabre truly observes that chance could not explain the difficulty.* If, he says, the insect "*excelle dans art, c'est qu'il est doué, non seulement d'outils, mais encore de la manière de s'en servir.*" Et ce don est originel, parfait des le début; le passé n'y a rien ajouté, l'avenir n'y ajoutera rien. Tel il était, tel il est et tel il sera." The problem is certainly one of great difficulty, and it is with diffidence that I would suggest to M. Fabre certain considerations which may perhaps throw some light on it. Let us examine some of the other solitary wasps and see whether their habits may afford us any clue. That an animal of prey knows where its victim is most vulnerable, has not in itself anything unusual or unaccountable. The genus *Bembex* kills the insects on which its young are fed, and supplies the cell with a fresh victim from time to time. *Eumenes* like *Ammophila* and *Spex* stores up the victims once for all. They are grievously wounded, but not altogether paralysed. Here, then, we have the very condition which M. Fabre considers would be fatal to the tender egg of the wasp. But not necessarily so. The wretched caterpillars lie in a wriggling mass at the bottom of the cell; a clear space is left above them, and from the summit of the cell the delicate egg is suspended by a fine thread, so that even if touched by a caterpillar in one of its convulsive struggles it would simply swing away in safety. When the young grub is hatched, it suspends itself to this thread by a silken sheath in which it hangs head downwards over its victims. Does one of them struggle, quick as lightning it retreats up the tube out of harm's way. In *Odynerus* the arrangement is very similar, but the grub simply attaches itself to the support and does not construct a tube. Moreover, while in the solitary bees and wasps the laying of the egg is generally the final operation before the closing of the cell, in *Odynerus*, on the contrary, or at least in *Odynerus reniformis*, the egg is laid before the food is provided. This perhaps may have reference to the different condition of the victims.

At present the *Ammophila* supplies each cell with one large caterpillar; but was this always so? One species of *Odynerus* deposits in each cell no less than twenty-four victims, another only eight. *Eumenes Amedei* regulates the number according to the sex: ten for the female grub, five only for the smaller male.

Is it then impossible that the ancestors of our present *Ammophilas* in far bygone ages may have fed their young from day to day with fresh food, as *Bembex* does even now; that they may then have gradually stored up provisions, choosing small and weak victims, and laying the egg in a special part of the cell, as *Eumenes* does? That

during these long ages they may have gradually learnt the spots where their sting would be most effective, and thus saving themselves the trouble of capturing a number of victims, have found that it was less trouble to select a fine fat common caterpillar of *Noctua segetum*; and so have gradually acquired their present habits. Wonderful doubtless they are; but, though I hint the suggestion with all deference, such a sequence does not seem to me to present any insuperable difficulty. That instincts are modifiable by change of circumstances cannot, I think, be doubted. M. Fabre, indeed, regards instinct as something invariable and unalterable. But innumerable cases might be quoted to show that this is not so. *Eumenes pomiformis* builds, as already mentioned, a cell in the open air. If attached to a broad base, "C'est un dôme avec goulot central, évasé en embouchure d'urne. Mais quand l'appui se réduit à un point, sur un rameau d'arbuste, par exemple, le nid devient une capsule sphérique, surmontée toujours d'un goulot, bien entendu."*

I may quote another interesting case from the same excellent observer. In a previous paper he has described the habits of *Sphex flavipennis*. This species, which provisions its nest with small grasshoppers, when it returns to the cell leaves the grasshopper outside, and goes down for a moment to see that all is right. During her absence M. Fabre moved the grasshopper a little. Out came the *Sphex*, soon found her victim, dragged it to the mouth of the cell, and though she had just been down again left her prey as usual, and went alone into the cell. Again M. Fabre moved the grasshopper, the wasp found it, dragged it to the cell, and left it as before. Again and again M. Fabre moved the grasshopper, but every time the *Sphex* did exactly the same thing, until M. Fabre was tired out. All the insects of this colony had the same curious habit; but on trying the same experiment with a *Sphex* of the following year, after two or three disappointments the *Sphex* learnt wisdom by experience, and carried the grasshopper directly down into the cell.

Perhaps, however, it may be asked why should the insect change its habit? Several reasons might be suggested. The prey first selected might be exterminated, or at any rate diminish in numbers, and though each species as a general rule confines itself to one special victim, some exceptions have already been noticed. For instance, *Sphex flavipennis* habitually preys on a species of grasshopper, but on the banks of the Rhone M. Fabre found it, on the contrary, attacking a field cricket, whether from the absence of the grasshopper or not he was unable to determine.

In considering the question whether these remarkable instincts were purposely (so to say) engrafted in the insect, or whether they were the result of innumerable repetitions of similar actions carried

* "Nouveaux Souvenirs Entomologiques," p. 66. By T. H. Fabre.

only by a long series of ancestors, we may perhaps be aided by the consideration that though the results would in either case be in many respects the same, there are some in which they would altogether differ. In the former, for instance, we might expect that the insect would be so gifted that no slight obstacle should interfere with the great end in view: in the latter, on the contrary, the very repetition which gave such remarkable results would tend to incapacitate the insect from dealing with any unusual conditions.

We should, in fact, find side by side with these wonderful instincts almost equally surprising evidence of stupidity. Now one species of *Sphex* preys on a large grasshopper (*Ephippigera*). Having disabled her victim by one antenna, M. Fabre found that if the antennæ be cut off close to the head, the *Sphex*, after trying in vain to get a grip, gives the matter up as a bad job, and leaves her victim in despair, without ever thinking of dragging it by one of its legs. Again, when a *Sphex* had provisioned her cell, laid her egg, and was about to close it up, M. Fabre drove her away, and took out the *Ephippigera* and the egg. He then allowed the *Sphex* to return; she went down into the empty cell, and though she must have known that the grasshopper and the egg were no longer there, yet she proceeded calmly to stop up the orifice just as if nothing had happened.

The genus *Sphex* paralyses its victims and provisions its cell once for all. *Bembex*, on the contrary, as already mentioned, kills the insects on which its young are to feed, and, perhaps on this account, brings its young fresh food (mainly flies) from time to time. But while the *Bembex* thus preys on some flies, there are others which avenge their order. The genus *Miltogramma* lays its eggs in the cells of the *Bembex*; and though there seems no reason why the *Bembex*, which is by far the stronger insect, should tolerate this intrusion, which, moreover, she shows unmistakably to be most unpalatable, she never makes any attack on her enemy. Nay, when the young of the *Miltogramma* are hatched, so far from being killed or removed, these entomological cuckoos are actually fed until they reach maturity. Nevertheless it seems contrary to etiquette for the fly to enter the cell of the *Bembex*; she watches the opportunity when the latter is in the cell and is dragging down the victim. Then is the *Miltogramma*'s opportunity; she pounces on the victim, and almost instantaneously lays on it two or three eggs, which are then transferred, with the insect on which they are to feed, to the cell.

It is remarkable how the *Bembex* remembers (if one may use such a word) the entrance to her cell, covered as it is with sand, exactly to our eyes like that all round. Yet she never makes a mistake or loses her way. On the other hand, M. Fabre found that if he removed the surface of the earth and the passage, exposing the cell

and the larva, the *Bembex* was quite at a loss, and did not even recognize her own offspring. It seems as if she knew the door, the nursery, and the passage, but not her child.

Another ingenious experiment of M. Fabre's was made with *Chalicodoma*. This genus is enclosed in an earthen cell, through which at maturity the young insect eats its way. M. Fabre found that if he pasted a piece of paper round the cell the insect had no difficulty in eating through it; but if he enclosed the cell in a paper case, so that there was a space even of only a few lines between the cell and the paper, in that case the paper formed an effectual prison. The instinct of the insect taught it to bite through one enclosure, but it had not wit enough to do so a second time.

One of the most striking instances of stupidity (may I say) is given by M. Fabre (p. 163) in the case of one of his favourite bees, the *Chalicodoma pyrenaica*. This species builds cells of masonry, which she fills with honey as she goes on, raising the rim a little, then making a few journeys for honey, then raising the rim again, and so on until the cell is completed. She then prepares a last load of mortar, brings it in her mandibles, lays her egg and immediately closes up the cell; having doubtless provided the mortar beforehand, lest during her absence an enemy should destroy the egg or any parasitic insect should gain admittance. This being so, M. Fabre chose a cell which was all but finished, and during the absence of the bee he broke away part of the cell-covering. Again, in some half-finished cells he broke away a little of the wall. In all these cases the bee, as might be expected, repaired the mischief, the operation being in the natural order of her work. But now comes the curious fact. In another series of cells M. Fabre pierced a hole in the cell below the part where the bee was working, and through which the honey at once began to exude. The poor stupid little bee, however, never thought of repairing the breach. She worked on as if nothing had happened. In her alternate journeys she brought first mortar and then honey, which, however, ran out again as fast as it was poured in. This experiment he repeated over and over again, and with various modifications in detail, but always with the same result. It may be suggested that possibly the bee was unable to stop up a hole once formed. But that could not have been the case. M. Fabre took one of the pellets of mortar brought by the bee, and successfully stopped the hole himself. The omission therefore was due, not to a want of power, but of intellect. But M. Fabre carried his experiment still further. Perhaps the bee had not noticed the injury. He chose therefore a cell which was only just begun and contained very little honey. In this he made a comparatively large hole. The bee returned with a supply of honey, and, seeming much surprised to find the hole in the bottom of the

cell, examined it carefully, felt it with her antennæ, and even pushed them through it. Did she then, as might naturally have been expected, stop it up? Not a bit. The unexpected catastrophe transcended the range of her intellect, and she calmly proceeded to pour into this vessel of Danaïs load after load of honey, which of course ran out of the bottom as fast as she poured it in, at the top. All the afternoon she laboured at this fruitless task, and began again undiscouraged the next morning. At length, when she had brought the usual complement of honey, she laid her egg, and gravely sealed up the empty cell. In another case he made a large hole in the cell above the level of the honey: a hole so large that through it he could see the bee lay her egg. Having done so she carefully closed the top of the cell, but though she closely examined the hole in the side, it did not enter into the range of her ideas that such an accident could take place, and it never occurred to her to cover it up. Another curious point raised by these ingenious experiments has reference to the quantity of honey. The cell is by no means filled: a space is always left between the honey and the roof of the cell. The usual depth of the honey in a completed cell is 10 millimetres. But the bee is not guided by this measurement, for in the preceding cases she sometimes closed the cell when the honey had a depth of 5 millimetres, of 3, or even when the cell was quite empty. No; in some mysterious manner the bee feels when she has provided as much honey as her ancestress had done before her, and regards her work as accomplished. What a wonderful, but what a narrow, nature! She has built the cell and provided the honey; but there her instinct stops: if the cell is pierced, if the honey is removed, it does not occur to her to repair the one or fill up the other. M. Fabre not unnaturally asks: *—"Avec la moindre lucur rationnelle, l'insecte déposerait-il son œufs sur le tiers, sur le dixième des vivres nécessaires; le déposerait-il dans une cellule vide; laisserait-il le nourrisson sans nourriture, incroyable aberration de la maternité? J'ai raconté, que le lecteur décide."

M. Adlerz has written a very interesting paper on the curious species *Stenamma Westwoodii*. This little ant lives with the Horse Ants, following them when they change their nest, running about among them and between their legs, tapping them inquisitively with their antennæ, and even sometimes climbing on to their backs, as if for a ride, while the large ants seem to take little notice of them. I have ventured to suggest they almost seem to be the dogs or the cats of the ants. As every one knows, the ants possess the interesting feature of comprising two or more kinds of females—the queens or perfect females, and the workers, of which again there are in some cases two, or even more distinct forms. The males,

however, in all the ordinary species of ants are all alike, and are in almost every case winged. M. Adlerz, however, has found that in *Stenamma*, besides the winged males, there are others which, though functionally perfect, do not possess wings. There are in fact not only two distinct forms of the female, but also of the male. The wingless males, however, do not, any more than those with wings, take any part in household duties. The wingless form had already been observed, but in the absence of complete information it had been regarded as a different species.

These observations of M. Adlerz have rendered it probable that *Ponera androgyna*, which had been supposed to be a hermaphrodite form of *P. punctatissima*, is really in the same way a wingless but perfect male.

M. Adlerz confirms the statements of previous observers that the large *F. rufa* take no notice whatever of their little companions. It almost seems as if the latter were provided with caps of invisibility. Once or twice only he saw a *F. rufa* touch a *Stenamma*, as if aware of its presence. In fact, the relation between the two species still remains involved in much obscurity. Nor is it known on what the *Stenamma* feed. M. Adlerz never observed them to leave the nest, nor would they touch any of the delicacies which he offered them. Meanwhile the community flourished, and the larvæ grew rapidly. A dark suspicion naturally arises that the *Stenamma* feed on the larvæ of the Horse Ants, but there is as yet no direct evidence against them, and as the Horse Ants have not attacked them, as one would in such a case naturally expect they would, we must give them the benefit of the doubt. It is evident that there is here a very interesting subject for further study.

Dr. Blockmann has published some observations on the formations of new nests, about which we had no certain knowledge until I succeeded in keeping two females of *Myrmica* which successfully brought up a family. McCook confirmed this by similar observation with *Camponotus*, and Dr. Blockmann has now repeated the same experience.

The anterior segment of the abdomen in the Formicidæ is separated from the rest and is known as the "knot." In the Myrmicidæ the two first segments are thus detached, so that there are two "knots." Some years ago I ventured to connect the existence of a second knot among the Myrmicidæ with their power of stinging, an advantage which the Formicidæ do not possess: suggesting that "though the principal mobility of the abdomen is given in the former, as in the latter, by the joint between the metathorax and the knot, still the second segment of the peduncle must increase the flexibility, which would seem to be a special advantage to those species which have a sting."

I felt myself, however, bound in candour to admit that the genus *Ecophylla*, which has only one "knot," was said to possess a sting; which of course would be an objection, though not, I thought, an insuperable objection, to my theory. M. Forel, however, has pointed out that the statement as regards *Ecophylla* is really incorrect, and that the sting in that genus is really rudimentary as in the other *Formicidæ*.

When we consider the immense number of ants in a nest, amounting in some cases to over 500,000, it is a most remarkable fact that they all know one another. If a stranger, even belonging to the same species, is placed among them, she is at once attacked and driven out of the nest. Nay more, I have found that they remember their friends even after more than a year's separation. This is not by any sign or pass-word, because even if rendered intoxicated, so as to be utterly insensible, they are still recognized. As regards the mode of recognition, Mr. McCook considers that it is by scent, and states that if ants are more or less soaked in water, they are no longer recognized by their friends, but are attacked. He mentions a case in which an ant fell accidentally into some water:

"She remained in the liquid several moments and crept out of it. Immediately she was seized in a hostile manner, first by one, then another, then by a third; the two antennæ and one leg were thus held. A fourth ant assaulted the middle thorax and petiole. The poor little bather was thus dragged helplessly to and fro for a long time, and was evidently ordained to death. Presently I took up the struggling heap. Two of the assailants kept their hold: one finally dropped, the other I could not tear loose, and so put the pair back upon the tree, leaving the doomed immersionist to her hard fate."

His attention having been called to this he noticed several other cases, always with the same result. I have not myself been able to repeat the observation with the same species, but with two at least of our native ants the results were exactly reversed. In one case five specimens of *Lasius niger* fell into water and remained immersed for three hours. I then took them out and put them into a bottle to recover themselves. The following morning I allowed them to return. They were received as friends, and though we watched them from 7.30 till 1.30 every hour there was not the slightest sign of hostility. The nest was moreover placed in a closed box so that if any ant were killed we could inevitably find the body, and no ant died. In this case therefore it is clear that the immersion did not prevent them from being recognized. Again, three specimens of *Formica fusca* dropped into water. After three hours I took them out, and after keeping them by themselves for the night to recover, I put them back in the nest. They were unquestionably received as friends, without the slightest sign of hostility or even of doubt. I must, however, repeat these experiments, returning the ants at once into the nest.

Not the least interesting fact which has resulted from my observa-

tions has been the unexpected longevity of these interesting insects. The general opinion used to be that they lived for a single season, like wasps. Aristotle long ago stated that queen-bees live for six and some even for seven years. Bevan, however, observes that "the notions of both ancients and moderns upon this subject have been purely conjectural. Indeed, it appears to be somewhat doubtful whether the length of life which the former seem to have attributed to individual bees was not meant to apply to the existence of each bee-community."

The nests, however, which I have devised have enabled me to throw considerable light on this question. The queen ants are so easily distinguished from the workers that they can be at once identified, while, if a nest be taken in which there is no queen, we can satisfy ourselves as to the workers, because, though it is true that workers do sometimes lay eggs, those eggs invariably produce male ants. Hence, in such a case, the duration of the nest gives us the age of the workers; at least they cannot be younger, though, of course, they may be older. In this way I have kept workers of *Lasius niger* and *Formica fusca* for more than seven years. But what is more remarkable still, I have now two queens of the latter species which I have kept ever since 1874, and which, as they were then full-grown, must now be nearly twelve years old. They laid fertile eggs again this year, a fact the interest of which physiologists will recognize. Although a little stiff in the joints, and less active than they once were, they are still strong and well, and I hope I may still keep them in health for some time to come. I need not say that I shall do my best; but I hope that the interest I feel in them myself may not have tempted me to trespass too long on the kindness and indulgence of my readers.

JOHN LUBBOCK.

THE CROFTERS' CRY FOR MORE LAND.

IN no part of Great Britain has the extension of the franchise been so stimulative to agrarian agitation as in the Western Highlands and Islands of Scotland. One of the first results has been a widespread resolve, endorsed at scores of meetings amongst crofters and labourers throughout the northermost counties, to oppose all landlord candidates, no matter how liberal their promises or how excellent their individual reputation. I do not mention this fact as affording any certain prognostic of the results of the coming elections, but rather as indicating the temper of the people who suffer most under the present land system. There is something touching in the simplicity with which the new voters, ignoring all financial difficulties, all social influences, and all official caprices about polling-places, imagine that they have only to nominate the right man in order to secure a representative after their own hearts. When we see the young master of an elementary school put forward solely because of his patriotic ardour and popular talents, to wrest a seat from the noble heir of nearly a whole county, we are tempted to be as incredulous as the camp of Israel when the unknown shepherd-boy offered to dispose of Goliath. We may indeed be inclined to say with Saul, "Go, and the Lord be with thee." But we reflect that the age of miracles is past, and we are uncomfortable about the possible consequences of defeat. For if, after all the agitation amongst the crofters and all their valiant resolutions, the representation of Northern Scotland should be unchanged, or should become more Conservative, there will be plenty of men in high places to point to the result as a proof that the demand for reform has been greatly exaggerated. At any rate the impulse to fresh legislation will have lost half its force. But, on the other hand, the

result amongst the people themselves will be an aggravation of their discontent by disappointment. And if forest laws should be harshly enforced or evictions take place during the coming year, there will be more than one bad quarter of an hour in store for any Government that may be in power. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the fortunes of the crofters will not be wholly dependent upon their inexperienced management of elections. It will be more their misfortune than their fault if they have now to learn, in the first exercise of their new powers, that a good cause and an earnest purpose are not in themselves infallible guarantees of success. Let them experience the benefit of membership in one united commonwealth by finding that their wrongs are recognized as the wrongs of the whole people, and that their deliverance is felt to be essential to the welfare of the whole nation.

Urged by such considerations I venture to offer the readers of the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW some observations on the present condition of the crofter question. During the past summer I have had very good opportunities of studying the subject in parts of Ross and Inverness where typical cases are numerous. Previous and more general excursions through Northern Scotland and the Isles, from Shetland to Oban, together with a careful reading and re-reading of the Commissioners' Report and all other accessible literature, will, I hope, prevent too ready a generalization from special instances. But where you can get really typical examples, they are often more instructive than any amount of general statistics. Here I may as well deprecate misunderstanding by the acknowledgment, very sincerely made, that, so far as my experience goes, grievances in the Highlands, as elsewhere, are attributable far more to law and custom than to men. It is true of course that law and custom are made by men. But then they are made by many generations, made for the most part with but little prevision, and under the stress of circumstance. For the evils that result it is often impossible to hold any particular men morally responsible. Individual fault begins only where there is a selfish and obstinate resistance to needful remedies. Such a temper may of course exist here and there amongst Highland landlords. All I have to say is, that it has not come within the range of my observation. Although I can understand, and to a certain extent even sympathize with, the disposition of crofters to "boycott"—in a political sense only—all landlord candidates, I am bound to confess that from such landlords and factors as I have met I have heard the heartiest expressions of sympathy with the complaining people, and the most earnest desires for a better state of things all round. Of course, when details of proposed reforms are discussed, the difference between the points of view natural to owner and occupier become very apparent. The difference

is so irreducible that one side or other will have to give way, and I shall not conceal my conviction as to which side it ought to be. In this sense and to this degree it is useless to deny that there is a conflict of classes which must be fought out. But while we may hold that the issue is one which need never have been raised if former generations of Highland landlords had not imitated the profitable encroachments of their southern brethren on the co-ordinate rights of landworkers, we may with perfect consistency respect those of the present day who fight fairly for what they think their equitable claims.

But whatever concessions we may freely make as to the personal motives actuating the defence of untenable positions, the more plainly every one speaks about the substantial question at issue the better it will be in the end. The late Lord Advocate's Bill would have been very ineffectual if it had been passed. But though no land reformers have wept over it, we are not to suppose that its abandonment has left matters just where they were before. The one damning defect in that Bill, the fault that would have killed it even if Mr. Gladstone had remained in power, was the absence of any provision for giving the crofters more land. To this Mr. D. H. Macfarlane called attention in the notice of amendment with which he threatened the second reading. Now if the people most concerned had cared much for the Bill, even as an instalment, they would scarcely have thanked him for such a course of action. But, on the contrary, that notice was widely approved. It was emphatically endorsed by the Portree Conference; and if, notwithstanding Liberal divisions—in this case threefold—Mr. Macfarlane is returned for Argyllshire, the chief commission with which he will be charged will be to stick to that notice, and to oppose every attempt to satisfy the crofters without giving them "more land." This demand was endorsed last year by the authority of Lord Napier and his fellow-Commissioners, who devoted several pages of their report to a scheme for meeting it. Their scheme was condemned as antiquated or fantastic. But it is not so regarded by the crofters themselves; and the melancholy catalogue of our failures in Ireland ought surely to break us of the obstinate arrogance which insists on legislating for people of another race according to our own ideas, in the teeth of all local customs, traditions, or sentiments. Be that as it may, the discussion and agitation following the abandonment of the Crofters' Bill has made it abundantly clear, even if it never was so before, that, either by the Commissioners' scheme or some other, more land must be found. The people do not want it for nothing. They are quite willing to pay a reasonable rent, though they think the amount should be fixed by an authority independent of the landlords. And they are so convinced of the sacredness of property, that they insist

on ample guarantees for the retention in their own hands of the full value of the results of their labour. In other words, they think "the three F's" would be quite as good for them as for members of the same race in their original home. But their case is different from that of the Irish in this respect, that the three F's will be of little use to them unless they get more land.

The evidence for the existence of this need is so notorious that it may be taken for granted here. In fact, no one denies it. The landlords themselves, their factors, the late Commissioners, and all concerned, join in unanimous lamentation over the huddled-up condition of the crofters, and their unfortunate tendency to increase in numbers though their land does not grow. The only open question is as to where this "more land" is to be found. Benevolent landlords say it can be had in Canada, the United States, Australia, or New Zealand, and they are quite ready to put their hands into their pockets for the purpose of aiding any well thought-out emigration scheme, though they hint that Government funds would be more suitable as well as more ample. But an ominous change has come over the temper of the people in regard to such proposals. Their great-uncles and remote cousins were deported by the thousand without other remonstrance than the inarticulate wail of their bagpipes. But the present generation are of another mood. They even go so far as to hint that if there is not room for landlords and crofters at home, the landlords could emigrate with much less hardship and inconvenience than the tenants. This sounds like mere superfluity of naughtiness to all who regard the ancient social hierarchy as part of the order of Nature; but in reality it is only one among many signs that the British land question has reached a stage of revolution. That it will prove to be a peaceful process we need not doubt; but there is no use in disguising its revolutionary character. For arguments like those of the Duke of Argyll,* from ancient charters, leases, and Acts of Parliament, are no longer of any practical force. They may serve to mitigate judgment, but they cannot avert it. Our land system will never be in a position of stable equilibrium again until it can be shown that the agricultural and pastoral land of the country carries as great a number of landworkers as is consistent with other industrial interests. Where it can be urged that to crowd the land with little cultivators or many-handed farms would interfere with useful forestry, needful pasture, or other reproductive modes of using uninhabited areas, the public advantage will be held a sufficient reason for restraining occupation. But it will be of no avail to urge the pleasure enjoyed by a fortunate few in shooting, hunting, or deer-stalking. No fancies of private owners will be allowed to interfere with the prime function of a nation's land, the sustenance of the people born on it.

* Letter to the *Times*.

Now, is this prime function of the land fulfilled in the Highlands? Those who declare that the redundant crofters ought to emigrate maintain in effect that it is so. In their view Scotland is so full that there is no more room for her children. This judgment, however, may be interpreted in two different ways. It may mean literally that no more land cultivable by crofters exists in crofting districts; or it may mean that none is available without interference with other and more important interests. Let us take the former interpretation first. There are perhaps very few who would make such an assertion baldly or without limitation. But it is so much the fashion to minimize the crofter's chances at home, and to deny the capabilities of the soil he loves, that we may as well remind ourselves of a few significant facts bearing on this point, before we turn to the question of rival and conflicting interests. The Highland clearances are a familiar story. Their political, moral, or economic bearings need not be discussed at this point. But it will hardly be contended that the people were removed from their glens because they could not find sustenance there. They were removed simply because it was expected that sheep-runs would pay the landowners better. Now, it may fairly be argued that where the people found a living a hundred years ago they could find a living now. It is true that the land in these deserted glens is not equal to what it was when the clansmen were expelled. Not only are the habitations gone, the fences levelled, and all the little devices of a rude agriculture destroyed; but the pasture is deteriorated and the soil impoverished by the everlasting nibbling of sheep, which make no sufficient return to the land.* Yet the restoration of cattle and human labour would soon effect an improvement in the arable portions; at any rate, hundreds of crofters are only too anxious to try it. The mountain pastures, for similar reasons, would not be worth to them what they were to the grandfathers of the present crofters; but in time the introduction of cattle in moderate numbers, with the careful limitation of sheep, would make a difference. Meantime it seems rather hard to urge the destructive effect of those cruel clearances as a

* The following extract from a MS. report by Roderick Maclean, Esq., factor to Sir Alex. Matheson, Bart., and kindly lent me by the former gentleman, puts plainly and clearly the results of exclusive sheep grazing, though some details are questionable:—
 “The droppings of cattle manure the soil; those of the sheep, if not the reverse, at any rate do not improve. In grazing, the horse, by means of its upper and lower incisors, makes a clear cut, simply making bare the grass without uprooting; the ox, though its teeth are formed like those of the sheep, being broader, partially cuts and partially tears the grass, but does not uproot; the sheep, with its narrow teeth soon becoming blunted, cuts but little, and consequently tears the grass out of root, leaving the soil to produce a lower order of vegetation in the form of ‘fog,’ through want of manuring. There is no doubt that the excess of sheep is also a source of disease in grouse and of the decrease of salmon. Without going into details, birds have been observed to pick tapeworms out of sheep droppings, and a tapeworm has recently been taken out of salmon caught on the River Carron at Gledfield. Sheep sometimes drop large worms similar to the earthworm, and, if carried down to rivers, salmon swallow them and die.”

reason why the crofters should be denied for ever all hope of returning to the homes of their fathers.

It would be a mistake to suppose that these clearances were confined to the end of last century, or the earliest years of this. They were continued as long as sheep-runs seemed a promising speculation. What followed when this source of fortune began to fail will call for remark presently. But the memory retained of these clearances, and the undying protest cherished in the hearts of the present generation cannot be estimated from Parliamentary reports. To realize how impossible is the continuance of the present state of things, one has only to walk for a few miles through a silent but once populous glen in company with three or four of the newly enfranchised voters, men who know that their class and the sympathizers with their class form the vast majority of the northern population. They show the grass-covered foundations on which once a "township" stood. They point to what the unpractised eye has not discerned, the traces of the "rigs" that once divided the arable plots. Where a ditch or a bank by the roadside exhibits a section of the soil, they expatiate on its depth and richness, and ask what an industrious man could desire better than a few acres of that to labour on. Then they will tell the number of families who once found a living here, and often can trace their descendants to Canada, and "the States" abroad, or the pauper's cot at home. Passing thus from desolate glen to glen, and hearing traditions confirmed by manifest signs of the humble societies that once flourished there, the listener, however moderate his politics, and however indisposed to condemn any class of men for yielding to circumstances, yet feels as though Nature herself were protesting against the abuse of proprietary rights, while he recognizes in the decay of everything but deer forests the final temptation that precedes retribution.

Nowhere are such feelings likely to be stronger than in a scene surveyed, I believe, by the late Commissioners with lively emotions, of which, however, they have left no public record. This scene must be described with some particularity. In a strath at the head of Loch Duich, and on the Glenshiel side of the River Chroe, there is a considerable extent of low land, which down to a very short time ago contained two farms, and at the beginning of the century was held by crofters. The glen, watered by the River Shiel, is some twenty miles in length, and this also till the beginning of the century was divided into crofting townships. This Glen Shiel—not the parish called by that name, but the glen itself—was, about 1802, turned into a great sheep-run, and the crofters were huddled on to the shore of Loch Luing, a few miles away. Here they received house "stances," small plots of land measuring fifty yards by twelve and a half. They had to build houses for themselves, which of

course became the property of the then landlord and successive purchasers of the estate. The vicissitudes of fortune experienced by these people and their successors would form a history in itself, perhaps as rich in tragedy and comedy as the lives of ancient Greek villages. But we cannot follow them. At the present moment the representatives of those evicted crofters have resumed on a scanty scale their father's mode of life. But their cry is for more land, and with the glens occupied by their predecessors in full view it is very difficult to convince them that there is no land to be had. Meanwhile, sheep farming survives in Glen Shiel, subject to the accumulating difficulties that beset the business now; but if at any time the sheep-farming should be abandoned, the crofters are not likely to get any land out of it. It will follow the fate of the neighbouring Glen Chroe; it will fall into the hands of the American millionaire, Mr. Winans; and, like the neighbouring valley, over which even the Commissioners almost wept, will become, in the language of the Hebrew prophets, "an astonishment and a hissing."

The scenery round the head of Loch Duich is amongst the most magnificent in Scotland. There Scur Ouran lifts its peak to a height at which nearly all the Western Isles are seen stretched out like a raised map in bronze filleted with silver. There within a few miles is Glomach, surely the grandest waterfall in all the United Kingdom—a white torrent tumbling three hundred and fifty feet into a black gorge, where Nature has provided a rock rostrum in mid-air, and between the noise and the stillness one feels as though watching the passionate stream of time fall into the silence and darkness of eternity. But not here, as in Switzerland, do the inspirations of Nature harmonize with the fraternity and equality of human institutions. Let him approach how he may, and pass which way he will, the traveller here is haunted everywhere with the shadow of a huge monopoly, which lifts luxury into an almost sublime audacity, and depresses labour into despair. As we land in the bend of the loch running up into Glen Chroe, we see everywhere the signs of a cultivation arrested by some blight. There are rude cottages along the hillside; but how the cottars can pick up a living, unless by fishing, is a puzzle; for they evidently have no crofts, and the farms at hand, on which they might be supposed to labour, are deserted. Here are large fenced fields with the hay-crop of last year standing uncut. Here are ditches choked with rank vegetation. We pass a gate still in good order, and opening on to an apparently private road leading up to a large farmhouse. As we approach we note little clumps of evergreens, set as though the occupier had been a man of taste, with an eye to landscape gardening. But when we reach the house we are reminded of Tennyson's dreary picture:—

" All within is dark as night,
 In the windows is no light,
 And no murmur at the door
 So frequent on its hinge before.

" Close the door, the shutters close,
 Or thro' the windows we shall see
 The nakedness and vacancy
 Of the dark deserted house."

Grass grows in the yard, the window-panes are broken, the doors are dropping off their hinges, and the whole range of building is falling to ruin. Were it not for the modern style of everything, we might imagine that we were back in "the '15," that we were on the track of a hostile army, and had come upon a post just deserted by Cumberland's "lambs." But it is neither war nor pestilence that has wrought this desolation, unless, indeed, luxury be a pestilence. What has occurred is simply one of the most recent encroachments on industry by "sport." For we are here on the borders of Mr. Winans' vast deer forests, and should we meet his "stoppers," as the people significantly call his gillies, we shall be warned off from soil now consecrated to Diana. The particularity of that gentleman as to his territorial rights has been amply illustrated by the notorious pet lamb case which arose in this very glen. Though the whole area is riotous with a vegetable struggle for life, not a mouth must nibble at the grass but that of the sacred deer. And so a cottar's pet lamb, straying a few yards up the hillside, gave months of occupation to all the biggest wigs in Scotland. As to the motives of Mr. Winans, I shall presently suggest reasons for believing that they are the most benevolent possible, and based on the most far-seeing philanthropy. But at present I am concerned only with the existence of more land suitable for industrious crofters. Surely with such scenes as this familiar to them, it is an insult to their common-sense to tell them that the land is overstocked with men.

In Glenelg, just across the border of Inverness, I met an old gentleman, seventy-four years of age, who now acts as school attendance officer. His mind is even more vigorous than his body, and, like most men of his age, he retains a more vivid recollection of some experiences of his childhood than of the events of last year. One of the memories that seemed most fresh was his first sight of Glenelg. It appeared to come back to him with such brightness that the words, "I mind it as if it were yesterday," recurred in his narrative like the burden of a refrain. He was born in a neighbouring glen, divided from the broad upper reaches of Glenelg by a pass of considerable height. Up to the age of ten years he had never been out of his lonely native glen, but was then taken by his mother across the ridge into Glenelg. When they reached the top of the pass, and were able to look down, the sight he saw filled him with never-

forgotten wonder. The numbers of houses, the waving fields of oats, the kailyards and potato plots, the cattle browsing on the hill-sides, the men and women at their work, formed a panorama that filled him with admiration. It was the first revelation to his young mind of the busy world. Let any one stand on the same ridge now, and all he will see is a wide expanse of rough and deteriorating pasture, with hardly a sign of human life except only the ruined fragments of long-abandoned huts.*

Such cases as these might be multiplied indefinitely.† But there is no need. It must be obvious enough that when the crofters ask for more land, and the reply is made that there is none to give them, this reply cannot be accepted in a bald, literal sense. What it must mean is, that such land as was once under crofters, and might sustain them again, is now engrossed by other and more important interests, which ought not to be disturbed. What are those interests? They are those of landlords, large farmers, and sportsmen, especially deer-stalkers and the growing class of deer-butchers. The two latter ought not to be confounded. The physical vigour, and skill, and pluck, and patience needful for real deer-stalking compel us to acknowledge it as a manly sport, though we may retain our opinion that there is no room for it in this little island. But when we hear of gentlemen ordering deer to be driven at a convenient distance in front of them, that they may slaughter the creatures at ease—even firing from an easy-chair drawn up to an open window—we can only wonder why such people do not take a turn at the butcher's shambles: it would be quite as good "sport," and would not require such a waste of land. For our present purpose, however, deer-butchers and deer-stalkers are all one; for they equally insist that some three thousand square miles and more of Scottish land shall be abstracted from every other use to be given up to them. But the landlords and the large farmers demand our first consideration.

As to landlords, it is impossible within the range of this paper to discuss the ultimate principles by which their rights are either sanctioned or limited. But even though the rights of Scottish

* The above-mentioned old gentleman accompanied me some miles to the boat, and his last words as I stepped in were, "You will be writing something about this; and if you do, remember that we are all satisfied with our young laird." This commission I cannot neglect. It only confirms what I have said already as to the social feeling in the Highlands.

† I will here add some other cases mentioned to me, all on the mainland. Glenstrathfarrer, about twenty-two miles long, is said to have supported formerly 140 families. I cannot guarantee the number, but at all events it was considerable. All this is now under deer alone, being held by Mr. Winans. Glen Camurich, in Strathglass, formerly had eight crofting townships, but how many families there were in each I could not learn. That also is now under deer alone, being held by Mr. Winans. Glen Affric, likewise in Strathglass, had once crofters, and this also is now under deer alone, being held by Mr. Winans. In Achnashellach, now Lord Wimborne's forest, and given over to deer, there were, so late as 1863, if I am rightly informed, six crofting families. There is no reason why I should not give the name of my informant—Mr. Farquhar Macrae, shepherd, Lochalsh, whose knowledge of local history has been found thoroughly trustworthy wherever I could test it.

landlords were as unlimited and indefeasible as the Duke of Argyll would make them, there are not many now who in the light of experience will maintain that the Highland clearances served the real and lasting interests of the landlord class. There is a marvellous moral unity in the various phases of Eternal Power wherever man is concerned. However shocked we may be at the Divine arrangements for the feeding of tigers, boa-constrictors, and sharks, yet where man is concerned we never have cause to complain that selfishness or cruelty works well in the long run for those who may seek profit thereby. It is not only conscience that resents it; not only the sympathies of our kind that are revolted. Even the physical world, in all its climatic, chemical, and physiological workings, somehow rebukes any attempt of man to outrage moral law. Thus, slave labour does not pay so well as free labour; the selfish protection of trade interests in the long run ruins the protected; and we are now finding another illustration of the moral working of the physical world, wherever man is concerned, in the Nemesis falling upon present Scottish landlords for the sins of their predecessors. Crofters were evicted to make room for sheep, because sheep-runs were expected to be always more profitable to the landlord. But, after a not very long spell of high rents and large profits, Australia spoiled the wool market. The endeavour to secure better prices by the introduction of sheep with finer wool increased expenses, because of the comparative delicacy of the new breed. Then, as stated above, it has been found that the mountain pastures, when grazed by sheep alone, continually deteriorate.* The burning of heather and bracken has been kept within far too narrow limits, for fear of injuring the shootings. And the general result of all these changes has been that the expenses of sheep farming have grown, while the selling prices of wool and sheep have diminished. As a consequence, landlords have been constantly importuned for reductions or remissions of rent. They naturally prefer to return a percentage, hoping for better times. But better times do not come; and amongst those best able to form a judgment there is a pretty general opinion that the rents at present paid cannot be kept up, that there must be yet a very serious fall, and that, altogether apart from the supposed plundering designs of Radical agitators, landlords will have to face a loss. Meanwhile large farmers struggle as best they can to carry out the engagements of their leases, relying on the forbearance of their landlords, which, to speak fairly,* is generally and even generously conceded; while those who have the opportunity and would gladly abandon the business are prevented from doing so by the enormous sacrifices demanded of them when they attempt to dispose of their stock in an always falling market. Crofters also are discontented with their

* See note p. 635.

rents, and not without reason; for in their new settlements they generally pay at a proportionally higher rate than the large farmers. On a review of the whole circumstances it cannot but be considered likely that had the old generation of crofters been allowed to remain where they were, the landlords would have been in better plight to-day than they are now—except for one resource to be mentioned presently.

But even as things are now, it is not to the interest of landowners that crofters should be prevented from taking up, wherever possible, the old crofting grounds now merged in sheep-runs. The difficulty is constantly raised, that even were the leaseholders disposed of, the crofters could not restock the ancient holdings, while most owners would be unable, and none have much encouragement, to advance them money. This objection is indeed fatal to any remigration as sudden and extensive as the clearances were, unless Government loans were issued, or local authorities were, as advocated by Mr. Chamberlain, to step into the place of landlords. But the same difficulty does not affect partial and tentative movements of the kind, and these would soon bring others in their train. All round the coasts, where crofters now are mainly crowded, there are men still in the prime of life who have saved a little money from wages earned at sea or otherwise. They may not be many in number; but they are enough to make a start with. They have relatives in various parts of the world, who would be willing and able to help them. In fact, irrespective of cousinship, the Highlanders in Chicago are raising money to help the political action of their friends at home, and they, and others probably, would not be less willing to aid by a system of secured loans any likely cases of resettlement in the old townships. But of course neither the men themselves nor their backers would look at any proposals which did not promise at least as much security as is now enjoyed by Irish tenants. Give them fixity of tenure at fair rents—necessarily very low after all that has happened—with free sale of the tenure, and there are not wanting men who would build their own houses, and fence and reclaim some plot of arable land. Of course they would require a proportionate area of mountain pasture as well; and as they generally expect to pay their rent by breeding a few cattle, the pasture, if of proper extent, would certainly not deteriorate, and would probably improve. Such a method of procedure would be slow, and it is not to be expected that the new voters will be content with it. But it has the advantage of being open to the landlords now, without any change in the law—for they could practically insert “the three F’s” in a lease—and one or two successful cases of the kind would set hundreds of young men working, and saving, and corresponding with foreign cousins, with a view to a similar chance. This, it is said, would reduce the landlord

"to a mere rent-charger" on the plots thus disposed of. Quite so; but as things are going now, many landlords, or their children, run a fair chance of having no rent at all to charge, and of having to turn crofters themselves. Then the question arises, supposing such an arrangement would be a happy resource for landlords if made voluntarily, why should it be a bad thing if done compulsorily, and by the operation of public funds? I cannot answer; though I wish it could be done otherwise. Whatever might be the fate of rate-payers or taxpayers, looking at the present prospects of land-owners, it would seem that on the whole they would do well to advocate such a scheme themselves.

To the case of the large farmers not so much space need be devoted. The arable farmers of the east coast are scarcely affected by the question. Where crofters abound and are crying for more land, the large holdings are mostly those of sheep graziers, and there are not many who would not be only too glad to be out of the business, if only they were released from their covenants, and could secure a reasonable amount for their stock. The apparently hostile attitude assumed by some of them before the Commission was due to an apprehension that their ranges of pasture were to be curtailed and mutilated without any adequate consideration or compensation. "We want more land" said the inhabitants of Altnasow, a township in Lochalsh. "Well," said the Commissioners, "where could you find it?" "Oh, there's plenty land in Conchra"—a large sheep farm in the neighbourhood. "We want more land," repeated the tenants of Ardelve, on the other side of the same farm. "Can you point to any land available?" "Oh, there's plenty land in Conchra." Now, when the same question and the same answer were repeated in one or two other townships bordering on Conchra, the holder of that farm, a gentleman of real sympathy with the people, might very well be pardoned if he remembered that he had a family of his own to provide for. Yet, as a rule, sheep-farming in general has now become such a desperate struggle against adverse circumstances, that holdings are being continually lessened, if not wholly abandoned, by desire of the tenant; and if only the difficulty of finding any market for the stock could be met, there would be so many cases of the kind that land enough would be found for crofters.

But what becomes of the land that is surrendered by sheep-farmers? A distinguished member of the late commission, Cameron of Lochiel, has given a somewhat startling answer to this question in "A Defence of Deer Forests," contributed to the August number of the *Nineteenth Century*. With commendable candour he states at the outset a fact which, in the view of all land-law reformers, enormously aggravates the difficulty of the case he undertakes to maintain. He tells us that "for every acre of mountain land so

employed"—that is, as deer forest—"in 1840, there are at least ten in the present year." Surely there has been nothing like this since the creation of the New Forest by William the Conqueror. And some of the reasons suggested, or at least "operative causes" assigned, for this extraordinary reversion in the heart of an "overpopulated"* country to the hunting stage of savage society, are almost as surprising. They are "an increasing love of sport and a higher appreciation of wild scenery; improved communication, affording access to regions hitherto almost unexplored; accumulation of wealth among the trading and commercial classes; and last, not least, the genius of Sir Edwin Landseer, whose unrivalled pictures and sketches, representing the habits and aspect of red deer in their wild state, have familiarized us with each ever-changing phase of forest life."

These words suggest some questions which we cannot help pausing to ask. How many people are included by the pronoun "us" in the last clause? What proportion of the thirty-one millions inhabiting Great Britain can enjoy the delight of verifying Sir Edwin Landseer's pictures by shooting "the red deer in their wild state?" Are they one thousand all told? We decline to include the gillies. Now, the area of the deer forests, increasing tenfold, as Mr. Cameron tells us, in forty-five years, has reached close on 2,000,000 acres, or more than 3,000 square miles. That is, a proportion of the population probably not exceeding a thirty-one thousandth part of the nation have about three square miles apiece kept as a wilderness for their sport. Again, is it not a singular anticlimax that "improved communication, affording access to regions hitherto almost unexplored," should result only in the exclusion of pastoral industry and even travel? It is to be observed that Mr. Cameron expresses a scornful indignation against Mr. Bryce's "Access to Mountains Bill" as an expedient for "worrying to death," not the deer, but their alleged owners. So, then, improved communication is to be of no use to any one but a privileged fraction of the population, amounting to one thirty-one thousandth of the whole. There is another of the "operative causes" which goes much nearer to the heart of the matter; I refer to the "accumulation of wealth among the trading and commercial classes." Let us recall one or two specimens of the operation of this cause.

A gentleman of large experience in the management of Highland property told me that he had been consulted on the value, for pastoral occupation, of a range of mountain land comprising about 10,000 acres. He thought that as pasture it might be worth £200 a year. A number of crofters offered to club together and take it

* The word is not used by Mr. Cameron; but it represents the common assumption of those who oppose the crofters' demands.

at £110. In the event it was let at £1,000 a year as deer forest. A similar tract of 9,500 acres formed part of a large sheep-run which I visited myself. It is on the estate of one of the best and most deservedly respected landlords in Scotland. The farmer was suffering from the depression affecting all his class, and was anxious to lessen his responsibilities. The landlord, to meet his views, separated this area from the holding, and deducted £160 from the rent as the value of the detached portion. There was an instant competition for it as forest, and it was let for this purpose at a rent of £1,000. It is evident, then, that the "accumulation of wealth" in one section of society is a very powerful cause indeed of the extension of deer forests.

But even Mr. Cameron does not contend that the mere difference of obtainable rent is in itself a sufficient reason for such an employment of land. The principles laid down by the Duke of Argyll would undoubtedly involve this, though an amiable inconsistency would probably prevent him from carrying them out. If a landlord is justified in putting his land to any purpose that will bring him in the highest rent, the whole north of Scotland might be afforested in ten years; for there are no bounds to what rich people will pay for "sport." But a much more plausible argument than the profit to landlords is the bold declaration, that "if deer forests were suddenly abolished or rendered impossible by harassing legislation, seven-eighths of the land in the Highlands now under deer would be unavailable for any other purpose;" and this the champion of deer-forests proceeds, as he says, "to prove." Now, of course it is impossible for any one like the present writer to compete in knowledge of such a subject with an advocate bearing the historic name of Cameron of Lochiel. I may remark, however, that this name is appended to the Report which states that "the evidence on this head is very conflicting,"* and that witnesses brought forward "cases where undoubtedly land now under forest had been formerly occupied by crofters, and where crofters might now be located." And again: "It is of course true that there are that deer forests where an occasional spot of hard green land might be desired, and ground which would be available for a crofter's residence and again for market." Then the Report proceeds to minimize and explain away these admissions, but not, I think, with complete success; and this vital issue receives very scant treatment in the short space assigned to it. But further, Mr. Cameron's "proof" is altogether controverted, by men of humbler station indeed, but who use for far more practical knowledge than even he can pretend to. The "proof" is only a demonstration, hardly needed to set a state of affairs, that large sheep farms are played out. Besides, the actual alternative proposed, the restoration in the present state of affairs, tells us. But when he comes to

* Report, p. 85.

of mountain pasture to crofters, he has nothing to say but that summer shielings have gone out of fashion, that "they paid a rent so small as to be hardly worth taking into account," that "to reinstate village communities in the heart of the Ross-shire forests would require an expenditure of capital wholly incommensurate with the returns," and that in the absence of deer forests the crofters would be crushed by rates and taxes. Now, if this convinced the people most concerned, a "southron" would have nothing to say, however much he might wonder at their facility of belief. But it does not convince them. The very same improvement of communications which is urged as a reason for making the Highlands simply an English playground, would very possibly make summer pasturing on the high mountains easier of arrangement than in the last century. In almost all deer forests the neighbouring inhabitants can point out the portions that were formerly attached as mountain pasture to crofting townships. It is true that the rent obtainable was very small, and would be very small now; but the people wholly deny—and I am bound to say that I agree with them—that this is any sufficient reason why they should have been driven off the land, or why they should not be restored to it now. As to the rates, they are willing to take their chance; and as to the expenditure of capital by landlords, they do not ask it.

So far as my own opinion is concerned, I do not like Government loans, or public loans of any kind, to private individuals, if they can be avoided. But landlords have not always shown a strong objection to them in their own case; and in Ireland the Legislature has acknowledged that the far-reaching results of historic wrongs may compel such an expedient. Nor do I like a sudden revolution; but sometimes a prolonged resistance to obviously just claims makes it inevitable, as suggested already. If even now enterprising young men of the crofter class, who have saved a little money, could be planted in deserted glens, with absolute security of tenure and adequate mountain pasture, at a sufficiently low rent, they would content themselves with a very poor livelihood at first, for the certainty of retaining the fruits of their industry. They would gradually establish themselves, and others would follow. But probably it is too late for that, and Mr. Chamberlain's scheme of municipal or communal landholding and land-letting may be tried first in the Highlands. It is advocated by the present member for Ross-shire, and other landlords are inclined to see in it the best chance of a settlement. But whether the process be gradual or sudden, the present system is doomed. Throughout Mr. Cameron's "Defence" there runs an undertone of foreboding that the end is not far off. So far as deer forests are concerned, there is a confident and well-grounded belief that Mr. Winans will be their destroyer. Indeed it is im-

possible to observe his scornful progress from hill to hill, or to mark the stern determination with which he enforces the rights of property over some eight hundred square miles, without suspecting that, as an envoy of the American democracy, he is bent on teaching the proud Britishers a lesson on the antiquated absurdity of their institutions. He wishes to show them that under their land laws a man who has unlimited money, and a determination to use it, may grasp whole counties far more easily than an armed invader, and exercise the strictest rights of conquest with impunity. And therefore he never misses an opportunity of fresh annexations. If a lease falls out or a leaseholder shows weakness, the landlord is besieged with negotiations for an enlargement of this American province in Britain. And when the negotiation succeeds, stipulations are made for the future acquisition of any neighbouring farms not on the instant available. No unhallowed intrusion is tolerated in these vast solitudes. What happened to a pet lamb we all know. But still further to awake slow islanders to the humour of the situation, the British exciseman was recently ordered off, and had to retire, baffled, before the minions of the American potentate. It is of course quite impossible to suppose that Mr. Winans can find an adequate return for his expenditure in an occasional shot at a stag. This pleasure is to be enjoyed at much less expense, and under much more exciting circumstances, in the still bigger wildernesses of his native land. He must surely have greater objects in view. He may design to teach how ridiculous it is for our aristocracy to suppose that in a little island like ours they can always find room for the sports appropriate to the gigantic West. He may wish to show to what monstrous issues their spirit of exclusiveness may be carried, and how untenable their notion of proprietary rights may be when pushed to logical consequences. But whatever his intentions, the crofters regard him as a friend; and when their cry for more land is answered, they and their children will retain a grateful memory of the man who made their opponents ridiculous.

J. ALLANSON PACTON.

OBSTRUCTION TO LAND TENURE REFORM.

THERE is no more uncompromising defender of agricultural abuses than the Duke of Argyll, upon whose article in the October number of this REVIEW, curiously entitled "Land Reformers," I desire to make a few remarks. It seems scarcely an exaggeration to say that, in the Duke's opinion, everything is for the best in the best of all possible agricultural worlds, existing under the English system of land tenure. Even limited ownership in land has in him an almost enthusiastic apologist, as he declares, not only that "the best and most liberally managed estates have been, and now are, the estates of old families held under various forms of settlement," but that even upon small estates "the operation of limited ownership was less favourable, not because there was less motive to improve, but because there was less power to do so from the limited rental." For my own part, I am disposed to the opinion that the movement in favour of free trade in land is a movement in the wrong direction, inasmuch as it encourages the unconstitutional idea of absolute ownership in land. It may be admitted, too, that some of the large settled estates are among the best and most liberally managed in the kingdom. Still, to say that limited ownership does not discourage the motive to improve, even on small estates, is so manifestly erroneous that any one who makes that statement stands self-convicted of blind prejudice and bias, and cannot fail on that account to injure his own side. Nearly all the large estates in the country are settled estates, and some of them are well and liberally managed, in spite of, and not because of, their settlement. There must be less motive to improve when the owner of an estate knows that any money which he spends will be so much added to the wealth of his too fortunate heir, and so much drawn from the

property which he might leave to his other children or relatives. As nearly every one admits this, it is not worth while to dwell upon the point, and I proceed to deal with those portions of the Duke's paper which involve what appears to me to be far more important questions.

The principal object of the Duke of Argyll's article appears to be to advocate the continuance of the existing one-sided freedom in the management of land. The owner, he thinks, should have perfect liberty, while the tenant should be kept in a strait-waistcoat. He objects first to the tenant being allowed to sell his improvements, and secondly to his being allowed freedom to manage his own business. Further freedom which he would secure to the landlord, and nominally to the tenant also, is freedom to make a bargain as to rent. Let us consider each of these points separately.

When one man farms land owned by another he inevitably mixes his property with the owner's property. Consequently, under a system of landlord and tenant, there is no choice between a recognition of dual ownership in land and confiscation. The "good old law and simple plan" was to adopt the latter alternative, and it is still in vogue to a serious extent, though there is not so much to confiscate in these days of agricultural depression as there was in prosperous times. The Duke of Argyll does not deny the justice of giving an outgoing tenant some amount of compensation for his improvements. Indeed, that fundamental question does not come within the scope of the article now under consideration. It is a particular method of compensation, and not compensation itself, against which the Duke utters his protest. Still, as the particular method in question is now advocated on account of the failure of the only methods yet tried in England or Scotland—a failure which the Duke has materially helped to produce—the whole subject must be briefly noticed in passing. The only plan of compensation tried in Great Britain before the second Agricultural Holdings Act came into force—for the first Act left contract entirely free, and counted for nothing—was that of leaving each tenant to make the best bargain he could for his own protection. The failure of this plan is notorious, though out of it there grew up in a few counties customs, more or less niggardly towards tenants, which acquired the force of law. When this failure came to be generally admitted, though never by the Duke of Argyll, a "homily to landlords" was put into the form of an Act of Parliament, and produced about as much effect as a speech by Sir Wilfrid Lawson on the beauties of local option would produce upon an audience of licensed victuallers. Then came the Agricultural Holdings Act of 1883, which nominally gave legal security to tenants for the less costly of their improvements, still leaving them to the tender mercies of their landlords if they

should be foolish enough to execute improvements of permanent value. I say that the Act "nominally" gave this partial security, because in reality it only secures the balance, if any, of the estimated value of certain improvements remaining after various unfair deductions have been made and heavy expenses incurred. If space were of no importance, it would be easy to show that in the cases already tried under the Act in Courts of Law or Arbitration, the tenants have received little or nothing. As a rule, the tenant has made a claim for improvements; the landlord has made a counter-claim for dilapidations or breaches of antiquated, absurd, and entirely mischievous covenants; the judge, or umpire, has made a rough guess in cutting down each claim; and the balance has been nearly or quite absorbed in legal or arbitration expenses, and often a great deal besides. The Duke of Argyll, as every one who has read his writings knows, denies the justice of giving the tenant the full value of his improvements. He is the real author of the amendment to the Act of 1883, moved by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, which destroyed the principle of the Act—payment to the tenant of value received by the landlord in respect of a limited number of improvements—by providing for the deduction of a supposititious sum "due to the inherent capabilities of the soil." But if the Act had been as liberal as it is stingy, if it had given the tenant security for every improvement that he makes, its system of compensation by valuation would have broken down only less completely than it is breaking down now to this extent, but the remnant of compensation not swallowed by lawyers or arbitrators would have been larger.

It is on account of the utter hopelessness of the arbitration system that free sale is advocated. The advantages of the latter plan are obvious. Under it the expenses would be smaller than under the former plan. Another and a very great advantage is that, instead of submitting his property to the results of a blind chance, and a single chance, unless he risks the heavy expenses of a legal appeal, the quitting tenant can offer and offer until he obtains the full market value of what he has to sell. Some tenants object that in such times of depression as the present they would get no offer. That is an erroneous idea, except in relation to land that is worth no rent at all, as a portion of the letting value would always, even in the most depressed times, belong to the improving tenant, and the more he had improved the larger his share would be. At any rate, he would get the full market value of his improvements, and all that they would be worth to his landlord. If under any system the landlord had to pay more, he would be wronged. But, it is further objected, what is worth little or nothing to-day may be worth a great deal a few years hence. So far as there is any force in this objection, it applies to judicial rent as well as to the market

value of improvements, and is therefore self-destructive. I doubt whether a tenant—at any rate an improving tenant—could be found who, having once had the right of free sale, would give it up in favour of any other system of compensation.

Concluding that free sale would be good for the tenant, let us see how it would affect the nation. As a stimulus to improved farming, it is equal to absolute ownership of the land, for in the one case the farmer has just as complete a property in his improvements as he has in the other. Nor is this all; for, other things being equal, the tenant with a right of free sale has more money to spare for improvements than the occupying owner has. Free sale has never yet had a fair chance anywhere; but the public advantage of even limited free sale as it has long existed in Ulster needs no description. All classes are benefited by it, except landlords with felonious propensities; and labourers and country tradesmen are especially benefited. The Duke of Argyll makes the astounding declaration that, “if ever there was a case in which it is needless for the law to undertake the functions which naturally belong to men in their individual capacity, it is in the case of the ownership of agricultural land.” There is here a begging of the question in the assumption that uncontrolled license in landlordism “naturally” belongs to the owners of land; but let that pass. The Duke supports his statement by saying that “the ultimate interests of the State, and of such an owner, are, and must be, identical in the long run,” as “no man can make money out of agricultural land, except by increasing its produce.” In reply to these statements, I first object that it is by no means certain that the interests of landlords and the State are in all respects identical, even in the long run, while they certainly are not in the short run. For instance, it would certainly be antagonistic to the interests of the State to impose high duties on agricultural produce, while it would as certainly be advantageous to landlords, so long as a revolution could be staved off. In times of agricultural prosperity, again, the confiscation of tenants’ improvements in increased rent has put millions of pounds sterling into the pockets of landlords. That this course of action does not answer in the long run landowners are now finding out to their cost, though it is to be feared that few of them trace the effect to its cause. Even if the interests of landlords and the people at large are identical in the long run, it does not follow that State action is not needed to compel them to secure those interests. They may not be wise enough to recognize the conditions conducive to their own welfare, or they may prefer present advantages for themselves to ultimate benefits to their successors. In the past they certainly have not acted for the welfare of the State. They fought against the repeal of the Corn Duties to the utmost, and they have always resisted, and resist still,

all efforts to secure to tenants a legal right of property in improvements effected by them. There is no reason to suppose that landlords will be as wise in the future as they have been foolish in the past. Besides, apart from interests in the pecuniary sense of the term, landlords have shown that they often value privileges and power more highly than money. For the sake of game they have devastated the crops of their estates, avowedly accepting lower rents than they otherwise could have commanded, and certainly not in this way increasing the produce of the soil in accordance with the interests of the State. Again, for the sake of political power, they have stilled the energies of their tenants by keeping them in a state of slavish dependence, satisfying the poor men, perhaps, by miserable dolcs, but not in any way compensating the public for the loss of produce which free and enterprising farmers would have brought out of the earth.

Having so far considered the effects of free sale upon tenants and the public generally, it remains to consider how it would affect landlords. In the first place, it would render tenants independent, and thus sweep away certain privileges and powers which many landlords prize highly. It would also prevent "felonious landlords" from appropriating their tenants' improvements. But it by no means follows that free sale would be injurious to the pecuniary interests of landlords as a class "in the long run." On the contrary, it would tend to keep their land continuously in a high state of cultivation, and to prevent or diminish those frequently recurring falls in rent which have taken place in the past. If for a time it should decrease the selling value of land, this would be only because it would take away the unfair powers and privileges at present attaching to the ownership of land. But if my contention that free sale would benefit tenants and the public be true, landlords would soon share the advantage. Land would sell better because of the certainty of rent payment and the increased wealth of the country. The Duke cites the case of Ireland in opposition to such expectations, but he himself explains why the benefits of free sale have not told to any considerable extent in the greater part of Ireland. Seditious agitation is keeping the tenants from reaping the benefit of the Land Act, turning their attention from their business, and raising hopes of the confiscation of their landlords' property. But in Ulster, where alone free sale has had half a chance of producing its natural results, landlords as well as tenants, and all other classes of the people, have reaped great benefit. Did land sell worse or better in Ulster than in the rest of Ireland when free sale in a modified form existed in Ulster alone? There is no need to answer the question. When the Duke objects to a tenant who has made only some "trifling outlay"—perhaps some twentieth or thirtieth part of the landlord's outlay—selling

the occupancy of the whole possession, he ignores the pre-emption to the landlord which nearly all advocates of free sale would allow. The landlord would only have to pay his tenant the market price of this "twentieth or thirtieth" part of his own outlay in order to have the holding in his own hands. As a matter of fact, however, I believe that, apart from buildings and fences, the tenants of England and Scotland have sunk a great deal more capital in the land than has been spent by the owners.

It may readily be admitted that the objection to judicial rent is much stronger than that raised against free sale; and it is obvious that the latter cannot be secured without the former, as none would buy an outgoing tenant's improvements if they could be confiscated by means of increased rent upon them. There is no necessity, however, to have judicial rent in England or Scotland after the Irish fashion. That is to say, there is no need to interfere with the market value of the landlord's legitimate property in a farm. All that is necessary is to ascertain what the value of the landlord's property is, apart from the improvements made or rightfully acquired by the tenant, and to allow the latter to sell the rest. How this can be arranged is clearly to be seen in the draft Land Bill for England prepared by the Farmers' Alliance.

A reasonable amount of stability, as opposed to absolute fixity, of tenure is also essential to free sale; for no one would buy a quitting tenant's improvements if he were liable to be turned out of the holding at a year's notice. A purchaser would require to be secured several years' occupancy at the rent determined as that due to the landlord. Under this system, although landlords might resent the loss of power and privilege involved in it, I am convinced that they would obtain in the long run higher rents, more regularly paid, than they can obtain under the existing system, for reasons before explained.

Let us now turn to the Duke's objections to giving the agricultural tenant freedom in the conduct of his business. It is obvious that the interests of landlord and tenant must be at least as nearly identical as the interests of landlords and the State, and it is not a little curious to see that the Duke, who has such perfect confidence in the landlords' wisdom in so acting as to conduce to their own interests, has no confidence at all in the like sagacity on the part of the tenants. That the landlord can and often does injure the State in the management of his estate has been sufficiently shown; and that the tenant can and often does injure the landlord in the management of his business is equally true. But, whereas the Duke of Argyll would give the landlord full license and keep the tenant in leading-strings, the advocates of free sale would restrict both. How they would restrain the landlord from folly and mischief has already

been partially explained. They would restrain the tenant from injuring his landlord and the State by compelling him to pay for the deterioration of his holding, and they would allow a legal injunction to stop him in the beginning of such mischief when necessary. This, again, is equitably provided for in the Bill of the Farmers' Alliance. But what the Duke of Argyll wants is the perpetuation of the landlord's power to put all sorts of restrictions and disabilities on his tenant; to tell him what he shall grow and when he shall grow it, and what he shall sell and what he shall not sell. What chance has an unfortunate British farmer, under such circumstances, in the fierce competition which he has to meet from the perfectly free farmers of the United States and all other new countries? On this point we have from the Duke the same assumption of landlords' infallibility as that put forward in relation to improvements. "It never can be to the interest of any owner of land," he says, "to prevent his tenant from raising the most profitable crops which are consistent with good husbandry." Perfectly true; but does the landlord always know, in each individual case and under changing circumstances, what is the best husbandry? Let the restrictive leases, still the rule in Great Britain, supply the answer. So irrational and utterly intolerable are their terms that very few tenants attempt to follow them literally. Very often it is absolutely impossible to do so. The Duke himself unwittingly supplies the strongest of arguments against his own contention that every tenant should be bound in swaddling-clothes and then told to make a living and pay a high rent. He says: "It is especially irrational to suppose that any statute can ever deal satisfactorily or justly with such a subject (as farm practice), seeing that the progress of agricultural knowledge in chemistry is perpetually making new discoveries as to the crops which can or cannot be raised on particular soils, and under what conditions as to manures or as to intervals of rotation." Precisely so; and this is a conclusive argument against the lawyer-made leases and agreements, commonly based on precedents fifty or a hundred years old, which are still general.

This subject requires an article to itself, and it would be easy to fill the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW with examples of utterly absurd and oppressive clauses from the ordinary leases and agreements now in use. It is well known that comparatively few tenants are allowed to sell straw even where it is worth to sell four times as much as its manurial value, and where four times as much manure as the straw would make, with more or less expense in the making, can be obtained in exchange for the straw. In such cases, which are the rule and not the exception, the landlords or their agents have not even the common sense to allow straw to be sold provided that a certain quantity of manure is brought back.

To take another illustration of the hampering effects of restrictive covenants: a Devonshire farmer wrote to the *Mark Lane Express* the other day, to ask how farmers can grow fodder crops for ensilage instead of roots when their leases bind them to have one-fourth of the land under roots. It is the same with any change which may be desirable to meet the altered circumstances of the times; ancient and to no one useful restrictions in farm agreements stand in the way. It is not people ignorant of agriculture who object to restrictive covenants, as the Duke of Argyll declares, but farmers' almost unanimously. Those of them who are taking fresh farms under the present exceptional circumstances may be able to reject such enterprise-checking bondage; but a few years ago a tenant was told that such and such were the conditions under which farms on any particular estate were let, and he could take the farm he applied for under those conditions or leave it. A few years hence this kind of thing, facetiously termed "freedom of contract," may again be in vogue as generally as it ever was.

All that Parliament is asked to do in this matter is to order that no damages shall be recoverable from a tenant for breaches of covenant except to the extent of actual damage proved. That, together with a modified form of the three F's, would meet the case. If I am told that tenants never are fined except for damage done, I have only to point to a case recently tried under the Agricultural Holdings Act, in which the umpire was obliged to fine the tenant for a breach of cropping-covenants which he admitted to be beneficial to the landlord. This is no exceptional case, though the acknowledgment referred to is seldom made by arbitrators or judges.

There is one more statement in the article under notice that cannot be passed by. Legislation which aims at the establishment of small tenancies, the Duke says, "must give absolute security to the capital invested by the owner, and any special or forced protection of the occupier, whose capital is smaller and more 'floating,' must of necessity defeat its own object." According to this dictum, the rent-taker, and not the cultivator of the soil, is the one who needs security and freedom. Why? The only reasons given are that the former has more capital than the latter, and has to do all the building, fencing and draining. The Duke habitually underrates the proportion of improvements carried out by tenants, although, as a large landlord, he must have profited by them to the extent of many thousands of pounds. Very large quantities of draining and fencing, and a considerable amount of building, have been done by tenants in the past. In future it would be better to leave them to do all such work, under perfect legal security, than to keep them in the condition of farmers who dare not do their best by the land. The dual management of land, that the Duke loves so well, is the great curse

of our agricultural system ; for what should be done by one of the two capitalists is commonly left to the other, and not done by either. In direct opposition to the Duke of Argyll's recommendation as to legislation intended to make farming on a small scale successful, then, I contend that—always providing for perfect justice to the owners of land—it is a matter of comparative insignificance whether the landlord is an active estate manager or a mere lay figure, provided that the cultivating occupier of the land has security and freedom.

WILLIAM E. BEAR.

CATHOLICISM AND REASON.

A REPLY TO PRINCIPAL FAIRBAIRN.

“**H**OW may the Christian Faith be preached with success to an intellectual nineteenth century?” Such is the question Principal Fairbairn handles in the four very striking and suggestive papers on “The Churches and the Ideal of Religion,” “Catholicism and Apologetics,” “Catholicism and Religious Thought,” and “Catholicism and Historical Criticism,” which, as was natural in the case of so distinguished a writer, have been widely read and commented upon. That Dr. Fairbairn has shown himself learned, forcible, and eloquent, as well as a man of very kindly feeling towards those who differ from him; that he has illustrated his subject on every side, and combined history, criticism, and metaphysics after a rare and instructive manner; that, in especial, he has given proof of a most intimate acquaintance with Catholic literature during the last hundred years, I need not inform any one who has but glanced at these essays. I should like, for my own part, to add how encouraging it is, in a time of sharp antagonisms and controversies about the very foundations of Christianity, to meet with an author whose conclusions, widely as I dissent from certain of them, are dictated by a profoundly religious spirit, and have for their purpose to persuade an unbelieving age that Jesus of Nazareth is still the beginning and the end of wisdom, because He is the “only-begotten Son of God.” Many things are implied in this confession, as it seems to me, which Dr. Fairbairn has overlooked or will not grant; but the *articulus stantis vel cadentis ecclesiæ* is ever that of Christ’s divine personality, and I rejoice to think of Dr. Fairbairn, and the many for whom he speaks, as on this point not separated from the Roman Communion which, even whilst criticizing it, he has described in glowing and generous terms. Thus he and we stand together on the same side of that gulf across

which we address agnostics, atheists, disbelievers in things unseen, and the vast crowd that neither believes nor disbelieves but is indifferent. So much I gladly recognize. However, the picture has deep shadows, if it has also agreeable and unexpected lights, for a Catholic. In defending Christianity, these four essays, I regret to say, make an assault not only upon the most venerable embodiment of it, which Dr. Fairbairn acknowledges the Roman Church to be, but upon authority itself, considered as the basis of Revealed Religion.

For example: The problem being to preach Christianity so that men shall again believe it, we are told that "we must take some higher way than the ancient one of founding and maintaining churches;" that religion must be emancipated from the churches, since these have, on the whole, "become simply the most irreligious of institutions, mischievous in the very degree of their power." "The most perfectly organized and administered ecclesiasticism," it is added, "may but effectually imprison the living Spirit of God." Even harder words follow. What is the great enemy of God in these days? Materialism, one might answer, or indifference, or systematic immorality, all of which count their disciples by thousands and tens of thousands around us. But Dr. Fairbairn proclaims that "the great enemy of God is the idea of the Church and its priesthood." Not without pain does one read or quote a sentence excommunicating at a single stroke, the Roman, the Anglican, and the Greek Churches, and charging them with a common apostasy from that which, at any rate, they have endeavoured to keep alive among men—the Gospel teaching. Visible Christianity would thus have frustrated the very purpose which it professes to carry out; between the church and the synagogue of Satan there would be no assignable difference; and the work of the Founder would need to be done over again, as if He had wrought in vain. So we are told it must. "The clamant need of our day is to recover the religious idea of Jesus." That idea, then, has been lost; historic churches are misleading caricatures of the Eternal and ought to be reformed or perhaps dispensed with; and religion as it created may abolish them. There was once a visible Christ; in Dr. Fairbairn's opinion this does not at all imply that He established or even seriously contemplated a visible Church as conveying His message to the centuries. Every social influence gains in power by taking an organic form and throwing round itself the majesty that to most men seems inseparable from greatness. Religion alone, if these Essays may be followed, has lost indefinitely more than it has gained, by condescending to possess a local habitation and a name. It is something impalpable and should have no whereabouts in the phenomenal world, if it would remain what Christ bequeathed to us.

Now, I am not quite sure that I understand the meaning of the word Religion as here employed. But Christianity is a fact, and like other facts may be studied in the world's chronicles, which record its origin, growth and vicissitudes. It has never been simply invisible. From the first it has lived and wrought as a social power. Unbelievers are in complete accordance with believers on this point, if on no other. The Christian religion, as hitherto conceived, has been whatever else you please, but certainly an organized system of teaching, one church or a hundred churches, but always a body requiring from its members submission to articles, or to the Bible as cutting short disputes by virtue of its inspiration. Outside the Roman Church, no less than within it, Christians have looked upon their religion as bound up with an historic creed, with definite modes of thought, unchangeable rites, and a divinely-given authority to speak in Christ's name and captivate to His yoke every understanding. Until lately it was never imagined that a Christian was one who first proved the articles of the creed by syllogism, and then took his Master's word that they were true. This would have been deemed a superfluous and grotesque proceeding before what is called in Germany Liberal Protestantism was born. In the last century Butler and Paley allowed or insisted that to Christianity we cannot come unless by employing reason. Voltaire had learnt the same doctrine from his Jesuit teachers. But neither Voltaire nor Butler nor Paley would for a moment have dreamt that Christians prove the mysteries of Revelation by reason, or do not receive them upon authority. Who could hold the Trinity, the Incarnation, or the efficacy of Christ's death on the cross, unless he were assured that the Master had taught them? Who could prove these things to be true, or knew anything about them, except on His word, and the word of the Apostles? And what had reason to do in all this, but simply to verify the credentials set before it, and then bow to the authority they proclaimed? "Reason," said St. Augustine, "does not forsake authority when we consider who it is that we must believe."* But Dr. Fairbairn argues that reason would forsake itself if it hearkened to a voice from without; and he calls the authority "a violation of law." This may be in accordance with the Protestant method, but it runs clean counter to the history of religion, which never tells of the downfall of one authority without showing how another rose upon the ruins of the first. A religion uncontrolled by authority would be the rankest "individualism." Much more so would the Christian religion divorced from the supreme infallible personality which created and sustains it. If ever the principle of authority was exemplified in this world, it was when the disciples "left all and followed

* "De Vera Religione," c. 24.

Him," when they staked their happiness here and hereafter on the word of faith, subdued their reason to the teaching of Christ, saw with His eyes and took hold of His philosophy. "We observe," says Augustine once more, "that He willed nothing more earnestly or more principally than that credence should be given to him."* I am not insinuating that His disciples abdicated their reason, or were swayed by an enthusiasm of which they could render no account. But as they preached "Jesus Christ, through Whom we received grace and apostleship unto obedience of faith among all the nations for His name's sake," so did they yield to Him that obedience of faith which they pressed upon others as the first of duties. Nor can a single human being dispense with it and remain a Christian. How, believing in our Lord as the only-begotten of the Father, should we dare to dispute a syllable He uttered? But, again, who is so bold as to imagine the Bible with its principles, facts, and assumptions to be written on the tablets of his heart? Left to himself each of us would alter the message or the manner of it; and Protestantism has shown by a long experience that its method is nothing else than the atomic theory applied to religion. Let these four essays serve as an example. Their author charges Cardinal Newman with "individualism" in philosophy. The Cardinal's individualism has at least brought him into the largest communion and the oldest of churches now extant; whereas Dr. Fairbairn, standing between Rome and the Revolution, might appear to be asking these two great movements of humanity to be reconciled with each other through him. Of course he makes no such pretension; but his language, unless I deceive myself, has something of this in it. The Catholic Church, we learn, must "lay aside her high claims" and cease to be sacerdotal, hierarchical, and papal; she must renounce her mysteries, for they are only "marvels," and her sacraments, for they abound in "false supernaturalism." And why? Because authority in matters of religion is out of place. Now, granting the principle, it would seem a plain deduction from it to abandon not only the Church, but the Bible and the teaching of Christ as well. For what is the Bible, taken as an inspired volume, but an authority; what is Christ but the greatest of authorities? I can fancy a son of the Revolution answering Dr. Fairbairn to this effect—

"Reverend sir," he might observe, "you go too far or not far enough. You tell me to reject voices from without and at the same time to believe the Gospel. Is not that a contradiction? My reason does not view this world or the ways of life as your New Testament does; and I must go by the light within me. I cannot therefore take your Master's word that things are as He describes them. Nor ought you. Were you to affirm that your private judgment coincided exactly with your divine Teacher's, I should congratulate

you on possessing so rare an intuition; but then I should ask you whether we need any one to tell us what we can find out for ourselves. I anticipate your reply; it proves, I think, that if a dogmatic church is unreasonable, a dogmatic or inspired Christ is unnecessary. You think slightly of the Anglican *Via Media*. So do I. But may not your own position, reverend sir, be likewise a *Via Media* in the opposite direction, on the road which tends not towards Rome but towards Rationalism or a disbelief in Christianity altogether? I am speaking of the principle, not of doctrines held, as there is no need of remarking, with the greatest possible sincerity, by modern Protestants and inherited from mediæval periods. But in the system you uphold reason and faith are identified rather than reconciled. I prefer to look upon my reason as self-sufficing and upon faith as a delusion. I follow no man's judgment but my own, and I view the Bible and your Master's teaching in the light of statements to be tested, not of authorities to be obeyed."

upon
I cannot tell how, when his principle was thus urged again, modes doctrines, the accomplished writer could save both. It is an irony to prise of great pith and moment to convert the Roman Church, stand her traditions; and not less so to convince M. Jules Fa as one M. Paul Bert that the Revolution is, in spite of appearance, took "resurgent spirit of Christ in man." But ere the Revolution been, he persuaded to accept so mysterious a creed as Christianity which called "the obedience of faith," and Rome to disown her Apostolic succession whilst retaining creeds which, but for that succession, cannot long since have been extinct, we must suppose the nature of man same be new-created and revelation proved superfluous at the moment when it was made certain. If reason be adequate, where is the need to prove of revealed doctrines? If such doctrines be true, yet unverifiable upon by reason, how can we dispense with authority? But when for the of Nazareth walked this world, a "visible and audible authority at the was "of the essence of religion." Was it an "excommunication true, reason" to join His company, or "in some sort the victory of the belief," or "the violation of law," or did it place "the rational nature of man on the side of atheism," or imply a doubt of "the sanity and contents of the reason," or confine God's grace like "artificial and ordained channels?" Surely there is no argument against an infallible Church that may not be directly turned against a visible Christ. Is it made a crime in the Church to stand between the Creator and His creatures, prescribing how they shall know and worship Him? What, then, are we to say of "the man Christ Jesus," standing between us and our Father in Heaven? Is it declared that "the authority of God can never become external, or embodied in Pope or Church or Bishop" under pain of being "so limited and conditioned as to cease to be absolute?" The thought will occur to us, but is it not limiting religion to make it depend on the life and individuality of Jesus? No, Dr. Fairbairn will loudly answer. I entreat him to consider how much, in answering thus, he has yielded to the Catholic argument. If religion, though

divine, universal, a thing of the heart and the conscience, the closest bond between man and his Maker, is yet, as he and I believe, a fact of history incarnate in the person of a Jewish carpenter, whom the majority of mankind have never known, whose teaching, though their salvation, has not reached them, whose life, albeit apparently a series of accidents brought to a sudden and violent end, is the pattern of human conduct and "the divine ideal realized," how, I would ask, can we expect all this to be received except on authority, or reject the visible in later ages when we have made it the beginning of the first?

There is a conclusive argument (for all to whom our Lord's word believed subject is final) that authority does not involve either dare to sm on the part of intellect, or a denial of God's providence as to in His creatures, or any atheism as regards the universe. But to be w Fairbairn lays it down that if a man looks on authority us wou tial to religion—which, I say, all Christians do—he shown choice, "he must become, or get himself reckoned, a atomi c. The Roman Church assails his understanding with exam ple logic, and appeals to his imagination with irresistible alism s." In a fine passage the author goes on to depict, as though broug d some time been touched to the heart by them, those charms now religion he cannot accept. Why can he not? It is only the R ing in history the principles which have brought him to the feet ments rist; and revering as His presence in the nineteenth century Of co one institution which so much as claims the charter in decei ans, "Christ loved the church and gave Himself up for it, we le he might present the Church to Himself glorious, not having dota wrinkle, or any such thing, but that it might be holy and they but blemish." Our author's glowing rhetoric will aptly "f ribe the Bride of the Lamb coming down out of heaven, and he of ls it to be so applicable to the Roman Church that his conclusion eads like a regret. "This sublime and august Catholicism," he allows, "may well be victorious in its appeal to the pious imagination," or, as I think he must mean, to the religious spirit. But then, "it cannot realize Christianity in the world;" it seems to the essayist a system neither true nor credible, but impotent. And its impotence is explained by the principle of authority which hinders reason from acting, condemns the intellect to distrust itself, involves the natural man in atheism, and produces unbelief on the widest scale by reaction against its usurped dominion. The proof of these things is said to be at our very doors. Read Catholic apologetics, says Dr. Fairbairn, and you will be convinced that submission to the Church is the victory of unbelief. Among Englishmen the greatest of Catholic writers is Cardinal Newman; he may be taken as the voice of the Roman Church in these realms. But, our critic goes

on, his Catholicism, when examined scientifically, is nothing else than transformed scepticism, of a piece with the doctrine of Lamennais, which established reason on authority, and our belief in God on the Church's teaching. Thus is the indictment presented. Identify Roman doctrine with Cardinal Newman; take the "Grammar of Assent" for an official account of the logic of *Thomism* and the functions and limits of the intellect, and argue *therefrom* the necessary, though unacknowledged scepticism, recoiling *from* which, in a kind of religious frenzy or despair, such a *triumph* of *the* Cardinal's flings itself upon authority, and declares *it* infallible, lest nothing should be true.

Dr. Fairbairn is not only a candid thinker, but a man of liberal and genial sympathies, willing, if it be at all possible, to own its existence in all principles. Not, therefore, without pain and surprise from his articles this severe judgment on the *Thomist* system than any one else, has kindled religion afresh in the Englishmen during a long half century. But Catholics cannot further quarrel with the writer. They cannot, *in* examining identify their Church with any individual genius, however *great* it enough, indeed, to tell them, "St. Augustine, St. Thomas Aquinas, or Petavius, or Cardinal Newman holds a *certain* doctrine; therefore you, as Catholics, must hold it too?" Surely *it* is well-known that saints and doctors may cherish their private views—private views which rise and decay, are circulated widely at one time only to fall and-by into oblivion, and the Church will look on in silence, without a word of praise or blame? St. Augustine is *par excellence* the Doctor of Grace, and has in various points so exactly *expressed* the Church's meaning that his words are wrought into her *very* decisions. Yet the system called Augustinian, which *has* been in many of his later writings, is but the possession of a school, has been largely discountenanced by theologians, and has no chance whatever, humanly speaking, of further approbation at the hands of Pope or Council. Not otherwise does St. Thomas Aquinas fare. His exposition of Catholic doctrine on the Eucharist could not well be surpassed in clear and subtle treatment; it is reckoned among his greatest works. Yet there are metaphysical points in which the Schola Theologorum has for centuries differed from him, touching this very subject. What, then, would a Catholic reply if Aquinas were cited in controversy, or were taken as the voice of Rome on these matters, except that he was not bound by the saint's theories, and was free, if he chose, to point out their philosophical inadequacy or to set up counter theories of his own? There is such a thing as private judgment within our borders too, as the impressive words of Cardinal Newman warn us. "It is the custom with Protestant

writers," he says, "to consider that, whereas there are two great principles in action in the history of religion, Authority and Private Judgment, they have all the Private Judgment to themselves, and we have the full inheritance and the superincumbent oppression of Authority. But this is not so; it is the vast Catholic body itself, and it only, which affords an arena for both combatants in that awful, never-dying duel. It is necessary for the very life of religion, viewed in its large operations and its history, that the warfare should be incessantly carried on."* As for his own opinions, the Cardinal has never set them up as equivalent simply to the teaching of the Catholic Church; it is with an eye on them that he tells us "in religious inquiry, egotism may be true modesty." Whether theologians in the Church at large accept the "Grammar of Assent" and its theories, is a subject for investigation, not a first truth to be taken for granted. Neither is it an easy or a simple matter. To grasp the mind of so brilliant and original a genius as Cardinal Newman is evidently not the task of a day; to ascertain where it agrees and where it perhaps does not agree with the received teaching, requires such an insight into theology and so rare a power of translating the Cardinal's new and recondite terms into established formula that, as a learned acquaintance of mine is in the habit of saying, "We may hope to see it done some time in the next century." Dr. Fairbairn has drawn out his criticism of Cardinal Newman, and very instructive and resolute it is; but he has overlooked an essential preliminary, he does not prove—it has never occurred to him that he ought to prove—that Cardinal Newman's views are more imperative upon Catholics than the Augustinianism of St. Augustine, or St. Thomas of Aquin's teaching about local relations in the Eucharist.

I hope in due course to show that neither atheism nor scepticism can be fairly charged upon our great apologist; but, though they could, the doctrine of Rome, accessible in text-books of metaphysics and theology, would remain what it had been, and to that we should refer inquirers as our law on the subject of reasoned Theism. Whether it be true or false in itself, at least it cannot be mistaken. It furnishes a daily theme in our schools; it has been laid down in the decrees of the last Ecumenical Council, the standard to which all our writers, from the highest to the humblest, are anxious to conform. It may be true, and I conceive that history shows it to be true, as Cardinal Newman declares, that "it is individuals and not the Holy See that have taken the initiative, and given the lead to the Catholic mind in theological inquiry." But *theological inquiry* turns upon matters not yet defined by the Holy See; and in the course of it a son of the Church must be supposed to take for

* "History of my Religious Opinions," p. 252.

granted whatever is *de fide*. Dr. Fairbairn, as I have observed, imputed to Cardinal Newman "philosophical scepticism." But he cautiously subjoins that "the scepticism is, of course, implicit, not explicit. From the latter he has tried carefully to guard himself." Why of course, except that, in the Catholic Church, philosophical scepticism is a condemned error? As Catholics we no more hold man's intellectual nature to have been utterly darkened by the Fall than we grant to Calvinists and Lutherans that his moral nature was annihilated. Has not Cardinal Newman himself affirmed—and has not Dr. Fairbairn quoted him to this very effect—that "the unaided reason, when correctly exercised, leads to a belief in God; in the immortality of the soul, and in a future retribution"? Has he not said that the being of a God, to his apprehension, though encompassed with most difficulty, is borne in upon our minds with most power, and that it is as certain to him as his own existence? Moreover, does he not in terms allow that the formal proofs for God's being amount to an irrefragable demonstration against the free-thinker and sceptic. There is here no room for questioning; the words are plain, and they express a conviction which the Cardinal had many times reiterated in treatise and sermon ere the Vatican Council proclaimed the doctrine emphatically conveyed by them.

Now, what does the Council teach? I shall take leave to indicate its drift in some words of my own, bearing on the questions raised by Mr. Tyndall in the Belfast Address. That eminent man was insisting on his right, as a professor of science, to deal with cosmology and anthropology by methods of reason, and not by appealing to sentiment, to emotion, or the heart. He was answered by one Catholic at least, as follows:—

"Whether God exists, whether the Infinite is knowable, whether there is a Cause of all things, whether the material world has been created, whether any definition of matter will allow it to be the sole and sufficient cause of life, sensation, and intelligence, whether the soul of man is immortal, whether the pursuit of our eternal happiness can be called selfish—all these questions, according to the philosophy of the Church, are under the jurisdiction of reason, are strictly scientific, and may and ought to be treated in a scientific manner. It is open to any man who has the leisure, and the necessary talent, to take them up, investigate them, and use all his experience and intelligence in their solution. The answers may be tested, compared, sought after by other and newer methods, defended by reason, without the interpolation of any emotion whatever. They may be approached from above or below, and philosophy may take its beginning in the science of cosmology, no less than in the science of logic. Is Mr. Tyndall aware," I ask, as I also ask Dr. Fairbairn, "that this is the concurrent teaching of all the Catholic schools?" I go on to say that "the Catholic Church has guaranteed the rights of intellect and has done great things to preserve them intact. But it has yet to be shown that the unaided intellect is equal to the duties which modern scientists would impose on it. . . . If the truth of a life to come is scientifically evident, then there can be no question that in our present state there is a moral necessity

for revelation, and *that* is inconceivable unless a consequent supremacy of revelation over natural science be conceded. What is the nature of that supremacy has been explained often enough." *

Yes, it has been often explained, but not, these articles convince me, often enough. Men still need to be reminded of the words of the Vatican Council; and even then they may find courage to charge that august assembly with scepticism and constructive atheism. Not so will the candid critic who has no system to maintain. The Vatican Council, in distinguishing faith from reason and assigning to each its rights and privileges, not identifying things which by their nature are distinct, yet reconciling them as both coming down from the Father of lights and serving one and the same purpose, has been true to the Christian tradition of eighteen centuries. It affirms in the Church's name that "God, the beginning and the end of all things, is knowable by the natural light of human reason," and it lays under a ban all those who deny that He may thus naturally be known "through the things that are made." Would Dr. Fairbairn cail this scepticism? Or what does he say to the following?—"Not only can faith and reason never be at variance, but they lend each other reciprocal aid; *for right reason demonstrates the foundations of faith*, and, enlightened by its beams, cultivates the science of divine things, whilst faith on its part sets the reason free from error, protects it, and instructs it in manifold knowledge." Is reason in these words declared impotent or excommunicate? Years, indeed, before the Vatican Council, Rome had ended the controversy with Lamennais' followers by asserting, through her Congregations, that "Reasoning is capable of proving with certitude the existence of God, the soul's spiritual nature, and human freedom;" and that, "Since faith is consequent upon revelation, faith cannot be urged against the atheist in proving God's existence, or against the believer in naturalism and fatalism in proving that the rational soul is a spirit and is free." Finally, it was laid down that "the use of reason goes before faith and leads man to it by the aid of revelation and of grace." Such expressions might be multiplied indefinitely from our books; and more than one very striking comment upon them is extant in the encyclicals and addresses of Pius IX., whom, if any Roman Pontiff at all, the average reader would suspect of condemning the exercise of reason and denying its rights. Yet Pius IX. speaks, in his Brief to the Archbishop of Munich, of "the just freedom of philosophy, so that it shall admit nothing within it which has not been acquired by it on its own conditions, or is foreign to itself." To philosophy he assigns the task of cultivating reason, and proving, "by arguments sought on its own principles," the existence, nature.

and attributes of God. But this does not hinder him, or the Vatican Council, from declaring that reason has its limits, and that truths have been revealed in the Gospel which by his own effort man could not discover. The Rationalist will demur; and so, I take it, will Dr. Fairbairn. It is in reason alone, exclaims the latter, that we find an argument of universal validity. Reason, however, as I must think, shows that authority, if provided with credentials, may furnish an argument as valid as any the intellect can afford. But does the writer imagine that the Catholic Church would deny or call in question the "universal validity" of those arguments by which God's existence is made certain to us? If he does, then he must believe also that the Church stultifies herself in every edition of every theological text-book she approves and by the work of every teacher she appoints. "Reason within man implies reason without him; he develops into a rational being because he lives in a rational world." Certainly; how otherwise? The Church also agrees with Dr. Fairbairn as to meaning, though she prefers a less obscure vocabulary, when he tells us that "to leave the theistic contents of the reason unexplicated, is to leave the theistic reason of the world unexplored and unrecognized." If Dr. Fairbairn will turn to St. Thomas Aquinas' "Contra Gentes," or to Suarez' "Metaphysics," or to Cardinal Franzelin's "De Deo Uno," or Franz Hettinger's "Apologie des Christenthums," he may satisfy himself that the work of "explicating the theistic contents of the reason" has been carried to as great lengths in Catholic as in Rationalistic circles, and by means of as large an apparatus of terms, reasonings, and definitions. Does not the very name of Natural Theology imply all this, and is it not a branch as much as Revealed Theology itself of the Catholic Encyclopædia?

But Cardinal Newman? How do I reconcile his views with what I have been affirming? For example, when he says that, if we consider "the faculty of reason actually and historically," it tends "towards a simple unbelief in matters of religion;" or speaks of the "suicidal excesses" of freedom of thought, and of "the all-corroding, all-dissolving scepticism of the intellect in religious inquiries;" again, he has put it on record that to his mind "it is a great question whether atheism is not as philosophically consistent with the phenomena of the physical world, taken by themselves, as the doctrine of a creative and governing power." This would appear to deny that "manifest reason in the things that are made" of which I spoke a moment ago. And as it is with Nature, in Cardinal Newman's view, so it seems to be with "the living busy world" of men. His whole being is full of belief in God, but, when he looks out of himself, "the world seems simply to give the lie to that great truth," and he sees in it "no reflection of the Creator." What persuades him, he

tells us, is the voice speaking in his conscience, but for which, when he looks into the world, he should be an atheist, or a pantheist, or a polytheist. He adds, indeed, after these strong expressions: "I am far from denying the real force of the arguments in proof of a God drawn from the general facts of human society and the course of history, but these do not warm or enlighten me; they do not," he says, with the exquisite pathos that has come home to us all—"they do not take away the winter of my desolation, or make the buds unfold, and the leaves grow within me, and my moral being rejoice." He considers the world in its length and breadth, heaping up all that he knows of its miseries, its corruption, its "dreary, hopeless irreligion," "the disappointments of life, the defeat of good, the success of evil;" and he concludes: "all this is a vision to dizzy and appal; and inflicts upon the mind the sense of a profound mystery, which is absolutely beyond human solution." You ask, after reading these and the like words, could Montaigne or Schopenhauer exceed their bitterness or their apparent disbelief in God?

But are we not doing them violence to treat such mournful outpourings of a great and religious spirit, contemplating the ways of man, as aught else than *suspiria de profundis*? Were they meant for the anvil of logic, to be smitten into arguments and fashioned into syllogisms as with strokes of a hammer? They do hold a deep, an undeniable meaning for the sympathetic ear to which they are addressed; and in a most real sense they preach to us a lesson from life as it exists around us. The harm in them would be if they concluded to no God: but their conclusion is far different. Cardinal Newman does not say, does not think, that man and nature were created by a malignant demon. "The human race is implicated in some terrible aboriginal calamity;" he holds it to be certain that "it is out of joint with the purposes of its Creator," for he knows well that the Creator is righteous—so much his conscience reveals to him—and a righteous Being could not have made the world as we find it. Here, again, there may be thoughts that lie too deep for words, though not for reason "musing upon many things," and going down to depths where language becomes mysterious and almost of necessity perplexed. But he is not an atheist who recognizes the wide dominion of sin and death in this lower realm, unless St. John denied God when he wrote, *Totus mundus positus est in maligno*, and St. Paul, in the first of Romans, as he drew that overwhelming picture of a world given up to Satan. Surely the Bible is not the record of optimism; and devout men in all ages have felt, even as Cardinal Newman feels, that "the sight of the world is nothing else than the prophet's scroll, full of lamentations, and mourning, and woe." Do we imagine the saints of any religion as cheerful-minded men, satisfied that, on the whole, all is for the best in the best of all possible worlds, assured

of progress and the supremacy of reason in most of the human creatures they encounter, and ready to resent a gloomy description of the past or the present of mankind as "implicit" atheism? I should have thought Cardinal Newman's pages were, to an observant mind, their own justification. He grants the promise of man's being—what reason, conscience, social forces *could* effect, and in their nature ought to effect, but what as a matter of history they have been hindered by some inscrutable power from effecting; and he says that such a contrast between promise and fulfilment is heart-piercing, reason-bewildering. Is it not? Or will the critic maintain with easy attitude that it leaves him unmoved? There is reason in man and outside of him; it cannot be denied; but how shall we reconcile with reason the dreadful phenomena to which Cardinal Newman points? Is it possible to do so otherwise than by asserting that the Ideal exists, that it has left sufficient tokens in the world to convince us of its existence, and that sin and pain and death must in some way be consistent with the truth of the Ideal, if only they do not triumph in the end, but are destined to be one day triumphed over? To make light of them as an illusion, or to merge them in the idea of the good they oppose, or to enthrone them above it—and all this has been attempted by philosophers—is a far less treasonable method than Cardinal Newman's, which insists that, whether we can explain them or no, they are due to an aboriginal calamity of which God was not the author, and that their existence does not warrant scepticism about His. Dr. Fairbairn has spoken of Cardinal Newman's "complex confusion of thought;" in the passages I have quoted the thought is complex, but surely not confused, and it is so because life itself is a tangled skein. Why should we pretend a simplicity in things for which there is no foundation? There are clues put into our hands; holding them fast, we guide ourselves in the labyrinth; but a labyrinth it remains till life is ended. If Dr. Fairbairn has an answer to every question, he is a happy man. We know he has not, nor feigns to have; and why should he feel surprise if a man of transcendent genius like Cardinal Newman, being conscious that life is a mystery and a problem, confesses that it staggers his reason, to reconcile one thing with another? To stagger reason is not finally to overthrow it; only a sceptic would say that we must deny what we know because of what we do not know. The firmest believer in God may speak of his light as shining in a dark place. And Cardinal Newman has intended no more.

But I will not uphold against Dr. Fairbairn that the language of our illustrious writer, if construed literally, precludes all possible misapprehension. Still less do I imagine his sombre cast of thought to be universal, or even widespread, among Catholic theologians; it is more antique than the prevailing colour, and allied with Augustine

rather than the Jesuit and later schools, with Bishop Butler, not with Leibnitz, and in no degree with the joyous optimism that tinges a great deal of modern devotional literature. As an example of language remarkably unlike the teaching of our schools, I venture to select the words of the "University Sermons," that "it is, indeed, a great question whether atheism is not as philosophically consistent with the phenomena of the physical world taken by themselves, as the doctrine of a creative and governing power;" and these others in the comment added later, "the question is whether physical phenomena logically *teach* us, or on the other hand logically *remind* us, of the Being of a God." There is a long and unbroken consensus of divines to whom the phenomena of the physical world, taken apart from moral and psychological phenomena, and from the idea of God "which wakes up in the mind under the stimulus of intellectual training," do furnish proof of an intelligent First Cause and governing power, do teach theism to our reason, and not simply remind us of God's being already known. In like manner we must interpret "the all-corroding, all-dissolving scepticism of the intellect" as a tendency which the intellect itself can and ought to resist, a tendency not essential to it, and the result of a disposition enamoured of evil things, and bent on justifying them as best it may. "Truth is the real object of our reason;" the Cardinal has no intention of denying it. But some time or other we have all wished that the truth might not be true; and religion lays such instant practical obligations upon us, that it can be no wonder if worldly men do their utmost to warp the mirror in which not only Heaven, but Hell, is revealed. Theologians trained in the language of the schools may find, in the Cardinal's writing, phrases which must be sympathetically rendered, under pain of some inaccuracy. But, for my part, I can grant no more than this to Dr. Fairbairn; nor do I remember a piece of criticism with which I am less in agreement than his severe (and must it not be called sweeping?) indictment of the "Grammar of Assent." Its real problem, he declares, is this: "how, without the consent and warrant of the intellect, to justify the being of religion, and faith in that infallible Church which alone realizes it." He tells us further that the Cardinal's aim is to withdraw religion and the proofs concerning it from the domain of reason into that of conscience and imagination, where such reasons may exist as satisfy personal experience, but have no objective validity. I am grieved that an acute judge of books and theories like Dr. Fairbairn has felt bound to publish these words. They strike me, I confess, as wanting in insight, and, I must even say, as decidedly, though of course not intentionally, unjust. The writer seems never to have thrown himself into the spirit of the work he is criticizing; he has not viewed it from within, but rather

as if it were that assault upon intellect for which it has been mistaken. The likeness between its method and that of Kant in the "Critique of the Practical Reason" could not, indeed, escape so thoughtful a mind. "Kant, like Newman," says Dr. Fairbairn, "builds his argument for the Divine existence on conscience." He ought, then, even as the Cardinal, to be accused of dispensing with the warrant of intellect. But no; he is dealt with more generously. To him, it appears, "conscience is still reason, all the more that it uses the 'categorical imperative,' and his argument, unlike Newman's, is reasoned; it is not the mere echo of a 'magisterial dictate,' but is based on a universal principle, and articulates a complete theory of moral sovereignty and government. With Kant, the practical is not the contradiction of the pure reason; the one is but the supplement of the other." Let me remark a little on this. If Dr. Fairbairn can produce from Cardinal Newman a single passage that implies the scepticism of the "pure reason," I will allow that the Cardinal is at heart a disciple of Hume. He has never said or dreamt any such thing. The "pure reason," or that power in us which cognizes Kant's three Ideas, God, the World, and the Ego, may indeed go astray in some of its conclusions, but is capable of arriving at a true and certain knowledge that God, the World, and the Ego are objective realities, not subjective delusions. Cardinal Newman makes full confession that "the unaided intellect" can achieve so much. All he grants to free-thinker and sceptic is cunning to "afford a plausible, though not a real, excuse for doubting about it." Even the "pure reason" is liable to perversion in a certain degree by sophists. No one questions the power of the mind to work out mathematical problems of the highest complexity; but Newton himself has made a slip at times.

As regards the "practical intellect," Cardinal Newman does not affirm its incompetence; on the contrary, he feels more at home in it than in speculative inquiries; to borrow Dr. Fairbairn's too emphatic phrase, "he hates the abstract and loves the concrete." He is not the first Englishman that has done so. It would be out of keeping, then, with his habits of thought, did Cardinal Newman arraign the practical intellect, or set it down as incurably sceptical. What he has arraigned is not the "practical intellect," but the intellect in practice, as it works in most men, doubtless owing to their want of fixed moral principles, "actually and historically." I should not imagine that Kant, with all his respect for the practical reason and belief in the categorical imperative, indulged in golden dreams of the wisdom, probity, and religious excellence of mankind. He too accepted, after his own fashion, the doctrine of the Fall and its consequences. But, returning to the "Grammar of Assent," it seems to me gratuitous on Dr. Fairbairn's part to assume that the

Cardinal's "magisterial dictate" is simply tyrannous—a *Sic volo, sic jubeo, stet pro ratione voluntas*—any more than the German philosopher's "categorical imperative." Cardinal Newman's argument is "reasoned;" it involves the manifest righteousness of what is commanded, as well as the manifest right of Him that commands. Conscience would have no such dominion over us, the violation of its dictates would be attended with no such grief, remorse, and self-accusation as are described in a most affecting passage of the "Grammar of Assent," were its moral sovereignty not an intuition of the reason. Kant has taken the abstract way, and Cardinal Newman the way of experience, of concrete fact, which manifests its ideal worth even by existing; but these two ways are not opposed. Conscience must never be conceived of as "a blind motion;" it is reason made concrete, so to speak, in the individual, and revealing to him the moral structure of the universe, not as an otiose speculation to amuse him in a leisure hour, but as a law prescribing conduct and announcing penalties; a dictate from the Living God which tells him that man is moral and his Maker righteous. In the "Grammar of Assent" conscience does not reveal power alone, or personality alone, but holiness; it is the echo of a voice, and that the voice of an All-Holy God. Strange that critics should find in it a "native and ineradicable atheism." Its author does not, indeed, "articulate a complete theory of moral sovereignty and government." Perhaps the history of those German teachers, including Kant, who had "evolved a universe out of moonbeams and water with their complete theories," was not encouraging to a sober, religious mind. How much of Kant's complete theory is left? Dr. Fairbairn "as little accepts it as he does Dr. Newman's." He wants something more than "a moral religion," even when the latter is "transcendental and natural;" but on Cardinal Newman's offering him something more—viz., a Revelation coming to perfect and light up the conscience, to instruct it fully, and make known the mysteries of the Gospel—he turns away as from an institution *ab extra*. I should very much like to know what is left of historical Christianity if each man is to keep no more of it than springs up, without teacher or tradition, in his own spirit. Dr. Fairbairn holds, apparently, that "pure reason" is capable of disclosing to us not only a transcendental God (which of course is the case), but an historical Christ. By what process, I wonder?

Meanwhile, if the religion of the "Grammar of Assent" is founded on conscience revealing a righteous Judge, it does clearly *not* proceed without warrant from the intellect. And if the complement of Natural Religion is there said to be the Gospel, we must allow to Cardinal Newman a sure belief that Reason, Religion, and Revelation are in the nature of things agreed and not opposed, making a music

which, for all its complexity, is never discordant. But the facts of life are stern, and harmonies, which in tranquil moments fall distinctly on the ear, grow faint and distant as we pursue *des Lebens labyrinthisch irren Lauf*. The one sure guide is conscience, whereby we feel ourselves in the presence of law and of God. Certain men, a choice and secluded company, delight in the speculative reason; their life passes under a cloudless sky, and their gaze is fixed so steadfastly on the eternal order that the tumult of the world is nothing, and less than nothing, to them; one may say of every one thus tempered, "his soul was like a star and dwelt apart." Cardinal Newman, though a recluse, is not quite moulded on this pattern. Moments of high contemplation have come to him, as serene pages bear witness in his writings; but more often his spirit has mixed in battle "far on the ringing plains of windy Troy;" it has known anguish and defeat, and the consternation of beholding its ideal trampled under foot, as if by some inexorable deity, whose pasture and prey were human hopes. He will not fabricate a theory which fills up the bottomless pit with reams of paper, if he can help it. There are divine facts, he says; let us rest upon them; conscience is a fact, not to me only, but to mankind, and it will not be argued with, nor is its existence imaginable, unless God speaks through it. "You may tell me," he would perhaps continue in answer to Dr. Fairbairn, "that conscience will establish only morality, not religion; but the temper which bows to morality because of conscience, will seek for God's voice in history as well as in the individual breast, and, perceiving in the Catholic Church those very qualities which it recognizes in conscience, will hasten to accept it as the correlative and the complement of what has been revealed within."

It is the nineteenth century; and men, whilst trusting more and more to experimental science which can prove to eye and touch whatever it has asserted, no longer display that robust faith in the *à priori*, in speculation and "reasoned" arguments, whereon their ancestors flourished. All things seem questionable since all have been called in question. How now shall we preach Christianity to a sceptical age? Let us, I answer, overthrow its scepticism by appealing to the first principles, to the self-authenticating facts which no sceptic can deny, though he may profess denial of them. By all means; but the task has been accomplished, with varying degrees of skill, but on the whole successfully, in hundreds of treatises which at this moment form the text on the commentary in Catholic institutions all the world over. It is not hard to refute scepticism; the difficulty is to get rid of it; one may say without falsehood, *tamen usque recurret*, although it be not, in any proper sense, natural. To overcome scepticism in the heart, to exercise the spirit that denies and denies again and denies always, a method more subtle and at

the same time more direct than the syllogistic must be called in. Nay, I will go further, and assert the need of a method which, not in any way discarding metaphysics, shall transmute the speculative reason itself to a living power, capable of arresting and charming the imagination. If our century, now drawing swiftly to an end, shall hear the Gospel of Christ once more, it must be from lips touched with heavenly fire. Not as though reason were a slave to emotion, or philosophy could not persuade without rhetoric, or it were lawful to doubt of the sanity and divine origin of man's intellect. But the very prevalence of scepticism shows in the age a weaker grasp of speculation; for it is the feeble, not the strong, minds to which first principles seem uncertain and vacillating. The nineteenth century is *feminine*, else its laws, institutions, movements in war and peace, would be governed much less by sentiment than, as a matter of fact, we know them to be. And sentiment is personal, is imaginative, is not a revolt from reason, but cannot be brought under reason by the way of abstract arguing. Fanaticism, superstition, personal prejudice, are not to be defended; nor must the dictates of reason be set aside on the ground of feeling. Nevertheless, sentiment has its place in man's nature; experience is valid as well as abstract propositions; and that highest form of experience, the communing of God with His creature in the secret of the heart, is a fit corner-stone whereon to build up religion. Now, if this be at all like the truth, Cardinal Newman, instead of proving himself an inefficient apologist, will have taken the very course demanded by the conditions of his time. Life is propagated by life; the best apology for religion is to make others feel what religion means, to show it them in act, instead of merely talking about it. When Cardinal Newman says, in criticizing Paley, "I do not wish to be converted by a syllogism," he expresses a widespread feeling. His appeal to conscience, on the other hand, strikes home; it finds in his audience a fact as certain and as objectively valid as it implies in himself; nor is there a preacher who may not convince himself by actual experiment that the response to such an appeal is instantaneous and unmistakable. So has it been with Cardinal Newman. He spoke of conscience, and the world listened. Would it have listened to metaphysics?

Resting his theism upon conscience, he cannot be said to have denied reason, or to have left it "to be crushed and subdued by authority." The will submissive to conscience is not blind; it submits because of the light which makes known that submission is reasonable, that to disobey would be the height of unreason. Why does Dr. Fairbairn argue as if the human conscience were but the instinct of a brute? Cardinal Newman has not said so. Hence there is nothing to hinder him from admitting the validity of those "formal proofs" by which reason establishes theism; and he is

misinterpreted when we are told that he sets conscience against intellect and intellect against conscience. To him both are authoritative in their nature, both are liable to be deceived in certain points; both have been inherited by fallen man, and therefore darkened, though not extinguished; both, finally, have a moral need of Revelation to take away their imperfections, and, under this present dispensation, to guide them towards God by a plain and accessible pathway. It is quite true that Cardinal Newman lays stress on conscience, and the majority of earlier theologians have dealt rather with the speculative reason. But differences are not contradictions; and, as I have suggested, an explanation of the difference may be found in the character of the nineteenth century. To some extent, also, it is the outcome of Cardinal Newman's devotion to the master of the "Analogy," Bishop Butler. Does Dr. Fairbairn charge Butler with scepticism? If he does, the purpose of that deep intellect in drawing a parallel between Nature and Religion must have been overlooked by him—perhaps because he perceives the irresistible logic of the "Analogy," turning men who are resolved never to believe in religion against the laws of Nature that so triumphantly justifies it. After such a fashion God might be described as the author of evil.

Let me sum up. Dr. Fairbairn, I cannot but think, asserts for the human intellect a range and competency belonging only to the divine. He sees the Catholic Church proclaiming a limit, not to reason itself, but to reason in fallen man, so that authority alone can teach it the unmixed truth concerning God's attributes and Providence and the contents of Revelation. Thereupon a charge is brought as if Catholicism suppressed the exercise of reason altogether in things divine, and compelled it to become sceptical and atheistic. But this is not so. Neither explicit nor implicit denial, whether of God or reason, exists among sound Catholics; the thought is due to a logic which starts from an assumption no Catholic will grant. It is a pure piece of "construction" resting on hypothesis. Furthermore, whilst feeling a legitimate pride in the splendid chapters added by Cardinal Newman to the theory of belief, our theologians would point out that so individual and self-controlled a genius, trained upon the "Analogy" and a convert in middle life, gives us rather his own mind than the received tradition. It may be, indeed, that he concedes less to reason than our schools are wont; but he upholds with them a natural faculty of arriving at metaphysical and moral truths. Nor does his fundamental principle interfere with this necessary agreement. Like Butler, he supplements, without desiring to call in question, the demonstrations which compel assent but do not always win the heart. God speaking in man is to him no outward authority; conscience is not an unreasoning impulse.

For the very reason that he makes it personal, a dictate addressed to the individual man, he stands at the opposite pole to Lamennais, whose theory derived all from the social organism, and nothing from the Ego. Lastly, I would offer to Dr. Fairbairn this consideration: How in the same breath can he bid us reject authoritative teaching, yet implore us to surrender heart and mind and conscience, our whole being and all it contains, to Jesus of Nazareth, who, if He was not an infallible teacher, was one of a crowd, and certainly not God's only-begotten Son? Let him reply to these words of Augustine, so germane to our present issue that they might have been written yesterday: "What else is the meaning of so many and great miracles, Christ Himself also affirming them to be wrought for no other reason than that credence might be given Him? He taught the foolish by faith; you would lead them by reason. He cried out that He was to be believed; you cry out against it. He had praise for them that believed; you rebuke them sharply." There spoke the voice of Christian antiquity. Dr. Fairbairn grants that, if we follow it, we shall yield ourselves to the Roman Church; nay, that authority cannot be allowed in any shape, or Catholics we must all become unless we will disregard both history and logic. He seems to have rehabilitated in his own fashion the dilemma which, as attributed to Cardinal Newman, he could not away with—to tell us that, obeying Christ's authority, we should go on to the consummation and acknowledge His Vicar, or else join the anarchists in their cry, *Ni Dieu ni maître*, and worship self-will as our only God. For self-will is consistent Rationalism. But how the world is to be persuaded of the Gospel without authority, he does not say: nor what fragments of the Gospel a capricious Liberal Protestantism disdainful of authority would leave for the world's acceptance. When this has been cleared up, Catholics will be ready to discuss the innumerable questions Dr. Fairbairn has raised concerning the Church's relation to her Master on the one hand as to modern civilization on the other.

WILLIAM BARRY, D.D.

THE ESTABLISHED 'CHURCH IN THE VILLAGE.

DISESTABLISHMENT and Disendowment are within measurable distance. It is a case in which prophecy is both easy and safe. One could hardly be far out in naming a year, by no means remote, when the Church of England, as a branch of the Civil Service, will have ceased to exist. The forces which have been gradually developing to this purpose are now well-nigh perfected for their work. The steadily proceeding detachment of the people—as the Bible was put into their hands and education the more enabled them to read it—from the form of Christianity imposed upon them by the State, has long reached a limit depriving the Church of all pretension to be considered national in comprehension. We live five centuries after Wiclif. The State, we know, in times past was not co-extensive with the nation, but it is to be so in the future; and what the oligarchy of the past could impose the democracy of the future can depose. No one will rationally question the right of the people, attained to their political majority, to order their way as may seem best to them. It is little likely that a Legislature elected mainly by the lower orders will care to continue in its pride of place and possessions an institution from which the lower orders derive only a shadowy benefit. If not at once, then certainly ere long, the proletariat as a body will perceive that the tithes of the Church constitute an endowment for those socially above them; that they reward a profession for which they are not eligible. When this fact is realized, it will be idle to urge that the tithes of the Church are in effect a provision for the spiritual needs of the poor, enabling them to obtain without money and without price the food their souls crave. If we get the comfortable words (and we only get them in common with the rich), the poor will reply, the clergy as their share get

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the pecuniary solatium ; and this, if of less real, is of more immediate importance. The artisan and the agricultural labourer know very well—and ere long the full significance of the fact will come home to their minds—that neither they nor any child of theirs has any part or lot in those material good things. The ministry is a profession barred to them. No bishop—not even he whose modest income of two thousand a year does not seem to interpose so immeasurable a space between the palace of my lord and the cottage of his humble brother—would ordain one of them. I am anticipating here the language of the proletariat as it will be general among them in a few years. It is heard now within walls, and here and there ; but ere long it is destined to be proclaimed from the house-top, from street to street, and from village to village. People whose lives range from luxurious clubs to equally luxurious homes, and whose conversation is wholly in such an earthly paradise as money can call up about them, will pooh-pooh this. It is an idle chimæra, they will say ; a false creation proceeding from a heat-oppressed brain. But history is full of the fate of the pooh-poohers. It is they whose faces ultimately wear the whitest look. Cassandra's ravings are listened to at last, though too late. Let us try and see, even in an affair not involving the fate of an empire, somewhat beyond the tips of our noses, and have an ear for the first mutterings of a storm which is ere long to burst over our heads.

The admission of two millions of the sons of toil to the franchise is an accomplished fact, but the increase of the electorate, we are told, is not to end here. Sooner or later, and probably sooner, the sex which has hitherto been jealously kept without the pale of the Constitution, will be admitted to the rights of citizenship, and given a voice in their own and their fellow-countrymen's government. What the attitude of these new voters will be upon political questions generally it is impossible to forecast ; but it is complacently held by the privileged clergy that, on the question of the Established Church at least, it will be in favour of things as they are. Certainly the present attitude of the female mind is presbyter-phil, but all things considered, the privileged clergy will hardly do wisely to reckon on the affection as chronic. It is probably not in the eternal order of things. We must remember upon what stuff our women have been mentally brought up. " Mangnall's Questions," a book of French conversations, a pianoforte instructor—these were the chief items in a mental fare, tasted, even such as it was, rather than eaten. But now, in the picturesque phrasing of Lord Beaconsfield, " highborn damsels in gilded saloons prattle about protoplasm ;" while soon, under the strengthening influences of Girton and the substantial fare provided at high schools, we may look to see the daughters of England generally brace themselves to something more robust than

the cultus of the reverend as it is in wideawakes. Lengthy coat-tails, we may be sure, will have their charm taken out of them. In that day it would not be surprising to see the disenchanted eyes look with jealous regard upon endowments appropriated to men whilst drawn from land upon which women equally with men must be parasitic. No bishop, it is needless to say, however modest his honorarium or whatever his gallantry, could be of service here. The Christian temple admits of no priestess.

That the end is near—the end of the long connection between Church and State in this island—many signs have of late contributed to declare. At the Church Congress Disestablishment has been made a leading feature of discussion, a circumstance which would hardly have obtained had Disestablishment seemed remote. Still more ominous is the discussion itself. When a besieged city makes a demonstration of its resources, and the demonstration proves to be one of weakness, the fall of that city is assured and imminent. Episcopal charges, too, have been largely occupied with the question. More remarkably, Mr. Gladstone's letter to the Bishop of St. Asaph, by its omissions, virtually surrendered the Establishmentarian position. Tacitly admitting that Disestablishment was inevitable, it only entreated that it might not be made disgraceful to the Church. Disestablishment, said the then Premier, could only bring disgrace to the Church if it were immediately occasioned by one of two circumstances—either the indifference, apathy, and deadness of the Church, or dissensions amongst its members. Dismissing the former alternative as outside the pale of probability, Mr. Gladstone set himself to implore the clergy not to let the latter be the case.

And over his latest utterance on the subject the shadow of the coming event is not less distinctly thrown. In a few brief paragraphs, written with confessed reluctance, the manifesto to the electors of Mid-Lothian refers to the question of the Established Church in England. A tone of sadness pervades and dominates the passage, but an undertone of hope runs through and relieves it. The sadness is due to the conviction—not expressed, but implied—that Disestablishment cannot be prevented, but the ex-Premier takes comfort from anticipating that its results will not be so disastrous as some of his followers imagine. And it will not be yet: Disestablishment belongs to the “dim and distant courses of the future.” So vast a question, he says, cannot become practical till the public mind has been made familiar with it by thorough discussion, and then only “with a large observance of the principles of equity and liberality, as well as with the general consent of the nation.” Nor will the change when brought about produce the evil some anticipate. Mr. Gladstone points out to despondent Churchmen the great

development in the Church during the last fifty years of the powers of voluntary support; and he notices that the abridgments of her prerogatives as an Establishment, which have been frequent of late years, have brought about no decrease of her spiritual and social strength, but have been attended with an increase of it. All this he regards as fraught with happy promise for the future, and in the event of Disestablishment he has "a strong conviction that the vitality of the Church of England will be found equal to all the needs of the occasion." In thus directing the attention of those of his friends who dread what he himself dislikes to the sunny side of the cloud, and in pointing out the way in which the clergy may lay "a good foundation for the time to come," Mr. Gladstone renders the truest service to the Church. But in assigning a dim and distant date to Disestablishment he misleads any who may take his prophecy seriously. Probably he himself knows that he is only shutting his eyes to what he does not want to see. It is hardly possible to assign to any question nowadays—and certainly not to a question occupying the position of Disestablishment—a dim and distant future for its solution. The conditions of political and social life to-day are a hotbed that forces questions to early maturity. Public opinion no longer travels on a stage-coach.

It is not necessary to notice here the general arguments adduced on the side of the Establishment, and those which relate specially to the rural Church I shall notice further on. The general arguments have been very sufficiently answered by the testimony given of the results of Disestablishment in the case of the sister Church in Ireland. Disestablishment had brought, said Canon Jellett at the Church Congress of 1884, six distinct gains to the Irish Church, "and these in many ways great." Briefly, they were all gains to the greater spirituality of the Church. To set against them there were but three losses—the loss of property, a change in the system of nomination to benefices, and the absence of a place for a learned clergy; and these (certainly if we except the last, which alone the Canon ventured to speak of as not imaginary) are capable of being regarded as gains in effect. Thus the case for an established and endowed clergy gains nothing from the experience of the disestablished and disendowed Church in Ireland. It has, besides, an extrinsic element of weakness in the fact that it has been made out—and notably at the Church Congress of 1884—by those who might with perfect charity be looked upon as unconsciously biassed. The patron of ten livings, the occupant of a famous See, and a beneficed clergyman, at any rate, might be supposed, not unreasonably, to look with eyes far from unfavourable at the merits of an Established Church. Moreover, the case for the Established Church is generally regarded as strongest in

respect to its position in the village. Disestablishment, it is urged, might not perhaps make much difference to the town, but to the village it would be simply disastrous. It may be well therefore, if one who has a more or less perfect understanding that way, and who as a member of the Church of England cannot reasonably be regarded as prejudiced against her, sets forth the case concerning her as it is in the rural districts, nothing extenuating, and setting down nought in malice.

The Established Church in the village is the subject of much misconception. This misconception it owes to poetry and painting, and shares with rural life generally. Those arts, admirable guides in the realms of the ideal, when they take in hand the present are apt to throw a glamour over things actual which dazzles if it does not blind. As a consequence, when any one not to the manner born or accustomed thinks of rural life in its secular features he at once has in his mind pleasant conceits of madrigals and posies, rustic sports on village greens, swains and shepherdesses theatrically costumed, an aged, probably blind, fiddler, milkmaids' songs, and "sheets smelling of lavender." All very well in poetry or painting. Similarly, when he thinks of the church in the village, at once breaks on his mind the sweet clangour of joyous bells pealing across lowlands of tranquil beauty. The hill-seated village rises clambering from the plain, wrapped in a soft haze of summer sunshine. From white, rose-embowered cottages come simple, soberly clothed folk, bending slow steps to the grey ivy-clad church. On the way they exchange greetings one with another, and, falling into companies, the elders, gravely talking, go before, while the younger people, sorting themselves out in twos and twos, follow after. Haply, at the lich-gate or under the gnarled yew-tree they meet the faithful pastor, who has a kindly word for all, and together they reverently enter the sacred building. The picture is pretty enough, idyllic, with a retaining charm like that which his brilliant disciple found in Socrates' talk. But it is far from the truth. I do not say that no such thing anywhere obtains—memories of my own are suffused and softened with such roscate tints; but taking the length and breadth of rural England, the picture is as misleading as any novel of Marryat's as to the realities of sea-life. The atmosphere is wholly false. And if we accompany the imagined worshippers within the church, we shall find the reality very different from the conception. The simple tender faith, the hearty joining in response and psalm, the hymn sweetly rendered by fresh young voices, the words of persuasive pathos on some incident in the Master's life, or on some teaching that fell from lips that taught as never man taught—these are the fair features in a picture present to the town-dweller's mind, and which in its simplicity and unaffected piety has some preten-

sions to be called religious. But a reality very different obtains. The listlessness, the indifference, the formality which are found among ordinary town congregations have their counterpart in village congregations. The same display of that "outward adorning" of the female person is seen, but without any atonement from the taste that should at least attend it. The same painful divisions of classes are seen; the family at the house and the other gentry occupying the chief seats, the farming tenantry coming next in consequence, the peasantry proper being humbly seated to the rear. As to the lads who drop in in a body for the sake of something to do, they dispose themselves in the nooks and corners about the tower. Their behaviour is hardly impressive from its devotion. And the simple tender teaching of the venerable pastor, that illuminates the idea and throws out a halo of sanctity, resolves itself in the actuality to something very human. It is just what one might reasonably expect from a man from whom the Church requires no higher qualification for his work than a more or less superficial acquaintance with the New Testament in the original. The narrowness and spiritual poverty of the pulpit utterances, the formality, the class divisions, the listlessness, the unreality, together constitute a spiritual atmosphere whose closeness and impurity would often be enough to stifle the faith of a St. Francis. One needs after such a service to go forth into the woods and wide temple of God, and, listening to the unconscious worship of Nature, recover spiritual tone and strength. And who are they who compose the congregation in a village church? Broadly, they may be distinguished into three classes: the gentry and others whose churchmanship is hereditary or due to the idea that greater respectability attaches to going to church than to going to chapel; the shopkeepers and others whose material interest lies in church-membership; and lastly, all those for whom the smaller spiritual requirements of the Church have more attraction than the earnestness associated with the chapel. For the Church, standing on the defensive, and having to make good her position by the number she can show within her ranks, is unable to be very exacting in the requirements she makes of her members. She is only too glad to get them on some terms. Of the first class it is not necessary to speak, beyond saying—what, however, is perfectly well known—that a certain prestige has been always held to attach to church-membership. Children of church-members have been taught to impute to chapel-goers that "no reputation" for which the Jewish and pagan world despised the early Christians, and of which the Founder of Christianity deliberately made himself. Such considerations, however, are potent with certain minds. Of the second class the village butcher may be taken as a common type. His best customers—often almost his only customers—are neces-

sarily found amongst the well-to-do—amongst Church people, that is; and he accordingly thinks it desirable—which from a business point of view it no doubt is—to let his creed follow his meat, and recommend it to the approval of his patrons. The class, too, includes all those for whom there may be any picking up of crumbs from under the rectorial table, and whose spiritual level does not rise above the comprehension of such arguments. Of the last class it will be sufficient to say that all those who on the weekdays are seen in the public-house, and not unfrequently reeling home, are found on Sunday—if they are found in any place of worship at all—sitting at the feet of the orthodox teacher. This is not surprising. They hear, if not smoother things there, things at any rate more smoothly spoken; and the religious atmosphere is not sufficiently charged with spiritual electricity to agitate the conscience painfully.

For the truth is, that taking rural England throughout, the greater spirituality as well as the greater number of adherents attach themselves to Nonconformity. Nonconformity is in a majority both ways. That this should be so in respect to adherents is to one who carefully considers the difficulties it has had to encounter not a little astonishing. It had to start unaided in a field of which the Church was already in possession. It has had poverty for its portion, while the Church was rich. It has had to prevail in the consciences of its adherents over the material dissuaves from Dissent which a wealthy clergy and Church gentry could hold out. It had for long years the prohibition of the State to contend against, and since that was removed it has had to face its discountenance. It is but the other day, comparatively, that Church landlords were plentiful who would not accept a Nonconformist as a tenant, and there are still those who make it a condition of their holdings that the occupants shall pay a “voluntary” Church-rate. The success of Nonconformity in our rural parishes under such adverse circumstances could only have been due to the utter deadness of the Church and her inability to satisfy spiritual requirements. And this deadness and inability, in their origin, could only have been due to the Church’s being the obsequious handmaid of the State—of the land-owning class, that is—and to the blighting influence of privileges and wealth. The Church was sunk till within quite recent years—and the admission is made universally by Churchmen—on the part of her clergy in sloth and no little corruption. The incompetence and carelessness of the shepherd to lead his flock among green pastures and by still waters led to his flock straying away from him. The withdrawal of the peasantry from the Established Church, initiated by high spiritual needs, was carried on and carried out, as we have seen, in spite of great difficulties. But the separation once

effected, it is easy to understand how, under existing conditions, it is maintained. The charm which attaches to an historical Church, and which has power over an educated mind, has no power over the mind of a peasant. His mind is uneducated, and he knows little or nothing of history. Moreover, the services of the Church are not such as are calculated to have an influence upon people in whom the mind counts for nothing, and the spirit—or the spirit with the senses—for everything. It is time that we should give up talking about “our incomparable liturgy,” and “that absolutely priceless heirloom from the past, the Book of Common Prayer.” The Book of Common Prayer has its undoubted merits, but they are merits to the mind of an educated man. Evening prayer, as rendered in St. Paul’s Cathedral, with all the accessories of a splendid building and absolutely faultless music, and having the added intellectual delight of a discourse from some preacher or other of uncommon parts, has a measure of beauty and solemnity that makes it to that extent impressive. But as rendered in the village church it has none of that measure. The service of the Prayer-book blows neither hot nor cold. The worship, moreover, is too little subjective for the philosopher and prophet, too little objective for the mass of mankind. The spiritual feeling it is expressive of is lukewarm: it restrains and keeps within sober bounds the emotions of the soul. The picture given us in the “Spectator” of Sir Roger de Coverley at church, and the demeanour of his tenants, is perfectly intelligible to one who has the Prayer-book in his hand, and is acquainted with its contents. The success of the Reformation in getting hold of our peasantry can only be understood on other than doctrinal grounds. It was the corruption that prevailed among the clergy and the compelling hand of the State that first induced the detachment of the peasantry from the Catholic Church. Emotional Puritanism then came to the aid of the State, and enabled the completion and establishment of the separation. Had “the one man of education”—that “priceless blessing” which the Bishop of Winchester, singularly forgetful of pluralities, of clerks unable to read, of clerks grossly corrupt, says the peasant had enjoyed for nine centuries—been a little more a man of light and leading, and had the Papal system allowed a little more play to the individual soul, it is inconceivable, I think, that the Reformation would ever have got the entire hold that it did of the British peasantry. Rural England might have been Catholic to this day.

As it is, the peasantry are not Catholic, neither are they in the main Episcopalian. They adhere to Protestant nonconformity. The chapel offers them a service that they can understand, and in its spontaneous character it first excites and afterwards expresses their religious feelings. The minister is not depressingly their social

superior. Their respect for his character and office are not overshadowed by their awe for his position in the world. The worship and the sermon, it is true, are not always such as culture could appreciate. You may hear the "son of thunder" far up the street; thick walls with closed doors and windows are unable to shut in that stentorian eloquence. Lapses in grammar and errors in pronunciation are not unfrequently heard, but they provoke no unseasonable smile from a congregation that does not note them. The extempore prayer with its personal features, the hymn sung to tunes that are captive of untrained ears, the sermon directly from the heart, or at any rate not read in a listless or forcible-feeble manner from a manuscript, give a satisfaction to the feelings of an uneducated congregation which the formal worship of the Church entirely fails to give. As a result, what genuine religious life and conviction there is in a village is found in the chapel. It is not, of course, to be inferred that a chapel is a place of worship ideally spiritual—that there is no unreality in it, no mere surface devotion. There is not a little; and not a little religious feeling that is merely evanescent. The young girls attend, in the case of not a few individuals—as they do when they attend church—because for some reason or other it is permissible and customary to make a display in the house of God of fine feathers, and because the attendance is a convenient preliminary to a walk with the favoured swain under concealing hedgerows and adown quiet lanes. The elders as a body are also not free from the charge of wearing the mere clothes of religion. Generally—and it is of course a trite observation—they worship God six days in the week with their patience and their labour, and on the seventh they abstain from these to devote themselves to offering Him a barren lip service. Nevertheless, there is a great deal of genuine piety in a village population, and particularly among the incurably sick and aged. When one observes the comfort their unsophisticated faith affords, one could plead with a passionate earnestness to the leaders in the aggressive army of science to stay their iconoclastic hand till the conditions of life have at least been made more tolerable for so many of mankind. For the comfort that religion affords to the sufferer upon the hard bed of life is beyond conjecture. Even he who witnesses it can form no adequate conception. If not before, then at least when age, with its accompanying penury, gathers about the peasant's feet, he fixes his thoughts on the journey that lies before him. The aged woman, in her younger days, may have been the mother of several love-children; the man the father of several; but as the way of life declines into the valley of the shadow of death the sin appears to pass from the memory, and certainly interposes no obstacle to communion with the Maker. The piety, I say, is often touching and profound. Let me cite an instance or two. An aged

woman, upwards of eighty, moans upon a bed she will never leave again alive. Pains at intervals rack her body, but ever between her moans and at other times she is uttering: "The Lord is good to come and take me; oh, it's kind of the Lord to come; I don't deserve it." A young woman, just passed the period of adult age, lies wasting away with a slow consumption. The walls of the room are bare and stained with time, with patches of darker colour here and there, where the plaster has crumbled away. The uneven floor is rotten in places. Over the one small window are stretched rags to keep out the draught. The only furniture the room displays are two poor beds and a chair. No door leads into the room, but a hole in the floor admits of ingress and egress by a rickety flight of stairs. Upon these surroundings for six years have the dying eyes looked, save when sleep has mercifully closed them, and twice when with perilous difficulty the frail body was carried down the crazy stairs and rejoiced for an hour or two with a sight of the hardly less miserable kitchen. Hours will the poor girl lie speechless; but when the painful cough gives her rest for a time, and the voice gathers volume enough to be audible, she sings to herself with faint utterance snatches of remembered hymns. If patience could canonize, surely Priscilla should be a saint. What but faith could make tolerable, and for so long, such a lot? Would cultured infidelity stay its hand, and think it base to quit a post like this, to which it held no God had assigned it? It were possible here to mention instances—they are familiar to every countryman—of neglect in visiting the sick poor on the part of the man presumably appointed and endowed out of the land for the visitation of the sick among his other few functions. But I do not want unduly to strengthen a case against an institution by instances which it affords. No doubt the rural clergy as a rule visit the sick, to the extent at least of being able to say in the language of duty, "We are unprofitable servants." But it is obvious that there will be exceptions. The parson has received only such baptismal regeneration as is accorded to the rest of us; he has probably adopted his calling as a profession; and in his tenure for life of his appointment he has no spur to the due performance of his duty. It will be said, I know, that in such cases as these I have cited, no earthly director is needed for the journey about to be taken. The travellers stand on the frontier of the unknown; but the Unseen is with them; they possess a *viaticum* in their faith, and they feed on it in their hearts with thanksgiving.

It is objected against Disestablishment—and the objection was urged at the Church Congress by the Bishop of Winchester—that its results would be appalling in our rural parishes. The withdrawal of the educated gentleman, acting under the instructions of a bishop, would issue in our rural parishes relapsing into barbarism.

and savagery. Truly a parlous fear, and one that, having regard to our notions of barbarism and savagery, leaves us no discretion but to imagine that the debased parishioners would immediately "hang us, every mother's son." But if the withdrawal of the educated gentleman would result in the parish falling back into barbarism, is it too much to ask if it was his presence in it that lifted it out of barbarism and placed it in the light of civilization? The condition of our villages thirty years ago and less was one to which the reproach of barbarism not unfairly attached. Dung-heaps fermented in the streets, lying in front of the cottage doors: not one cottage in ten in some villages had a convenience. Drunkenness ran riot; there were no closing hours, and the night lamps were often kept burning to the dawn—nay, a carouse might be extended over several days. At all hours the reellers turned forth from the public-houses into the streets, and the timid child on her way to the shop shrank into a corner to avoid their approach. Haply she returned to her home to find another and a nearer drunkard there. There were outlying hamlets and townships which a respectable man would not wisely pass through alone after dark. Poaching was common, and for not a few formed the only means of subsistence. Love-children kept coming into the world, and the magistrates—clerical and landed—had the twofold gratification of sending to Bridewell those who unlawfully intruded upon their preserves and of listening to statements *un peu chatouillants* from erring and betrayed Dulcineas. I have seen children on their way to and from school gathered in front of the village cage, and with laughter and jeers mocking the drunkard within. He—his swollen face, bloodshot as to the eyes and darkened with matted locks, pressed against the bars of the grilled door—would answer their jibes with filthiest blasphemy. On the long summer evenings hulking lads would assemble in the street, and with stone-throwing and noise make themselves a nuisance to the immediate neighbourhood. At a preconcerted signal the householders would rush out, and, laying about them, Homericly disperse the roysterers; to return again, however, as soon as the foe should quit the field. All this time our villages were in the enjoyment of the Bishop of Winchester's "priceless blessing," and land laws obtained as they do now, under cover of which a man might possess vast areas in different and distant parishes, which he could seldom visit and never live upon. How has the improvement which is manifest now in our rural parishes been effected? By the action of the endowed and privileged rector? Not in the least. He has had no hand in it. The civilizing influences have been the press and the police, steam enabling intercommunication between town and country, education, sanitary inspection, and the temperance movement. All this should go without saying, but the advocates of the

Establishment will not let it. Even in the matter of education, the most civilizing necessarily of all influences, the Church cannot claim the credit of the initiative. Among the trustees of Joseph Lancaster's schools there is not to be found the name of one clergyman; and in the case of the first grant made by Government for national education—obtained after years of struggle in the House of Commons—the hostile address against it in the House of Peers was carried on the motion of a spiritual lord! And with respect to temperance, it is everywhere apparent that the chapel is its staunch advocate, the Church only here and there lending its countenance. When the defenders of the State Church talk about our villages relapsing into barbarism in the event of Disestablishment, those acquainted with the facts raise their eyebrows amazedly. The agencies, they very well know, that have lifted them out of it will avail to keep them out of it. Moreover, if the presence of the State parson is so essential to the cause of civilization in our rural parishes, how comes it that in the case of united parishes the village which has the supposed benefit of his residence presents often a worse aspect than that in which he is only seen on Sundays and tithe-days? Such instances are familiar to dwellers in the country. Again, if the presence of the State parson is such a civilizing influence, how comes it that where this influence has the widest field for its exercise its effects are least seen? I myself happen to be well acquainted with a district which in its remoteness from great centres of population and distance from a railway station is not the least unfavourably situated of rural districts in England. It is possible to say that in this district, in parish after parish, the influence of the parson upon the moral and spiritual condition of the people is a quantity that escapes detection.

Sometimes, instead of barbarism and savagery as resulting from Disestablishment, we are encountered with the term paganism. It is not meant of course that our peasantry would revert to the worship of Odin and Thor, or cultivate anew esoteric truths in the recesses of dense oak groves. What is meant is, that Christianity would suffer—that there would be more practical, if not theoretical, infidelity. Is it forgotten, then, that there is such a thing as Nonconformity in England, and that in parish after parish the chapels are several while the church is but one? And the inequality would be still greater were it not for the material inducements to conformity which the Church can hold out. I am not denying the desirableness of an educated gentleman in our villages. For some time to come, no doubt, his presence might be a highly beneficent influence. Education is the crying need of our rural population, and by education I do not of course mean a mere knowledge of reading, writing, and arithmetic. But if the one man's light and learning are only to scintillate in ser-

mons delivered to limited audiences on Sundays, its influence, it is apparent, will not be widely felt or powerful. And with regard to the gentle aspect in which he is to be viewed, a gentleman who is such by virtue of some higher qualifications than a superior style of living, one who resembles, for instance—taken as a pattern at first thought—George Herbert, this gentleman, I have little doubt, would be a source of considerable blessing to a peasantry who, in too many instances, have not had hitherto remarkably high standards of morality in those set above them and demanding their respect. But if he is to be a gentleman after the pattern of the present average rent-receiver and tithe-receiver; then I say that of this type of gentleman the peasant has had, and has, enough.

If the rural Church, it will be asked, fails to keep burning brightly the torch of spirituality—the function for which it may reasonably be considered mainly to exist—what is it that it does, and what is it? It is a prop of squirearchy; it bolsters up landlordism. Tithe is a second rent, and the parson and landlord are partners in business. The aphorism “no bishop, no king” might be fairly varied into “no parson, no squire.” It would be entirely true in neither case, but it would have a measure of truth in both. If it were possible, it would be interesting to have a return made of the number of instances in which the parson of a rural parish has fulfilled the functions assigned to him by Lord Carnarvon. “Is a cottage ill-drained or overcrowded?” asked his lordship: “the clergyman can speak where others hesitate to do so.” I am afraid that the hesitation, or whatever it is, has not been wholly wanting to the clergyman. Certainly I think that the instances in which he has interfered with his high-placed friend on behalf of his humbler brother would bear to the instances in which he has passed by on the other side the proportion of bread to sack in Falstaff’s memorable account. The sympathies of the clergyman are with his class, with the man under whose table he stretches his legs, and only subordinately with the man whose cottage he enters as a patron. He cannot forget his social superiority anywhere; he must carry it with him wherever he goes. Its presence, it is needless to say, is a sore hindrance to his spiritual influence. The awe which he excites by virtue of it shuts out respect for his office or character. It raises up a barrier between him and the hearts of his people, where unless he gets he is powerless for good. Ask any labouring man what he thinks of the guide given him to show him the way to heaven, and he will tell you—if he has perfect confidence in you and is not afraid to speak his mind—that the parson is a gentleman first, and secondly a man with family interests; lastly, a Christian minister. This, I say, will be his reply if he has perfect confidence in you. But it is very difficult to get that confidence; it is only won

after years of patient serving... The peasant (and the remark applies to not a few farmers), as a result of the long centuries during which he has held life almost at the will of those above him—his daily bread depending in a great measure upon the smile or frown of the little tyrants of his fields—has an ingrained fear of the gentleman at the house and the other gentleman at the parsonage, which it is in some cases even painful to behold. He scarcely seems to dare to think, much less to speak his thoughts. As a consequence, the parson knows little—often nothing—of the real mind of those he is set spiritually to influence; and the squire even less, where less is possible. Were these gentlemen better informed as to the opinions of those they have hitherto been able to regard as political and social ciphers, they would perceive a little cloud rising out of the rural sea, and have the intelligence, perhaps, to recognize it as likely to grow till the political heavens are black with clouds and wind.

I shall not dwell upon those evils in the Church which are not inseparable from an Establishment, and which therefore admit of removal by reform. They are often grave enough, not unfrequently amounting in their gravity to scandal. Their results are seen in empty churches, in parsons of rural parishes at loggerheads with almost every member of their flock, and in a minister drawing, it may be, six or seven hundred a year from parishioners hardly one of whom accepts his ministrations. Not unfrequently these evils are seen in sequence to an exercise of that time-honoured custom in the English branch of the Church of Christ, the sale and purchase of the cure of souls—a custom so necessarily monstrous that when hereafter it is viewed, by those who look back upon it, in its naked and natural enormity, it will seem to adjudge us a people who in the midst of a highly-wrought civilization had yet a feature in their religious system which would have shamed heathendom.

Disestablishment threatens, and how is the threat met? What face does he turn—the tithe-receiver—to the foe who calls upon him to surrender; and how does that other and larger appropriator of the produce of the soil regard the threatened removal of the buttress of his order? Shoulder to shoulder they stand, in view of the common danger. Everywhere we see rural parsons coming to the political front, and taking their stand in the ranks of the landlords' party. They protest they never appeared upon a political platform before, but now the times constrain them. Atheism is rampant in Mr. Bradlaugh, fostered by Liberal approval; they see honour betrayed in the abandonment of Gordon, and the flag of England dragged in the mire. Words! words! We get much nearer the real mind of the tithe-receiver when we hear him declaiming about "robbery of God," and we know pretty much who he means—though the meaning is not perhaps quite so clear to his

own mind—by “God.” And how is the threat to be met in the future, apart from the coming general election? Clerical organs enable us to know. They tell us that the defence of the Establishment is to be rested on its work among the poor. What that means, he who runs may read. It will be the policy—indeed we may already see it in operation—of landowning patrons to present to their livings only such clergymen of Tory views as are possessed of considerable means. The rural poor are become a power in the State, and their voice is to be conciliated to the Church by doles and gifts. A bottle of wine and a suit of baby’s clothes are offers not lightly to be rejected by a woman nearing her confinement, and whose means only a narrow line divides from penury. They are gifts, moreover, she cannot look to receive from the modestly salaried minister of the chapel. In this way, it is hoped, will the number of the nominal adherents of the Church be increased, whilst, when it is asked of the agricultural labourer what he expects to gain individually by Disestablishment, the answer may not appear quite obvious or satisfactory. In addition, and with the same object, it will probably be sought to get the parson elected wherever possible on the Board of Guardians; an achievement easy of attainment in districts where the authority of great landowners is paramount. When the pauper finds his half-crown allowance suddenly increased to three shillings, and attributes the boon to the action of the clerical guardian, the phrase “the poor man’s friend” will seem at last to be something more than a mere figure of speech. And the agricultural labourer generally will think it desirable to cultivate the approbation of a man who can be of such assistance to him in the eventuality, altogether probable, of a penurious old age. Thus, it is hoped, will Mammon supply the place of the absent spirituality in winning adherents to the Establishment, and the “garrison” of the landed interest be considerably strengthened. At the same time sea and land will be compassed to keep out that *monstrum horrendum nefandum* of parsons and landlords—a Board School.

This policy is intelligible enough in the case of the landowners, but it is not quite so intelligible in that of the ministers of religion. It is not wholly easy to understand why they should prefer the thorns that choke, to the Word which the thorns prevent bringing fruit to perfection. The success of the Salvation Army among the very class whose birthright the Gospel is, should be evidence enough—if other were not abundant—that the Church of England has failed in her mission to the poor. There would have been no need, as there would have been no room, for the organization of General Booth had the Church of Archbishop Benson been capable of her work. And she never will be capable till she steps down from the dais where she keeps herself, and mingles among the folk in the lower hall. The

spirit which animates her in the present, and which has animated her hitherto, is exemplified in her treatment of the question of lay ministration. The "layman in the pulpit" is handled by beneficed clergymen in synod and in conference much as if he were some strange bug needing to be examined at tongs' length. Blindness, indeed, holds the Church. Her cause is the cause of the poor, and she persists in identifying herself with the rich. She clings to her worldly possessions, though it is apparent to all but herself that they hamper her in her fight under Christ's banner. Will she not see her error, though so late? The quincentenary of Wiclif happily arrived to remind her of the opinion of one who held that all endowments of religion are sinful. Only in poverty, he said, could faith be rich. And he was ever recalling that belief of former times, that when the Church was first endowed a voice from heaven was heard proclaiming—"Now has poison entered into the Church." In the Church of England to-day, quite as much as in Wiclif's time, the poison is seen working. One effect of it is to make the Church the ally more or less of the public-house. If we except the landed interest, there is no other class among us so materially concerned to keep things as they are as the beneficed clergy and the licensed victuallers. The endowments and privileges of the former make them the political associates of those who are interested in retaining a monopoly, and in seeing that the capacity for enjoyment of the working classes does not rise superior to pothouse delights. The reproach conveyed in the phrase "Beer and the Bible," thrown at Conservatives at the election of 1874, had a sting for Churchmen because it was deserved. The tavern and the fane upheld one another. I have alluded to the poor support given by the Church clergy generally to the temperance movement, compared with the zealous assistance rendered by the Nonconformist ministry. In some parishes the Church even seems to lend its countenance to drinking by electing the publican to the office of churchwarden. The dead weight upon religion implied in this is even greater than at first sight appears. To estimate it fully one must remember that in villages, as a rule, the licensing laws are less strictly enforced than in towns. The hours of closing are not so accurately kept, whilst the prohibition to permit drunkenness on the premises is scarcely observed. The publican churchwarden, therefore, may derive benefit in his business from his connection with the Church, but he hardly confers any equivalent advantage in return.

The Church might yet be gathered, as it were, under wings, if she knew in this, which is still her day, the things that belong unto her peace. But still are they hidden from her eyes. She was sent to the poor, and she has gone to the rich; she has become the Church of the gentry, of the righteous; and sinners gaze at her afar off. In

many a village the parsonage is the only house in which even comfort is seen, and there it may be in excess approaching to luxury. The contrast between the West-end and the East-end of London is not more striking than that which is often presented by the rectory to the rest of the village. And the peasant who notes it says that the dweller there is the best paid man and the idlest in the parish. This condition of things was possible and its element of danger was latent in aristocratic days and days of densest ignorance. The squire and parson were gods to the peasant, whose view of the world extended little beyond the limits of his parish. The former, he knew, had power to send him to gaol and even to the gibbet for sheep-stealing; whilst the learning of the latter invested him in the eyes of ignorance with magical attributes. But now Democracy is before us, absolute and unchecked, whilst these *dii minorum gentium* have lost their sceptres and their wands. They stand revealed as idols of clay. Disillusion is generally followed by feelings of bitter wrath. The rage of Caliban is memorable when he realized that he had taken a drunkard for a god and worshipped a dull fool. At present hardly a peasant in a county knows that there are servants of Christ who receive, as the hire of their labour in Christ's vineyard, £10,000 and £15,000 a year; but the knowledge will come soon, and when it comes it will come upon knowledge, derived from the Bible, that the servant is not greater than his Master.

The labouring man will demand the restitution of the Gospel to himself. The least that he will insist upon at first will be that it shall not be used as an instrument to oppose the amelioration of his lot. The ministers of the religion given to him must not be the active allies of those who have not been his friends in the past, and are still far from giving adequate proofs of a change of mind. The Church of England may refuse the demand; she may cling to her endowments and her social position. If we may judge from present indications, she will; but if so, her doom as a vital branch of Christ's Catholic Church is sealed. Apostolical succession will not save her; an absolutely priceless heirloom from the past will not save her; and even the shade of the judicious Hooker, however confidently invoked, will not avail to keep from sight the Divine Figure in the Gospels. Men will look over and beyond an ecclesiastical polity to a life in Christ.

W. H. CROWHURST.

AN ANGLO-SAXON ALLIANCE.

EVENTS are bringing England face to face with the supreme problem of her destiny. Other problems rise and seem from time to time all-absorbing, but their import often changes before a magazine article can be got to press. Great Britain's relation to Greater Britain is still her greatest question. Wayward colonies are now forcing it upon England. Imperial exigencies are forcing it on the colonies. The very propounding of it during the past year by prominent statesmen was a step which cannot be retraced.

The delicacy of the problem and its difficulty are proved by the unanimity with which those who discussed the matter in London deprecated the formulation of any project. It was unanimously postponed because no one had anything to propose that any one else would listen to. In the search for a *modus vivendi*, Mr. Forster, the leader of the movement, has fallen back on the proposal made by Lord Grey in 1879, that all questions of foreign and colonial policy should be submitted to a council which should include representatives of the various colonies.

There are two things of which all the promoters of this movement seem convinced—first, that the federal principle has been successfully tried under the British Constitution in Canada, and, secondly, that it should be immediately adopted by Australia, upon which it has been urged by the Home Government.

In planning her future, Australia will give Canada's eighteen years' experiment more than the passing glance which has contented her advisers. What will she find? A Federal Government with which each of the Provinces is at feud—a disjointed succession of populations whose strongest political feelings are their provincial jealousies.

Ontario's Puritan majority has a traditional quarrel with the clerically controlled majority of Quebec, wielded in a mass, as Celtic peoples usually are, and used as the fulcrum of federal power. The Ontario Premier, one of the "fathers of confederation," declared at one of the Westminster conferences last year that confederation had wrought for Canada nothing but good. Had he been asked what was the greatest of the blessings confederation had wrought, he would probably have put foremost the divorce between his Province and that of Quebec, with which it had before been somewhat unequally yoked as a single Province. By that event Ontario's war with Quebec was changed into a war with the Federal Government, and provincialism has day by day grown stronger within her borders. At the time of speaking Mr. Mowat was, as legal representative of his Province before the Privy Council, in the very flush of a victory over the Dominion.

Ontario, in her own bucolic phrase, is the milch cow of the Dominion. Being by far the largest consumer, she is to a like extent the largest taxpayer. She resents the fact that the levying and distribution of a revenue to which she chiefly contributes are practically in the hands of the minor Provinces. She observes with concern the alarming increase of the National Debt, which is practically largely her burden. She sees each of the other Provinces in turn demanding and obtaining "better terms"—that is, amendments in their favour to the financial conditions of the federal compact, and feels herself robbed. Her Premier's last words at the late session of her Legislature were to the effect that the provincial cry had proved a very useful one, and was likely to be heard again.

That the French Province of Quebec should jar with her Anglo-Saxon surroundings is but natural. Hitherto the attitude of her people has been defensive, but a new ferment seems now to be working. Mutterings seem to rise from subterranean forces whose magnitude is yet ungauged. The race idea which during the present half-century has risen to importance in European politics has found its way to the surface in Canada, and it is this rather than any political quarrel with the Dominion Government which makes provincialism the chief war-cry of both *Rouges* and *Bleus*.

The French Canadian race now numbers perhaps two millions, half of whom live in Quebec. They hold frequent continental race-re-unions, in which Quebec is spoken of as *Canada la patrie*. This race forms 80 per cent. of the population of this Province, and, by reason of its phenomenal fecundity, is fast gaining ground, not only in it, but in all the surrounding States and Provinces. The French Canadians are divided in politics, and differ also in the extent of their attachment to the Church, from the veriest extravagances of Ultramontanism to a mildly anti-clerical attitude. But in this matter

of race loyalty, there is a passionate unity. It is called patriotism, but it is not patriotism towards the Dominion. The French race elsewhere is unsuccessful at colonization, its weakness in this respect being partly due to its lack of increase, which renders emigration and enterprise unnecessary and the peopling of new countries difficult. To this characteristic the French Canadians are a startling exception, being probably the most prolific race in the world. Where adventure fails, thrift stands by them, and as the English race moves westward the French expands and fills every vacancy and interstice. In fact, it is driving the more expensive race before it. This people, in its romantic hours at least, idolizes its language, and holds sacred every severing characteristic, and now distinctly aspires to form a new France occupying the whole north-east corner of the continent. This hope is warranted by the rapid extension of its occupancy, but not by the prosperity of purely French localities. From these emigration is rapid.

Of the Acadian Provinces, Newfoundland remains out of the federation, a standing protest against it. The other three are the only Provinces in the Dominion which have a common character and common interests. Of these, Nova Scotia was unwillingly made part of the Dominion by a moribund provincial Government, which thereby secured continued power without an appeal to the people. New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island were induced by gifts of railways to accept the union.

The interests of these "Lower Provinces" were maritime. Their business was with the United States and other countries rather than with Canada. To be tied commercially to Canada was to them a bondage which proved real as well as sentimental, as their nominal tariffs gave place by degrees to the high protection which now prevails in the Dominion. Securing the Canadian market was to them but a poor return for the shackles put on their foreign trade. Annexation has been freely spoken of in their Boards of Trade, and secession has been very seriously mooted in at least one of their Legislatures. A motion at this year's session of the Nova Scotia Legislature demanding restoration to the condition which existed before confederation was not directly voted down, but laid aside pending a new and vigorous demand at the door of the Dominion Government for the rights of the Province.

The Province of Manitoba was cradled in rebellion. Canadian rule had to be established there by a military expedition under Colonel Wolseley. The present population, largely from the older provinces, has no sympathy with the religious and sentimental fractiousness of the early half-breeds—has, in fact, just been eagerly in arms putting down a similar rebellion farther west. Yet the bitterness towards the Federal Government is intense, and no party can

aspire to power without blustering against Ottawa. While dollars were being poured out upon the prairie faster than seed wheat, the Manitobans were too busy scrambling for them to quarrel much with the railway company that controlled their business and enjoyed fabulous privileges over their territory, or with the Government which furnished the money. But when the golden stream slackened, and painful depression followed the orgies of the "boom," monopoly imposed from without, protection which could not pretend to serve them, and the retention by Ottawa of the Crown lands, the soil of which would supply their extravagant needs, became gigantic wrongs. The crisis of this year's session of the Manitoba Legislature was, as in the case of Nova Scotia, a struggle between a less and a more revolutionary policy, in which the less extreme party prevailed for the time.

The public opinion of the North West Territories is a reflex of that of Manitoba, as their half-breed rebellion is an exaggerated repetition of the former one.

British Columbia, whose marriage settlement was based on the promise of a trans-continental railway to be finished within ten years of 1871, has been ever since in a constant fever of recalcitrancy with intermittent threats of secession. The Chinese problem, on which the voters of the Province hold the most advanced Hoodlum views, raises another difference. The Province is at this writing in open revolt on the subject against the Dominion veto of its anti-Chinese Bill of last year, which it has re-enacted and put in force. The difference will have to be settled as the crude economists of the Pacific shall dictate.

The proposal which recently took shape in Jamaica to add to this unharmonious and incompact group a population consisting of fifteen thousand whites and a third of a million of negroes of various shade, and without votes, was unwise. The governmental problems of West Indian plantations are so foreign to those of Canada that they will have to be wrought out separately.

These facts bring us to the question how federation, which elsewhere has tended powerfully towards integration, has produced less satisfactory results in Canada, and that in spite of special precaution. To avoid the troubles which had so often arisen in the United States out of the doctrine of State rights, and which culminated in war, the founders of the Canadian Union rested all undefined and residuary powers in the Federal Government, gave it a veto on the acts of the Provinces, and added the magic syllable *con* to *federation*. On the point whether this difference is calculated to fulfil its object, or to increase provincial jealousy toward the Federal Government, I have formed no opinion.

A more noteworthy difference between the two federations lies in the fact that in spite of much mutual ill-will, the American Colonies were forced together by extreme necessity arising out of a common external peril, and that the United States, in spite of its self-secluding policy, cannot cease to have external relations calculated to engender a common patriotism and pride of country. External relations, being of common interest, are almost sure to evolve centripetal forces, while questions *between* the members of an alliance are naturally disjunctive in their tendency. Canada, by reason of her secondary position as a dependency, has no nationalizing external relations except a war of tariffs with the United States, ostensibly devised for this very purpose, and called on her side a national policy. She has no external centripetal forces except on the one hand a gentle pressure from England in favour of confederation, and on the other the certainty that the only probable result of disintegration would be absorption into the United States, a consummation which, though it has almost all the material advantage in its favour, is still offensive to the sentiment of the great majority. Annexation remains the traditional bugbear by which politicians can always create a diversion in their favour. American domination over our railways was a cry used effectively by the "Grits" when Sir John Macdonald's Government was ousted for a time in 1875. American domination over our markets was the cry with which the "Tories" in 1878 turned out Mr. Mackenzie.

The lack of national sentiment in Canada is evinced by the fact that the words "nation" and "national," freely used in this paper, have never come into use in the country as applicable to things Canadian, excepting always to the tariff, the uncomely adjective and substantive "Dominion" being the only phrase known. Provincial feelings are, as we have seen, supreme, and, with certain exceptions, British sentiment is also very strong. The exceptions naturally are the French Canadians, the Roman Catholic Irish, who are numerous, and the American and foreign elements.

Affectionate loyalty towards Britain has thus far withstood the long and strong pull of the attraction of gravitation, it might more precisely be called the attraction of cohesion, which necessarily exists between two homogeneous and absolutely contiguous bodies. It has withstood also the severer strain of repellent forces from the mother country. English feeling towards Canada was, in the earlier consciousness of the present active generation of Canadians, chiefly associated with unasked-for assurances, dropped by Colonial Secretaries, echoed volubly by the *Times*, and caught up by every commercial traveller, that, if Canada wished separation, England would not for a moment stand in her way. The occasion of this language was of course the manifest difficulty of defending Canada against invasion

from the United States and actual disturbances to the peace of the empire through her dependency, in which the latter was usually the sufferer from the quarrels of the former. To the Canadians, however, among whom the ancient doctrine of allegiance still survived, the proposal that Canada should secede was treasonable, and the innuendo that her people desired it was received with proportionate resentment.

Of these feelings England has at length taken note. The colonists are now credited with being "passionately loyal." Canada has, indeed, just received a passionate and somewhat embarrassing hugging from her mother country for an expression of active loyalty which unfortunately seems to have died with the sound of her Premier's voice. Sir John Macdonald, when in England last year, promised for Canada that in England's need she would equip at her own expense a military contingent. When afterwards questioned in Parliament whether Canada had offered England any military assistance, he stated that no such offer had been made. Even yet, however, the habit of contempt for the dependency betrays itself, the more disagreeable that it is unconscious. In addressing Canadian audiences the Englishman, no less than the American, forgets the boundary line, and seldom fails so to mix his compliments as to make it evident that he forgets that he is not in the United States. It seems to be left to Canadians alone to preserve the memory of the fact that their country is in the British Empire. Evidences of the absence of reciprocity are calculated to put a strain on that attachment with which are bound up the highest sentiments of British Canadians as a people.

Mr. Goldwin Smith has with thankless persistency pointed out that the circumstances which nurtured this attachment are not permanent; social life is no longer dominated by British officers and officials. The removal from towns, once glorified by the pomp of military pageantry, of the last remnants of garrisons and Imperial parade has deprived the latest generation of emblems calculated to produce most potent impressions. Nor is loyalty much reinforced by those who leave the old country to find homes in America; from that typical Englishman, Mr. Thomas Hughes, who intentionally passed Canada by, holding its separate existence to be an obstacle to the harmony of our race, down to the most disaffected son of Erin, the majority of emigrants from the British Isles prefer both in sentiment and practice the United States to Canada. Canadians pride themselves on speaking English and not American, and on retaining English as distinguished from American manners, yet the assimilation of the two kindred peoples goes on, and cannot but go on.

Should the bond of British attachment ever give way, the immediate occasion is likely to be some sudden chill or sense of

slight, but the underlying cause will be the sense of incompleteness which must be felt by a people neither British nor foreign, and having no place among the nations: This is of course a complaint which applies equally to all the colonies.

The reason why I have gone at such length into the circumstances of Canada is that, for several reasons, the country seems to be the pivot of the question of Imperial federation.

Here the question is ripest. Here the gravest difficulties surround it. Here has been tried that experiment of confederation on which the advocates of Imperial union partly rest their case. A writer in the *Nineteenth Century* says: "Here we have before us, within the Queen's own realms, not only a precedent for federation, but also a demonstration of the ease with which it can be adopted, and the benefits accruing therefrom."

The relations of Australia to the same problem are very different from those of Canada, and are in some ways less perplexing. Australia is sea-girt; she has common internal interests. Federation has not yet intervened to develop intercolonial friction. Australia's population is homogeneous, the most British in the world. This population increases fast, and as the native element supersedes the imported, Australian patriotism develops with startling rapidity. Australia has the choice of her own destiny, and its probabilities contain no humiliating element. Canada, on the other hand, is shadowed by a doom, distasteful if not disadvantageous, in the fact that her destiny is controlled by a neighbour. To English Canada, moreover, the steadily encroaching tide of a non-commercial and determinedly alien race, as it saps and mines to its fall one stronghold of commerce after another, raises a certain apprehension in the mind of every one who looks beyond the present century.

Full citizenship in the commonwealth of man can only be reached by the Canadian in one of three ways: by Imperial federation, by Canadian independence, or by union with the United States; the last contingency being familiarly known by the single word annexation.

The Canadians have been kept too busy by the rapid expansion of their own country to have much time to speculate with regard to issues that can in any way be postponed, and, though they have all along felt that this problem was before them, few of them have any opinion as to its solution. They are at last, however, beginning to ask themselves which of the three consummations is their destiny.

Federation of the Empire has been hitherto, it must be confessed, generally thought Utopian. Independence has been more or less distinctly advocated by a Bohemian clique about Toronto, which some ten years back decorated itself with the grotesque sobriquet of the Canada First party. Whatever influence this coterie has exerted has

been rather destructive than constructive, as no spirit of nationalism has manifested itself in the literature of the country. The reason of the ineffectiveness of the independence movement is to be looked for in the fact that its votaries have only a half-hearted belief in their goal being anything but a way station upon a short road to annexation. This last alternative has an outspoken and very able advocate in the person of Mr. Goldwin Smith, who stands publicly speaking almost alone in that pronounced attitude.

I need not add anything to what has been of late so enthusiastically said in favour of the federation of the colonies.

That idea, once dismissed without thought, seems now to be in influential quarters heartily accepted, but every attempt to give a body to the shadowy idea has proved as fatal to it as to the Lady of Shallott's mirror. The idea of federation would have the hearty good-will of all Canadians, with the exceptions above mentioned, if it were proved capable of offering any form to their imagination.

The purpose of this paper is to point out that no such scheme including Canada could look for permanency that did not also, prospectively at least, include the United States, and further, that, in the interests of all the parties to it, a pan-Saxon alliance is not only desirable, but possibly an early necessity.

The former of these propositions need not be much further enlarged upon. The United States has Canada in many respects in her power, whether England be her ally or not. She could probably conquer it, but she will not.

Should the two countries continue as now to exclude each other's commerce, Canada, if the proportionate difference of population continues to increase, would be at an ever-growing disadvantage with the United States.

This result need not, however, be feared. The protective system will break down, and freer intercourse will make the two peoples more and more valuable to each other and strengthen the hold of the greater over the less.

Commerce and ethnical influences run east and west much more readily than north and south, and this in spite of the fact that one would naturally seek in diverse climates for complementary products. Still, proximity and homogeneity are the great factors of intercourse; and we may probably without gross unfairness rudely apply the law of gravitation to the attractive forces operating between like masses of population.

Taking the centre of population of the United States somewhere in the north of Ohio with a westward tendency, and that of Canada at Montreal with a north-westward tendency—and in this guess we are probably roughly right—we find that between the two populations there is no great average distance. If we could find out the

financial or business centres, they would probably be still nearer together. What is more, the line from one to the other seems to be coincident with, not across, the prevailing direction of commerce. The only barrier, therefore, to the utmost commercial intercourse is an artificial one. There is nothing but a political line to hinder Montreal from doing a large part of the trade of the American West, in which she has now, except as an exporter, no share. * Even as an exporter she is entirely at a disadvantage, as exports are limited by imports.

Canadian confederation, when it took place, was an expedient devised to meet a political exigency. There was a deadlock between parties in Canada, neither having a working majority; there was a Government in Nova Scotia that dared not appeal to the people. New exigencies might produce new revolutions, and, if the experience of Nova Scotia were repeated, annexation might come about, not only without an appeal to the people, but in spite of a people notoriously hostile.

The United States might itself take steps, as hinted by one of the candidates recently contending for the Presidency, to develop such an exigency. Federation with England would not make this less likely, although it would certainly make it less palatable. Such an ultimate intention was the obvious meaning of Mr. Seward's purchase of Alaska in 1867. The United States has been too much occupied settling her own territories to occupy herself about Canada. But her spare ground is fast becoming organized, and she is at length beginning to take more interest in the neighbour around which she has already flung a prophetic embrace.

It is not to be supposed, at a time of the world when the children of England are playfully picking up stray bits of territory the size of European kingdoms, that these other sons of our viking race will not be taken with the fever of expansion. Precluded by their system, or at least by their traditions, from seeking dominion abroad, they will, in spite of oft-repeated expressions of indifference, be more and more covetous of contiguous territory inhabited by a people capable of exercising their suffrage and sharing their self-government. Disclaimers of any desire for increased territory have preceded every previous expansion of the United States, just as they have preceded every new protectorate established in England. Queen Elizabeth slapped the faces of her pet pirates and then annexed their acquisitions; the Queenslanders and the Cape Colonists count on a like treatment to-day.

Canada, while she is unwilling to abnegate her British allegiance, is unable permanently to renounce her paramount interest, which lies in commerce with the United States, along whose border her populations form a fringe three thousand miles long and about a

hundred miles broad, stretched along a single isothermal, and having in consequence no adequate variety of climates or products. That plan only would fully solve her problem that would secure to her at once her British citizenship and the freest and fullest intercourse with her all-important neighbour.

Such being Canada's relation to the scheme, it would appear that England is reduced to the dilemma of giving up, in part at least, the plan of federation or of enlarging its scope to the extent I have suggested. I claim no originality for this proposal. A paper ascribed to Sir Richard Cartwright, late Canadian Minister of Finance, appeared in a London journal in 1871 in which an appeal was made to the English public in favour of an Anglo-American federation. The reasons therein urged have grown stronger with the lapse of fourteen years. England is represented as in a position of perilous isolation in Europe, having no hope of sympathetic and genuine good-will from any European Power. This, it was said, she could only look for from her own kindred once cast off by her folly and too long kept in estrangement by her indifference, but probably ready, if shyly at first, yet cordially, to meet any genuine and frank approaches from the still revered mother country. There was no reason to forecast the ultimate failure of such an overture, yet even if unsuccessful "the mere fact of its having been honestly made could do more than any other possible act on the part of England to banish every remnant of irritation and ensure such a cordial understanding as might perhaps gain for her in the spirit what she failed to gain in the letter." There was, the writer thought, far less danger of a conflict of interests between the members of the proposed union than between the various States and Provinces comprised in the existing confederations.

Finally, it was urged that, seeing that the United States was then the second and Canada the fourth of maritime Powers, the possible alternative of a commercial coalition between Canada and the United States might involve the loss by England of her maritime supremacy. This last vaticination is as yet far from being accomplished. High tariffs have effectively postponed it. Public opinion in the United States is already on the balance between the doctrines of Protection and Free Trade. The adoption of the latter principle, which the progress of events must shortly enforce, is likely to be followed by such an expansion of maritime enterprise as will before long dispute England's monopoly of the seas, and by such commercial prosperity as will make London no longer the necessary centre of gravity and focus of the race and of the world. The population of the United States is already greater than that of all other Anglo-Saxon countries put together, and its rate of increase is also greater. Eased of the suicidal burdens just referred to, that country should

advance during the rest of the century with splendid strides and, before long, the continental destiny vaunted by her theorists will be found to set far too narrow bounds to her adventure. Am I wrong in surmising that, if once the star of empire should cross the sea and Greater England begin to assert control abroad, the mother of nations, bereft of her offspring, might insensibly pass into the honoured but uncoveted condition of empress dowager of her former domain, and might even, if left to her own resources, have increasing anxieties with regard to the Power that is developing in Central Europe?

I would picture for her a different destiny. We have seen the German race drawing together till Germany now rules Europe, and even the possession of two Imperial Houses will hardly stand in the way of its desire for further consolidation. A German-Austrian alliance would probably with ease impose its joint will on Europe.

England rules her own hemisphere outside of Europe. Russia may threaten, France may annoy, but neither can displace her. But when Germany commences a foreign empire, it is time for England to count her strength. There is no sea and no land where war can be made in which England would not be the great sufferer from it. What England wants is power to impose peace throughout her wide protectorate, make annexations unnecessary, and to bid marauding cease. Such power would be the early result of restoring the unity of the Anglo-Saxon race.

Is such a restoration possible? I am not prepared to propose an immediate and intimate federation.

Leave that to time; what is wanted now is an alliance on the most liberal terms that it is possible to suggest. There is nothing to hinder the completion of the Postal Union as it now exists between the United States and Canada, so that whatever is posted in one country at home rates is delivered without extra charge in the other. There is a great deal to hinder a Customs Union—that must come after great changes in the internal economy of Protected countries; but the alliance would tend to that end. There is no reason why extradition should not be as complete as between the States of the American Union or the kingdoms of Great Britain, making each country entirely responsible for its own administration of justice. This will soon have to be done between the United States and Canada. There is no reason why Copyright and Patent regulations should not cover the whole area, and, most important of all, there is no reason why there should not be a common citizenship, so that a man, by simply transferring his domicile, would enter on all the rights of citizenship in his new home.

It is not, perhaps, generally thought how small a change would have to be wrought to accomplish this great end. It was

formerly held that an American whose father had been born on British soil, or before the Revolution, could not be refused British citizenship, because England had never regarded his father as an alien. It would be just as harmless for England to adopt all American citizens as some of them, while it would be much more reasonable and agreeable. The United States receives all British subjects into full citizenship after being domiciled within her borders for a term, but only on taking an oath forswearing allegiance to the Queen, whom they have all their lives revered. This clause of the American oath of allegiance may have been natural in the days of feud, but it is useless, offensive, and unnatural now, and deprives the United States of many a citizen of the most desirable kind, while it attracts those who have been disloyal at home. It is a relic of hatred, and ought to be removed. This system of joint citizenship might be followed by such openings to preferment as England now places before her colonial subjects.

There might further be an agreement to act together to protect the highways of commerce and to see that neutral peoples, especially weak and barbarous ones, were not trespassed upon. Such acts would need to be agreed upon by negotiation or possibly under safeguards even by a common council appointed for the purpose. Such an agreement might indeed be spoken of by critics as equivalent to annexing all the world, and so to some extent it would virtually be, if other nations refused the arbitration of the new Power and extorted the exercise of force; but so long as they did not do so all things would remain as they are. Such an alliance would be a grand step towards the goal which visionaries set before them of a federation of man which would settle all differences by arbitration.

Meantime, it would accomplish many of the ends of such a federation. If this Power made a rule against all forcible seizure of territory, and insisted that its armaments should never be used for aggrandisement, but only to impose righteousness and peace, it would make the soldier's profession at last a worthy one.

Without much argument, the vision here presented will commend itself. But it will raise immediate questions as to its possible accomplishment in view of the different genius of the two peoples. It is to be acknowledged that the difficulties are great, much greater as regards the United States than as regards Great Britain. The traditions of the former country are very strongly against all entanglements outside of America. She is as yet in no equal need of fortifying her power. She has all the advantages which Great Britain has at home from isolation, without being embarrassed with dependencies that are not likewise water-walled. Moreover, the plan could not be carried far without making the countries, to some extent at least, partners in war. If the United

States were in a position to need an army or a navy, this would be an arrangement which would give her an enormous advantage, but she is fortunate in having no such needs.

As things are now, such a partnership would look like a gratuitous and expensive entanglement in things with which she has nothing to do. It has, however, been hinted that this state of happy indifference to foreign affairs, except where a sufficient number of voters demands her interference in the internal economy of other households, is one that can only be maintained so long as her present Chinese wall remains standing, and that must soon be broken down by reason of expansive forces acting from within.

Once the nation's mighty domain fails to afford abundant scope for the adventure of her sons, she will have a Stanley in every land; once her commerce is unfettered, her Vanderbilts will again have ships on every sea.

The spirit of adventure is strong in this cowboy generation. The wilds of the west, heretofore full of Indian nomads, picturesque rancheros, and lawless miners, are rapidly becoming a settled country, tame with the monotony of civilized conventionality.

The national hatred of England, which has had its hundred years' innings, though far more loud, has never been so deep as the sense of kinship and filial respect which lies beneath it. The empire on which the sun never sets has always afforded young America's highest realization of earthly grandeur. Daniel Webster's passage about the drum-beat of England circling the globe is learned by heart by every schoolboy, and its theme has of late been brilliantly reclothed by a popular orator of the day, the Rev. Joseph Cook. Americans, moreover, speak the English language, and in the commonwealth of letters count themselves English.

The continental doctrine of Munroe was the offspring of an age which looked for the millennium of all peoples in the establishment of popular government. Its operation would be to make the American look for his natural allies among the revolutionists of Spanish America. The American is finding, however, that he owes his liberties more to the heritage of his race than to the elimination of monarchy and feudalism from his national Constitution.

If an alliance between England and the United States seemed reasonable to a responsible statesman in 1871, it is certainly more so in 1885. If then there were signs of the decrease of international antipathies, there is now every sign of a remarkable turning of the hearts of the fathers to the children and of the children to the fathers, omen of a better age. If then the commercial policies of the two peoples were as the poles apart, there is now a reasonable prospect that national exclusiveness is about to yield to international cordiality. If England was then hopelessly aristocratic, she has now taken power

from the hands of the Lords and the landlords. If the United States was wedded to her eighteenth-century Constitution, she is now the scene of movements to secure a nonpolitical civil service, a permanent judiciary, and, most noteworthy of all, responsible government. If Englishmen did not then know Canada from the United States, they are now crossing the sea in streams to study the future centre of their race. If Americans then held everything English in contempt, they are now largely ruled by English ideas and modes, the two countries assimilating rapidly as they know each other better, and both are beginning to see how great a wealth they have in each other's kinship. They are more ready now than ever, not only to see good in each other, but to realize the splendid vision suggested by a permanent alliance. To England the alliance is desirable, as the future of the race seems undoubtedly as much connected with America as with England; to the United States it is desirable, as the past of the race belongs inalienably to England, as England possesses an expansive elasticity which the United States envies, and as the alliance of the two countries would bring all the waste places of the earth under the ægis of the joint Power, whose common flag would be a messenger of peace to the world.

My conclusion is that no federation of the Empire will be complete which does not make room for the whole of Greater Britain.

JOHN REDPATH DOUGALL.

FAITH . HEALING.

"Many are now beginning to see that in God's thought of full salvation, the body is inseparably connected with the spirit and soul."—*The Call to the International Conference on Divine Healing and True Holiness.* June, 1895.

WHY are poor mortals so deeply concerned in matters they so imperfectly comprehend? I was thinking of such things as Happiness, Liberty, Faith. We all employ these words as if we understood them, although their true meaning is not to be found in our best dictionaries. Mr. John Stuart Mill says: "When I use a name for the purpose of expressing a belief, it is a belief concerning the thing itself, not concerning my idea of it." Thus through belief man grasps things with his words. And what a hold on Nature we thus acquire! Who shall measure or set bounds to the range of a being capable of making his beliefs and names concern the things themselves and not merely his idea of them!

True, a subtle limit is obscurely indicated in that it must be a *belief* which thus concerns the things themselves. What, therefore, is belief? We ought to know. For through it comes the secret of our influence. It is through belief that names concern the things themselves. Who can tell us what belief is? Shall I be anywhere near right in saying that belief is such knowledge as gives rise to faith? But does knowledge give rise to faith? What is faith? A kind-hearted Bishop once said to me: "Be sure if you ever publish anything about faith that you don't call it a faculty." The good Bishop forthwith disappointed my hope that he would rise to my request and tell me what faith is. In fact, the question seemed almost to embarrass him—at least he resumed a certain distinctly episcopal tone. If you had known the good Bishop, you would have felt when near him that faith meant to him some charmed sense of a goodness which it was his life's design to join in. But I have known others talk of their faith and seem not to mean by it any ideal of goodness that they need pursue; they seemed rather to

signify something to hold on by whilst they took all the things that came within their grasp : a prehensile type of faith, depending from knowledge and holding to be most true that by which it feels itself most secure. Yet under some circumstances does not one witness, and perhaps suffer, an actual and even a violent struggle of faith with knowledge? But how can we have faith contrary to what we know? This is the vital question of Faith Healing. Let us, therefore, look rather closely into the relation of faith to knowledge.

Now, first, we must be simple ! Our question is Faith Healing. One of the characters of faith is absolute simplicity and childlikeness. Pastor Schrenk, of Berne, Switzerland, at the Faith Healing Conference * said :—

“ I was attending a tearless burial this morning, the burial of my dogmatism and of my notions ; ”

and he invited his audience to attend the burial of their dogmatism and of their notions. And suppose we do the same with our dogmatism and our notions. To do so is always a good beginning in subjects that touch deeply our humanity, of which faith is the simpleness, the unity, the centre, and perhaps the power, although people do say on the other hand that knowledge rather than faith is power. Let us in childlike simplicity try and trace the subtle efficacy of belief, and we must indeed keep very simple, or we shall never reach Faith Healing. Perhaps the best thing we can now do is to take a specimen ; for all serious study requires to be pursued by observation of the very thing itself which has to be studied. We cannot do better than examine those examples that were brought forward in June last at the International Conference. And we will take as the best authenticated instance of Faith Healing that of the Rev. John Allen, of Trinity Church, Hackney, whose cure by faith is thus related :†—

“ My back was just black. I could scarcely crawl out of my bed. I knew enough to be sure that I had a very dreadful carbuncle. . . . Well, now, the question presented itself : ‘ Are you going to take the doctor or the Lord ? ’ There was no one there but my dear wife. ‘ Well, I said, ‘ you must be the Elder of the Church to-night ’ (it was about one o’clock) ; so she took the oil and she put it on my head and prayed. Then in a moment, like a flash of lightning, down came the power. I have never been able to describe it. I have thought of the old mythological bath, of people going in old and coming out young ; it seemed something like that. It was so sweet, so soft, so full, so glorious. I jumped to my feet, the tears rolling down, but they were tears of joy. I said to my dear wife, ‘ Praise the Lord, He has healed me ; ’ and the dear lady looked at me and said, ‘ Is the carbuncle gone ? ’ ‘ Oh, I said, ‘ I wasn’t thinking about the carbuncle. ’ No, the inner man had been lifted up above the outer man.”

* “ Record of the International Conference on Divine Healing and True Holiness,” held at the Agricultural Hall, London, June 1 to 5, 1885, p. 8.

† *Ibid.* p. 23.

The full consideration of all the facts of this remarkable cure would require of us matter which is more advanced than any we have yet reached in our study of faith as a healing power. For it is quite clear that the rev. gentleman's state of mind was one of intense certainty that he was healed, whereas the sequel shows that the carbuncle as a burning fact on his back was really still there all the while.

" . . . Two hours of sharp pain . . . did not disturb the assurance."

Mr. Allen's faith convinced him that his carbuncle was cured when the carbuncle was as bad as ever, and he now advances this assurance of his faith as the truth of the matter; and Mr. Allen is earnestly truthful. How strange then must be the relation of Faith to Truth!

What a dilemma we are in! For if by truth we are to mean that which produces certainty, we find ourselves face to face with two sorts of certainty: the first, in one's mind, declaring one's carbuncle to be healed; the other, in one's back, affirming the sharp pain of the still burning carbuncle. These two kinds of certainty are not merely distinct, but we find them in Mr. Allen opposed to each other. Had we not then better name them by separate names? Let us call the certainty of mind *mind certainty*, and the certainty of one's senses *sense certainty*.

Now, in case any one should think too little of the curious opposition of sense-certainty to mind-certainty, I had perhaps better give further examples showing each of these certainties in the absence of the other. First let me tell a true story of a man with total loss of mind-certainty. A poor fellow who had been doing more than his brain was equal to, was sent to me complaining that all the day and in everything he had to keep on naming to himself, whatever he was engaged in. Thus: "This is the safe, and here I put my hand on the handle. Now it is open, and I am looking in." He was a confidential clerk with charge of the valuables of the firm. This poor man felt obliged to get out of bed in the middle of the night, and go down to the City and go to the safe, saying over to himself all the while what he was doing, till at last came the one happy moment with "This is the safe, this is the money." But no sooner was he away from sense-experience of the cash than he doubted its existence and wanted to go back again. He had entirely lost mind-certainty, whilst sense-certainty was complete. As the happy opposite of this I may illustrate absolute mind-certainty in an incident told by Dr. Russell Reynolds in my hearing. It was a reply of Sir William Gull to him when they were talking about spiritual *séances*. Dr. Reynolds had asked, "What would you think if a concertina you had in your hand began jumping about?" "I should think I was mad," said Sir William. Here certainty of law was at its perfection. And thus

we see in Sir William Gull certainty of law in despair of sense ; and in the poor clerk certainty of sense in despair of law. Sir William's brilliant reply shows well how the trained intellect of a scientific man would retire for support upon his highest mind-certainty of the reign of law to protect itself from the false conviction of his senses.

But we can better realize mind-certainty as opposed to sense-certainty by going to Messrs. Maskelyne and Cook's. Your senses will be in charmed despair, whilst your mind is quite sure that all is very cleverly and amusingly in accordance with the laws of Nature.

It may here be observed that celerity of mental certainty is scarcely any proof of mental power, still less of correctness of opinion ; although it gives to the person an intelligent air, and is very effective in platform rhetoric. An audience of people who when alone are severally tormented by some doubt, will be held together by a confident orator—much as iron filings mass themselves together in the presence of a magnet. And the enviable public influence of that man, with his gift of doubtlessness, might lead you to forget that he is strong only because his fellows are weak. And you might never observe that facility of conviction belongs to low and rudimentary minds. But in truth you find it in the vulgar, in savages, in children ; nay, even the lower animals easily become mentally sure. Thus a rook having found a wireworm in several young turnips will pull up as many of the turnips as he dares in a field of them ; so sure is he of the unuttered mental proposition, "all young turnips contain wireworms." A humble-bee having always found honey in violets may—at least one did in my presence one day—buzz round and examine for honey several violets of French manufacture in a lady's bonnet. One feels quite in sympathy with a bee that could make a mistake, especially in such good taste. Savages are rarely at a loss in their minds for a certainty. Newton might doubt the cause of a lunar eclipse ; but the savage knows all about it. The big dragon has eaten up the moon, and when moonshine reappears his certainty is further assured : the big dragon has found it heavy of digestion. Savages can even obtain from a distance sense-certainties in support of their mental-certainties—as some scientific men do from Continental scientific newspapers. When the inhabitants of the island of Tahiti grew sure in their minds that the sun dipped down into the sea every evening, there were soon some of them in the east of the island whose friends in the west had heard the sun hiss as he plunged in the waves. The lower orders are easily certain in their minds about matters that don't immediately bear upon their small circle of realization. If anything occurs out of the range of the very easiest application of their senses, they mentally know all about it. Not fitting their narrow

week-day certainty, it is easily explained by their broad Sunday wonder. Little boys are ready with similar reference of the unknown to mental impressions. They put their heads under the bed-clothes and pant and tremble—or shall we say shudder—sure that some awful miracle is going on upon the staircase. As they grow older they will have found out that it was the wood creaking, or somebody moving about.

How few of us know the grounds of our certainty! How we ought to respect the life's aim of Mr. Huxley—that of getting young people to become *observers*. So many people think they see and think they hear, but never look or listen except for sense-certainty of some ordinary desirable every-day fact.

How many of us are there whose ultimate convictions are caused by or founded in our natural disabilities!

How few of us look closely into things so as to obtain ourselves sense-evidence of the mind-certainties we so easily pick up or invent!

People cannot escape that thaumatropic or zoetropic formation of our "views," which I attempted to describe in a former number of this Review, using the thaumatrope as an illustration, although, I believe, the principle of this toy offers more than a mere parallel to the formation of mind-certainty. It touches the physical method of the organization of mind, showing how with scraps of information the human mind works up a view which is zoetroped into such seeming completeness, that the little we know seems all about the matter.

Ordinary people see what they come to see—what they are taught to see. The other day a mad old woman told me she saw the devil coming very red and shiny and terrible out of a blazing pot. She saw him then and there. And, remember, it is only the absolute-ness of such mental-certainties as Sir William Gull's that saves this poor old thing from being burned or drowned for a witch, as she infallibly would have been even by Lord Bacon himself, his lordship's mind-certainties as to the spirit-world having been on a par with those of shuddering little boys. I asked the old lady to describe the devil. She said he had horns and a beard, and a horrible expression, and kept nodding, but she couldn't see his legs, though I told her to beg him to oblige her. Can one doubt that if she had "seen" them the cloven hoof would have appeared? Of course she saw nothing but the mental picture. But in the dusk, how often things take startlingly known shapes. And, even in daylight, what is seeing? In seeing do we not meet the field of eyesight with our assorted stores of mind? So that a struggle for recognition arises between eyesight and mind until mind and sense unite in what we call *consciousness* because of *con* and *scire*.

Seeing is a kind of contest between the eye and the mind. And

in most people—in every one at times—the stores of the mind have by far the best of it. The tendency is to reduce every new thing to something you know, just as the tendency is for the people at large to reduce new names to words they know; so that Mr. McRae from Scotland is soon Mr. Mackerel in England, and Mr. Selig from Germany has to choose in England between Mr. Seeleg and Mr. Silly. The effect of the national parsimony in effort of speech upon foreign names is often very amusing. But this principle of parsimony of effort is of the first importance in the study of miracles; for the class miracle is a kind of no man's land into which everything that does not fit the known goes by common consent amongst the ignorant and those who are excited. The consequence of all this is to create a rule of human nature that certainties of the mind tend to take up an independent position, and to antagonize sense-certainties, and displace them in all matters that are beyond ordinary experience. If we bear this in mind, we shall be in a position to do justice to the evidence for modern miracles.

It is such a jump from the idea of modern miracles to the idea of truth.

The grand old Saxon word truth was never meant to fit any kind of nonsense. We all know what we mean by truths, and we value home truths as much as we are bored by abstract truths. Faith founds on reality. It is realization in the world of truths. How thankful ought we always to be, after we have cleverly resolved our certainties into mind-certainties and sense-certainties, that the sunlit world of a summer's day knows nothing of such distinctions.

Sense and mind are alike assured, so that they hardly feel their possible differences; and not only our philosophic sense and mind, but Nature cares even more for her meaner creatures, and kindly offers all convincing proofs to the senses of all sensible beings; so that every living thing, except perhaps the philosopher when dining, is justified in its natural expectation. The honey-bee can trust the flower, and the spider knows he is right about that fly. And the Positivist can worship Humanity, without any doubt as to what he means by worship, so that with full, and sometimes remarkable, assurance he can do his canine sort of ritual before a hard master who is not at all above reaping where he did not sow. But, happy Positivist! for if Humanity outside fails to prove divine, cannot he turn his pious devotions to the specimen within?

See, too, how happy is the worshipful life of an ordinary dog in his easy certainty of the nature of surrounding things, so that he takes very quietly all alarming affairs of which he knows the cause. And how confident he is that he is justified in not being disconcerted, except at noises and actions which he does not understand, or, in

other words, has not had experience of. What a miserable dog he would be if the unexpected and alarming became the rule! Think of a poor dog in a world of modern miracles! Where would be that steady trust which makes him so faithful to his master?

For faith is realization of truth: that is the relation of faith to truth. He who does not realize truth has therein no faith; and if every one had faith to realize all truth there would be no modern miracles. But in every man, his faith fails to realize some of the truth of his condition, and this we shall see makes what room there is for modern miracles. For faith not quite keeping with truth sometimes goes a little way ahead, but oftener falls a great way behind. It is a very curious fact, and worthy of much consideration, that faith can realize some distance ahead, becoming thus the substance of things expected. But realizing is an art which most people as a rule don't live up to. Hence, I repeat, the production of modern miracles. .

We realize thoroughly at mealtimes. It is quite curious how obnoxious are abstract questions when we are dining. I well remember the remonstrances of a highly cultivated Don at Cambridge, in King's College Hall, when what he called "the old rag subject and object" was brought up at dinner. He was right. Subject was one with object: they at any rate ate as one. But though we usually realize thoroughly at mealtimes, yet even here there may be failure, even great failure. Especially in the case of young ladies. Let me take an example. And please, young ladies, remember that we are all alike in plan, and what happened to this poor girl might happen to you. A few years ago I saw a young lady from the country, who was growing very thin and had some pains. This young lady argued with her family over every mouthful, instead of eating it. She grew so thin, that at last one day when she came into my waiting-room she quite frightened the people. There was not flesh enough to hide the skull, and her poor thin lips would scarcely close, and her arms were like small sticks. And her family doctor had said it was cruel to tease her, for she must die of inward disease.

Sir William Jenner met me, and we agreed that he should inform her that unless she forthwith swallowed a pint of milk we should put a gag in her mouth and pour it down. He told her this so courteously, that she drank the milk without the gag. A nurse was obtained, the young lady was kept from her family, and in about three weeks' time she came to me rosy and very pretty. Now I am quite sure this young lady was not an impostor. She had simply got very far behind the realities of her own power over her own case. Had she started for Lourdes, or even Bethshan, she would have speedily recovered from the inward disease of which the doctor had said she must die. And then what a miracle of healing!

She would, indeed, have been sweetly drawn forward by faith instead of being horridly pushed by the fear of the gag into proper realization at mealtimes. Consider how time confirms habits, especially bad ones, and most of all habits of retirement and laziness, and of liberty not to do what you don't like. If you indulge in the liberty of not using your powers, you become less and less able to employ them. 'This young lady allowed herself to withdraw from the power of feeding, and at last not realizing her power made herself the subject for a miracle in the hands of any one who could either by a gag or by faith move her to realize her true powers over food. Even now I don't think she knows quite how much she could eat. But there are other people who do not fail in this way. It is more common to fall short in an opposite direction. *Chacun a son godt*. Many people realize too largely their capacity in the matter of eating, so that they lose faith in their power of locomotion. They eat a great deal too much, and they grow heavy, and their blood gets impure, and they gradually become inactive, and are then fit subjects for a rather less striking kind of miracle. The principle is just the same; thus gluttony and winebibbing have caused in them a state of health which reduces their realization of the strength of their legs and they think they can scarcely crawl. Now, if such people start on a pilgrimage to a lovely mountain country like Lourdes—I thought it was quite worth the pilgrimage, cure or no cure—and especially if they do a great deal of walking, and if they cannot eat the horrid food of the road, and if they drink freely of waters on their arrival, it would perhaps strike each of them as miraculous what a change he would find in his power over his limbs. These are not exemplary miracles when taken alone, yet a good stout body of such pilgrims would easily persuade each other that they didn't quite understand it, and resolve themselves into a kind of chorus supporting the lead of the principal miracles.

How many of us live in deficient realization of the truth of our cases! What scope for miracle between us and our possibilities! How little is our faith! What wonder if it is suddenly found out for one and another of us that he did not credit himself with all the realities and means at his command! Which of us uses all his power? You see we are at liberty not to use our power, or so to use one power that we fail in another. Think what this precious liberty costs us in this Radical age. How much of each of us lies waste and unused because his individual motives don't furnish "go" enough to employ the powers he has. As free individuals, we have not mastery enough over this waste of ourselves. I don't mean power to repress ourselves—"the faith that comes of self-control," such as Lord Tennyson seems to have at last touched very late in his beautiful

"In Memoriam," 131st stanza, I think. No! I don't mean that kind of faith, though to arrive at last even at that is better than floundering about with no faith at all. But I mean power to use oneself actively—a very different thing. A great enough purposer can use any man's waste powers—powers that are out of that man's own reach. It is this need of a common purposer or leader (*ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν*) that makes us sociable beings. How we want some one who can plan for us, and lead us to carry out a better life, who can lift us out of meanness even if, to part from our meanness, we must part also from life itself. How willingly men live or die for some great leader! Think of what Cæsar said to the young Roman Guardsman who, suffering from what is now called "ennui," came for permission to commit suicide: "*Anne unquam vives?*" What a gleam of grandeur in those three words.

Realization of truth! Do any of us realize all that is true in us? He who does so, let him as it were throw a stone at the little boy, whose story I am going to tell. But let most of us remember what Bradfield said when the man went by to be hanged: "There goes Bradfield but for the grace of God!" A few years ago I took into Philip Ward a little boy who for five years had kept his bed, having fallen from a hayloft and hurt his spine. He was sent by a clergyman of the Midland Counties, who had watched over him ever since the accident. The poor boy had all this while been totally paralyzed in the legs, and when he came to the hospital he could not feel when his legs were touched or pinched, nor could he move them in the least degree. After carefully examining him, I went to him alone and enlarged to him upon the truly awful powers of our electrical machinery, telling him to prepare for full application on the following day. On the other hand, I showed him a silver sixpence, and sympathizing much with the difficulties of the effort, said the sixpence should be his if by the next afternoon he had improved enough to walk, leaning upon and pushing before him a chair. In two weeks this little boy was able to run races in the hospital park. In fact, he was the nimblest boy in the hospital, and his cure was reported in the *Lancet* of the time.

Now this little boy did not realize the whole truth of his case; hence he was just the subject for a miracle. Subjects for healing miracles are those who either do not realize the whole truth of their case at the time, or, on the other hand, like the Rev. John Allen, realize a little in advance of the truth of the period; as when the reverend gentleman with the carbuncle still a burning fact upon his back jumped out of bed and said he was healed, and the dear lady looked at him and asked if the carbuncle had gone, and he said, "I wasn't thinking about the carbuncle." Neither the little boy nor Mr. Allen realized the truth of the time in a statical or balanced or

scientific way. The little boy was years behind the truth, and needed rousing with fear and hope to bring him up to it. Mr. Allen was two hours in front of the truth, but not so far ahead of it that it could not catch him up before his faith was too much tried, for it was only two hours before his "carbuncle" broke, and the strain upon his "faith" was consequently relieved.

When people's own supply of faith is so deficient that they fail utterly to realize their power over their own cases, then it is that whoever or whatever can suddenly or gradually increase their faith is able to restore their power. The law may be formulated thus—*in so far as the disease is a lack of faith, in just that degree is the cure an act of faith healing.*

We doctors always speak of people's "cases." The word is ambiguous, and for the purposes of this paragraph it will do just as well if we take the word "case" to signify the living frame in which each of us is, as it were, enclosed. From this point of view, the case consists of a head, body and limbs, and it is made up of vital organs and of instruments of will. The vital organs are chiefly in the body, and the instruments of will chiefly in the limbs. Now, for the sake of our preservation the vital organs work of themselves, and do not need any exercise of our will. One does not require to make arrangements that one's heart should beat throughout the day, nor that one's lungs should take in their due supply of air for the night. But the limbs can be made useful, or may rest in idle disuse, according as we choose to move them or not. If we reflect upon this simple distinction, we shall soon be prepared to understand how it is that faith healing obtains its most marvellous triumphs over faults of the limbs, and how piles of crutches are shown as trophies at faith-healing establishments. Motives have less to do with one's vitals. But motives are everything in the play, or at least in the work, of one's arms and legs. Limbs may lapse into disuse, and life not suffer. The case of my little boy who had fallen from the hay-loft shows how a habit of inactivity once established may curiously overpower or exclude all those countless motives which from day to day drive little boys to run about into as much mischief as possible. Disuse of limb so total that it amounts to paralysis is often caused not through lack of power, but through some obscure failure of motive or by dread of strange sensations.

These people form very embarrassing, if lucrative, cases in medical practice, and such faulty "cases" are difficult to mend, and may even grow old or rusty in inaction if ordinary medicine fails entirely. But, unhappy the doctor who has "given them up!" Such patients only await the coming of faith, which shall suddenly or otherwise enable them to realize the truth of their condition, and throw away a crutch at Bethshan or Lourdes. Again, when disease attacks joints,

or when limbs are injured; the course of any case will depend on what has really happened, but the story of the case does not always correspond to what has really happened. It is, indeed, not always easy to make out what it is that truly has occurred. In severe cases of this kind a doctor is usually needed. He will generally be able to find out what is wrong, and he will place the injured part under such conditions as he thinks best suited to favour the natural processes of cure. Of course the doctor is liable to mistake; he may not do enough, or he may do too much, or he may do what is not quite right.

A small class of persons, termed "bone-setters," gifted specially with tact and observation, do a lucrative, and to a far less extent otherwise successful, practice, acting in bold freedom from medical rules, and so now and then supplementing the professional inertia even of great surgical personages. And where a joint has been left by the doctor too much or too little to Nature, these irregular practitioners, using rough-and-ready skill, now and then obtain a very striking success. The addition of a good bone-setter to the staff of Bethshan or Lourdes would no doubt bring about a very startling miracle from time to time in another class of cases. And the risk of an awkward wrench will not endanger the bone-setter. Like the rest of the staff, he himself will be secure whatever harm he does. As a rule, however, the best help we any of us give to others is help to help themselves. And the crutches may be taken as showing that this kind of help has been given at so-called faith-healing centres. The crutches prove that some people have been shown for a time at least how much better they could use their legs than they had lately been thinking. The lesson is not, however, always a safe or proper one: thus Mrs. Boardman describes her experience as follows:—

"A blood-vessel broke in my leg. . . . I got to the house of a friend. . . . 'The Lord said clearly to me it is to try your faith. 'Oh,' I said, . . . 'Lord, I accept thy healing.' . . . I was very much astonished in the morning to find that the limb was dreadfully swollen and discoloured, and when I tried to put my foot down on the floor, I found I could not support my body on that foot, it was not possible. . . . I said, 'Now, Lord, I must understand about this.' . . . And the Lord said, . . . 'You have not active faith; faith rises up and walks.' And I said, 'Oh, praise the Lord. I see it now.' And I just rose up and walked, and went about. . . . And every time the pain came on, and I felt the leg giving way, I just said, 'Praise the Lord, He has healed me.' . . . He has the responsibility, even if I fall down in the street."*

But let Mrs. Boardman condescend to turn this familiar kind of colloquy upon herself, and, instead of settling the Lord's responsibility, let her ask herself whose would be the responsibility if

* "Record of the International Conference on Divine Healing and True Holiness," held at the Agricultural Hall, London, June 1 to 5, 1885, p. 33.

some poor creature amongst her audience, falling in the street and breaking her leg, is induced by this kind of thing to get up and pound away in faith on the agonized member, groaning "I am healed." For any doctor knows too well that if a limb is broken, his first anxious search is to see if the bone has come through the skin. The whole difference of prospect between life and death lies in the hope that the bone did not, even at a small point, come through the skin. If the bone does come through the fracture is called "compound," and the life of the patient is then in serious danger; whereas in a fracture of limb without protrusion of bone, there is no danger to life. Now, what would be Mrs. Boardman's responsibility if a poor creature following her teaching was led to struggle about in faith-healed agony, until she pushed a point of the sharp end of the bone through the skin. Defying the pain by which we are warned of danger. For pain has its use, it is given us to ensure rest. Ay! how much that we accept as disease is really of the nature of physic.

And has Mrs. Boardman decided the terms in which she would offer the faith-healing comfort to her dying victim:—"Your faith did not save your body; it is just the same with your soul, for true saving faith saves the one if it saves the other. *You are lost for ever!*" Of course, if all that faith healing means at Bethshan is that people grind suffering along with set teeth, groaning "Praise the Lord; He has healed me," the number of attested cures will be limited only by the physical endurance of the patients, and our poor people at Guy's Hospital might at any moment sing in chorus, "We are healed."

The right bearing of this mode of endurance is beautifully rendered in the late James Hinton's "Mystery of Pain," wherein all that is true as to our power of neutralizing agony of sufferance by agony of effort may be learnt in the course of a well-spent hour.

Mr. Langton Hewer, of Highbury, told me the other day that he is just about to remove from a woman a cancer, of which she was "healed" at Bethshan; and he says that, in some odd way, this woman still believes she is healed whilst preparing for the operation.

Up to the present I have been examining faith healing as instanced in the personal experience of those who are healed. I now must take up the other division of the subject—namely, faith healing as reported by those who did not experience the healing. After what we have seen of the nature of the Rev. John Allen's healing, of Mrs. Boardman's healing, and of the healing of Mr. L. Hewer's cancer case—and I could give numerous other examples—we now know that faith healing as a personal experience is apt to be no more than a curious example of the opposition of mind-certainty to sense-certainty, to which I drew attention in the early part of my sermon. What,

then, is likely to be the case when a faith-healing mind-certainty thus utterly false gets into the twisted trumpet of fame, and is proclaimed as a miracle by those who know little to those who know nothing of what really happened? We ought just to consider the trumpet of fame itself as represented in Bethshan. The instrument, we all know, is apt to vary in form and loudness. The trumpet of fame is certainly not deficient in loudness at Bethshan. As to form, perhaps the less said the better. One reverend gentleman, Mr. Sandford, of Boston, U.S.A., thus describes the process by which he was cured. As far as one can gather, it seems that his cure was from some consequences of the evil habit of smoking tobacco, and as, by faith he gave his tobacco up, the cure is but oddly miraculous. This is how he describes what took place :*—

“At last I made a grand wholesale surrender of all I know and all I didn't know, and that settled it.”

The Rev. F. D. Sandford is passing happy in his childlikeness; happier than many younger children, who would be glad to throw over all they do not know, if by so doing they could be relieved of the trouble it is likely to cost them. But, fortunately for their welfare, the Board-schools will not allow it. It is only when adult—and shall we say, when at Bethshan as a leader of faith healing?—that one is privileged to dismiss at one swoop the responsibility for all one's loudly trumpeted ignorance.

However, all the leaders of faith healing do not succeed in really disabusing themselves of their ignorance. Indeed, their ignorance comes to play a large part in the construction of reports for the trumpet of fame. Thus the Rev. J. A. Dowie, whilst giving his testimony to the present willingness and power of God, by His Spirit, to heal through faith in His Son, all who truly believe and seek healing from Christ alone, says: “Organic diseases, such as cancer, have been healed, as instantaneously and perfectly as diseases of a nervous character.” And then he gives cases which, as reported, are unsparingly amazing. I will extract one as a specimen :—

“Mrs. Parker lives at 74 Moor Street, Fitzroy . . . for two years and nine months she had been under the care of some of the ablest surgeons in Melbourne, of whom she specially named Dr. George Teague and Dr. Ray, senior and junior. The cancer in the eye had totally destroyed sight, and for many months the left eye was totally blind. . . . After prayer I laid hands upon the left eye,† *in the right corner of which* there was a large swelling with a small opening, through which an offensive cancerous discharge was always oozing; *the principal tumour being in the cavity behind the eye extending towards the brain.* Then happened in a few minutes a miracle of healing: the cancer burst and poured out at the small opening in a stream of cancerous matter, quickly *filling two large pocket-handkerchiefs*; the restoration of sight was immediate, perfect, and remains until to-day.”

* “Record of the International Conference,” &c., p. 96.

† The italics are mine.

Now it may be that to any one who knows nothing about these affairs all that is very wonderful, but a tyro in medicine would, in considering the case, at once divide it into what he would respectively call the "history" and the "present condition" of the case. It is clear that Mrs. Parker told Mr. Dowie the history part of the miracle. And every tyro knows what marvels go to make up the "history" of illness in uneducated people: and not only in these. It is quite a usual thing to hear that a doctor, whose name is given, turned out the eyeball on to the cheek and scraped it, and put it back, the patient with two very good eyes looking at you to assure herself that you appreciate the horror of it all. What really happened was that the doctor turned up an eyelid to find a grain of dust. Women and Irishmen may give such histories that the hospital student, who has to report what they say, cannot write anything down without protecting his character for average intelligence by a free use of inverted commas. A part of early medical experience consists in learning to interpret the overstrained language of these extraordinary statements. After awhile one grows skilled in detecting the sand-grain of truth that underlies sentences in which an excited woman will stimulate crowded substantives with strong adjectives until her whole tale is in scarce sober disorder. Fortunately, Mr. Dowie himself is a fairly good describer of the "present condition" of the case, but it is quite certain that the simplest facts about cancer were included in the list of what Mr. Dowie did not know. If, like Mr. Sandford, he had thrown over all he didn't know, his story would read much more simply. Thus it is clear that a woman came to him with a swelling in the right corner of her left eye, and told him the usual awful history. Now a swelling in a corner of an eye couldn't be a large affair. So the reverend and sympathetic gentleman, to account for her horrors, imagined it extended into the cavity behind the eye and towards the brain. He evidently supposed that a space exists there in which "cancer" could collect. But the fact is there is no cavity behind the eye. And when cancer really grows there the most frightful disfigurement results from displacement of the eye. How could Mr. Dowie possibly know what was "behind the eye and towards the brain?" Mr. Dowie put his finger fervidly on the swelling, which from the description any one can see was only an abscess already beginning to discharge, and under his finger the matter came away.

Now it is certain that no cancer ever flowed or was caught in any pocket-handkerchief—that is just what matter from an abscess does, but cancer never does. Indeed, as reported by Mr. Dowie, the cancer is as miraculous as the cure. How many "faith healings" consist just of one "miracle" putting a natural end to another! It is not to be expected that these good people will refrain

from exaggeration as to other folks' relief when as to their own "healing" they report themselves with such strange boldness.

If instead of viewing Mrs. Parker according to his description as "a fully consecrated believer, enjoying the blessing of holiness of spirit, and desiring purity of body," Mr. Dowie had been calm and unsympathetic enough to see in that person a middle-aged woman wanting relief from pain and swelling in the right corner of her left eye, and if he had followed Mr. Sandford's example by throwing over all he didn't know, we might have some chance of arriving at the sober truth of the whole affair.

The condemnation of the Bethshan movement is its cruel confusion of sickness with sin, and of healing with holiness. We ought to respect religious earnestness. We ought always to recall the Master's words, "Judge not, that ye be not judged." But the Master said also, "By their fruits shall ye know them." And does not the context make clear to us when we are to apply these opposite rules? It is when a man or a woman is simply your neighbour that you are not to judge. It is when a man or a woman sets up as a prophet—a false prophet, a wolf in sheep's clothing—that you are to look at the fruits. And what more agonizing than the state of heart and soul and body when some poor wretch has gone to Bethshan, and striven in vain for recovery there, having been made to believe that Christ will prove the acceptance of the soul by the healing of the body? The poor creature goes downhearted away with this problem, "My body is not cured. I am told that Christ heals the body as readily as he saves the soul. He has not healed my body. He will not save my soul. I am lost for ever." It is for this cause that what is called "Faith Healing" deserves the condemnation of all Christians, as being cruel and heartless, and injurious to the most suffering and pitiful of our fellow-men. The faith of the sick is not fair game for the sport of healthy religious enthusiasm. Faith must not be taught to fail the poor and those in deep trouble. And healing is everything to the breadwinner suddenly stricken with disabling disease. Sickness is too serious to be trifled with by fanatics. The father of a family taken with hernia would certainly, if he followed Mrs. Boardman's example, be absolutely hopeless within a comparatively small number of hours. In this direction the faith-healing movement approaches criminality. It is persuasion to suicide. For, in the hands of a competent doctor, the life of this father of a family would not incur an appreciable percentage of danger.

Bethshan does its little best to annul the prospects of bodily relief in sickness whilst it lowers the tone of spiritual life. And its sham miracles threaten to become a widespread craze, for Faith-healing centres are now established in many places. The Bible miracles belong to all we can mean by Heaven. But the miracles of Lourdes

and Bethshan come into what we know of this earth. The Heavens are above us and beyond, and the clouds that are there may be ever so bright and beautiful. But matter of cloud down here is what we call mist or fog. And such fog is not at all beautiful, whilst it is apt to prevent one from knowing whither one is going. The Bible stories are real to us in a way we know not how divine. They are hallowed by time, and as it were screened from vulgar sense through a lustre like that which distance brings between you and a green hill far away, taking from it its natural hue and covering it with what seems like colour, though all in vain the painter tries to imitate it with his blue and purple paint. Those miracles stand for Christians as the type of verity, firmly true in its truth, as the most stable of facts is established in scientific stability. The sublimest creation is in giving to the highest truth a stability as much above that of fact as the movement of the Heavenly bodies is above gravitation to Earth. There are such different kinds of stability. The swallow leans lightly on the wind, and is secure in every curve and turn of flight. The swine when wallowing is no better supported as he rolls. Each creature is of course governed by gravity. But the swift bird with trustful wing cleaves confidently her way towards continual summer—emblem of true faith in heavenly grace and power; whilst the heavy brute bides his time of complete cure when pickle and smoke shall finally take up in due domestic course the function of that small soul of his, which, as Chrysippus* said long ages ago, is just a kind of salt enough to keep his body from putrefaction—type of Faith healing: of such faith as only seeks self-preservation. True, the vital spark of Heavenly flame does somehow hold one together. Yet Faith is not for the Body. Nor is Hope mere earthly expectation. Nor is Life all centripetal. Nor is the future merely a coming present. And those who vulgarize our holy things do harm to all that is noble in humanity, whose faith must endure all things, with “nevertheless not my will, but Thine;” trusting ever in One whose ways are not our ways, who sees good in everything we call evil, so as to permit it, and evil in everything we call good, so as to send it quietly away; and believing that the Good God is always good to all, and strives to be good through all to all; and never fails, but only seems to men to fail.

“*Heu miseri : bona qui quærunt sibi semper et optant,
Divinam tamen hanc communem et denique legem
Nec spectare oculis nec fando attendere curant.*”

WALTER MOXON.

* “Cicero de Nat. Dcor.” II. lxiv. 160. Carlyle ascribes this ancient joke to Ben Jouson, I think.

ULSTER AND IRELAND.

THE result of the General Election will have a powerful influence in correcting the judgment of Englishmen in regard to the attitude of Ulster on the Home Rule question. It has been the fashion to speak of that province as an impregnable citadel of loyalty to the Union, and it has even been described as a place where a Parnellite could not show his face except under police protection, and this, too, in spite of the fact that representatives like Mr. Biggar and the present writer are members for two northern counties. The outcome of the campaign will probably prove a disagreeable corrective for those whose favourite reply to the demand for Home Rule is that "Ulster is against it," and in future they will have to invent some other argument. The Ulster of geography and the maps consists of nine counties, and by Christmas Eve its British admirers, if they wish to retain their enthusiasm for the Ulster of their day-dreams will have to rectify its frontiers, and declare that Ulster really consists only of one whole county and some scraps of three others. For in my judgment the only portions of it that will be left intact from the desecrating touch of the Nationalists will be the single county of Antrim, and certain divisions of Down, Armagh, and Derry. By a majority of its counties and its members the "Imperial province" will declare against the Union, and—let the "loyal minority" organize and waste money as they please—out of the whole of Ireland (including the Old Sarum of Trinity College), there will not be a score of members left in the next Parliament to raise the cry of "No surrender." Of the eighty-five men who will form Mr. Parnell's party (and eighty-five will be its minimum strength), the three southern provinces will elect sixty-eight, and the other seventeen.

will come from the North. Ulster under the Seats Act is allotted thirty-three members, and more than half of these are certain to be Nationalists. Indeed it would not surprise many if the North elected nineteen or twenty Parnellites, and in that case it is quite possible the strength of the Irish party may be reckoned at eighty-eight. Writing in the middle of October, it is no doubt early to attempt accurately to forecast the result of the campaign, but the following will I think be found a pretty close estimate for the entire country. The Seats Act allots seventy members to Munster, Leinster, and Connaught, and of these all but the two elected by Trinity College will be Nationalists. In Ulster the extension of the franchise makes it much more difficult to calculate party lines as between Whig and Tory, but so far as the Home Rulers are concerned the matter is more simple. There are nine Ulster counties—viz., Antrim, Armagh, Cavan, Down, Donegal, Fermanagh, Londonderry, Monaghan, and Tyrone; and three boroughs—Belfast, Derry, and Newry. Four of these counties—viz., Cavan, Donegal, Fermanagh, and Monaghan—to which ten seats have been given, will return none but Parnellites. Tyrone, with four seats, will return three Parnellites, and may probably return four. Armagh has three members, of whom only one will be certainly a Nationalist; and there is also a fair chance for another. Down, out of four members, will have but one Nationalist; and of the two seats in Derry the Nationalists claim one. In Antrim all four divisions will elect Whigs or Tories, thanks to the clever gerrymandering of the Boundary Commissioners; but Antrim is the only county in Ulster or in Ireland from which the popular party have no expectation. As to the boroughs, Newry to a certainty, and Derry probably, will be won by the Nationalists. Each returns one member; and of the four seats in Belfast one will be carried by a Parnellite. Considering that at present only two out of twenty-nine representatives elected from Ulster acknowledge Mr. Parnell's leadership, it will be seen how sweeping will be the change effected by the Franchise Act.

To sum up: seventeen northern constituencies out of thirty-three are certain to return Home Rulers, two more are fairly certain, and in another they have a prospect of success. Taking Ireland as a whole, therefore, and granting the supporters of British parties every seat they can win, it is difficult to see how they could muster, all told, more than eighteen members in the next Parliament, and it is quite possible they will be reduced to fifteen. A desperate battle will be waged on both sides in the Ulster boroughs, where the Tories have not yet realized the ascendancy of the new voter; while county divisions like North Tyrone, South Derry, and Mid Armagh, which have been most scientifically gerrymandered against the Nationalists, will be

bitterly, and perhaps bloodily, contested. The Orange minority will make their last stand for existence at the general election, and, encouraged by magistrates like Mr. Clifford Lloyd and by leaders like Major Saunderson and the sons of the Duke of Abercorn, they will endeavour to prove to Englishmen (who, they suspect, only need a decent excuse) that Home Rule will never be tolerated by them. Mr. Clifford Lloyd's incitements to civil war have, it is true, met with the reproof of the Lord-Lieutenant, but Lord Carnarvon could not venture to rebuke or prosecute the Tory candidate for North Armagh, Major Saunderson, who on October 12 declared that it was "not the ballot, but the bullet," that could put Orangemen down. This gentleman being formerly returned as Liberal M.P. for Cavan by the popular vote, has all the zeal of a convert, and can therefore be excused; but the famous threat of Lord Claud Hamilton, M.P., that if the Government did not prevent "this horde of ruffians" (the Home Rulers) from "invading" Ulster, he and his friends "would take the law into their own hands," must be taken into more serious account. The noble lord is the son of a Tory Viceroy and the brother of a Cabinet Minister, and if he and his party are still of the same mind, the counter-demonstrations of 1883-4 prove that the gift of a revolver and seven and sixpence a day will secure the concentration of a sufficient number of lawbreakers on any spot in Ulster which the strategy of their leaders designate. Whether it will be the cue of titled desperados to avoid hiring the Orangemen for offensive purposes, now that a Tory Government is in office, is a question of pure expediency which no doubt they will determine as seems best for their own interests; but assuredly were the Liberals in power, we should be treated to a number of brisk election-riots in the narrowly balanced constituencies.

As things stand, however, the passage of the Franchise Act has led to a curious breach between the Orange organization and the Conservative leaders, which is well worthy of the attention of English politicians. It had always been the fashion in the North for respectable Protestants to look askance on the Orange body, because of its rowdy proclivities, and the many murders, maimings, and outrages which the Order is held responsible for. But now, since recent legislation, the tables are turned upon the "respectables," who are left in a minority of the voters, and the extended franchise is being availed of by the Orange leaders to assert their own claims to parliamentary distinction against those of the former chiefs of the Tory party. The Irish correspondents of English newspapers have either suppressed the accounts of this extraordinary development, or else have minimized or overlooked the significance of the strange ferment which during the past six months has been going on within the Lodges. Already Major Saunderson, the Orange candi-

date for North Armagh, has compelled the retirement of the Irish Solicitor-General (Mr. Monroe, Q.C.), who had begun his canvass in the constituency on the invitation of the local Tory organization. His chances at first seemed good, but the Brethren declined to swallow a Castle candidate; he was denounced as a placeman, and finally was hunted by them from the county. The Order has also claimed the right to nominate representatives for two out of the three seats in Belfast, where a Conservative majority prevails; and amid the wailings and lamentations of the regular Tory organization, a brace of Orange candidates have been started in that borough. The sitting member, Sir J. P. Corry, who has just been gazetted a baronet by the new Government, is to be opposed by the Grand Master, Mr. Cobain, in the east division; while in South Belfast Mr. Wm. Johnston, the ex-fishery inspector, whom Lord Spencer dismissed for intemperate language, has issued his address as the champion of the Lodges against the nominee of the Tory caucus, Dr. Seeds, Q.C. In order to compose this curious domestic feud, Lord Salisbury deputed one of the whips of the party in the House of Commons, Lord Arthur Hill, M.P. for Down, who is himself an Orange Grand Master, to heal up the trouble, but the mission was a hopeless failure, and for the present somewhat strained relations appear to exist between the two wings of northern Conservatism.

But not only is a conflict proceeding within the Tory ranks as to whether they will be represented by Orange stalwarts or aristocratic deadheads; there is also deadly war—bringing joy to the Nationalists—between Conservatives and Liberals. In several of the Ulster divisions neither shade of the so-called Loyalists can claim a majority over the Home Rulers, and a fierce wrangle is proceeding as to which of them shall bear the standard of the Union against the rapacious Nationalists. There seemed at one time a prospect of a coalition party being formed, pledged solely to resist Home Rule; but when the leaders on each side began to discuss the question whether the coalition candidate should be a Whig or a Tory, “something bitter arose.” The Tories declared themselves satisfied with a Tory in each case, and the Whigs naturally thought a Whig would make the best candidate. As yet they have not been able to settle this question in any other way than by each side nominating men of their own, threatened though they are by the onward march of the devouring Parnellites. Mr. Dickson, M.P., who tries to act as leader of the Ulster Liberals, declared against a coalition as a pestilent heresy, and to pay him off, his Conservative colleague in the representation of Tyrone started a candidate against him, frankly declaring, as the newspapers allege, that he would rather see “a Nationalist or the devil” member for South Tyrone than Mr.

Dickson. Where both Liberals and Conservatives persist in running a candidate, the prospects of the Parnellites have naturally improved; but it must be confessed, speaking impartially, that, as between Whigs and Tories in Ulster, the Tories have far the best right to the doubtful seats. Their party it is which fought the registries, and they have expended a great deal of money and labour on the work of opposing the National League; yet Mr. Dickson's friends coolly propose to appropriate to themselves the result of all their efforts. If the Dickson policy be persisted in, it will probably give the Nationalists two or three seats more than they would otherwise have carried, but it is probable that after the visit of the Marquis of Hartington and Mr. Campbell Bannerman to Belfast on the 5th November, more prudent counsels will prevail, and the word will be passed to withdraw the superfluous Liberal candidates in Tyrone, Mid Armagh, and South Derry, who from the Loyalist point of view are decidedly *de trop*.

Scarcely anywhere in Ireland could the Liberals succeed except by the Nationalist vote, yet they maintain as much pretentiousness as if they were entitled to wrest from the Tories those seats which the Nationalists cannot capture. Entrenched, as the Tories are in Ulster, behind impregnable prejudices, ignorance, and religious bigotry, they are in my judgment absolutely safe in nine constituencies. If from any motives of policy the Nationalists support them against the Whigs, they could carry four or five additional seats, and then, with the doubtful exception of North Derry, there would not be a single Liberal elected by any Irish constituency. The official organ of the party, the *Northern Whig* does not disguise the hopclessness of their prospects, and writes of them in the most desponding strain. On the 5th October it observed—

“There is considerable uncertainty about the verdict the new constituencies may express in Ulster. There is, however, very little doubt as to what that verdict will be in Great Britain. Thus it pleases our enemies to forget that, if the worst happens that can happen to the Liberal party here, we shall be no worse off than we were only seventeen years ago. At that time not a single Liberal was returned for Ulster, though there was still an energetic and courageous Liberal party, always resolved to make the best of any possible opportunities. We shall still preserve our principles, and these are of far more importance than any success at the polling-booths gained by abuse and misrepresentation.”

Language like this shows that the contest in Ulster really lies between the Nationalists and the Tories, although, should it suit the tactics of the popular party, Liberals can be returned in at least half-a-dozen places where a Parnellite could not be successful. At the coming Belfast conference it is expected by the Loyalists that the Marquis of Hartington, as leader of the Whig party in England, will see the wisdom of recommending (in private at least) his

followers to throw in their lot with the Tories, in order to prevent the complete success of the Parnellite *razzia* in the North, bidding them take comfort in "the verdict of Great Britain," and if his advice were acted on, it would enable the Conservatives to win two or three constituencies which present indications show will fall to the Home Rulers.

The strictest coalition, however, could not prevent the National party electing their men for a majority of the Northern constituencies, and once they make this inroad on the "Imperial province," the dropping in of the rest is a mere question of time and education. Loyalty and "No Popery" in Ulster mean exactly the same thing. The anti-Nationalists do not care a rush for England or the British connection, but they hate the Papists, and the more ignorant of them are taught that if they got the upper hand they would remodel the penal laws and turn them against Protestants. The landlords, too, in order to keep the farming class divided, have fostered the idea that Home Rule would mean the expulsion of non-Catholic tenants from their lands, and by this cheap and easy plan they have collected their full rents in Protestant localities, undisturbed by invaders of the League. They have found it far cheaper to endow an Orange hall in a district, and keep it supplied with flaming sectarian literature, than to grant 25 per cent. reduction annually to their tenants. Then, again, the generation of parsons who were bred in the Disestablished Church, and were hand in glove with the squires, and whose teachings to the rustics were so useful against the agrarian union, have not yet passed away. Many of them honestly believe that the Pope is the Scarlet Lady, and that "Romanists" worship images, and traffic in indulgences by wholesale and retail. The only cure for such enthusiasts is "time's effacing finger." When landlordism withers away, the Orange halls will soon be roofless, and militant parsons will no longer have any particular object in keeping the people divided. If Englishmen flatter themselves that the very humblest Irishman believes in the abstract that his country would be better governed by ignorant and arrogant strangers than by his own people, they must have a very full-bodied faith in their own powers, and a very poor opinion of even Orange intelligence.

If the bulk of the Ulster seats return Parnellites, the cue of the opponents of Home Rule will probably then be to declare either that these are not genuine "Ulster" constituencies at all, or that the fact that a single northern county remains uncaptured outweighs the effect of all the others. There will not be very much heart in this, however, when the scornful voices of the Nationalist members for Tyrone, Armagh, Down, Derry, Fermanagh, and Belfast ring through the House of Commons. Of course there will remain for the present a considerable

minority in Ulster opposed to Home Rule because of religious fears ; but the very cause of their antagonism demonstrates the intellectual calibre of such a party. To my mind the ignorant opposition of uneducated Orangemen is far less worthy of being taken into account by Englishmen than the Platonic resistance to Home Rule offered by the cultured minority about Dublin, whom nobody considers. The Unionists, in the metropolis at least, are mostly an educated body of men, yet their weight is made nothing of in England, because they generally consist of the professional and official class, whose bread more or less depends on the maintenance of the present system. This it is inferred puts them out of court ; but Ulster—Protestant Ulster, prosperous Ulster, wealthy Ulster—is supposed to be loyal to the British connection for the purest and most chivalrous considerations. It may tickle English vanity to suppose that there are men in Ireland who believe Englishmen to be superior persons to themselves, with a divine capacity for governing, but I have never met them, nor do I believe there is a single “loyal” man in the island, from one end of it to the other, unless he is some one who profits by his loyalty directly or indirectly in current coin. The bigots who are fools enough to suppose that the Ministers of an Irish Parliament would dine off roast Protestant must be left to the care of the National schoolmaster.

If it is contended that northern commerce gains by the existing system, I reply, while admitting the area around Belfast is prosperous, that it has nothing to thank the London Parliament for. Yet who will explain to the men of this favoured region, which depends almost entirely on the linen industry, the appalling fact that, while in 1864 the number of acres under flax was 301,000, it has fallen to 89,000 acres in 1884?

As for the rest of the province, it compares badly with the South of Ireland, in spite of many illusions to the contrary ; and even if we contrast thriving Belfast with decaying Dublin by the light of the recent Home Office returns as to income-tax assessment, the result is curious :—

	Population. 1881.		Income-tax assess- ment 1879-80.		Income-tax charged 1879-80.
Belfast	207,671	...	£2,200,842	...	£40,736
Dublin	273,064	...	5,368,758	...	102,609

This does not speak well for the fabled prosperity of Ulster ; while if we take two towns at different ends of the island, of equal population, the effect is quite as striking :—

	Population. 1881.		Income-tax assess- ment 1879-80.		Income-tax charged 1879-80.
Londonderry	28,947	...	£223,775	...	£3,981
Waterford ...	28,952	...	336,272	...	6,253

Taking Ulster and Leinster as a whole, the same result is obtained :—

	Population. 1881.	Income-tax assess- ment 1879-80.	Income-tax per head of population.
Ulster	1,789,542	£9,952,289	£5 14 5
Leinster	1,282,881	13,272,202	10 6 9

Then as to education, there is nothing to boast of; for the number of persons able to read and write in Ulster, according to the census of 1881 was 53·4 per cent., while in Leinster it was 58·5 per cent.; and the statistics of drunkenness and illegitimacy in the “Imperial province,” as compared with more Popish districts, are equally unfavourable. Furthermore, notwithstanding the fact that tenant-right prevailed for generations in the North, its “prosperity” is sadly shown by the fact that there is a greater rush of emigration from Ulster than from any of the other provinces. The decrease for the decade ending 1881 was :—

	Total decrease in population.	Decrease per cent.
Ulster	93,686	5·38
Munster	69,575	5·26
Leinster	59,998	4·68
Connaught	29,279	3·59

Remarkably enough, the decrease amongst Protestants is proportionately greater than amongst Catholics, although the marriage rate is very much higher in Protestant Antrim than in Catholic Donegal, and this is solely due to the action of the landlords. Rack-renting has driven, and is driving, the patient Protestant farmers out of the country, while the stubborn Celts fight and struggle and kick for dear life. If any one is credulous enough to believe that Orange landlords do not screw the last penny out of their Protestant tenants, let him turn to the Blue-books of the Land Commissioners, giving the “fair rents” fixed under the Land Act, and compare the rents in Ulster with those fixed elsewhere. From these it will appear that the average of reductions is greater by three or four per cent. in Ulster than in the southern provinces; thus demonstrating a more rapacious system of rack-renting in the North, in spite of tenant-right. The landlords, in fact, when their Protestant tenants seek abatements, put them off with a whiff of an orange-lily or a harangue in an Orange Lodge, and the device serves. The unfortunates are solemnly informed that they are law-abiding and loyal, and therefore vastly superior to the agitating caitiffs of the South and West; and on this distinct understanding they go back to their ploughs contented. Thanks mainly to the forced emigration of Northern yeomen, the Catholics, according to a return just published by the House of Commons, are now in a majority in nineteen con-

stituencies in Ulster out of thirty-three, and they would have been in a majority in two others but for the unblushing gerrymandering of the Boundary Commissioners. Of course in many of these nineteen places there is a strong Protestant minority, but so also in the remaining constituencies is there a strong Catholic minority. Taking the whole province, Protestantism is still in a small majority, but before another census this must disappear under the withering system which is permitted to decimate silently an unresisting population, unless an Irish Parliament is allowed to step in and devise means for keeping the people at home. The valiant gentlemen who threatened to kick the Queen's crown into the Boyne if the Church was disestablished, would of course growl and demonstrate a little at first at the thought of being ruled from College Green, but their professions of respect for "the law" are so great that they would soon simmer down into quietness.

T. M. HEALY.

THE POSITION OF GREECE IN THE PRESENT CRISIS.

OF the many and important movements which of late years are working a radical transformation of English social and public life, none strike the inquiring foreigner more forcibly than the growing tendency, of at least one political school, to ignore foreign politics as unnecessary—nay, as detrimental to the welfare and prosperity of this empire. Perhaps the very word empire is misapplied in this instance; for the ideal of this school seems to be an England confined to its narrowest limits, busying herself with railway projects, merchant shipping Acts, Bills for the transfer of land, and at a pinch even with the consideration of extending the volunteer organization. The colonies, England's proudest inheritance, are to be gradually allowed to fall off, and as regards relations with foreign Powers they are to be maintained on strictly evangelical principles. Yet England is somehow to retain her present position as a great Power, extend her commercial supremacy, and develop still more her manufacturing activity. The unerring experience of the history of every great country seems to be disregarded, and no account is taken of the fact that, as no politician can aspire to the dignity of a statesman, if he feels a constitutional aversion to foreign politics, in like manner no great country can maintain its predominance and consequent prosperity, if it ignores its obligations as such, or is loth to exercise a beneficent influence in its relations to other States. In one word, no great Power—failing of course the advent of the Millennium—can long enjoy the advantages, without at the same time submitting to the heavy obligations, inseparable from that position.

The history of the last few years—the embarrassment and isolation of England in her foreign relations, the general unconcern with

which her views were considered, the repeated failures of her Egyptian policy, and the unprecedented manner in which she withdrew before Germany and Russia in colonial and Asiatic affairs—are so many incidents, never again to be witnessed, as we of the smaller States sincerely hope, demonstrating the inexorable force of the political axiom just expounded.

Its unerring truth is so manifest and so incontrovertible, that those who wish to escape its consequences do not even endeavour to controvert its premises. They seek refuge in side-issues. In the case of the affairs of south-eastern Europe, which now occupy us more especially, they pretend that England has no immediate interest there, no great concern as to consequences, since she has established her hold on the Suez Canal, and has thus secured her communication with India. Yet the sum and substance of the so-called Eastern Question centres itself in the possession of Constantinople; and this is, I submit, a far more important matter for England at the present time than when the Suez Canal did not exist, or when her influence over that waterway was not predominant.

Now, the political evolutions which must result from the transfer of Constantinople to other hands than those of its present possessors, will have consequences of an enormous and far-reaching importance, shaping, as they necessarily will, the course of the world's history for centuries to come. And it appears to me that there is hardly any one who believes that such a transfer can take place without a great war, a war of European magnitude, in which almost every State in Europe would be involved, directly or indirectly. That no final solution is possible by means of "the European concert," or even by the limitation of the area of hostilities, is proved by the events of the last Russo-Turkish war, when the menace of Constantinople brought the English fleet into the Bosphorus; by the understandings arrived at since that war between the three Emperors, the tendency of which was only partial and the effect temporary; and by the very arrangement which is being discussed now, on the first serious complication since the Berlin Treaty, and which is to have but a negative result.

The reason of this state of things should be sought in the policy of the Allied Powers from 1854 to 1870. Their influence was then supreme, but it exhausted itself in short-sighted and mistaken efforts to resuscitate the Sultan's power, and maintain the rule of the Turks at a time which was the most favourable for the gradual emancipation and development of the subject races, under the beneficent and unselfish tutelage of England and France. From the moment, however, when German unity was established, the Anglo-French alliance disappeared, the treaty of 1856 practically ceased to have force, and a fresh order of things was created in the Balkan Peninsula by the forcible gravitation of Austria to the south. From that time there

is no longer any question of maintaining Turkish rule, or of assuring the independence of the subject races, but of dividing the spoils between the two great competitors for the inheritance of the sick man—Austria and Russia.

Whether this is done peaceably or by war—and I maintain that no other solution than war is possible—the enormous changes thus brought about in the structure of the two great empires will inevitably extend far beyond the limits of the Balkan Peninsula, and will necessarily and immediately affect the position of England in every part of the world.

Germany, whose great Chancellor is the supreme spirit and guiding genius of the impending European transformation, can have no interest in facilitating the south-easterly progress of Austria, or in favouring the ascendancy of the Magyar and Czeck elements of the dual monarchy over the Austrian Germans, if it be not the gravitation of these latter towards Germany, and the consequent extension of the Fatherland to the coveted outlet in the Adriatic, Trieste.* For Prince Bismarck's ideal Fatherland is this undivided Germany, cutting Europe asunder, and commanding a maritime position on every sea which encircles the Continent. But more is needed for the full realization of this truly imposing ideal. It is not to be supposed that Austria and Russia would engage in the division of the Balkan spoils without both paying for the goodwill or the enmity of Germany; and in either case Russia would discover that Brenus's sword weighed the full value of the German Baltic provinces. Italy would be satisfied with the Trentino and Tripoli; while Sweden herself, whose friendship the far-seeing Chancellor has for years past cultivated with assiduity, would find interest to follow the German lead, in the hope of recovering a portion of Finland. France, unfortunately for Europe, and for the minor Balkan States in particular, is paralysed to such a degree that Germany may almost dictate her terms for action or inaction. The fears of a renewal of the Benedetti *pourparlers* for the partition of the Low Countries, are far from vain even now; since it has often been asserted, on what appeared to be good authority, that Prince Bismarck looks upon Holland as a sister country destined to be drawn closer to, if not incorporated in, the Fatherland† by some means or other. A friendly arrangement would be the most desirable,

* When in 1883 the Irredentists exploded their bombs at the Trieste Exhibition, the *Norddeutsche Zeitung*, in a characteristic article, warned the Italians to confine their aspirations; "for at Trieste they would encounter the point of the sword of Germany."

† It is related that in a conversation with the Dutch Minister, Prince Bismarck, while at the baths of Kissingen, in a moment of good-natured open-heartedness, asked his interlocutor whether the King of Holland would not accept the position of High Admiral of the United German (*Deutsche*) fleets. The Minister significantly replied he was sure of one thing, that His Majesty would much prefer to remain King of the Netherlands.

securing, as it would, for Germany the Dutch colonies, which otherwise, in case of violent annexation, might easily be seized and kept in trust by England.

Now, without stopping to inquire how the position of England as mistress of the seas would be affected, with Antwerp passing into the hands of a maritime country, and Holland in the possession of a Power colossal in its proportions and ambitious of a fleet and of colonies—and there is enough attraction for France in the Belgian bait to draw her into close alliance with Germany and in open hostility towards England—without inquiring more closely into what may be considered a very speculative contingency, let us examine what would be the position of England, at least in the Mediterranean, with Austria reaching down to Salonica and Russia enthroned at Constantinople. For if the partition of Turkey be allowed to be accomplished peaceably, England will find herself in presence of a combination which she would then be powerless to thwart or to withstand; if by war, it is all the more necessary that trusted bulwarks should be raised in time, on which England may rely in the hour of need. We are all the more anxious that this contingency should be considered carefully, inasmuch as the indifference and inaction of England, based on a mistaken assumption that her material interests are not involved, while ruinous to the very basis of English power in the Mediterranean, is fatal to the independence and the welfare of the minor Balkan States, which look to England for guidance and protection. Greece in particular, being more immediately involved in the maritime aspect of the question, has ever placed her trust in England as the one Power which is able and interested to favour her development and independence, and which has done this so far, in obedience to the magnanimous tradition of a great and wise policy.

The possession of Constantinople by Russia, or indeed any other great Power except Turkey—which has shown an incompatibility with, not to say an aversion to, seafaring enterprise—means the inevitable and exclusive mastery not only of the Euxine, the Bosphorus and the Sea of Marmora, but of the Ægean also, and the shores of Asia Minor and the eastern half at least of the Mediterranean. Russia once established at Constantinople, would have ready at her disposal some fifty or sixty thousand of the best sailors in the world. These Greeks, born and bred on the waves, would soon be found forcibly manning a fleet second to none in the world for efficiency and power. With the Dardanelles easily rendered impregnable and impassable to an enemy, this fleet would at a moment's notice issue into the Mediterranean, and, with a safe place of retreat at its back, would be within twenty-four hours' steam of the mouth of the Suez Canal. Is it therefore too much to say that the very fact advanced

as an argument for England's indifference to the fate of Constantinople—her hold on the Suez Canal—is to the searching mind the one reason why England should now be more jealous than ever of the safety of that city? Else, with Russia at Constantinople, and, for the matter of that, with Austria at Salonica, there is but one other alternative—that the English taxpayer, if he accepts now the penny-wise-and-pound-foolish policy urged on him by the advocates of indifferentism, must be prepared to maintain at no distant future a fleet at least twice as large as the present Mediterranean squadron. Consequently, if Constantinople is to be safeguarded against a Russian *coup de main*, no time should be lost in offering a steadfast opposition to all those patient and gradual steps by which Russia is daily drawing nearer to the goal of her traditional ambition; and bold action should be taken when she at last shows her hand, similar to that of Lord Beaconsfield when he ordered the British fleet into the Bosphorus.

Who will doubt that political combinations and strategic movements, even those apparently as distant as the progress of Russia in Central Asia, have mainly in view to facilitate her possession of Constantinople. The political testament of Peter the Great may be a mythical document; but to reach Constantinople has been for centuries the holy tradition, the fond dream of Russian policy. The persistent efforts and sacrifices of Russia for the emancipation of the races subject to the Porte had but that ultimate object in view. Being thwarted in her endeavours to hold permanently Moldavia and Wallachia and become mistress of the mouths of the Danube, Russia turned her attention to the Greeks; but only momentarily. They were found too independent in mind and too fond of their individuality to serve as obedient tools in her hands. Russia's true feelings towards them were manifested when the Emperor Nicholas assured Sir Hamilton Seymour, in 1853, that he would sacrifice his last soldier and his last rouble rather than see the Greeks at Constantinople. Since that time the efforts of Russian policy have all tended to thwart Greek aspirations and impede the growth of the Greek State. The Servians were next taken in hand. But this high-spirited and brave people, although Slavs, were equally opposed to be used as a means to Russian ends; and the eminent representative of Servia in London has on repeated occasions of late shown with much force how averse the Servians are to Russian tutelage or supremacy. Being baffled in this direction also, Russia finally turned her attention with redoubled energy to the Bulgarians, the least developed and, for that reason, most subservient, of the races in the Balkan Peninsula. But this is not the only advantage they offer to the realization of Russian designs; and it is therefore necessary to examine briefly, at this stage, the position and character of this race, who are now

the chief agents, the dummies in fact, of the Russian advance on Constantinople.

Though not the most numerous, the Bulgarians are, by their geographical location, the most concentrated of the races surrounding Constantinople; they in a certain way menace it from north and west, being kept away from the city itself by the broad belt of country extending between the Ægean and a line that may be drawn straight from Sozoupolis, on the Euxine, to Melenikon (*Melnik*), on the Strymon (*Struma*) river. This territory, which is peopled almost exclusively by Greeks, and forms the province of Thrace, presents the only substantial difficulty to the absorption of Constantinople into the famous Great Bulgaria projected by General Ignatiev. Hence the persistent efforts and bold assertions of the Panslavists to represent Thrace, as well as Macedonia, as inhabited by Bulgarians. Several years previous to the late war, they served up to unwary readers, and indeed to innocent editors of geographical and other periodicals, cooked statistics and garbled returns as to the ethnology of Turkey. It is a notorious fact that Lejean's ethnological map* was made at the instance of Panslavist agents; and although all must bow before Professor Kiepert's undoubted geographical erudition, one has but to turn to the preface which he has affixed to his ethnographical map of Turkey in Europe in order to read his own avowal that he is mainly indebted for his data to Schaffarik and Jireschek, and other such Panslavist authors, who wrote in German, indeed, but who have ignored German scientific scrupulousness.

The outside world, however, being unsuspicious as to the real significance of those productions, and unprepared with counter-evidence, the Panslavists, who do the unofficial work of Russian diplomacy in such emergencies, had no difficulty in carrying their point for the moment. The excesses at Batak, being carefully preconceived, were used to such good purpose that they roused public indignation in England, and excited a lively sympathy for the Bulgars, a race then heard of for the first time by most of those who unwarily became active in furthering the designs of Russia. Particular care was taken to fix those lamentable events—which by the way were no exceptional instances of Turkish rule—to localities south of the Balkans and as neighbouring to Thrace as possible. And there was no more difficulty in discovering scattered and isolated Bulgar settlements there, than there is in pointing out large and flourishing Greek communities in Bulgaria proper—the whole population of Turkey being considerably intermingled, though the territories mainly occupied by each race are sufficiently well defined.

* A London firm of publishers issued some time ago what bears every evidence of being a mere reprint of Lejean's map, but without any of its technical finish. The Bulgarian agents in England point to this "English map" as confirmatory of their pretensions. It is hardly necessary to expose the shallowness of this naïve ingenuity.

By such clever manœuvring, and thanks principally to the hopeless ignorance with respect to those matters which exist in Western Europe, General Ignatiev had no particularly hard task in obtaining from his colleagues at the Constantinople Conference in 1876, a *quasi* recognition of the bases of what was to be hereafter his Great Bulgaria, or, as the Panslavists *en famille* style it, "Lesser Russia." So that at St. Stephano, although accused even by his countrymen of indiscretion and precipitation, General Ignatiev did not hesitate to sketch out his pet scheme, being well aware of the effect produced on most minds by this unhesitating proposal of a big claim, made after a successful war and in what had the semblance of disinterestedness, in favour of a downtrodden people. His bold stroke of the pen included the whole of European Turkey, with the exception of Bosnia, Herzegovina, Albania, Epirus, and Thessaly. The line of demarcation, which reached as far west as the lake of Ochrida, passed over the very High Street of Salonica, cutting off towards the sea the peninsula of Chalcydica—too notoriously Greek to be contested as a Slav possession—and that no less Greek portion of Thrace which embraces only Adrianople and Constantinople. These two small strips of territory, however, though spared at the time, remained so hopelessly detached that their necessary absorption by the newly created State could not be doubted. In fact, we have General Ignatiev's own word for it; since, after appending his signature to the treaty of St. Stephano, he delivered himself of that famous sentence: "And now let the Greeks reach Constantinople by swimming to it!" so thorough did he consider his work in detaching Constantinople from the hopes of the Greeks and in securing it for Russia.

Although this project was then ridiculed as grotesque, General Ignatiev was not mistaken as to its future moral effects. He counted with justice on the ignorance prevalent in Europe, and on the fanaticism animating his protégés; and at this moment there is no idea to which the Panslavists and the Bulgars cling more tenaciously than the realization of this Great Bulgaria. They make no secret of it. A Bulgarian contributor to the *Manchester Courier* declared lately that his countrymen "spread over the Balkan peninsula from the Danube to the Mediterranean, and from the Euxine to Albania," and went on with remarkable scrupulousness to observe that "it is doubtful if many of the so-called Greeks are not Bulgars who have adopted the Greek language and manners through being intimately mixed up with the Hellenes, and for so long under the dominion of the Hellenic clergy." Another Bulgar emissary in England lately assured his interviewer (*Sunday Times*, October 25) that "we cannot and will not allow Greece to annex that part of Turkey;" and concluded with these significant words: "We do not intend to annex, *at present*, Macedonia; of the future I fear it is

almost impossible to speak, so much depends on the then present exigencies ! ”

What those exigencies are likely to amount to will be shown by a cursory examination of the use which the Bulgarians have made of their newly acquired liberty and of the gradual steps they have taken, under the guidance of Russian officials, so as to lead up to the realization of their main object—the seizure of Constantinople. Lord Beaconsfield in his political perspicacity having detected this project, and having refused to admit of the extension of Bulgaria south of the Balkans, the Russian agents in Eastern Roumelia set to work to thoroughly Bulgarize that province. Bulgaria itself had already been considerably denuded of the dominant Turkish and Tartar population which occupied principally its eastern half, and which by dint of butchery and persecution had been forced to emigrate during the war. The Mussulman Pomaks on the Rhodope mountains were goaded to rise shortly after the constitution of Eastern Roumelia, and thus another step was made towards rendering the population of that province “homogeneous.” There remained, however, the Greeks, who occupying as they do the chief towns and commercial centres, and being possessed of greater “staying power,” presented an inconvenient resistance to mere persecution. Therefore simpler means of disposing of them were adopted. When the census of Eastern Roumelia was taken, about three years ago, the Turkish functionaries carrying on the work were easily induced to represent as Bulgar whole districts where the Greeks were in a majority, or in a small minority ; and thus the Greek population of that province, which really amounts to fully 100,000 souls, was set down as no more than 40,000. All this was most satisfactorily carried out by experienced Russian officials, thoroughly versed in the work of Russifying Poland and other such refractory possessions.

Beyond this, however, there is every evidence to show that the efforts of Russia aimed not simply at the emancipation of Slav populations, nor even at the constitution of Slav principalities over which she should exercise a predominant influence, but to the creation of that “Lesser Russia,” which, being easily reached by sea from the Russian ports on the Euxine, would offer a permanent and sure basis of operations against Constantinople. Bulgaria was placed at once under the rule of a nominee of Russia, who having, against all expectations, proved refractory, is now distinctly menaced with deposition. Every post of importance, from the Minister of War to that of a police constable, was in the hands of Russians ; the Bulgarian army was officered exclusively by Russians, and Mr. Aksakoff declares in his “Russ” (*vide Times*, October 23) that it is “Russia’s own army in fact.” There is hardly any Bulgarian of standing in the civil service or in the clergy who has not been educated in Russia ; and

it was seen that the Bulgarians, on the union being declared, appealed to the Czar, and to the Czar alone. The very fact that Russia is determined rather to annul the attempted union than allow the accomplishment of a cherished design without her own immediate dictation and guidance, is the best proof that Bulgaria is considered simply as an appanage and a fore-post of Russia on her way to Constantinople. Nor should Englishmen be beguiled by the plausible assurances of Bulgar emissaries, that they wish for nothing better than riddance from Russian tutelage. Such assurances are quite in keeping with oriental tactics. England has to be propitiated, and her sympathy and goodwill secured. With this object, the Russians themselves would cheerfully help in propagating this view, provided they obtained what would amount to a *carte blanche* to extend their hold on all Bulgarian lands.

It is therefore puerile and hopeless to expect that Bulgaria, with an illiterate and fanatical population imbued with only one idea of reverence—that to the great Czar—with a very limited number of educated men owing their all to Russian protection, with an army and an administration completely in the hands of Russians, with a prince on the eve of paying the penalty of a long score of disobedience to orders from St. Petersburg, and above all with Russia herself determined to hold the country at any risk—it is hopeless to expect that Bulgaria can ever develop into anything but a Russian half-way house on the march to Constantinople.

The love for individual political existence goes for nothing even with communities far more enlightened and developed than Bulgaria, when it is weighed against the advantages of the power and prestige given by the citizenship of a great empire. The Neapolitans, though divided from the Piedmontese more widely than the Bulgars are from the Russians, accepted Italian unity for this reason; and the Prussians, though disliked by the Hanoverians and the Bavarians, have succeeded in imposing their supremacy, with all its hard and merciless militarism, because it offered the proud position and privilege of the citizenship of a great empire. The more a State is weak and undeveloped, the more it relishes the sweets of a glory so easily acquired. And when the moment suits the designs of Russia, she will find no difficulty in having the union declared, not simply between Northern Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia, but between the Great Bulgaria of General Ignatiev and the Holy Russian Empire itself.

This is the consummation to which the efforts of the Bulgarians are really tending, and this is the outlook which England, of all great Powers, has most reason to fear. It would therefore appear that the true policy of England is not to be sought in vain endeavours to emancipate the Bulgars from Russian predominance, but

in the erection of other stronger and more reliable barriers to Panslavist ambition. With this view, it may not be out of place to examine here a plan for the redistribution of the contested territories, answering, as it will be seen, to the requirements of each race, securing their independence and safeguarding the more general interests of Europe.

I may say at the outset that General Ignatiev's taunt at cutting the Greeks off from Constantinople is a vain one; for we sincerely feel no craving for it. We have grown sufficiently sober to eschew sentimental considerations in politics. The possession of Constantinople would be a very questionable blessing to us. It could only be connected to any aggrandized Greek State by a comparatively narrow stretch of mainland, forming an unwieldy territory, and presenting a long, straggling frontier exposed to attack at every point. Furthermore, Constantinople would exercise that enervating and disintegrating influence which it fatally had on its possessors, and which is the very opposite of the quick, stimulating effect on public life produced by the traditions and the very atmosphere of Athens. We are absolutely sincere in disclaiming all intentions on Constantinople. But we are at the same time most explicit in our determination to sacrifice all rather than permit Constantinople to fall into the hands of the Bulgars. What we consider to be the most equitable and at the same time most practical solution of this question is that the whole of Thrace—namely, the country to the south of the present limits of Eastern Roumelia, and as far west as the River Mestos (*Kara Su*)—should remain as long as feasible in the hands of the Sultan, who would naturally still retain possession of Asia Minor. But failing the possibility of maintaining Turkish rule in Europe, even within these very restricted limits, this territory should be constituted into a free State, with Constantinople as its capital, and under European guarantee. That this guarantee would be effectual, and at the same time no very heavy responsibility for Powers which have so long been burdened with the cares of the maintenance of Turkish rule, will be apparent from the fact that the other neighbouring States, which we shall immediately proceed to sketch out, and which will pretty nearly counterbalance one another, will have a common interest in defending that free State against all comers.

Assuming now the union of Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia under some form or other, the country left to the west of the Mestos would include Macedonia proper, old Serbia, Northern Albania, and Epirus. Northern Albania might be constituted into a separate State, and when the somewhat divergent tribes which live there found it possible to agree amongst themselves, that State might be allowed to gravitate towards Serbia or Montenegro, as the case might be.

We Greeks lay claim—a claim not to be disputed or abandoned at any risk or cost whatever—to the whole of Epirus, including the port of Avlona and as far north as the mouth of the Apsos (*Semeni*). Following the course of this river to its sources, we would place our boundary at the northern shores of the lake of Ochris. This brings us to the northern confines of Macedonia proper, which is, we contend, a thoroughly Greek country. The northern limit of Macedonia we draw at a line leaving the town of Bitolia (*Monastir*) to the south, crossing the Axios (*Vardar*) opposite Stromnitza and the Strymon (*Struma*) a little to the north of Melenikon (a purely Greek city), and abutting at about Nevrokop on the Mestos, which river would form the frontier between this definitely constituted Greek State and the European possessions of Turkey, as above sketched out. We would then not only accede to the union of Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia, but we would heartily co-operate in the incorporation with the State thus formed of all the purely Bulgarian portion of the territories to the north of Macedonia proper, as just defined. Thus a very great and compact Bulgarian State would be formed, extending from the Vardar, north of Strumnitza, to the Black Sea, which geographically and historically has always constituted the maritime outlet of the Bulgarian race. The country west of the Vardar and to the east of Albania, including the whole of old Servia, would naturally go to the kingdom of Servia, which would then reach as far down as the lake of Ochris, and join on to the northern Greek frontiers of Macedonia.

This roughly sketched out project of future readjustments seems to be so self-suggestive and equitable that it has already been partly indicated and partly approved of in several quarters. The Italian Foreign Office organ *Diritto*, in an article published about the 18th of October last, while recommending the aggrandizement of Montenegro from the Drina to Cattaro, and the extension of Greece to the extreme limits of Epirus, demanded in very explicit terms that the port of Avlona, situated opposite Brindisi, shall under no circumstances be ceded to a Power from whom Italy has anything to fear: Italy would not object to its being made over to Greece, but must take care that it does not fall into the possession of any other Power. Almost simultaneously with the above most important declaration we find in the Viennese *Neue Freie Presse* the no less remarkable statement, made to a correspondent of that paper by H. E. Monsieur Mijatovich, the Servian Envoy in London. The Servian Minister declared that the Servians would be above all glad to see Salonica in the hands of the Greeks, and that Servia would do all in her power to prevent its falling a prey to the Bulgars—that she would even make large concessions to Greece in the country north of Salonica, since by this means Greece and Servia would be able effectually to check the Russo-Bulgarian pretensions to hegemony in the penin-

sula; and finally, that the old and important highway from Durazzo towards Salonica (the ancient *Via Ignatia*) should be in the hands of Greece, and should constitute her northern frontier line. The coincidence of these declarations and the sources from which they emanate lend to them an importance which cannot be exaggerated.

But a further advantage offered by the foregoing proposal is the summary and effectual solution of the vexed and much-misunderstood Macedonian difficulty. The Panславists, who have always known how to profit both from having a clear conception of their own objects, and from the ignorance prevalent in Western Europe with regard to these intricate questions, have succeeded, in this case also, in completely misguiding and mystifying public opinion. They speak vaguely of "Macedonia" as comprising the whole country from Salonica and the Calcydica in the south to the Servian frontiers in the north, and from the boundaries of Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia in the east to any distance into Albania in the west. Now, as any student of geography will admit, Macedonia never extended farther north than the line sketched out in our preceding delimitation. Why then have the Panславists sought to extend the area of their vague Macedonia, for which they benevolently claim the benefits of self-government, as set forth in the twenty-third article of the Treaty of Berlin? Simply in order to repeat here the tactics so successfully followed in Eastern Roumelia. The northern portion of this territory is much larger—as a glance at the map will show—than the southern part as delimited by us, which is Macedonia, and which contains an almost exclusively Greek population. The Panславist notion therefore of merging the whole territory into one, aims at swamping the Greek population of the south by the much larger Slav element in the north, and with this view Macedonia has long been the scene of Panславist intrigues, "of which," as Mr. Mijatovitch assured his interlocutor, "the Servian and Greek Governments possess every evidence." And it is these intrigues which M. de Laveleye and other writers have unwittingly presented to the English public as the outcome of purely nationalistic aspirations. Of course when this vague and vast Macedonia would have been sufficiently undermined, its union with the already Great Bulgaria astride on the Balkans, would easily be effected—"not at present," but according to the then exigencies.

Well, we shall oppose and resist this scheme at all hazards. We shall not allow another large Greek population to succumb to the fate of our unfortunate brethren in Eastern Roumelia. We will sacrifice all rather than see Macedonia annexed to General Ignatiev's Lesser Russia. We desire and indeed demand for our Macedonian brethren the full benefits of the twenty-third article. But we insist that the territory referred to in that article shall be divided into two distinct provinces by a line drawn as already indicated. If the

clamour of the Panslavists is really prompted by humanitarian considerations, and they simply desire to see the fate of those populations thus ameliorated, they cannot decently object to an arrangement which possesses the further advantage of eliminating all ground of discord and internal feud between the Christian races in that territory. We do not dispute the fact that there are here and there to the south of that line certain districts inhabited principally by Bulgarians. There are even Wallachs and perhaps a few Serbs. These, however, are already almost Hellenized—they certainly use the Greek language. And on the other hand, there are in like manner whole districts—nay, important centres of civilization and culture—to the north of that line, which are purely Greek. Since, therefore, it is impossible in countries so mixed in population to draw clear lines of demarcation between the different nationalities, there remains but this practical proposal of admitting as frontier lines the limits indicated by Nature and by historical tradition, and which roughly divide at the same time the contending races. We have further to urge, that as in Eastern Roumelia (now claimed as a purely Bulgarian province) there are one hundred thousand Greeks—whom of course we do not pretend to wish to annex to the Greek State—in like manner, we expect that the Bulgars and their patrons shall abstain from all claim to interfere or intrigue amongst the few already Hellenized Bulgars who may be found south of the line above alluded to. We see no other practical, and at the same time equitable, solution of the difficulty.

These considerations are based, of course, on the assumption that the Balkan lands are to be for the Balkan peoples. As, however, we have been warned by the *North German Gazette* that “the European Areopagus, which is alone responsible for the maintenance of peace and for the welfare of the nations, will not permit the unjustifiable ambition of individual races on the Balkan peninsula to imperil at will the peace of the great Powers by compelling them to mingle in the dispute,” and that “it is unfair to expect that 300 millions of Europeans should expose themselves to the danger of being obliged to dispense with the blessings of peace, because three petty Balkan States, with scarcely six million inhabitants, suddenly conceive the idea that their local balance of power is imperilled”—since we have this told us so authoritatively, we are reluctantly forced to the only possible conclusion—that the projects shadowed forth in the beginning of this paper are in reality the only blessings reserved by the European Areopagus for the benefit of the petty Balkan States. Else, why should the peace of the 300 millions be imperilled if they had no other aims in view than the welfare of the six millions. Of course, no one of the petty Balkan States, least of all we Greeks, would venture to question the law as laid down by the European Areopagus; and we must therefore prepare to see Austria

at Salonica the moment that her justifiable ambition moves her on that errand." In such a case, we admit that we count for very little indeed in the game to be played, and that it is for Austria herself to choose between Trieste and Salonica; for it would be infatuation itself to imagine that she would long be allowed to hold the *Ægean* coast without paying its price by the sacrifice of the Adriatic port. It is for Austria to decide whether she prefers the unending vicissitudes of an eastern composite and constantly undermined empire, to the ancient and dignified position of a central European monarchy, able, as such a monarchy is, to secure all the advantages of the actual possession of Salonica by the more sure and straightforward means of a close alliance and a commercial union with Greece. For we are ready to concede even more than this to Austria on condition we hold Salonica and the line of Ochris.

But, above all, it is for England to consider how far the interests of her commerce will permit her tamely to submit to the seizure of the two main commercial channels of the eastern half of Europe—Constantinople and Salonica—by two of her most formidable competitors in the East, both with an increasing manufacturing industry, both with protective tariffs, and ready to extirpate English goods from the face of Eastern markets. To the military aspect of the dangers thus created for England, I have already alluded; and this aspect of the question is all the more worthy of serious consideration, as the seizure of Salonica by any force coming from the North can be vetoed by the mere presence in that port of a few English ironclads.

Coming now to the more immediate condition of affairs in the East, our view of the present crisis is this: The Berlin Treaty had established a certain order of things which was not to the satisfaction of any one of the minor Balkan States. For Greece in particular it had created a position full of difficulty and danger, since it left her new frontier in the stage of a vague sketch. But this sketch, following as it did the line of the Calamas in Epirus, and of the Salambrias in Thessaly, included both Jannina and Metzovo within the territory to be ceded to Greece. Turkey having raised objections, the Powers prevailed upon Greece to defer her claim, and about half of the awarded territory, with Jannina and Metzovo, was withheld from us. Greece submitted to this injustice, out of deference to the wish of the Powers for the preservation of peace, although she had already borne all the expenses and sacrifices consequent upon mobilization, and had prepared to vindicate by force of arms the Berlin award. Yet Greece expressly reserved her rights to claim at a given moment the territory thus withheld. Since that time we have gone out of our way to maintain the most friendly relations with the Porte, and we candidly admit that peace was imposed on us, not only as a duty, but as a manifest interest. It enabled us to develop our resources, complete our railways, reorganize our military forces, and bring order

and retrenchment into our finances. All this was in process, when the Bulgars took it into their head to annex a province which was never Bulgarian, though they claimed it as such, but which was in fact a kind of neutral territory for Greeks, Turks, Bulgars, Wallachs, and Jews. It was so understood at Berlin, and I can vouch for the fact that the idea of an equilibrium—let us call it thus for want of a better word—between the States then formed or reconstituted, was foremost in the deliberations of the Powers. Greece, Servia and Bulgaria were so delimited as to comprise each about two million inhabitants. It was clearly understood that the Bulgarians should not be allowed to obtain a predominant influence, such as was claimed for them by Russia. Lord Beaconsfield, of all the plenipotentiaries present, was most explicit on this point; indeed he had decided, on that memorable Monday evening, to quit Berlin rather than accede to the demand of Russia, and it was only the active intervention of Prince Bismarck which smoothed the difficulty. Lord Beaconsfield, who had been the least favourable to the claims of Greece, rendered in fact the most signal service to the Greek race in Turkey by frustrating the project of a union, whereby a large Greek population would have been irretrievably lost to Greece, and whereby a permanent menace would have been established for the future.

Prince Alexander's *coup de tête* has destroyed these guarantees, and, by violating a most important clause of the Treaty, has reopened the whole question. We therefore, in common with the Servians, have a perfect right to renew our claims simultaneously with the attempt at this union, and to obtain advantages corresponding to any that may be accorded to Bulgaria. On principle we are clearly opposed to the annexation of Eastern Roumelia by Bulgaria; for it is only a fresh step towards the realization of General Ignatiev's Great Bulgaria, and because of the other reasons already set forth. It is puerile to taunt us with jealousy. It is no jealousy that moves us. It is elementary political foresight; it is common prudence; it is the dictate of self-preservation; it is the warding off of an assiduously prepared menace to our individuality and to our position as a nation in the East. As to the appeal that we should not hinder the work of Christian emancipation, this is hypocrisy on the part of the prompters, and abject credulity on the part of those who repeat these sonorous but empty phrases. Every one knows that Eastern Roumelia was already practically free from Turkish rule—indeed, so free and so given over to Bulgarian violence and ferocity, that the best part of the unfortunate Mussulmans have already been driven out of the province, while the Greeks are suffering such indignities at the hands of these good Christians, that in April last the Greek Consulate at Philippopolis was gutted by an infuriated Bulgarian mob, the Greek flag torn down and insulted, and several Greeks ill-treated, because they proposed to celebrate the festival of King George—a

privilege enjoyed by every Greek community in Turkey. The pages of this Review would not suffice to recount the persecutions suffered by Greeks and Turks living in Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia. I would simply call attention to a letter addressed to *The Times* of October 20th by Mr. J. C. Robinson, an English gentleman passing through Bulgaria, an impartial observer, who gives the blackest picture of the doings of these amiable people. The Bulgarian emissaries point out with marvellous self-complacency that Greeks and Turks are actually permitted to live in the larger centres. And indeed Mr. Robinson states that "the merchants and petty tradesmen in the towns will suffer no molestation; but in the lone country villages the Bulgarian knife will literally soon be at every Turkish throat. . . . Let the Turks go, in the name of Satan, say the Bulgarians: our young men marry early, and our women breed fast; we shall soon fill up their places." All this is so perfectly natural to the Bulgar mind, that one of their men of light and leading, writing to the Manchester paper already alluded to, avows with perfect equanimity and as a rather meritorious achievement in national development, that "the Bulgarians of Philippopolis proclaimed their independence of the Greek Patriarchate at Constantinople, and *appropriated the ecclesiastical property and revenues* of the diocese," these revenues being notoriously Greek endowments accumulated during long ages of Turkish rule.

It is with this people we have to deal—a people who have not moved a finger for their own emancipation, and whose only strategic operations were directed against the purse-strings of their liberators, the Russians; for they had to pay to the Bulgars during the war usurious prices for what any other people would cheerfully have offered gratis to the poor soldiers who fought for them. And we are exhorted not to baulk them of their present magnanimous object, but remain quiet and look on complacently till they are quite ready to march into Macedonia, cross into Thrace, and seize what remains of Greek land! With every respect for those who have, on strictly humanitarian grounds, espoused the cause of the Panslavists, we are not prepared to do this. We prefer to face their taunts, and our reason is a very simple one—we are not minded to change masters. We have withstood the cruel and martyrical yoke of the Turks for four long centuries; we have spilt our best blood, and suffered with fortitude and resignation untold wrong and every kind of indignity, for the preservation of our glorious nationality and in the hope of a return to liberty, not for the prospect of a fresh subjugation, and that to the mercies of the Bulgars. If we are still to have masters, then we prefer the Turks; for they are sinking fast, and they at least offer us a certainty of attaining to our long-deferred and sweet hope of liberty. But from the Bulgars—and for the matter of that from the Russians—we can hope for no riddance.

We are therefore determined to oppose this union by every means at our disposal. And if there be any endeavour to sanction it, since the Bulgars will thus obtain, to the detriment of a large Greek population, that which was refused them at Berlin, we will at once claim, by force of arms if need be, that territory in Epirus, including Jannina and Metzovo, which was solemnly awarded to us at Berlin. We will do this in the full consciousness of the justice of our cause; and the enthusiasm which has now moved the Greek people to rise like one man—an enthusiasm unparalleled since the glorious days of our war for independence in 1821—is the best evidence of the intensity and sincerity of this uprising. We will rise, calling Europe to witness how we have behaved to our Mussulman countrymen in Thessaly, whom we went out of our way to befriend and conciliate, and for whose exclusive and exceptional benefit we have even modified our fundamental laws. We have to show the enormous and unprecedented progress which Greece has achieved in face of almost insuperable difficulties and in a comparatively short space of time; the steady increase of our commerce with England, which is more considerable per head of population than that of Russia, Austria, Spain or Italy; the immediate, I may say, the magical transformation of Thessaly since that province has been united to Greece—the complete net of roads which cover it and the lines of railways which traverse it. We will ask Europe and the good men who are concerned with Christian emancipation, whether these are not better titles to sympathy and support, and more valid evidence of civilization and progress, than the work which seems to have chiefly occupied the attention of the Bulgars—pillaging and persecuting within their boundaries, and intriguing and interfering beyond their borders; and in the name of God we will go forward, as our fathers have done before us in 1821, in opposition, if need be, to the wise counsels of Europe.

What Greece thinks, what her people desire, what we have achieved, and what we shall yet do, has already been sketched out by the master-hand of a great statesman—Monsieur Tricoupis, the late Premier of Greece, both in his speech at the banquet given in his honour by his countrymen in London, and in his *exposé** of the progress of Thessaly since her union to the mother country. With men such as he, so richly endowed with talent and rare qualities—remarkable both for his powers of conception, his tenacity of purpose, and his ability in execution—Greece may confidently undertake the grave, but great and glorious, task which is imposed upon her by her sacred traditions, as the guardian and trustee of the rights of the whole Hellenic race.

A GREEK STATESMAN.

* Greek Papers, No. 1: "The Progress of Thessaly."

CONTEMPORARY RECORDS.

FICTION.

THE change, already noted, by which the thought of our own day appears more mirrored in its fiction than was the thought of a former day, is only partially explained away by the fact that we know the thought of our own day better than the thought of the past. It is but the reflection of a change in the world that the novel-writer aims at depicting. In the days of our grandfathers, people in polite society did not confront problems. It was not only heresy, but bad taste, to question those central beliefs which give life its background; and the artist who sought to paint life was naturally led to accept them. But now that these beliefs are denied in periodicals which may lie on the table of a dignitary of the Church, the mere attempt to describe the interests of society suggests, when it does not actually introduce, those great questions of Whence and Whither which haunt the abysses of thought. The change which in this respect has come over the spirit of literature is evident even in a writer so recent as Thackeray. The difference, which we cannot but observe, between his fiction and that of any novel we have to notice to-day is due to the fact that he was living still in the time when something was taken for granted. His adherence is given in some vague way, and rather as an Englishman than as a Christian, to the faith of the past. The world is a scene of varied hopes and fears, joys and sorrows; it is not to him the statement of a series of problems. But he was the last great writer of whom we can say so much, and his name marks the close of an era.

The most powerful story which has been published since our last review—"Mrs. Keith's Crime,"* now in its third edition—strikingly brings out the new attitude of literature. It is marked by a total absence of plot and incident, and of the kind of interest which has been usually thought necessary to novels; and owes its interest to the fact that it is the picture of a state of mind which has met these problems with a negative answer, and finds the world empty of all but human love. Human love under such an aspect seems to gain a strange new intensity. It finds a vast legacy, as it were, suddenly put at its disposal. That craving for the infinite which no belief or unbelief can repress, losing, as far as consciousness goes, its eternal object, stimulates imagination to create one within the limits of mortality. The mother who believes her own love for her child to be but a drop from the ocean that surrounds her, can but acquiesce in all the

* "Mrs. Keith's Crime." By Mrs. W. K. Clifford. Bentley.

appointments of supreme care ; the mother who regards her own love as an ultimate and original reality, finds it a law to itself. Mrs. Clifford's heroine learns that the disease which is preying on both her and her child is to make her its first victim ; she feels that in the universe is no parental care greater than her own, and decides that the creature who has no Father in heaven shall never miss a mother on earth. We cannot see any crime in the overdose which gives the child a painless death, from Mrs. Clifford's point of view ; and we presume that she intends her title to indicate the different moral ideal belonging to her creed and that which it is to supersede. Mrs. Keith ends her child's life as the God in whom she has ceased to believe takes it : she gives it the best she has to give. It is a decision of unselfishness as absolute as that of the Divine appointment—of self-sacrifice indeed which we are unable to associate with any act of the Divine Being—she deprives herself of the sweet solace of those offices of service which are her heaven, lest they should be missed when she is not there to give them. The picture would be much more perfect if the sacrifice—and, from a Christian point of view, the sin—were greater ; if the tragic act were not all huddled up in the few last pages ; if, in short, the author had been less tangled by the inheritance of Christianity. And as a work of art it would have been better if she had taken pains to give it a more suitable form. The first point an artist should decide on is the position whence his picture should be taken, and an autobiography, which could never by any possibility have been written by the person whose history it professes to be, confuses the reader's attention with a sense of false perspective. The author probably felt that the agonizing experience of a mother who watches her only child fade before her eyes, and dreads that it may be left to die in a foreign land among strangers, could never be conceived by any one but a mother, and that by putting the narrative into the first person, she preserved a sense of unapproachableness in the mother's feeling which would have been impaired if the story were told by some one else, although she frankly allows the impossibility of any of the sentiments and events it narrates being actually committed to writing by the person who experienced them. To this artistic flaw we should add a good deal of tedium, and some bad taste and even vulgarity in the secondary part of the story, which, however, contains one well-conceived character, the Jew, whose disinterested sympathy enables Mrs. Keith to make her last effort for her child's life. It is curious that Mrs. Clifford, as well as George Eliot, has chosen a Jew as the type of delicate generosity to women. The book, we must add, is of a less polemic character than our criticism may perhaps suggest, its title being indeed the only indication that the author is aware of the existence of opinions antagonistic to her own. It has one attraction, which, to the present critic, outweighs all its flaws from an artistic point of view—it gives the reader a sense of contact with a character.

Mrs. Clifford's novel has several points in common with Lucas Malet's.* Both stories exhibit, in much the same way, the influence of that change by which, in our day, science has been made the mould of literature. They reflect the curious interest in disease which is a

* "Colonel Enderby's Wife." By Lucas Malet. London : Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.

natural result of turning for inspiration, not to the models of literary excellence, but to the ideas of physical research. Science turns with heightened attention to that abnormal condition which we know as disease; here she may hope for unchronicled fact and undiscerned causation; her keenest interest is awakened just as that of Art is converted to distaste, and an epoch of general scientific discussion is sure to give pathology an undue position in literature—a position which seems to us to exhibit the disastrous influence of this change very clearly. The only immortal work centred in the description of physical suffering—the “*Philoctetes*” of Sophocles—surely exhibits the failure even of transcendent genius to overcome the difficulties of such a theme. However, a critic of fiction must learn to chronicle without protest the changes of contemporary taste, and the spirit which finds a strong interest in studying disease may be noted, and its connection with the general deference to Physical Science acknowledged, alike by those who lament the fact and those, if such there be, who rejoice at it. The two novels, which, in the latter part of this year, 1885, readers have most favoured, afford a striking illustration, at least of the fact itself. Disease in both appears as the tragic Fate—intensifying, in Mrs. Clifford’s novel, the love of mother to child; quenching, in Lucas Malet’s, the love of wife to husband—in the first case, kindling devotion into self-sacrifice; in the second, slackening liking into aversion. Mrs. Keith kills her child because she will not let her suffer; Mrs. Enderby lets her husband die because she will not endure to suffer herself. To these antithetic resemblances we may add a common want: both stories need pathos, and both lack it utterly. In truth, no one is in a position less favourable for rousing that stir of soft and yet deep-seated compassion which we thus describe, than the student of pathology; the most heart-rending facts narrated from that point of view leave the reader unmoved. Such an incident as that of Mrs. Keith’s crime would, in actual life, be overwhelming in its power of exciting sympathy; in the novel it sets us speculating on moral problems and questioning the authority of traditional precepts. And this, in a less degree, is true of “*Colonel Enderby’s Wife*,” which is a less powerful novel. The hero (who, by a curious chance, has the same name as the hero of Miss Martineau’s only novel) is one of the least pleasing to our mind of all that numerous group of heroes which are modelled on Thackeray’s “*Dobbin*.” He is feeble, he is ungentlemanlike, insulting his old love when she appears as a dowdy widow; and his only striking characteristic—his devotion to his wife—lacks some element which would make it interesting: admirable we think it is not intended to be. But she is an original and vividly conceived figure, a survival of animal instincts in a beautiful human form, repelled by all that appeals to the compassion of an ordinary woman, and driven into brutal selfishness when she discovers that her husband is an invalid. Her state of mind is one much less uncommon than is ordinarily supposed in a society where every woman is regarded as a potential nurse, and there is great truth to Nature in making a character like hers attractive to an elderly soldier. The author shows also much temperance in allowing her no remorse when her husband has fallen a victim to her demand to have all things made bright and pleasant. It would have been a fatal error to let the curtain fall on a repentant Jessie Enderby; and the

vista of a short widowhood and a rich American for a second husband, is one of a very happy appropriateness. But the temperance which Lucas Malet shows in this particular is curiously lacking elsewhere. A strain of what is violent and unnatural is continually breaking into a narrative in which it is artistically quite out of place; the hero's father accuses him of murdering his brother with no reason except that the dead son was the favourite, and by an improbability which strikes us as even greater, a mature widow, proud and refined, sends for a male friend, and reveals to him an unrequited attachment for a man he cannot possibly help her to win. The latter absurdity spoils an elaborate character study, and one which is very near being effective. As it is, only the heroine stands out with consistency, an original, solid creation, unlike any other heroine we can call to mind. We are tired of protesting against imitations of George Eliot; but we cannot bid adieu to Lucas Malet's "*Colonel Enderby's Wife*" without saying that none of the many essays in that line strike us as so much spoilt by the endeavour as this one. The undertone of ironical reflection which runs through all is not, to our thinking, very admirable in the original, though it is there redeemed by the constant sparkle of wit; apart from that accompaniment it is as little conducive to entertainment as to edification. But the conception of the story is one of much originality, and there is enough power in its working out to make us desire another from the same hand.

From modern drawing-rooms and ball-rooms we are called away by Mr. Marion Crawford,* to the personages and events of more than 2,000 years ago, and in the case of his hero to one suggesting a far more remote antiquity even than this. Mr. Crawford has followed a tradition which brings Zoroaster, the Moses or Mahomet of the Persian religion, down to the comparative daylight of Herodotus, and has boldly associated him with the great Darius in rivalry for the heart of a Jewish princess, Nehushta, who has been among the captives carried to Babylon and has met Zoroaster in their common discipleship to the prophet Daniel. Whether Mr. Crawford intended a parable of the relation of the Persian to the Jewish religion we know not; if he did, the estrangement of Zoroaster and Nehushta and her espousal of the Great King in preference seems to us an inversion of the true relation of these two faiths, which surely approached more and more closely with the progress of time. But probably Mr. Crawford merely intended, in the selection of dim and remote characters, to obtain a fitting sphere for the representation of a mysterious influence transcending all known laws of Nature but not generically distinct from them. Even those who believe that such influence actually exists among us can never regard it as equally congenial to a picture of our own day and to one opening dim vistas, and associated in every detail with what is remote and unfamiliar. Mr. Crawford has himself spoken of this work as "*an historic drama*," and though it is not exactly dramatic in the ordinary acceptance of the word, it is a story which at every turn suggests the stage, to which its grandiose scenery and colossal figures eminently adapt it. The finest scene in the book—the sudden and mysterious appearance of Zoroaster amid the drunken priests in the Persian temple—reminds the reader of

* "*Zoroaster: a Novel*." By Marion Crawford. London: Macmillan.

the mysterious sacrament of "Parsifal," the mystic cup being recalled by the mystic fire which the prophet calls up on the altar where the polluted flames of earth have been extinguished, and the symbolism of both dimly suggesting a common ideal of faith. The figure of the great Darius strikes us as painted with considerable power, not the power that clears the brush from all colouring of our own day, and dipping it in the hues of the past blends the teaching of history with the grace of art—it is no blame to Mr. Crawford to say that he does not possess a genius so extremely rare as this—but still with the power that gives life and definiteness to an accurate transcript from the records of the past, and impresses on the mind's eye an image sanctioned by history. The jovial carelessness and relentless cruelty of Darius strike us as both historic and natural, and though, like Scott, Mr. Crawford turns aside from the representation of torture, so much more effective is fiction than history that the escape of Phraortes the Mede from the cross makes us realize the difference between our feeling and that of the past with regard to cruelty more vividly than does the account of Herodotus of the crucifixion, after the taking of Babylon, of several hundred captives. The loves of Zoroaster and Nchushta force upon the observation of the critic, because they do not suggest to the reader the remark that the ideal of love is not less changed than is the ideal of hate. The ancients were, with regard to passion, much more in the condition of children than it is easy for us to imagine; and yet what makes it difficult for us to imagine this, is not life but pictures of life. Fiction has to answer for a certain distortion in the place we give this feeling; centuries of romantic delineation have made it appear the focus of all that is profound and tender in the human heart, all that is poetic and refined in the human imagination; and in reality there are many persons capable of a life-long fidelity and unswerving tenderness who have never known, and could not from experience know, what we mean by passion. Modern fiction teaches us to regard these beings as exceptional; but that is not the teaching of experience, nor is it the teaching of those writings which take the place of fiction in the ancient world. The Greek drama knows nothing of what we mean by love; and when a modern writer paints love in the ancient world he inevitably paints something modern, though we think Mr. Crawford has gone to an extreme in this respect, and that to justify the tone of his narration he should have taken a mediæval subject. But for our own part, so long as we get away from the present we are not inclined to be nice as to the chronological accuracy of the colouring of the past, and Mr. Crawford's romance at all events does for us what surely all desire, and what for the majority is possible only in fiction—he takes us "over the hills and far away." The story touches here and there a height of romantic pathos and even of solemn grandeur which it does not uniformly suggest, and though we can never quite forget the stage, we do not remember it with any association of what is paltry or merely external. It has also the great merit that the interest steadily rises towards the end.

That instinct which looks on "the past" as a whole, is a true though not altogether a logical one. There is one tense for feeling in looking

backwards as there is for history. Though the present is a mere name for the sword edge that divides two eternities, yet practically it gathers up all the interests of those who live on the outside of things, and we welcome any attempt to reproduce any part of the life of the past as a promise of escape from the flimsy ephemeral life that the average novel chronicles and feeds. It is not that people lived more earnestly in times past than they do now, but the endeavour to describe their life must be more earnest than are ordinary attempts to describe the life of to-day. We cannot gather up the superficial interests of the ages that are gone, as it is hardly possible to avoid doing by our own. For this reason we give "*In the Golden Days*,"* which takes us back 200 years instead of 2,000, the double welcome that is due to a new work by the author of "*Donovan*" and "*We Two*," and that we have ready for any writer of fiction who opens a vista beyond the region of the modern drawing-room. A picture of the life of the Restoration comes dangerously near the canvas of Scott, and Edna Lyall is sometimes unwise in needlessly provoking the comparison. She chooses one or two scenes—an interview with Charles at Whitehall, for instance—in which it is impossible not to miss Scott's brilliancy at every line, and these scenes are perhaps below her usual level. No author should venture near any Court that the great artist has associated with his glow of colour and brilliancy of light and shade. Those few, broad, sparkling touches in which he sets a king before us are inimitable, and any representation of royalty after him seems flat and colourless. And Miss Lyall's picture of Charles is perhaps a little flatter than it need be. She has not Scott's power (at least it is not yet developed) of divorcing her attention from her sympathy; her heart is with the struggle for liberty, and she cannot take pains to make its focus a brilliant figure. It has always seemed to us that Scott's peculiar power depends in great measure on his mind having been forced into exactly this attitude. His imagination was on one side, and his judgment on the other. Hence he was forced to be dramatic. The remark is not out of place here. We would urge on all young writers (and the horrible suspicion that they do not read Scott almost turns our warning to a denunciation) that his moral disinterestedness is the ideal of artistic work. If they would be dramatic, if they would paint human nature, they must avoid the error of letting approval be the measure of interest, they must not linger over the character in which they would have found an example, they must not hurry over the character in which they would have found a warning; the demands of Art must never be weighed against any other, and the lesson of morality, however it is conveyed, must not show itself in any inequality of delineation. But while we must own that the novel before us illustrates the opposite method from that of Scott, we would claim for it to some extent exactly that feeling for history as something more than a gallery of brilliant pictures, which was what Carlyle missed in his great fellow-countryman. The hero is entangled in a plot to ruin a Puritan cousin whose inheritance his elder brother hopes to gain, and when he recoils with horror from the treachery which would make him a witness against the victim of his brother's cupidity, he is himself thrown into Newgate. Up to this point the reader feels the inevitable

* "*In the Golden Days*," By Edna Lyall. London: Hurst & Blackett.

reminiscence a misfortune, but afterwards it is different. We can all well imagine the course of the story in the hands of Scott. A touch of vigorous shadow, a vista of darkness, and then a sudden deliverance, a triumphant escape into honour, dignity, and heroic distinction, without a touch of ignominy or of fear, and only just so much endurance as would be enough to bring out dauntless courage and romantic high spirit. To our mind the picture of long hope-crushing endurance, of flickering hard tried fortitude and personal humiliation, is as much truer to a real historic feeling as the setting of dialogue and accessory is inferior in brilliant distinctness; and we suspect that the reader has a better notion, from reading the experience of Miss Lyall's hero, of what a prisoner under the Restoration had to suffer, than from reading that of the hero (to take a contemporary sketch of Scott's) of "Peveril of the Peak." And in this respect the novel before us provokes a comparison with Scott in his own line and fails there. Our tribute will perhaps be misleading to any one who will not carefully attend to its limitations.

I suggest one other remark. The central figure of this novel, as far as interest goes, is meant to be that of Algernon Sydney, and the plot is entangled with his judicial murder, while the hero's enthusiasm for him appears intended to be the key-note of the novel. Notwithstanding the fact that some of its readers have apparently found it so, we must say, and wish we had space fully to justify the remark, that the only interest we can take in Miss Lyall's representation of Algernon Sydney is as affording another illustration of a principle which fiction constantly illustrates one way or another—the principle that genius is no fitting object for art. We use the word genius in a very wide and vague sense; we would include in it whatever gives the impression of moral originality, whatever suggests, even when it does not, as in this case, imply, that the character must, from its own force and size, have been known to history. This is just the material that is tempting to a young writer, but it is the material which the true artist learns to avoid. Besides the obvious fact that you want more space, more colour, more contrast of light and shade to paint a great man than a small one, it remains true for those who can give all these things that in proportion as a character is striking and massive it is hard to put upon it that stamp of individual creation without which there is no effect of literary power whatever. Where our rule seems confuted, it will generally be found that the interest of learning the opinions of a great writer about a great man is mistaken for the pleasure of contemplating a work of art. The principle is illustrated by the failure (as we should conceive it) of the greatest dramatic genius the world has known, Shakespeare has left us one play, associated with what Mr. Froude has called "the greatest name in history," and "Julius Cæsar" is one of his finest plays. But in getting rid of his hero in the middle of the play he seems to us frankly to confess his powerlessness to communicate to the colossal figure any impressiveness that was not already there. And we should say that the treatment was quite as expressive of conscious powerlessness; surely Shakespeare did not mean to say that the most remarkable thing about Cæsar was his turn for braggadocio, but this is what he does say.

The failure is most instructive, but we are hardly allowed to couple the words failure and Shakespeare. We may, however, be permitted to join those of success and Scott, and need only glance along his gallery of brilliant figures to note the absence among them of any figure of such moral impressiveness that all others must be painted in relation to it. Unless Louis XI. is to be taken as an exception, Scott never attempts to paint a great man; every character of first-rate importance on the page of history appears in his pages only in the background. We catch a glimpse of Elizabeth and even of Cromwell, but it is but a fugitive glimpse; the foreground is given to personages who bring no overwhelming historic impressiveness, and all his most successful creations are those who not only did not leave any trace on the records of a nation, but could not possibly have done so. The impression of vividness which he leaves on the reader is one he creates and does not find. In this respect, as in so many others, he seems to us a model for the literary artist, and we would gladly see only those led away from it who were drawn by some irresistible instinct pointing to exceptionable sympathies and power to express them; a combination extremely rare in literature. In speaking of genius it must be remembered that we have nothing to do with the historic Algernon Sydney; the kind of interest which Miss Lyall needs is at any rate exactly the kind of interest which Scott avoided; whether or not it was that which would be allotted to Sydney on the page of history, it is that which he needs as the central figure of a romance. Our warning is one of wider application than may at first appear; it would sift fiction of much that is inappropriate and unsuitable in portraying not less the life of our day than that of the past; and only our narrow limits preclude us from illustrating its importance in the case of many other fictions besides that which, from the hopes it raises, we have thought best worthy of forming its occasion.

We have left ourselves space to say little more of the last novel* of an author snatched away from certain popularity than that it does not contain a page that is not eminently readable, in which every reader will agree with us, and that it does not contain a single page that is eminently rememberable (if we may coin a much-needed word), in which we should think most critics would agree with us. We need give no hint of the character of a story which has by this time been read by most novel-readers, and would merely advise any exceptional specimen of the class who has not yet perused it to follow the example of his brethren. The book leaves a curiously piebald impression on the mind. The narrative itself is a perfect specimen of what narrative should be in point of style, and two of the characters are, or rather one character in two editions is, originally conceived and delicately and firmly painted. But where anything of the nature of tragic power is required we feel we are dealing with puppets, and the greater part of the story requires tragic power. The interest never collapses, because the narrative has that rapidity which carries the reader over a total blank of dramatic interest, but the moment we quit the bachelor brothers and their friend the Rev. Sylvanus Mordle, we care for no personage in the tale. However, we care a great deal for them. The

* "A Family Affair." By Hugh Conway. London: Macmillan.

only other figures which stand out from the canvas in any degree are the Calvinistic maid who, believing her own fate to lie among the condemned, takes upon herself, in its literal sense, the task of the *âme damnée*; and the villain, whom, in pursuance of this belief, she does not hesitate to murder in order to save her beloved mistress from his persecution. The villain is rather clever in a stagey point of view as a villain, but as the husband of an interesting young lady he is absurdly impossible, and we cannot understand why no pains were taken to make him a conceivable object even of girlish infatuation. And we should say that the belief in election and reprobation lay in a region where the author was too little at home to borrow his models, although the conception of the Calvinistic murderess is original, and needs only a stronger power of sympathy either with faith or unbelief to have been powerful. But that power would probably have been associated with other qualities which would have made "A Family Affair" a different novel altogether, and probably one less entertaining and popular.

JULIA WEDGWOOD.

II.—GENERAL LITERATURE.

BIOGRAPHY.—Mr. Reeve has been able to publish the Second Part of "The Greville Memoirs" * sooner than was generally expected, and to do so without making more than a few inconsiderable omissions out of delicacy towards persons still alive. One of the reasons for this is as satisfactory as it is obvious; the present instalment of the work deals with a new reign, in which political and social life has been much freer from scandal, and Mr. Greville had fewer facts to record that anybody would be offended to hear repeated. These volumes thus enable us to mark the improvement that has taken place in the Victorian era, and if they are in some way less spicy than their predecessors, they are just as entertaining for the gossip and anecdotes they contain, and just as important as a mirror of the current political feelings of the time. The description of the young Queen, and her Consort, and her dinner-parties, and the little worries and mistakes of her coronation ceremony will naturally attract the greatest interest; but many good things are told of Wellington, Macanlay, and almost every other important politician of the day. Another instalment of the journal yet remains for publication.—Cyclopædias are only too apt to fall vexatiously behind in the matter of punctuality of publication of their successive volumes, and it is evidence of the energy and thorough efficiency of the editorial management of the new "Dictionary of National Biography" † that its first four volumes have now appeared each at its projected time, and each as satisfactory as the others; and we may therefore reckon as confidently on receiving a new volume of it once a quarter as upon any of the quarterly reviews. The present volume comes down as far as

* "The Greville Memoirs (Second Part): a Journal of the Reign of Queen Victoria from 1837 to 1852." By the late Charles C. F. Greville. In 3 vols. London: Longmans & Co.

† London: Smith, Elder & Co.

Biber, and contains articles on Berkeley, by Mr. Leslie Stephen; Bentham, by Mr. John Macdonell; Bewick, by Mr. Austin Dobson; Betterton, by Mr. Joseph Knight. Great care and much original investigation of authorities continue to be spent on even the least-known names. No work of the kind has ever been better done.—The lives of Robert Moffat, the famous African missionary, and his wife, written by their son, Mr. John S. Moffat,* form an inspiring record of calm, brave, wise work, and will find a place of value in the honoured shelf of missionary biography. The central interest of the work lies of course in Moffat's labours among the natives, but some of the glimpses given of his early days and of the people from whom he sprang are very attractive; and his views about our policy in South Africa will receive the attention they deserve, whether men agree with them or no. The biographer has done his work with reverent care and in a straightforward, unaffected style.—Mr. Charles Mackay has written, under the title of "The Founders of the American Republic,"† a series of short popular biographies of Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Franklin, and Madison, and appended a concluding chapter on "The Dangers of Ultra-Democracy," in which he thinks the rock ahead of the American Republic is the lust of territory, which is commonly thought to be a specially monarchical failing. None of the five founders of the Republic were very sure of its durability, and it has certainly outlived greater dangers than the rock described by Mr. Mackay; but his reasoning on the subject will afford some food for reflection, and his account of the several fathers of the Great Democracy will be found fresh and stimulating reading.—A more satisfactory book than "Eminent Doctors"‡ could not be easily recommended, especially for unprofessional perusal. It goes over the whole field of English medical heroes from Linacre to Sir Henry Thompson. Substantial biographical details are given; but the author's power of stating the essential contribution of each of his worthies to the science of healing deserves particular recognition. Not so long as monographs, and fuller than the dry articles of dictionaries, his lives of past and present great workers have just such treatment as creates interested and intelligent appreciation of their labours. Mr. Bettany's style is of that sound kind which fulfils its purpose without demanding special attention to itself.—Mr. Andrew Lang's new series of "English Worthies" opens auspiciously with a very fresh and interesting account of Charles Darwin, by Mr. Grant Allen.§ Darwin's life having been singularly devoid of outward incident, the book is naturally taken up for the most part with his work and opinions, and of these Mr. Allen contrives in the brief space at his disposal to give as clear and adequate an exposition as any one can desire. But under the savor Mr. Allen delights to find the man, and to show us the singularly pure, elevated, and human character of the great biologist.

MISCELLANEOUS.—"From Shakspeare to Pope" || is the title of a

* London: Fisher Unwin.

+ Edinburgh: W. Blackwood & Sons.

‡ "Eminent Doctors: their Lives and their Work." By G. T. Bettany, M.A. (Camb.), B.Sc. (Lond.), F.L.S., author of "First Lessons in Practical Botany," "Elementary Physiology," &c.; and Lecturer on Botany in Guy's Hospital Medical School. In 2 vols. London: James Hogg, Paternoster Row.

§ London: Longmans & Co.

|| By Edmund Gosse. Cambridge: University Press.

course of lectures which Mr. Gosse has delivered at Cambridge and in America, and which have for their object to explain the causes and phenomena of the rise of classical poetry in England. The subject is comparatively fresh, and carries us over pleasant fields, which are probably less known than we make-believe them to be. Mr. Gosse is an excellent guide, and throws much charm and stimulus into his discussion of the subject. His conclusion seems to be, that we owe our classical poetry to Waller, but what Waller owed it to nobody can well say.—Professor Ball's "Story of the Heavens" * is a model of exposition, at once exact enough for the scientific and popular enough for the general reader. It goes over the whole ground of astronomical science with equal fulness of detail and adequacy and lucidity of explanation, and describes all the latest discoveries of the spectroscope as well as the telescope. Astronomy is one of the most fascinating of the sciences, and a better guide to it could not be desired than Professor Ball.—A scientific work of a different nature from Dr. Ball's, but likewise most valuable in its way, is a "History of Cholera in India," by Deputy Surgeon-General H. W. Bellevue, C.S.I., † who was secretary of the special committee appointed by the Indian Government in 1881 to inquire into the prevalence of cholera in the Punjab. The present work is based partly on the results of that investigation, but partly also on special reports from the other provinces of India, and it contains a great mass of important evidence bearing on the history and phenomena of cholera in India. The chief conclusions the author reaches are, that there is a triennial periodicity in the outbreaks of the disease in that country, and that they are connected with climatic conditions and especially with the nature of the rainfall.—Sir Edmund Du Cane gives us an admirable account of our prison, convict, and reformatory systems in a handbook on "The Punishment and Prevention of Crime" he has contributed to Macmillan's "Citizen Series." It is satisfactory to know that for the last five years our prison population has been decidedly fewer than it has ever before been known to be. Sir Edmund has found from prison and poor-law statistics since 1851 that the number of prisoners and the number of paupers in this country regularly increase and decrease together in cycles of three years; but even this curious periodicity has stopped during the last five years, and a uniformly low level has been observed.—General Brackenbury has judged aright in believing that the advance of the river column of the late Nile expeditionary force through a hundred miles of cataracts and rapids in an enemy's country, possesses sufficient interest and importance as a military operation to deserve a permanent record from a competent authority; and no one can be better qualified to write such a record than himself, who commanded the column after General Earle was cut down by his side. His account of the advance, just published under the title of "The River Column," ‡ has therefore considerable value as an authoritative description of a military operation followed with great interest at the time; and the general public will find it not only more exact and full than previous accounts, but also just as readable.—To follow Voltaire's lead in trying to prove that our master

* London: Cassell & Co.

† London: Trübner & Co.

‡ Edinburgh: W. Blackwood & Sons.

epic poet was not original, as the Rev. George Edmundson, M.A., does in "Milton and Vondel,"* is neither useful nor warranted. It may be admitted that there is a probability of the Englishman knowing something of the Dutch contemporary author of "Lucifer" and "Samson," but it is a thorough misunderstanding of what great poetry has been to draw conclusions of plagiarism from passages of dim parallelism. There were many attempts to tell the story of Faust before Goethe; and Dante's "Divine Comedy" was only the best of a whole series of similar visions. The Hebrew tales of Adam and Eve or of Samson are common property; and as in preaching from the same texts different minds will follow a similar course, so poets must touch the same ground in beautifying any original legend or piece of history. The only curiosity of literature connected with this unnecessary volume is, that an educated mind should have misconceived so far the purpose and meaning of the highest poetry as to raise at all the question of Milton's helping himself from Vondel's dramas.—There can be no doubt at all of the interest and value of "The Literary Remains of Charles Stuart Calverley,"† and the memoir which forms part of the work, if not very remarkable for the accuracy and skill of its style, has at least the note of warmest friendship. Calverley, with all his personal graces and rather refined form of intellectual wit, will have to take his place among the numerous class of Oxford and Cambridge men whose promise was great and whose performances have been but poor apology to Nature for their fine original faculty. But for what Calverley was able to do, those who have the right feeling in literature will be greatly thankful, though it is melancholy to think that such a mind has not done more to cheer and aid his fellows. Greek and Latin verses, or even fly-leaves, were but clever introductory to what should have come from such talent and opportunity.—Professor Wallace's "Farm Live Stock of Great Britain"‡ is a general handbook of stock-farming, describing the principles of breeding, the different varieties of stock, and their management in health and disease. The book has the advantage of being short, and written in language which any farmer may understand, and it ought to prove very useful.—Mr. Percy Fitzgerald has collected the passages of dramatic criticism scattered through the writings of Charles Lamb, and published them in a single volume under the title of "The Art of the Stage."§ These criticisms are often full of insight, and even when most whimsical are still charming; and many readers will be glad to have them in this connected form. Mr. Fitzgerald adds to them a commentary of his own on some of the principal points of histrionic theory that are touched upon by Lamb; and while not going so far as Lamb in some things, he condemns the present overdoing of stage scenery, and contends that no more scenery is wanted than so much suggestion as will help the imagination of the audience to work for itself.

* "Milton and Vondel: a Curiosity of Literature." By George Edmundson, M.A., late Fellow and Tutor of Brasenose College, Oxford, Vicar of Northolt, Middlesex. London: Trübner & Co.

† "The Literary Remains of Charles Stuart Calverley." With a Memoir by Walter J. Sendall. With Portraits and Illustrations. London: George Bell & Sons.

‡ Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd.

§ London: Remington & Co.

DISESTABLISHMENT AND DISENDOWMENT.

THE "burning question" of the day might well seem to be by this time almost, or altogether, exhausted; the arguments on this side and on that to have been threshed out to the last grain of wheat, the last particle of chaff. If I avail myself of the offer of the Editor of the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW to let me say in its pages what I have been unable to say elsewhere, it is because I find myself in the present instance, not for the first time, unable to enlist myself without reserve under either leader in the conflict, compelled, in greater or less measure, to adopt the "*parte per se stesso*,"* which has in every age, before and after Dante, been the portion of those who would not echo the cries of parties, and who sought to avoid the falsehood of extremes.

I have no wish, however, to take my place among the trimmers, the waverers, the waiters upon Providence, the "molluscous politicians." I will say at once that I should look on the Disestablishment, and yet more on the Disendowment, of the Church as a great, though probably, not an irreparable, misfortune for the English people; that I cannot conceive any combination of circumstances, short of such a change as would make the English Church what the Irish Church was in 1868, in which I could do otherwise than vote against it, and if compelled to "accept the inevitable," do otherwise than accept with a protest. What I most deplore is that the virus of opportunism† seems, in this matter, to have emasculated the energies of our

* "So 'twill be well for thee
A party to have made thee by thyself."

DANTE, *Parad.* xvii. 69. (Longfellow.)

† Mr. Gladstone's three utterances on the Disestablishment question—the Manifesto, the letter to Mr. Bosworth Smith, and the speech of November 11 at Edinburgh—suggest, if taken in their proper sequence and with a slight amount of reading between

statesmen, that those who ought to lead seem content to follow. It is perfectly true that no statesman can resist, as things are, the will of the people as declared by an overwhelming majority of the House of Commons, and I can understand a statesman thinking it his duty,

the lines, another explanation of his action than the mere opportunism which I have condemned. If I may venture for a moment mentally to put myself into his place, and to endeavour to think his thoughts, I picture his position prior to the first of those utterances somewhat as follows:—He has returned from his Norway cruise with renewed strength. The symptoms that threatened voice and general health in the earlier part of the year, and made the prospect of retirement nearer than it had ever been before, have disappeared. One whose life has been spent in unremitting labour could not bring himself, while it was yet "called to-day," and there was the power of working, to retire from the world like Charles V., or to make the "grand refusal" for which a Pope, otherwise blameless, was condemned by Dante to a place in his "Inferno." The work on which he had entered in 1880 was still incomplete. It had been taken out of his own hands, and those of his party, by one of the chances of political life. For the sake of that party, and, from his point of view, of the country, it was well to make an effort to recover the position he had lost. And such a man, in such a position, contemplating the last stage of his political life, might naturally aspire not only to be the reconciler of the divisions of his own party, but to avert the dangers of violent collision between opposing forces, of which the prophetic insight of old experience led him to think as only too probable. He had in the autumn of last year played the part of a peacemaker at a time when England was more nearly on the brink of a revolution than she has been since the House of Lords threw out the Reform Bill of 1831. A more reckless statesman, bent on "ending" rather than "mending," might have put himself at the head of a movement which would have swept away all obstruction, and obtained an immediate victory, the consequences of which neither he, nor any one, could forecast. Mr. Gladstone, as we know, did precisely the opposite of this. With a mind essentially evolutionary in its character, rather than revolutionary, natural forces and tendencies modified by his environment, "widening slowly down from precedent to precedent," bringing forth "things new and old" from the treasure-house of his experience, he appeared in the character of a peacemaker, broke through the conventionalities of party to come to an honourable *concordat* with his opponents, even though in so doing he wounded the more extreme sections of his supporters. The result of these efforts made the year 1884 an *annus mirabilis* in English history. It is no wild hypothesis to assume the continuance of that temper in the present instance. He feels that the night is coming; he desires above all things that the sunset of his life may not be stormy. His mood of mind may be described as that of one who still desires *concordats* with everybody. That desire is thwarted by ominous signs of coming tumults. There is a whistling of winds, and the stormy petrels are seen upon the waters. Mr. Chamberlain's speeches in Scotland, the conspicuous activity of the Liberationist agents in every borough and county, the *Record's* list of 500 Liberal candidates pledged to the principle of Disestablishment, showed that that question, with all its perils and its difficulties, was likely to be brought to the front, and to become the "burning question" of the day. He issues the Manifesto in the hope of throwing it altogether into the background of politics, into the "dim and distant future" which there was no probability that he would live to see. He bears his testimony in so doing to the spiritual life and power of the institution which is attacked. But the words so spoken proved ineffectual. Mr. Chamberlain, in his letter of October 9, repudiated the idea of the "dim and distant future," and predicted that that future would "come quickly." The "Radical Programme" endorsed by Mr. Chamberlain, with its exclusively destructive and "thorough" scheme of Disendowment, proclaimed that "the time for action had come." It was not to be wondered at that Liberal Churchmen should be alarmed, that Conservative Churchmen should raise the cry of "the Church in danger," with the feeling that the danger was not imaginary. Then, just at this juncture, came Mr. Chamberlain's memorable visit to Hawarden, on October 10. What passed at that interview between the two statesmen can only at present be conjectured from the action that followed, and I am not prepared to write an "imaginary conversation," after the manner of Thucydides or Landor. I give what seems to me an approximate summary in very familiar words. I can conceive the younger and more impetuous politician urging with all his power the counsel: "Cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground?" The older and more experienced, with a larger vision and wider sympathies, pleads on the other side, "Let it alone this year also—(a year, in homely, biblical phrase, of 'digging and dunging,' of pruning and cleansing), and then if it bear fruit, well; if not—if it fail to do its work, and to gain the hearts of the masses of the people, with whom the

as the least of two evils, to give effect to that will, even when it is against his own convictions. A pupil of Peel may well hesitate to give unalterable pledges about anything; but the electors, especially the two millions of new electors, have a right to ask, What do *you* wish? what do *you* advise? what do *you* think right? and to look for more satisfying answers than they have yet had from any leading Liberal statesman, except Mr. Childers and Mr. W. E. Forster. In the tone of Mr. Gladstone's Manifesto, and his letter to Mr. Bosworth Smith,* we note the wish to avoid the question, to relegate it to the "dim and distant future," so that there may be "peace and truth"—peace and truth in other matters of Liberal policy and for the Church itself, in his days—the desire that the work, in any case, may not come into his hands to do; the faith, it is just to add, that the spiritual life of the Church does not depend on the temporal accidents of its establishment; the endeavour to leave, as his last legacy to the great Liberal party which he has so nobly led, the expression of his feeling that, whenever the change shall come, it should be carried into effect in the spirit of a large-hearted and generous considerateness. But I confess that I think with Mr. Bosworth

ultimate verdict must rest"—then, after that—"then, and not till then—*thou, and not I, shalt cut it down.*" And so once more there was something of the nature of a *concordat*. The Disestablishment question was to be withdrawn altogether, for Scotland and Wales, as well as for England, from the programme of the coming Parliament, and, on the other side, the greater statesman was to refrain from any language that might be afterwards quoted as affirming that under no conceivable circumstances could disestablishment and a certain measure of disendowment be just or expedient. Against a "root and branch" disendowment he had already pledged himself in his Manifesto. In accepting those terms, Mr. Gladstone may well have thought, not only that he was securing the unity of the Liberal party by postponing a question which was certain to shiver it into fragments, but that he was conferring an almost priceless boon on the Church to which he was attached, and with which the best memories of his life were interwoven. And for my own part, I am free to confess that I think the boon was great. It gave to Churchmen the golden opportunity of "setting their house in order." It supplied a stimulus for measures that much needed it, for reviving the things that were ready to die, for concentrating and organizing energies that are now partially wasted, for reforming abuses, for gaining a hold on the minds of the people, which would alter the whole political situation. Mr. Gladstone's letter to Mr. Bosworth Smith betrays a certain measure of irritated surprise that his motives were not appreciated, and this was, I think, natural enough. But, on the other hand, as I have said above, I cannot think that the alarm of Liberal Churchmen was altogether groundless, or that Conservative Churchmen can rightly be charged with raising the cry of "Church in danger" only for party purposes. The position of the former may, perhaps, be best illustrated by a parable. They are as the possessors of an estate, which some look on as a freehold and others as a trust, in which the trustees ought not to be disturbed until unfaithfulness and mismanagement have been proved against them. Suddenly they are served by the junior partner in their firm of family solicitors with notice of an action of ejectment on behalf of the claimant Demos. They are alarmed, and look to the senior partner to know whether he is a party to the action. After conference with his junior, the action is withdrawn from Court, and they are told that they are safe for three, or five, or seven years, terminable at the will of the head of the firm for the time being. Such an arrangement may have been the best that could be made, and it certainly gives them a time of grace for preparing their defence, but it is obviously not a comfortable one, and one cannot wonder that many, like those represented in the Duke of Westminster's Address, should wish for a fuller assurance. Here also we need a little more mutual understanding, and the temper that thinks no evil. I have endeavoured to put myself in Mr. Gladstone's position. It is not too much that I and those who think with me should ask him to put himself in ours.

* For the impressions left by the Edinburgh speech of November 11, see p. 765.

Smith* that we might have hoped for more than this. But the experience of the Irish Church disestablishment might have taught him, as it has taught others, how soon a question which seems in the "dim and distant future," may come very near, how "the bolt falls from the blue," how the cloud that hovers on the horizon no bigger than a man's hand may spread over the whole political firmament, and bring with it the tempestuous winds which compel even the experienced navigator to change his course, perhaps, also, to save his ship, by throwing a Jonah, who is held responsible for the storm, to the howling waves. And therefore, I think, it was natural enough that we should wish to know whether, in Mr. Gladstone's judgment, the time had at length come when the present position of the Church of England was so far identical with the past position of the Irish Church as to demand, on all principles of a strict inexorable equity, that it should be subjected to identical or analogous treatment. Was it, as that Church was, an incubus, an insult to the people with which it had to deal; a Church, which to use Lord Beaconsfield's phrase of the Irish Establishment,† had "from the first been unfaithful to its trust," and the "last expiring efforts" of which only tended to embitter the sectarian animosity that had been the growth of centuries? Could its historical connection with the State be broken now without the "laceration" of the nation's life which at one time seemed to the great statesman its inevitable result? The language of Mr. Gladstone's Manifesto, his conspicuous admiration for some of the great workers of the Church who have now gone to their rest, excludes an affirmative answer to the former question. Does he think, in reference to the second, that there will be no "laceration" in the process now? ‡ Has he come to the conclusion that the Church of England is now the Church of the minority, or of a majority not sufficiently preponderant to justify the position which it has hitherto held in connection with the nation's life. It may be, and this is, it seems to me, the only legitimate plea for the policy of opportunism, that he waits for the coming election to show whether this is or is not so. But if the new voters are not to be led to the poll like "dumb driven cattle" by the Liberation Caucus, they have some claim to ask that the oracle should not be dumb on this point, that one whose "old experience" might well imply "something of prophetic strain," should tell them how he thinks they *ought* to vote, how far the policy which looms in the dim distance is in his judgment equitable or expedient, whether the task is one to which the Liberal leaders of the future *ought* to address themselves in spite of its enormous difficulties, or one from

* Letter in *Times* of November 20.

† I think in "Tancred," but I cannot now verify the quotation.

‡ The Edinburgh speech shows that this is admitted to the extent of making Disestablishment so difficult that it is better to postpone considering it.

which it would be right and wise for them to hold aloof till the whole state of the nation is other than it is now.

It follows from what I have said that I cannot hold with the contention of Mr. Gladstone's letter to Mr. Bosworth Smith, echoed, as I write (November 15), by a score of Radical politicians, that the clergy and the lay members of the Church who oppose Disestablishment are responsible for bringing the question into a premature prominence. It has been apparently agreed, as the basis of a concordat, that it shall not be mooted by the leaders of the Radical section of the Liberal party during the coming session, perhaps—though this is not clearly defined—that it shall not be formally submitted to the coming Parliament;—that there shall be, to borrow the language of the Swiss Constitution, a *referendum* to the electors, that they may then return a Parliament *ad hoc* with a special mandate. But in politics, if it is not altogether true that nothing happens but the unexpected, it is true that the unexpected plays a large part in the history of political parties. The life of the next Parliament may be an exceptionally short one. Some private member may move an abstract resolution for which those who agree with him will feel bound to vote, and the responsible leaders of the Liberal party, in or out of office, may not have the courage to vote, as a body, for the previous question. And the signs of the times are ominous. Mr. Chamberlain's Scotch speeches at least pointed to some such abstract resolution as not far off. In the letter on "Free Education," with which he favoured me, dated October 9, he states his conviction that "the settlement is likely to come *quickly*, and *not* in the dim and distant future." All that he will admit is that "the delay *may* be considerable." The *Record's* list of the 500 Liberal candidates, of whom over 450 (I make an allowance for subsequent denials or explanations) had more or less pledged themselves to vote for Disestablishment, shows the pertinacious activity of the Liberation agents. It might fairly be contended, at some future convenient season, that those who had been so elected had received a sufficient mandate for something more than an abstract resolution. Colonel Maurice, in his interesting volume on "Hostilities without a Declaration of War," published by the War Office, has collected over a hundred instances of such hostilities in the military history of the last century and a half. Have we any guarantee that there may not be like hostilities in the political tactics of the next five years, or the next five months? I hold, therefore, that there is sufficient justification for the action taken by the bishops, clergy, and laity, who, at public meetings or conferences, or in charges and sermons, to state the Church's case, as it seemed to them to stand; for the memorable and weighty address from Liberal Peers and others, including the Duke of Westminster, Lord Selborne, and Mr. T. Hughes, which appeared in the *Times* of November 4, as

a preparation for the coming struggle. If the battle is to come sooner or later, it is well—though we may prefer the “later”—to prepare ourselves and others for it, to state facts, to assert principles, that men may at least have data for their judgment, and know the strong and the weak points of their case, instead of fighting with weapons which they have not proved.

But, having said this, I am free to confess that there is much in the tone of the Church Defence speakers and writers (I do not speak specifically of the Institution which bears that title) with which I cannot bring myself to sympathize. For the most part their language is simply combative, often it is defiant and contemptuous. They have spoken as if the clergy of the last two centuries had been the guides and teachers of the people ; lights shining in the darkness, wantonly attacked by an ungrateful world. To me it seems that our attitude in relation to the present controversy with Dissent, however firm we may be in the defence of that which we cannot abandon without being faithless to our trust, ought also to be one of penitence and confession. For here, too, as in the case of Ireland, there are, behind all the jealousies and animosities of the present, the memories of an “ancient tale of wrong.” What the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes was to the history of France, that the Act of Uniformity of 1662 was to the history of England. It cast out the Puritan element from the Church of the Nation, and with it many of those who, as the “salt of the earth,” might have saved her from the torpor and corruption that ensued. I do not, of course, ignore the fact that that Act was a retaliation for the wrongs inflicted on the clergy under the rule of the Long Parliament and Cromwell ;—that excuses might be pleaded for the “black Bartholomew” of England as like excuses were pleaded for the blacker Bartholomew of France ;—but the wisdom of the time would have been to start with an amnesty, wiping out old scores and turning over a new leaf. And the wrong was aggravated by the sense of fraud. The Declaration of Breda had assured the Presbyterians, without whom the Restoration could not have been accomplished, that their complaints would be listened to, that their grievances would be redressed ; and they found themselves almost as unable to obtain a patient hearing at the Savoy Conference as they had done at that of Hampton Court. And then this was followed by a long series of vindictive and oppressive measures, of which the Conventicle Act, the Five Miles Act, the Test and Corporation Acts, are samples. The Dissenter was made to feel that he lived in a house of bondage, and the iron entered into his soul. He could not obtain an education at a University. He was told by word and act that he was not a gentleman. He was excluded from society as well as Parliament and from office. When Ken, Tillotson and Burnet, men widely differing in many things, yet

having the common element of sympathy with goodness, wherever they found it, associated freely with Nonconformists, they were the exceptions that proved the rule. That, for more than a century and a half, was the position of the English Dissenter. Its effects were aggravated in their numerical and moral force, by the large accession of the Wesleyans, who, in their turn, had been driven into seceding by the general hostility of the Established clergy to anything like enthusiasm. Slowly, against the dead weight of prejudice, and amid cries of alarm, "Church in danger" and the like, as from owls startled by the light, a better spirit at last prevailed. We trace the milestones of its tardy progress in the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts in 1828, the Dissenters' Marriage Act, the abolition of Church Rates, University Reform, the Conscience Clause, the Burial Act. It can scarcely be contended, I fear, that the bishops and clergy of our Church have taken a leading part in those acts of reparation. Can we wonder, if we mentally put ourselves in the position of the children of the men who were thus treated, that they should look at Church questions from a standpoint altogether different from that from which we look on them? Ought not our tone towards the great mass of Nonconformists, as towards the masses of the people of Ireland, to be one of regretful consideration, and frank confession of the errors and shortcomings of the past? Even when we stand face to face with those who are, in the Disestablishment question, what Mr. Parnell and his League are on that of Home Rule, ought we not, however sorely tried by unreasonable demands and marvellous misrepresentations of facts, to make what allowances we can, if not for invincible ignorance, at least for involuntary prejudice? The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge. Is it well to go on eating the sour grapes still, by way of remedying the old evil past on homœopathic principles? I thankfully acknowledge that the tone of bitterness and contempt of which I speak is conspicuous by its absence from most of the speeches of the bishops and other eminent leaders of Church Defence, but one can hardly take up a London, still less a provincial, Conservative, paper (even the *Record* not being guiltless), or talk to the average Conservative layman or clergyman, without seeing that the old leaven is still working. One cannot but fear that Sir Edmund Beckett, who can hardly bring himself to speak of a Nonconformist minister otherwise than as "Stiggins," or of a Nonconformist chapel otherwise than as "little Bethel," is a type of many laymen, who pique themselves on being particularly sound Churchmen, and who, in their open-handed liberality, as regards money, in support of the Church, are worthy of all honour. Even Mr. Matthew Arnold, with his scorn of the Philistines of Dissent, seems to cast in his lot with the

king who thought the Church of Rome and the Church of England the only two religions for a gentleman. I humbly follow Sir Edmund Beckett as junior counsel, in this cause, for the defence, but I do not find in my "brief for the National Church" anything like the instructions, "We have no case; abuse the plaintiff's attorney." It is because I believe that my case is overwhelmingly strong that I can afford to speak to, and of, the "attorney" of the Liberation Society with courtesy and respect.

And as I am constrained to differ on this point from many of those in whose conclusions I agree, so also I find myself unable to accept some, at least, of their arguments. (1.) I cannot bring myself to think that Disendowment would necessarily be, in that of the English, any more than it was in that of the Irish Church, an act of sacrilege. That "cry" has not been put forward so prominently now as it was then, but it still retains a hold over not a few minds, and it is therefore well not to pass it by unnoticed. Those who are influenced by it seem, if I mistake not, to start with an erroneous idea of the "consecration" which, in their view, attaches to religious endowment. They assume that an endowment so given becomes, from that moment, in New Testament phrase, a Corban, which it would be sinful to apply to any other purpose, even though that purpose were the fulfilment of a natural duty, prior in its obligations to all liturgical ministrations. They forget that religious endowments can only serve *ad majorem Dei gloriam*, through being subservient to the well-being and well-doing of men, and that when through the "changes of country, time, and men's manners" they cease to fulfil that function, there is and must be a power lodged in the representatives of the State—then in the Crown, now in Parliament, as the Supreme Court of Equity of the nation—to modify their application. If we attach the epithet "sacrilegious," as we rightly may do, to the confiscation of the endowments of monasteries and chantries under Henry VIII. and Edward VI., it is not because they were consecrated property, never to be applied to any other uses than those contemplated by the donors, but because they were applied, not to the promotion of that well-being and well-doing, but to gratify the rapacity of the favourites of a King or a Protector. To be deterred by the fear of sacrilege from a reform which would promote those ends would be—I take the thought, I think also the phrase, from Bishop Thirlwall's speech on the Irish Disestablishment—little better than a "slavish superstition." Anyhow, we must remember that the power to bequeath such endowments is the creation of the State. It can restrain the exercise of that power as in the Acts of Mortmain. It has the right, when it can do so without breach of compact with individuals, and for sufficient reason, to modify its application. Bishop Butler seems even to go further than this, and to sanction

(in his well-known letter to a lady who consulted him on the subject of holding tithes or lands that had belonged to the Church) * its reappropriation to, strictly private uses, subject only to the feeling of a shadowy responsibility still hovering over them as being implicitly of the nature of a trust.

(2). Neither again can I agree with those who think that what is called Disestablishment (I shall inquire, by-and-by, what we are to understand by it) will necessarily be fatal to the religious character of the nation. The idea seems to me to substitute the form for the reality. The religious character of the nation is determined by the belief, the feelings, the lives of the majority of its members. If those be strong and true they will express themselves in formulæ and in acts. If they are not, then the use of the formulæ is a solemn hypocrisy. There is no virtue in the *Dei Gratia* upon a coin if the monarch is vicious or tyrannical. There is no virtue in the formula, "So help me, God!" in an oath of allegiance, which Mr. Bradlaugh, and others, Atheists and Agnostics, are willing to take unhesitatingly. There is no religious recognition of a Supreme Being,—“some kind of a Deity,” as was said by some Conservative member in the Bradlaugh debates—in the *Te Deums* of popes or kings after a massacre of St. Bartholomew, or a victory in an unrighteous war, any more than there was in the formulated prayer with which Napoleon III. used to close his “state paper” communications to M. de Persigny, that “God would have him in His holy keeping.” All that can be said in favour of such formulæ is that they are reminders of the bases on which national life ought to rest, and that such reminders may be useful, when there is a risk of those bases being forgotten. But here also *corruptio optimi pessima*. You don't secure the reality by retaining the formula. You may abandon the formula and yet retain the reality. The real ground of the so-called establishment of any religious community in close connection with the State, not given to others, as expressing its religious life, rests, in a free country, on the absolute right of a majority to decide, whether it shall so express itself. Where a nation is undivided in its faith the case presents no difficulty. Where it is divided, the right of the majority remains, but should be modified in its exercise by consideration for the rights, and even the sensibilities, of others. It is conceivable that, even when not constituting the absolute majority of the nation, that majority may prefer to express its religious life through the most historical and the most influential of the many communities into which the nation is divided, rather than ignore it altogether, as it would be ignored in the logical consequences of Disestablishment. That, presumably, is the view taken by the large number of moderate and

* The letter is published in Bartlett's "Life of Bishop Butler."

friendly Dissenters who, at the present moment, hold aloof from the action of the Liberation Society.

In surrendering what I may describe the "sacrilege" and "national Christianity" arguments, I fear that the clients whose cause I maintain may look with some alarm at the pleadings of their junior counsel. They may almost think that he has been arguing by mistake from a brief prepared for the other side. I must, I suppose, submit to the censure which clients, in such cases, are ready to pass upon the rashness and unfaithfulness of their advocate. I would only urge, in my own defence, that though it may be the first duty of counsel to make the best of a bad case—short, of course, of the extreme course of "abusing the plaintiff's attorney"—it is also his first, second, and third duty, when his case is strong, to avoid encumbering it with superfluous and irrelevant matter; to refuse to press points that will not hold water; to ignore, if it be necessary, the arguments which, to the client's mind, perhaps somewhat overwrought, and seeing things through the medium of an excited imagination, seem absolutely invulnerable, but which he sees to be *simulacra*, and not realities. Passing on, therefore, leaving these two outworks as neither capable of defence nor essential to the security of the main position, I proceed to discuss, separately, the two questions with which we have to deal.

I. DISESTABLISHMENT.

It will, I suppose, be conceded on all sides by those who know anything of the history of England, as regards the relations between the Church and the State, that there never was a moment at which the latter formally looked round upon several religious communities and made its choice of one which it meant to "establish" and identify with itself. The earliest Christian King of Wessex or of Mercia found himself face to face with a religious society which he respected, which was ready, with reserves as to its own rights, or those of the people, of which it claimed to be the protector, to support him, and which he himself was prepared to support. His action in regard to endowments must be reserved for the other great division of our subject. Here, what we have to note, is that the bishops, and later on, the abbots, as the chief representatives of the religious society, were summoned to his councils as advisers. Often, by reason of their superior knowledge and culture, and their claims, founded or unfounded, to spiritual authority, they became the chief directors of his internal policy. They had their own synods—national, provincial, or diocesan; but they also took their part in assemblies that were political rather than ecclesiastical. The first king of our united England inherited the relations which thus grew up. They were not interrupted by changes of dynasty, or by

conquest. They grew with the nation's growth, and strengthened with its strength. The Church was the nation, and the nation was the Church. The chief officers of the one were under the same sovereign rule as the other. They were, it is true, members also of a society which was wider than the nation. They belonged to the Christendom of a Catholic, that is, of an Universal, Church. In one aspect that membership worked for good, as leading them to bear their witness against the limitations of a mere nationality. On its evil side it led them to look to the Bishop of Rome as their supreme ruler, and, as he claimed power in things temporal as well as spiritual, they were the servants of two masters. The English kings, the English people, through its Parliament, would not tolerate that divided allegiance. After centuries of conflict that question was settled for ever in the submission of the clergy to Henry VIII. in the series of Royal and Parliamentary Acts which made up the history of the Reformation. I cannot follow some influential speakers and writers in looking on the reign of that monarch as the starting-point of the Church's freedom. As far as the clergy were concerned, they found themselves under the iron yoke of a master who would tolerate no resistance, who, as the "supreme head of the Church" (Elizabeth abandoned the title but asserted the reality), claimed the power, with or without the consent of a servile Parliament, to dictate the order of the Church's worship, as in the "advertisements" of Elizabeth, or the doctrinal teaching of her ministers, as in the "Royal Declaration" prefixed to the Thirty-nine Articles. To that period—though that term was not then used, to the first Act of Uniformity, as the definite moment, as far as there was any—we may look as the beginning of the "Establishment" period of the Church's life. It brought a mingled good and evil. It secured the nation against a clergy who might be subservient to a foreign power, against the evils of the sacerdotalism into which, even without that subserviency, the clergy might have drifted. But the Church was made to feel who had established her, and under what conditions. In the *simulacrum* of the *congé d'élire*, giving with one hand what it took away with the other, there was a futile, one might almost say a fraudulent, attempt to reconcile the Catholic ideal of election with the Erastian ideal of appointment by the Crown, and even the gift involved the absolutely Erastian* assumption that the right of the spiritual society to elect its own chief officers was derived from, and dependent on, the will of the temporal power. The synods of the Church depended, in like manner, on the will of the sovereign for

* One word on the meaning of "Erastian." In its full development it expresses the principle that it is right for every man to adopt the religion professed by the chief ruler of the State. *Cujus est regio, ejus quoque religio*. As more popularly used, it implies that the action of a Christian church should, in all things, be subject to the authority of the State. I cannot profess myself an Erastian in either sense.

their power to meet. Their work when they met was inoperative, except as preparing materials for the deliberations of the legislature. They might be, and were, suspended for periods of indefinite length, and when they met they were little more than ecclesiastical debating clubs, for they had not, like the House of Commons, the power of the purse as a means of asserting their independence. They were tempted, as under the Stuarts, to regain in influence what they had lost in freedom, by identifying themselves, often conscientiously, sometimes from motives of policy, with the doctrines of the divine right of kings and the passive obedience of the people,—as under the house of Hanover, by identifying themselves with the dominant party of the time, by catching at measures of harsh repression against the rising organization of Dissent, and resisting every attempt to diminish the privileges of a supremacy, which we now see to have been unnecessary even for their position as a national and established Church. Ideally the existing relations of Church and State are almost as far as possible from being those of a perfect polity. But Englishmen are not idealists. They fall in with illogical compromises, and accept the least of two evils. The *congé d'élire* has seemed a safeguard against the evils (party strife, and others) of a real election of the bishops by their clergy. In proportion as the action of the Prime Minister has taken the place of the personal intervention of the Crown, and as the Prime Minister has become more and more the representative of the people, and open to the influences of public opinion, the appointments made have been always respectable, often admirable. The Royal supremacy—exercised in causes ecclesiastical through the final Court of Appeal, first the Court of Delegates appointed in each case *ad hoc*, and then the Judicial Committee of Privy Council, however theoretically defective that Court may be in its *modus operandi*, or even mistaken, as some think, in its decisions—has been welcomed by the great body of the lay members of the Church as a safeguard against the exclusive domination of either party, High and Low expelling each other by turns, like the Guelfs and Ghibellines of Florence, and as securing, therefore, the comprehensiveness in which the laity and the wiser of the clergy saw one of the chief advantages of an Established Church as compared with sectarian independence.

We have, therefore, at the present crisis, to ask on which side lies the preponderance of actual advantage and of reasonable hope for the future, whether we shall patiently “bear the ills we have,” or “fly to others that we know not of,” either, as some of our High Church friends may have desired, when they winced under decisions of the Judicial Committee of Council, for a greater measure of spiritual independence, or, as Mr. Newman Hall and Dr. Joseph Parker contend, for the removal of the last shred of political and social privi-

lege that stands in the way of the "sacred principle of religious equality." And here it will be well to take stock of what those privileges are which will be lost by Disestablishment, considered as separable, in thought at least, if not in practical politics, from Disendowment. As far as newspapers can guide one, I do not find that many, if any, of the 450 Liberal candidates who are said to have pledged themselves to vote for Disestablishment, have attempted to answer, or even have asked themselves, that question.

I take it, then, that Disestablishment involves the absolute disappearance of everything which involves any recognition by any official person, as such, of one form of religious belief as being preferable to another. The sovereign may be of any or no religion—Roman Catholic, Unitarian, or Agnostic. The words of the Coronation Oath must be cancelled; the Act of Settlement must be repealed. The ceremony of coronation must be divested of all religious significance, and, if retained at all, must be a simple civil contract between the people and their chief magistrate, the scene being Westminster Hall and not the Abbey, unless the Abbey is secularized, and the officiating ministers being civil officers, say the Lord Chancellor and the Speaker, and not the bishops. The sovereign must cease to issue the *congé d'élire*, or to appoint to deaneries, canonries, or livings. The bishops must cease to sit in the House of Lords as such, but must, with the whole body of the clergy, be eligible to the House of Commons, or admissible to the second Chamber, so far as that may assume a more or less representative character. Parishes, as well as dioceses, must cease to have a legal existence for religious purposes. Churchwardens and vestries will no longer be recognized by law. All Acts of Parliament bearing on Church discipline, for the punishment of criminous clerks, or the more adequate performance of clerical duties, from the Act of Uniformity onwards, must vanish from the Statute Book. I do not say that any or all of these changes would be fatal to the Christianity of England. That, as I have said, does not depend on formulæ, and is not necessarily helped by them. It would be a gain to be freed from the scandal which, after all apologies and explanations, attaches to the *congé d'élire*. To some of us, indeed, it might seem a strong argument in favour of Disestablishment that, as things are, the time may be within a measurable distance when our bishops will be chosen by Mr. Chamberlain, Sir Charles Dilke, or Mr. John Morley. It may be questioned, I think, whether the presence of the bishops in the House of Lords is of any real advantage to either the Church or the nation. The record of their votes on questions essentially moral—such as the slave trade, slavery, capital punishment, education—has for the most part been on the wrong side. In other questions (with the exception of their vote on the last Franchise Bill), in the repeal of the Test and Corporation

Acts, in Roman Catholic Emancipation, in Reform and Corn Law questions, they have for the most part identified themselves with the political party which at the time opposed the changes that it afterwards condoned, accepted, and finally gloried in, as if they had been their own. I should regret to see the Church of the future identified with an institution which, at least in its present form, seems, to those who read the signs of the times, to be among the things that are "decaying and waxing old, and ready to vanish away."

There are, however, some questions of more practical import to be thrown into the other scale. The theory of Disestablishment would involve the absence of any State provision for the religious life of our soldiers and sailors, our prisoners and paupers. To appoint, as at present, army, union, and other chaplains, of different denominations, would be concurrent endowment, and that principle is rejected by the Liberationists of the day as entirely as that of Establishment, and so in all these cases, the classes who are, in the nature of the case, under the special guardianship of the State, must be left altogether to the chances of voluntary agency. I doubt whether that is a result which the English people will welcome. That seems to me one point to be urged by the counsel for the defence in this matter. And another is that, as we have learnt, through Canon Liddon and Dr. Döllinger, the act of disestablishing, and thus breaking through the long historical continuity of the religious life of England, will seem to be, and will have the influence of, not the assertion of the "sacred principle of religious equality," but the negation of Christianity as an element in the nation's life. The *delenda est* of those who lead the attack refers to another Carthage than that of the Established Church. There are echoes of the old Voltairian cry, *Ecrasez l'infame*, and in this case *l'infame* is not the Church of Rome, or of England, but the name of Christendom as such. On these grounds I hold that Churchmen, and Dissenters who care more for the religious life of England than for the "sacred principle of religious equality," will do well to vote for such a reform in the existing relations between Church and State as may remove anomalies rather than to take the "leap in the dark" of a new departure. If that leap, however, is taken, I believe that the Church of England and the wider Christianity of the nation will yet survive, "saved as by the fire" that purifies, though the religious life of the people may "suffer loss" in the process.

II. DISENDOWMENT.

It is felt on all hands, however, that Disestablishment is scarcely separable in practical politics from Disendowment, and that is obviously the question to be determined in the crisis which now looms in the dim, or the clear, distance. I wish, as before, to get

rid of superfluous and irrelevant matter, of arguments which I cannot altogether honestly look on as tenable. I do not class under that head the question whether the endowments of the Church are, or are not, rightly described as "national" property, though strictly speaking the right of the State to deal with Church property does not depend on its being national. Though irrelevant to the main issue, it is influential as an *ad captandum* cry. Electors are led to think that Disendowment will be an act, not of spoliation, but of restitution. The property is their own, and the old rule of law, *Nullum tempus occurrit Ecclesiæ*, is transformed into the axiom that no length of undisturbed possession bars the claims of Dæmos to what was once his own. It is in English politics what "*la propriété c'est le vol*" has been in French, what the assertion that the land belongs to the people and not to the landlords, is in those of Ireland. Like that word "*revendiquer*," which fluttered the minds of diplomatists when Napoleon III. annexed Savoy, it serves to cover the nakedness of the bare right of the strongest with the mantle of a gossamer equity.

That the endowments of the Church are "national" in any other sense than that in which all real property is national cannot, I conceive, be seriously maintained by any one who does not look at the question from the standpoint of an invincible ignorance. They were not, with the actual exception of the fractional portion that came directly by gift from the Crown, or by grant from Parliament, and the possible exception of tithes, given in any sense by the nation, or to the nation, or to the Church as a society then conterminous with the nation. On this point I may refer Liberationist advocates to the pamphlet on "Disendowment" by Mr. E. A. Freeman, as the great master-expert of our time in all questions connected with our earlier English history. He, at all events, cannot be suspected of writing in Conservative interests, or as identified with clerical opinions. In regard to all land endowments, the facts are so plain that he who runs may read them. They were given or bequeathed by the Crown, or individual proprietors,* not to the Church at large, for the Church at large has never been a corporate society capable of holding property, but to abbeys or cathedrals, which were corporate bodies with that capacity, or to the rectors and vicars of parishes as corporations sole. The one exception to which I refer as doubtful is that of the donation of Ethelwulf, upon which, it is commonly believed, depends the Church's claim to tithes. The question, from the standpoint which I have taken, scarcely possesses more than an archæological

* A letter by the Rev. H. Overy, in the *Times* of November 13, gives, from the Preface of Tanner's "Notitia," the number of gifts from each source in each reign, from the Conqueror to the Dissolution of the Monasteries under Henry VIII. The result shows sixty-two instances of gifts from the Crown as against 1,164 from private persons.

interest. The text of the law varies.* One MS. confines it to a personal gift of a tenth part of the king's own land. Another extends it to a tenth part of all lands, by whomsoever possessed, given, in the language of the charter, "to the servants of God, whether male, or female, or laymen"—words which have not yet received a satisfactory explanation. No such donation, however, appears to have passed at any time into the region of actuality. If the law, or edict (it professes to have been made with the advice of "my bishops and nobility," *i.e.*, of the Witenagemote), was more authentic than the donation of Constantine, it must be assumed that the annual payment of a tenth part of the produce of all land under cultivation was accepted in lieu of the conveyance of the actual *corpus* of the lands themselves. The less accurate writers of English history, such as Hume, have assumed this interpretation. Bishop Stubbs, on the other hand, another "master of those who know," asserts that "the famous donation of Ethelwulf has nothing to do with tithe" ("Constit. Hist." i. p. 228—I quote from Dorington). Against the popular view also there are to be set the facts (1) that the laws of Saxon kings and others, enforcing the payment of tithes against the neglect of the landowners, do not refer to the donation of Ethelwulf as the authority for their payment; (2) that many deeds of gifts exist from the eleventh to the thirteenth century, conveying tithes to this or that church, a conveyance which would have been idle and superfluous if they had been already obligatory under the law of Ethelwulf. The legitimate inference from the facts seems to be rightly summed up in the statement that the Church from the first preached the payment of tithes as a voluntary offering, that devout landowners individually made the payment perpetual as a rent-charge, for this or that church connected with their manors, that when this payment was neglected or evaded, the kings, before and after the Conquest, enforced it by a legal, or (so far as the Witenagemote was called in) a legislative sanction. What holds good of tithes holds good *à fortiori* of glebes, and houses, and all later endowments.

I have said above, and at the risk of seeming to concede another point in favour of the other side I must repeat it, that the whole of this discussion is simply archæological, that the right of the State—*i.e.*, as things are now, of Parliament—to interfere with Church endowments does not depend upon their being, or not being, in this sense of the word, "national." They were the property, as I have said, of corporate bodies (cathedrals, abbeys, collegiate churches, and the like), or of corporations sole, like the rectors of parishes. The relation of the State to them is precisely the same as

* See the able summary of the case in the Paper on "The Endowments of the Church," by J. E. Dorington, published by the Church Defence Institution.

its relation to all other corporate bodies. And that relation may be stated with sufficient clearness. All corporations virtually hold their property in trust, the objects of the trust being indicated, expressly or by implication, in the terms of the charter that incorporates, or the deed of gift that conveys, the property in trust, or which, where no such charter or deed exists, must be assumed by law to have existed, in order to account for long and undisputed possession. And it is, I suppose, an undisputed axiom of law that the State, acting through Courts of Equity, or, in wider and more difficult cases, through the High Court of Parliament, has the ultimate control of all property held in trust, so as to check abuses, to guard against waste, to modify the conditions of the trust, lest time that "alters all things for the worse" should turn good to evil. That right has been exercised over and over again by Courts of Law and Parliament in dealings with schools, and hospitals, and almshouses, and colleges, and in the acts of the Charity and Endowed Schools Commissions. Few would venture to question it in regard to the great trade-companies of the City of London.* Few now would venture to question it (though deans and canons not a few did at the time) as exercised in the dealings of the State with episcopal and capitular property in 1840. I cannot see how we can question the right of the State to exercise it also in the case of parochial endowments now. But in every one of the cases to which I have referred it has been held that the modification of the conditions or application of property held in trust, is not to be arbitrary or at random. The primary object of the trust is not to be lost sight of. The intention of the donor, though we are not bound by the letter that expresses it, is a thing to be respected in its spirit. Where the altered conditions of the time put the letter in conflict with the spirits, the great masters of equity look, in the technical phrase, for the *cy près*—i.e., for the nearest approximation of which the case admits.† Simply to seize it, and assign it to private owners, or to purposes altogether alien, is not equity, but confiscation. It belongs to the policy of a king like Henry VIII., of eastern despots, of wild democracies. Over and above its manifest want of equity, such a policy is manifestly fatal in the future to all liberality that would naturally, left to itself, give

* Lord Selborne, if I am rightly informed, limits the State's right of intervention to property held by corporations as specific trusts, leaving them as free as private persons in dealing with property not so held. I differ, with reluctance, from so high an authority, but I confess that I do not see how the action of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners can be defended on this theory.

† The trust theory of Church property, obviously the only tenable one, is simply ignored in the "Radical Programme." It contents itself with the dogma, "that the property of the Church," "down to the last sovereign given to build a new church in a destitute district," is the property of the State (p. 162). And its one authority for that amazing axiom is Lord Palmerston. Fancy Palmerston quoted on any question of the relations of Church and State, or of the law of property.

of what it had for the service of mankind in the form of endowment. If you kill the goose that lays the golden eggs you must not expect to have eggs of gold after you have "poached" those that were in the nest ready to your hand. Annual subscriptions and casual gifts will take the place of more durable forms of charity.

In the case of Church endowments the intention of the donors, where not specifically expressed, as in the case of foundations for masses and the like, may be assumed to have been either (1), as in collegiate and cathedral churches, in abbeyes and convents, the maintenance of learning and habits of devotion among those who were to be, in idea, as the men of "light and leading" in the city or the diocese in which their lot was cast; or (2) as in all parochial endowments, the supply of the spiritual and temporal wants of the people of the parish, by the permanent services of a minister resident among them, or bound, if not personally resident, to make adequate provision for them. The people of each parish, and especially its poor, are the *cestui que trust* in the case of every endowment, those whose interests rather than the interests of the trustees have to be considered. I freely concede, as I have already said, that the State has at all times the right to inquire how far such objects are attained, how far they might be better attained than they actually are. In the case, *e.g.*, of a foundation for lepers, or the ransom of captives in Algiers, the objects of the trust have disappeared, and a Court of Equity would have to look out for some philanthropic object, as far as might be, *ejusdem generis*. As in the case of the Irish Church, the objects of the trust, though not non-existent, might become so disproportionately few as compared with its revenues, that the State would be justified in applying a large portion of those revenues to purposes of public utility, reserving for its members, though but a small portion of the whole population, what was sufficient for their continued existence, organization, and vitality. One legitimate application would be that implied in the scheme of "concurrent endowment" which was urged in vain by some leading Liberals at the time of the Irish Disestablishment. They might become, as in the case of episcopal and cathedral property, so unequally distributed, in the lapse of time, that one endowment suffered from plethora, and another from inanition, and so it would be wise and right to throw their endowments, as it were, into the hotchpot of a common fund, or to give to one and take from another, both being homogeneous in their nature. It might be, as in the case of the action of the Ecclesiastical Commission under the authority of Parliament, that the relative wants of the class that works with the brain and the class that works with the hand, the claims of the studious and the active life, had so altered their proportions that it was wise and right to transfer what had been left

for one purpose to the furtherance of the other, by using Cathedral property for the Church's work in villages or cities. In each and all of these cases the rule of equity has been observed and acted on. My contention is that it is disregarded in the "root and branch" schemes of the Liberationists. With them the thought and the cry seem simply, "We want, and we will have."

The nearest approach to the action now contemplated is seen, of course, in that of the confiscation of conventual and charity endowments, and the assignment of tithes and Church lands to private individuals under Henry VIII. In that case the estates of the corporation were treated as if they had been actually forfeited to the Crown, and the king dealt with them as though they had been part of his own domain which he could dispose of at his will. Cranmer and the better Reformers pleaded hard for the *cy près* doctrine, for the endowment of schools, colleges, lectureships, and in part, at least, as in the new bishoprics and the cathedrals of the new foundation, they succeeded; but, as a rule, then as in other times, rapacity was stronger than righteousness, and noble families fattened on their ill-gotten gains. If there is any property in England which both from the Church and the Liberationist standpoint has a defective title (except so far as prescription becomes a title), and might be reclaimed for Church or national uses, it is found in the tithes and Church lands which are held by laymen.

The transfer effected by the legislation of Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Elizabeth of Church endowments from a clergy which, if not subject to the obedience of Rome, had yet been in union with Rome as to dogma and liturgical use, to a clergy which belonged to what even Laud and Charles I. described as a "Protestant" Church, stands on a different footing. The corporate bodies and the corporations sole were members of a larger society, and that society, with whatever reluctance on the part of a minority, formally, and with the sanction and under the pressure of the State, assented to the position that the light of a fuller knowledge required a change in their doctrine and their worship, and the conditions of its ministry were altered by Acts of Uniformity, new or revised liturgies, and otherwise. As a society the Church held no property that it could call its own, and could not determine on what conditions the endowments should be held by corporate bodies or corporations sole. But the State, as the supreme Court of Equity, could and did determine. It assumed, on the *cy près* doctrine, that the chief intention of the donors was to promote the religious life of the people who were the objects of the trust in each case, that they would have seen sufficient reason to abandon what had come to be regarded as "superstitious uses," and to accept the changes which the Church and the nation had accepted. It was not, as has been sometimes

said by Church Defence advocates, that every corporate society has the right to deal with its property at its own discretion, and that every donor or testator takes the risk involved in that right,—that seems to me a monstrous and untenable position—but that the State determined, on equitable grounds, what was to be the future management of the trusts which were subject to its control. And now to that title may be added that of prescription. By the Dissenters' Chapel Act, possession for twenty-five years was held to bar inquiry into the probable intentions of donors. The Church of England can claim a prescription of three centuries.

The present Radical programme,* I need scarcely say, proceeds on very different lines. There is no thought of a better administration of a trust, no new scheme such as Charity Commissioners devise where trust funds have been partly wasted or misapplied, no regard for the interests or wishes of those who are the objects of the trust. Purposes of "national usefulness" are vague. The "Programme" (p. 44) indicates the endowment of schools—purely secular schools, of course—as one of them. Liberationist books and leaflets speak of sanitary improvements, or the remission of taxes: practically, *e.g.*, religious endowments are to go to the account of drains or deficits. The division of the spoil is left to the "dim and distant future." The one object now is to deprive the people, not the clergy, of England, of all the benefits which they receive through the existence of churches and the ministries of the clergy, and the activities of the parish, as distinct from congregational organization. The Church of England is to be left, like the man who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell—well, I will say, among root and branch Liberationists—and was left stripped and wounded and half dead, while the plunderers went off with the spoil to cast lots whose it should be, leaving him to the mercies of the good Samaritan, whom I will identify, in my interpretation of the parable, with the Non-Liberationist Dissenter.† The treatment of the Irish Church was not sufficiently drastic for the authors of the "Programme," and we are expressly told that it would be "necessary to beware" lest the Church should be left with any endowment that might serve as an instrument for her recuperative energies (p. 44). Living donors, and the living donors only, "might fairly claim that any property with which they had

* It does not seem worth while to note the differences in detail between the "Radical Programme" and the many books and leaflets published by the Liberation Society. I have, for the most part, dealt with the former, as the more authoritative of the two. Mr. Chamberlain's preface, though he does not pledge himself to all the proposals, is at least the *imprimatur* of a representative statesman.

† As I write, a representative of the good Samaritan appears in the form of a letter from the Rev. U. R. Thomas, a leading Congregationalist minister of Bristol. He deprecates the agitation of the question now as altogether premature; thinks that the friends of the Establishment should have a "time of grace" to "set their house in order," before even the "partial disendowment," which is all that he contemplates as possible.—*Western Daily Press*, Nov. 9.

presented the Church should revert to them " (p. 45), but even they are, apparently, to be stopped, by an exercise of power unheard of under any constitutional government, from converting their gifts into anything in the shape of a permanent endowment in connection with the Church as an organized religious society.

And all this comes, in the unconscious irony, if we may not say the conscious hypocrisy, of the situation, from the men, or the associates of the men, who are never weary of pointing to the case of the Irish Church, as showing that Disestablishment and Disendowment need not be fatal, may be profitable, to the higher life and the spiritual efficiency of a Christian society. There, the Church passed into a new and organized society as a corporation, retained such portion of its endowments as was adequate to its wants, received its churches back again from the State, had a right of pre-emption as regards its parsonages, and was not spoiled of its communion plate. The Liberationists, in anticipation at least, strip and spoil and wound, and then they say to the victims whom they leave naked and lacerated and bleeding in the cold, "Go in peace; be ye warmed and filled."

I ask whether any plausible plea, beyond the fanaticism of the "sacred principle of religious equality," which is not even plausible, can be urged for this treatment of what is, at least, a religious and benevolent institution. I will make no *ad captandum* appeals to the greatness of the Church's services in the past, to the long line of theologians, philosophic thinkers, "masters of those who know," like Hooker and Butler and Maurice; poets, whose hymns have sustained the lives of thousands in the wide Christendom of English-speaking peoples, like Herbert and Keble and Keble. I will draw no ideal pictures of the devout and studious life of our cathedrals, or the sweet influences of a resident gentleman and scholar in our country villages, or the long historical tradition which has identified the English Church, as a whole, with the English people. I have admitted, and will admit again, with a frankness which may alarm my clients, the blunders and the shortcomings which have marred the completeness of that identification. I will go further, and say that during the whole Georgian period her work was miserably defective, that cathedrals were as far from their ideal as could be imagined, that the canker of pluralities and non-residence was eating into her life, that her whole system of patronage seemed to imply a forgetfulness that every patron and every holder of a living is a steward, and not an absolute proprietor. That was a time when the representatives of the English people, if they had then had any adequate representation, might well have said, "Give an account of thy stewardship, for thou mayest be no longer steward." There was some ground for Lord Grey's warning words to the bishops—who voted almost *en masse* against the Reform Bill—that they would do

well to "set their own house in order." But my contention is that that state of things belongs, almost or altogether, to a time which lies, as we now measure history, in a remote past, and that it is neither just nor wise to visit the sins of the fathers on the children. You do not displace the trustees of a charity just at the very moment when they have been working hard for half a century to set right what had gone wrong through the faults or the ignorance of their predecessors. And that precisely describes the present position of the bishops and clergy of the Established Church. The wind has come from the four quarters—the wind which is the breath of life, of earnestness, zeal, reality—from Evangelical and Catholic revivals; from High and Low and Broad movements of thought; and has entered into the dry bones that lay in the valley of the shadow, and they have stood up, an "exceeding great army" of soldiers in the great conflict against ignorance and vice, intemperance and impurity. Men like Cecil and Romaine and Simeon, though they had a comparatively limited range of influence in their lifetime, found worthy successors in the great body of the evangelical clergy, and may well exult in the thought that the noblest life of this century, which has just closed, after fifty years of work for God and for humanity, and which has made the name of Shaftesbury a household word to the millions who toil for bread and are outcasts in the wilderness, was formed and fashioned under their influence. In men of other schools, Pusey and Selwyn and Hook and Charles Lowder; and Arnold and Hare and Maurice and Stanley and Robertson and Kingsley and Fraser—(I purposely avoid all living names)—and a thousand more of whom the time would fail me to tell, but of whom the world was not worthy; there have been proofs of renewed energy and faithfulness, and their example has been followed by tens of thousands of the laity who have looked to them for guidance. You may point, if you will, to our differences* and debates, to our mutual denunciations, to our miserable controversies and insane prosecutions about the "infinitely little," but I ask whether these are more incompatible with the existence of an underlying unity than are the differences and the taunts and the "boycotting" which mark, at the present moment, the relations between the Radical and Moderate sections of the Liberal party;

* I cannot refrain from expressing the pain and sorrow with which I have read the recent address of Bishop Ryle, in the Liverpool Church Conference (*Guardian*, November 11). For him there seems no hope of unity or peace except by the expulsion of a large section of the clergy and laity of the Church. Between that section and the great body of Churchmen there is, he says, a "yawning gulf." "Thousands of English Churchmen would rather see the Church disestablished than give up its Protestant principles." "By no ingenious policy of toleration, compromise, or comprehensiveness can you ever make the members of such opposite schools work harmoniously." Such utterances almost drive one to despair. *Hoc Ithacus vellet*, and Bishop Ryle must prepare to see himself quoted once more by the Liberationists. It is refreshing to turn from this "sound of trumpet and alarm of war" to the calmer wisdom and the wider sympathies of Bishop Thorold's Charge in the same paper.

whether there was not as much loyalty to the Church of which they were members, in all those whom I have named, as there would be now between the Conservatives and Liberals, who, when "on the stump," abuse each other, with a discreditable recklessness, as liars, impostors, hunters after place; but who, we know, would merge all differences and fight shoulder to shoulder, were the safety or honour of England to be imperilled by a rebellion in Ireland or a war with some aggressive European Power.

But the position which I have taken as to the work of the clergy during the past fifty years and at the present hour is contested by some at least of those who advocate Disestablishment and Disendowment. I will take the vigorous article, on "The Established Church in the Village," by Mr. W. H. Crowhurst, in the November number of this REVIEW, as the smartest statement of the case for the prosecution under this head of the indictment with which I am acquainted. To him the average worship of the village church is "an atmosphere whose closeness and impurity would often be enough to stifle the faith of a St. Francis." "One needs after such a service to go forth into the woods and wide temple of God, and, listening to the unconscious worship of Nature,* recover spiritual tone and strength" (p. 681). He denies that the "improved condition of our rural parishes" has been, in any degree whatever, due to "the endowed and privileged rector" (p. 686). The Church has only "here and there" lent its countenance to the Temperance movement. The Church is simply "a prop of squircarchy" (p. 688), the "ally of the public-house" (p. 691). The present feeling of the peasant for the clergy is like "that of Caliban when he discovered that he had taken a drunkard for a god, and worshipped a dull fool" (p. 692). I confess that my first impression, on reading Mr. Crowhurst's article, was that he was writing of a "fancy" church, which he had elaborated out of his own inner consciousness from the pictures of social life in the novels of Jane Austen, and the Trollopes, mother and son, from Thackeray, and, it may be, Tennyson's "Northern Farmer." I will assume, however, that he claims to speak as a witness of the things which he has seen and heard. And in that character I own I should like to put him into the witness-box and subject him to a short cross-examination. I would ask where he has lived, and what are the parishes he has known, and for how long, and in what circumstances—what, in fact, has been the range of the induction from which he

* The phrase reminds me of a story which is worth telling. A sceptical artisan was asked why he did not go to church? He answered that he "went out for a walk and worshipped in the Temple of Nature." He was asked further, what his worship actually consisted in. His reply was, "Well, I sits on the grass, and I says, 'D——n the priests,' says I." It would almost seem as if this was Mr. Crowhurst's ideal of "spiritual tone and strength."

draws such sweeping generalizations. I would inquire whether he has taken into account the work done by the country clergy, and by those whom they guide and influence, in Sunday-schools and Bible-classes, in preparing young men and women for confirmation, in the cottage lectures and special services, sometimes—as in Kent, for “hop-pickers,” and in all parts of England for “navvies”—for those who are only temporarily within the region of their pastoral care, all outside the routine of legal requirements, in country as well as town parishes; whether he has ever looked at the list of bishops and clergy who support the Church of England Temperance Society, or of those who, in the Church of England Purity Society and the White Cross Army, are now in the forefront of the movement against the other great evil which is poisoning the life of England, whether he “would be surprised to hear” that associations of lay-helpers, welcomed and supported by the clergy, and numbering their thousands and tens of thousands, are to be found in well-nigh every diocese of England; whether he attaches any value whatever to the refining and civilizing influences (I confine myself now to that element of culture) to which men and boys are subject in thousands of rural parishes, by their training and practice in the village choir. When he has answered those questions, I and the other readers of the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW will know better what value to attach to his testimony.

Meanwhile, I will call witnesses for the defence. And, first, I will ask leave, for a few minutes, to lay down my brief, and to step myself into the witness-box, to tell a plain, unvarnished tale, with a little more precision as to dates and places, than I find in Mr. Crowhurst's. I can, I think, claim to speak without bias. I was born and bred in London, with little or no contact with squires and country parsons, inheriting no prepossessions in their favour. From 1847 to 1869 my work was entirely confined to that which came to me as chaplain, lecturer, and professor in a London college. I then had charge of a purely agricultural parish (Pluckley, in Kent). In 1869 I took charge of the parish of Bickley, within twelve miles of London. I have, since 1882, been at Wells, connected with its cathedral, and brought into contact not only with the forty-five, for the most part rural, clergy who are members of our greater Chapter, but with those of villages in all parts of Somerset, for whom (as holding that to be one at least of the functions of a dean, which had a stronger claim than that of “learned leisure”) I have preached at harvest festivals and many other occasions. I am free to confess that the clergy with whom I have thus become acquainted have belonged, for the most part, in political and ecclesiastical matters, to schools and sections to which I do not belong. I am bound to add that the conclusion to which I have been led is that the clergy of all

schools are working with a diligence and thoroughness, a sympathy with the poor, a freedom from subservience to the squirearchy, of which, during the more academic period of my life, I had little or no conception. That is my evidence, which I submit, such as it is, to the High Court of such portion of the English people as, directly or indirectly, read what is to be found in this REVIEW. It may be worth very little in itself. I submit that it is worth a little more than Mr. Crowhurst's.

My second witness shall be one who is less open to the suspicion of being biassed than the Dean of Wells. The Rev. U. R. Thomas, a Congregational minister of Bristol, to whom I have already referred, as the representative of the Good Samaritan, has written a letter on the Disestablishment question in the *Western Daily Press*, of November 9. From that letter I quote, without a word of comment, without any *suppressio veri* in the omission of counterbalancing statements, the following passages :—

“In her pulpit ministries, in her parochial activities, in her educational and social enterprises, and *not least, in her grand Temperance work,** the Church of England has latterly realized a relationship of ‘touch’ with the people such as I never read she has known before. Let her have the prolonged opportunity which her present spirit of zeal and consecration merits. Let this new life enjoy a new opportunity.” He is not against Disestablishment, in principle, but he looks forward to “a Disestablished Church,” which “permeated by a Broad ‘Evangelical’ spirit, will be fitted . . . wisely and righteously, to use the immense endowments that, on any theory of partial disendowment, will accrue to her.” He is compelled to say that “in the poorer neighbourhoods of our great cities, and in the thinly inhabited rural districts, there is the most urgent need for far more liberal and steady support of local Nonconformist churches than our strongest Nonconformist churches have yet afforded.” He complains of “the absence of places of worship in many dark neighbourhoods, the mean and insufficient chapels in others, the miserable stipend of many of our worthiest ministers.”†

I cannot help feeling, with the Bishops of Winchester and Rochester, that the practical tendency of Disendowment would be to substitute the congregation for the parish, and that one of the immediate results of that substitution would be that our rural districts would, to a large extent, and, at least for a considerable time, be left out in the cold. The want might be met, of course, by diocesan boards, employing funds for mission

* The Italics are mine.

† As having been Chairman in 1882-3 of the Gloucestershire and Herefordshire Congregational Union, Mr. Thomas must be allowed to speak with some authority. An interesting letter from the Rev. J. M. Rodwell, Rector of St. Ethelburga, in the City, gives strong corroborative, though, of course, not equally independent, testimony.

services and the like, but, crippled as the clergy and laity would be by the withdrawal of endowments, their natural tendency would be to concentrate their activity and their gifts upon the towns, which would seem to have more urgent claims.

That is one of the probable, if not the inevitable, results of absolute Disendowment. If I do not dwell on the tendency which might show itself, as in the Episcopal Church of the United States, to become the Church of the wealthier classes, it is because I believe that the great body of the English clergy are strong enough to resist the temptation. If I do not lay so much stress as others do on the position of dependence upon the congregation in which a disendowed clergy must stand, the evils of which I fully recognize, it is because I am compelled to admit that I think that their present position is, in many ways, one of too absolute independence. The attainment of a *via media* between the two extremes can, however, be better met by a reform in which both Liberal and Conservative Churchmen might unite, after which indeed both are just now feeling their way in many different directions, than by the drastic treatment contemplated by the Liberationists.

I have endeavoured to sketch out what is involved in the idea of Disestablishment. I will endeavour, as briefly as may be, to state what is involved in the absolute Disendowment which forms part of the Radical programme. Should the principle of Disendowment be, at any time, carried in Parliament, as by the second reading of a Bill, it will, of course, be open to Churchmen or moderate Dissenters to seek for any modifications in detail that may seem attainable. Without such modifications we should have, if I mistake not—

1. All endowments, except those of living donors, absolutely confiscated, and applied to secular uses. Tithes paid to the Government collector instead of to the clergy. As the living donors are in most cases numbered by hundreds, as subscribers in large or small sums to the endowment, the problem how to reconcile their claims will be somewhat complicated. Even the "Programme" rests in the expression of an opinion that the definition of a "congregation" as capable of holding property, is just "not insuperable."

2. A check of some kind placed on the creation of any fresh endowments in connection with the Church as an organized society.

3. The application to secular uses in like manner of all the estates and other funds now held by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. Some of these, however, are the gifts of living donors, either in lump sums or collected in small amounts. The question how these are to be dealt with has also to be faced.

4. Compensation has to be made, as for the life-interest of all holders of bishoprics, deaneries, canonries, livings, and the like; so also for all rights of patronage in private hands, or other corporate

bodies than those connected with the disestablished Church, which have hitherto had a marketable value, which have been bought, and might be sold, by the present holders. I do not see any specific mention of this point in any of the schemes of Disendowment. The drift would seem to be towards absolute confiscation.

5. Cathedrals are to become public monuments, to be kept and visited as abbey ruins are visited now, or may be used for such purposes, other than worship, as Parliament, or a local board elected by ratepayers, may determine. Here, also, living donors have contributed largely to the work of recent restorations. How are their claims to be met?

6. Glebe houses and glebe lands share the fate of tithes, and are to be sold to the highest bidder, the purchase-money being paid into the Exchequer.

7. Parish churches, and the monuments in them, are to be dealt with as a local board may determine—*i.e.*, may be used for religious purposes by members of the Disestablished Church, or by one or more denominations, singly or in turn, or for purposes entirely secular. The drift of things seems to set towards the last. The first would appear like a re-endowment, the second like concurrent endowment. Here also the claims of "living donors" again present themselves. The "unconsidered trifle" of the communion plate is destined for sale by auction, or to be sent to the Mint.

8. The Disestablished Church is to be left without any control from the State other than that which is exercised by courts of law over dissenting churches now, without any aid from the State, incorporating it, as was done with the Irish Church, as a body capable, as such, of holding property, and sanctioning a new constitution. It will elect its own officers, order its own worship, enforce its own discipline as Wesleyans or Congregationalists do now.

If I have overstated, or omitted, any of the points in the Liberationist programme, I am of course open to correction. I do not see any signs that half, or a third, of the points which I have named have been considered, adequately, if at all, by those candidates who have more or less pledged themselves to Disestablishment. Anyhow, it will be admitted, in the language of Mr. Gladstone's speech of the 11th November, which comes into my hands as I am writing, that "the disestablishment of the English Church will be a gigantic operation" requiring something more than an assent to the abstract principle of "religious equality." I would fain doubt with him, "whether the man breathes the air of Parliament who will carry the disestablishment of the Church of England." I would fain hope that we may look to him for help in "the attainment of every practical reform," which may strengthen its hold on the affections of the English people. I welcome his acknowledgment—

nothing else was indeed to be expected from him—that it is “a Church which works very hard, a Church which labours at its business, a Church which has its ramifications through the whole structure and fabric of society, a Church which has laid hold on many hearts and many minds.” It is clear that Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Chamberlain look at the horizon of the dim and distant future with very different telescopes. Personally, I am bound to say that I think the former takes the truer outlook, and I believe, as he does, in the vitality and the energies of the clergy and laity of the English Church. But alas! Mr. Gladstone is old, and Mr. Chamberlain is young, and the power and determination which he has hitherto shown, and, I will add, his work in Parliament for the protection of our merchant sailors, and his proposals (whether wise or not I will not now discuss) for improving the material and intellectual condition of the labouring classes, seem not improbably to mark him out as the future leader of the Liberal party. Experience may, indeed, lead even him to shrink from the “gigantic operation,” but he may also be endowed with that faculty of courage which, it was said, would have led Lord John Russell to attempt an operation even more perilous, and meanwhile I cannot wonder that Churchmen should have attached more weight to his assertion, at first, that Disestablishment and Disendowment were certain to “come quickly,” and then that the utmost length of the tether of postponement, for the sake of maintaining the unity of the Liberal party, was the duration of the coming Parliament, than to the less positive utterances of the Manifesto. I cannot hold that Churchmen are to be blamed for thinking that they were to be attacked, and preparing themselves for measures of defence.

III. THE MORE EXCELLENT WAY.

It lies in the nature of such a crisis as the present that men take different views of what those measures of defence should be. Some would throw themselves into the hands of a political party which promises them protection, and which they have either supported before, or are prepared to support now, because they hold that the question of Disestablishment is more vitally important than any other. For those who are, and always have been, attached to the Conservative party, the question is simple enough. They have simply a *raison de plus* for doing their best for its success. For those who have hitherto been Liberals the choice is not so easy. There is a policy which churches and religious parties are at all times tempted to take, that has its analogue in that of the Unjust Steward. They are summoned to give an account of their stewardship. They meet it by an alliance with the debtors, who are themselves unjust in heart, and who catch at the opportunity of covering their dishonesty

by a compact with the steward. Such a compact there may be, expressed or understood, of the worst kind between the clergy and a political party, when the former courts the support of the latter, simply that they may be kept as a privileged order in a privileged position. I take the action of the English clergy under Charles I. and Charles II., of the French clergy under Napoleon III., as examples of what I mean. And therefore I can enter into the feelings of a Liberal Churchman, who, rather than commit himself to a party whose past history seems to him identified with unrighteous wars, and resistance to popular rights, and unwise commercial theories, and religious exclusiveness, and obstruction to the education of the people, with oppression of the weak by the strong, of the poor by the wealthy, would accept the chance of the "dim and distant," or it may be, of the near and threatening, future, and would rather take cheerfully the spoiling of his goods than hold them as the wages of unrighteousness. But I can also enter into the feelings of such a Liberal, if, looking to the probabilities of mistakes and misgovernment on either side, he should think that the importance of the Church question turns the scale, and should vote, even now, for the party which he has hitherto opposed. Of the two alternatives, the former seems to me the nobler, and therefore the wiser, but I cannot blame those who act conscientiously on the latter. Anyhow, the decision is one to be made sadly and seriously, and not with the *cœur léger* of indifferentism or the bitterness of the renegade. The outlook of things is, in any case, sufficiently gloomy, and in my pessimist mood I sometimes forecast the political future in the form of two *tableaux*, in one of which I see the future leaders of the two parties, the restraining influences of older heads and wiser counsels being removed, standing by the chair of Dêmos, like the sausage-seller and his rival in Aristophanes, and courting his favour by outbidding each other in their promises of dainties, while, in the other, the two rivals stand each in a position of unstable equilibrium, and the Brennus of the Irish League looks on, waiting to turn the balance by throwing his sword into the scale. In such a state of things one can only hope, as against hope, in the epiphany of some *Astrœa redux*, some statesman yet in the background, who, like Dante's "Greyhound,"* shall chase the wolf of selfish greed which allies herself with many nations and sects and parties, appealing to that element of greed in each, to the pit from whence she came. In simpler and truer phrase, one may look forward in the faith that the Church of God will weather this storm, as she has weathered others, and come forth from the trial purified and strengthened. Her faithful members are among those of whom it is true that they are *passi graviora*. For them it also may be true that *dabit Deus his quodque*

* The "Veltro" of the "Inferno" (i. 101).

finem. In the meantime, their strength lies in quietness and confidence, not in panic, cries, or political combinations. The worst thing the Church could do would be to lean on the broken reed of party. Her wisdom also will be to form a "*parte per se stessa*."

Not a few of the most earnest members of and workers in the Church have seen that the breathing time now given by the postponement of the Disestablishment question as part of the immediate programme of the coming session, if not of the coming Parliament, is a season of grace, an opportunity for setting their house in order, for reforming much that confessedly needs to be reformed. The speeches of bishops, and candidates for Parliament, the columns of the *Times* and *Guardian*, teem with plans, practicable and impracticable. It lies beyond my power and my limits to discuss these one by one. I content myself with a brief notice of the most prominent.

(1.) There are schemes, represented in part by Lord Ebury and the Bishop of Liverpool, for more effectually protestantizing the Church. Revise the Prayer-Book, and eliminate its elements of sacerdotalism. The Church Association, perhaps the followers of Lord Beaconsfield, would add the words with which he advocated the Public Worship Regulation Bill, and say, "stamp out Ritualism;" prosecute, prosecute, prosecute, till the last Ritualist has been imprisoned or expelled. Suspend the episcopal veto which at present stops the way of such a policy. Some of the proposed changes in the Prayer-Book I could personally accept with satisfaction, but I would ask those who urge them whether they think that the House of Commons is likely to entertain a new Act of Uniformity with a revised Prayer-Book as an annexed schedule, or that that House, with all its heterogeneous elements of men of diverse creeds and no creed, is competent to enter on such a task. A time may come when it will be wise to ask Parliament to repeal that Act. I hold with Frederick Maurice and Bishop Thorold, that "Christianity may be a gainer when it is gone,"* that that Act is the monument of a sin that has worked out its own abundant punishment; but I hold also that the time is not yet ripe for the change, that we must bear the yoke a little longer, till we have learnt to use our liberty without degenerating into license.

(2.) Others, among whom I may name Canon Fremantle, Sir Edward Strachey, and to some extent Mr. Llewelyn Davies, would plead for a wider liberality. They also would at least revise the Act of Uniformity, with a view to a greater comprehensiveness, not in one direction only, but all round, would exchange pulpits with Nonconformist ministers, and nationalize the Church by throwing

* "Charge," p. 87.

open its gates so wide that its present exclusive position would almost be merged into one of concurrent endowment. In the general largeness of heart which prompts the suggestion I heartily sympathize, but then (1) it cannot be carried into effect, any more than the scheme just noticed, without thrusting a new Act of Uniformity upon a reluctant House of Commons. (2) It would increase, instead of diminishing, the differences which now divide us, and embitter the nascent charity that is taking the place of suspicion and animosity. Canon Liddon would presumably say, as he said once before, *non hæc in fœdera veni*, and he would probably be echoed by Bishop Ryle. (3) I have no faith in the action of a number of gentlemen sitting round a table and eviscerating the Prayer-Book of all distinctive dogma.

(3.) Some leaders, such as the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Durham, and the Bishop of Peterborough, tell us that we ought to aim at removing the abuses which exist—(1) as to the exercise of patronage, (2) as to the discipline of the Church, (3) as to the present inadequate representation of the laity. These are all of them, it will be confessed on all sides, objects that are worth striving for; open to no charge either of Erastianism or partisanship; but then (1) is likely to be thwarted, as the Bishop of Peterborough's Patronage Bill was, by a combination of Conservative and Whig patrons with the Radicals, who resist all schemes of "mending" in order that they may more successfully urge their policy of "ending." Of (2) I am disposed to think that the Clergy Discipline Act of last session (technically the Pluralities Act Amendment Act) puts sufficient power into the hands of bishops, if they will but use it faithfully and without respect of persons, to guard not only against the scandal of "criminous clerks," but also against the "inadequate performance" of clerical duties. The third proposal seems to me to point altogether in the right direction, and requires only to be formulated and expanded.

(4.) One who thus criticizes freely the schemes of others is bound to submit his own scheme, if he has any, to the same fiery ordeal. I have no claim to speak with any authority, and I write with little or no consultation with others; but, if I mistake not, there are not a few, both clergy and laity, to whom I can look for a dispassionate, if not for a 'favourable, judgment. I would suggest, then, that the wisdom of the Church would be to start from what I have presented as the third proposal of our ablest and wisest bishops, and to lose no time in organizing an adequate representation of the laity, with something more than a mere consultative action. It will be seen that what I propose is somewhat on the lines of Mr. Albert Grey's Parochial Councils Bill, but I venture to think that it is free from some of the objections which obviously attached to that measure. I would suggest,

then,—1. That there should be in every parish a parochial Council, the electors of which should be all persons of full age, male or female, who chose to register themselves as baptized members of the Church of England. A communicant, or attendance, test is obviously, for many reasons, inexpedient. 2. That the Council should consist of three, five, seven, or nine members, according to population, with the addition of the incumbent and churchwardens as *ex officio* members, the elected members holding office for one year only, but re-eligible without limit. 3. That such Council should appoint trustees who should receive and manage all moneys given or bequeathed to the parish for church or charitable purposes, including offertories. 4. That the majority of such Council should have the power, in the case of the presentation of an incumbent to a vacant benefice, to lodge a *caveat* with the bishop, prior to institution, and that this *caveat*, stating the grounds of objection, though not necessarily binding on the bishop, should be a sufficient defence for him, if, after inquiry, he thought fit to act on it, against any legal proceedings on the part of the patron or presentee. 5. That no legal proceedings under the Public Worship Regulation Act, or the Pluralities Act Amendment Act, should be taken, except at the request of the majority of the Council, and that in that case the bishop's consent to the proceedings should no longer be required. 6. That each Council should send a lay deputy to a meeting, to be held at least once a year, of the representatives of all the parishes in each rural deanery, and that they, in their turn, should elect a lay representative for a Diocesan Council.

I have confined myself here to strictly defined and formulated functions, but it is obvious that over and above these such a body would have a strong moral weight on all points connected with the liturgical usages of the Church and other matters connected with the religious life of the parish.

There—that is my little draft for a Church Reform Bill. I may be blinded by the proverbial egotism of projectors, and I certainly do not present it as a panacea for all evils, still less as a substitute for the higher wisdom and the spirit of strength and love which the conscience of every Churchman, clerical and lay, will teach him where and how to seek, without which all schemes are worthless, but which cannot easily be formulated or attained by any mechanism whatever. But, if I mistake not, what I have ventured to propose is at least free from partisanship, involves no elaborate legislation, no tampering with the rights of property, nothing that can be charged either with Erastianism or Sacerdotalism, but likely to act effectively against the excesses of both. It would, at least, prepare the way for the more equal distribution of parochial endowments, as the legislation of 1840 did for that of episcopal and capitular property, for

the wide acceptance of the plan of "free and open" churches which should be to the democracy of the future what assignment of seats, according to quality, was to the older feudal arrangements of society, and the system of pew-rents to the monarchy of the middle classes. I shall be told, of course, that here also there is the difficulty that any such Bill would be opposed by the Radical members of the House of Commons, who insist on nothing but the "ending" policy and are intolerant of the "mending." For that I am prepared. But the fact that the Pluralities Act Amendment Act was passed last session, not to speak of the immense majorities that carried the Public Worship Regulation Act, leads me to hope that the extreme Radical section of the Liberal party, even if backed by Mr. Parnell's eighty followers, will be powerless to prevail against a measure which most will recognise as having claims on all Conservatives, on all moderate Liberals, on independent thinkers among the Radicals themselves. Even Roman Catholic members might probably think the counsels of Cardinal Newman and Cardinal Manning better worth listening to than those of Mr. Newman Hall and Dr. Joseph Parker. And to a large extent, I may add, the plan is workable, and may do a large amount of the good that is contemplated, as a purely voluntary action, without legislative sanction. And now I have said my say, and I lay down my pen.

E. H. PLUMPTRE.

THE ORIGIN OF THE ALPHABET.

DR. ISAAC TAYLOR begins his interesting book on "The Alphabet" by saying that, "if we set aside the still more wonderful invention of speech, the discovery of the Alphabet may fairly be accounted the most difficult as well as the most fruitful of all the past achievements of the human intellect." But, like speech, it was not discovered all at once. The history of the alphabet, in fact, is a history of slow and painful growth, and every letter contains the record of its origin and transformations as indelibly imprinted upon it as the records of the past history of life are indelibly imprinted upon the rocks.

One of the chief lessons of Dr. Taylor's book is that the history of our writing forms no exception to that law of development which modern research has found to preside over the destinies of the universe. Letters are not arbitrarily invented, except in very rare instances, and their forms are not arbitrarily changed, except on very rare occasions. And such inventions and changes have always been the product of analogy. The Mormon alphabet, which Joseph Smith averred had been revealed to him by an angel, was really a modification of English cursive writing, and the syllabary invented by Sekwoia for his Cherokee fellow-countrymen was modelled on the characters he had seen in European books. The new characters in Mr. Pitman's phonetic alphabet owe their existence to the letters to which we have been accustomed ever since we were children.

If, then, no new alphabetic letters are ever devised, even in this inventive age of the world, except in imitation and after the analogy of the letters of our current alphabet, we may well ask how this alphabet itself originally came into existence. In other words, what was the origin of the alphabet which we still use, and in which we endeavour, however imperfectly, to express the manifold sounds of our English language?

We can trace its history back to a certain point. The English alphabet is the alphabet of the Romans, and the Roman alphabet was the alphabet of the Greeks, while the Greek alphabet, as certain legends about it affirmed, was in turn derived from the Phœnicians. That these legends were correct has been abundantly proved by modern inquiry. Not only are the names given to the letters by the Greeks of Phœnician origin and practically identical with the names given to the same letters in the Hebrew alphabet; we now know from inscriptions that the oldest forms of the Greek letters are more or less identical with the forms of the same letters in the oldest Phœnician texts. Not only is the Phœnician name of the first letter, *aleph*, "an ox," still pronounced every time we speak of the *alpha-bet*, but we may still see in the form of our capital A the resemblance to the head of an ox which caused some old Phœnician schoolmaster to call it by that animal's name. Thus far the history of our alphabet is clear; like its name, it came from those Englishmen of the ancient world, the practical and adventurous traders of the Canaanitish coast.

But was it really a Phœnician invention? This has sometimes been assumed on the strength of the names given to the letters, and attempts have been made to show that the letters may be reduced to pictures corresponding with the names. All analogy, however, is against such an assumption. We know a good deal now about the Phœnicians, and we find that, although they were admirable adopters and improvers of other men's arts and industries, they invented none of their own. They were intermediaries, not originaive geniuses, and it would be strange if so wonderful an invention as the alphabet had formed the single exception to their usual character. No traces, moreover, have been met with in Phœnician lands of the primitive hieroglyphs out of which the alphabetic letters are supposed to have grown. The rude rock sculptures found in the neighbourhood of Tyre imply a condition of society infinitely below that in which a pictorial system of writing first becomes possible, and it is doubtful whether they are not to be referred to the barbarous races who inhabited the country before the Phœnicians arrived there from the East. Then, again, had the "Phœnician" alphabet really been a Phœnician invention, we should have expected it to contain two separate symbols for the letters called in Hebrew *shin* and *sin* (*sh* and *s*), as well, probably, as two symbols for the two gutturals still heard in Arabic, *'ayin* and *ghain*, the latter of which appears in the names of the Canaanite towns Gomorrah and Gaza. So long, however, as no proofs are forthcoming that the Phœnicians ever used hieroglyphs or pictorial characters, we may safely put on one side the theory of the Phœnician origin of the alphabet.

Another theory has lately been advanced by the eminent historian

of Oriental antiquity, Eduard Meyer. He suggests that the Phœnicians received the alphabet from the Hittites, whose importance for the history of ancient culture is but just beginning to be understood. The Hittites, as we now know, employed a peculiar system of hieroglyphic writing, which they seem to have brought southward with them from Kappadokia, and they were the immediate neighbours of the Phœnician tribes. Their advance-guard, indeed, had even occupied Kadesh on the Orontes as well as Hamath, and, in the vicinity of Carchemish, Hittites and Aramæans were mixed together in close contact. There are, too, certain curious resemblances between some of the Phœnician letters and the Hittite hieroglyphs, of which I shall speak later on; the form of the letter *k*, for instance, called *kaph*, or the "hand," by the Phœnicians, has little similarity to the human hand, while it resembles very remarkably the long-sleeved glove with only a thumb which appears in the Hittite inscriptions. But, although all competent authorities are now inclined to believe that the strange syllabary once used in Cyprus and Asia Minor was derived from the Hittite hieroglyphs, Dr. Meyer has as yet found no one to assent to his hypothesis that the same origin must be ascribed to the Phœnician alphabet. Indeed, until the Hittite system of writing has been fully deciphered, the hypothesis must be regarded at best as a mere possibility.

A new hypothesis has just been started by the Assyrian scholar, Dr. Hommel. He believes that the Bedouin tribes who bordered on the ancient monarchy of Babylonia acquired a knowledge of a certain number of cuneiform characters in their primitive pictorial form, and gave to each of them, as a phonetic value, the first sound in the Semitic word which the character signified when used as an ideograph. Thus the first letter of this Bedouin alphabet was 'a, because the Semitic word *alpu*, "an ox," began with this sound, and *alpu*, or "ox," was the word signified by the Babylonian character in which Dr. Hommel sees the prototype of the Phœnician *aleph*. In this way the uncultured wanderers of the desert effected what the cultured populations of Chaldæa and Assyria never thought of achieving—the creation of an alphabet. The period to which Dr. Hommel would assign the achievement is about 2000 B.C.

It is obvious that such a theory involves a host of difficulties. Nomads have never been writers and readers, much less the inventors of an alphabet, and the Bedouins especially have never distinguished themselves for their literary tastes. While their settled kinsfolk and neighbours have occupied themselves in engraving inscriptions and composing books, they have been content to wander or destroy. The life of a "desert ranger," in fact, offers little inducement to literary activity, and there is little in it which needs to be recorded. The date, moreover, to which the invention of the alphabet is

assigned is either too remote or too modern. It is too modern on the one side, since recent discoveries have shown that the origin and early history of Babylonian civilization is far older than we had fancied, and the cuneiform characters had lost their original pictorial forms centuries before Dr. Hommel's date of 2000 B.C. * Long before that, the character which denoted an ox had lost its resemblance to an ox's head, and had degenerated into a mere group of wedge-shaped lines. On the other hand, the date is too remote if we turn to the Phœnician alphabet itself. The oldest monument of it we possess is only of the ninth century B.C., and if it had already existed for a thousand years, it is difficult to understand how it is that no earlier examples of it have as yet been found. An alphabet, furthermore, which was a thousand years old would have undergone so many changes that its original appearance, and therefore its origin and connections, would be extremely difficult, if not impossible, to trace.

Dr. Hommel's theory, however, is but a modification of one of which Dr. Deecke made himself the champion a few years since, but which has found no acceptance or favour among scholars. He proposed to derive the Phœnician letters from the cuneiform syllabary of Assyria, which possesses over 500 different characters. It might have been thought that with such a choice he would have had no difficulty in finding twenty-two which bore a resemblance to the twenty-two Phœnician letters, especially when it is remembered that almost every Assyrian character has more than one phonetic value. But such was not the case. Dr. Deecke had to seek his prototypal characters among varieties of the cuneiform syllabary which differed in age and locality, and, in spite of all this licence, was still further obliged to assume intermediate forms for them which never existed either in the cuneiform syllabary or in the Phœnician alphabet. His attempt only proved that, whatever else might be the origin of the alphabet, it was not to be found in the inscriptions of Assyria and Babylonia.

About one thing, however, scholars were all agreed. * The alphabet did not suddenly burst into being, like Athênê from the head of Zeus. It is not an invention which would occur spontaneously to the mind even of the most gifted genius. We now know something about the history of the systems of writing used by the chief civilized nations of the ancient world, the Egyptians, the Babylonians, and the Chinese; and in every case we can trace the slow and gradual process by which they passed from a pictorial to an ideographic stage, and then through a syllabic to a rudimentary form of alphabetic writing. Indeed, the Babylonians and Chinese, with all their culture and originality, never reached the last-mentioned stage at all, while the Egyptians allowed all these various stages of growth to remain,

stereotyped as it were, side by side. They never perceived the advantage of retaining only those characters which had an alphabetic value, and of getting rid of the cumbrous machinery of syllabic characters, of ideographs, and of determinatives. It required a long experience, and contact with those who had no prejudices in favour of a traditional mode of writing, to take this final step and regard our written symbols as representing sounds merely, and not ideas or things.

Writing, at the outset, is, and must be, hieroglyphic or pictorial. Early man was fond of drawing, as the child is now; and in the pictures of mammoths and reindeer, scratched with a flint tool on the bones found in the caves of Southern France, we may see the beginnings of an art which culminated in one direction in the creation of a system of writing. Systems of writing have been met with, not only among the civilized populations whom the Spaniards discovered in Central America, but even among a very considerable number of barbarous and savage tribes. The Red Indian of America knew how to write letters upon bark, and a volume of prayers and religious hymns has actually been printed at Vienna in the native characters of the Micmacs. But these characters and systems of writing are always pictorial; it is only where a civilization has lasted for a long while and the people have been long accustomed to reading and writing, as among the Mayas of Central America, that the pictorial characters tend to become phonetic. Facts bear out the conclusion of philosophy, that writing begins with pictures. All systems of writing not only *must* be pictorial in their origin; we find that they actually *are* so.

We cannot suppose that the Phœnician alphabet is any exception to this rule. And there is one fact connected with it which goes to show that it is not. The word *alphabet* refers us to *alpha* and *bêta*, the names of the first two letters of the Greek alphabet, and these again to the Phœnician *aleph* and *bêth*, which are still the names of the first two letters in Hebrew. Now, these names signify "ox" and "house," and the most probable explanation of their origin is that the Phœnicians saw some likeness between the letters denoted by them and the pictures of an ox (or ox-head) and house. The memory of the Phœnician boy was supposed to be assisted by the analogy, just as in our nursery days it was supposed that we should learn our alphabet more easily if we were told that "A was an archer who shot at a frog." We may therefore regard the very word *alphabet* as indicating that the old Phœnicians considered the letters to be of pictorial origin, or at least as so many pictures of things.

If, then, we are unable to accept the theory which would derive the Phœnician letters from a selected number of hieroglyphs once hypothetically used by the inhabitants of Canaan, we are driven to

conclude that they were borrowed by the Phœnicians from some foreign system of writing which was still pictorial at the time of the borrowing or else had once been so. But we have already seen that the theories which would make this foreign system one of the two great systems of Western Asia—the Babylonian and the Hittite—are alike untenable; and we are therefore driven back upon the only other system of writing with which the Phœnicians could have come into contact, though it belonged rather to Africa than to Asia. This is the hieroglyphic system of ancient Egypt, the history of which can be traced by contemporaneous monuments for more than 4,000 years.

It is just sixty years ago that an English writer, Sir W. Drummond, suggested the possibility of deriving the Phœnician alphabet from the alphabet of the hieroglyphic inscriptions, in the second volume of his "Origines; or, Remarks on the Origin of several Empires, States, and Cities." The hieroglyphic alphabet had recently been deciphered by Young and Champollion, and, though Sir William Drummond adopts the tone of critical superiority which the adherents of the old learning usually assume towards pioneers in new fields of research, he admits on the whole the correctness of the great Frenchman's conclusions. He even prints a comparative table of Egyptian and Phœnician characters, so far as they were known at the time, and asks: "Since we find the Phœnician and Chaldaic letters frequently corresponding in form to one set of Egyptian characters; may we not thence conclude that the Phœnicians and Chaldeans borrowed their alphabets from the Egyptians, in copying each of their letters from a hieroglyph, and in choosing the particular homophon of which the figure was most suitable to their purposes?"

To this question Drummond is "inclined to answer in the negative." He could not bring himself to dismiss his "priests of Hammon" and "postdiluvian Tsabaists," and accordingly argues that all three alphabets—Egyptian, Phœnician, and Chaldaic, by which he means the Square Hebrew—were derived from "one common origin," a hieroglyphic system of writing "employed by the Tsabaists." From this the Egyptians, Chaldeans, and Phœnicians "made a choice of the hieroglyphs from which they formed their letters." Hence the "Chaldaic," or Square Hebrew, and Phœnician letters are referred, in many instances, to different pictorial originals, as well as the hieratic or cursive forms of the Egyptian alphabet, the Square Hebrew *aleph*, for example, being declared to represent "a branch," while the *aleph* of the Phœnician inscriptions is traced back to the orthodox head of an ox.

We must remember that, when Drummond wrote his book, the monuments which have yielded us the earlier forms of the Phœnician letters were still undiscovered, while the relationship between the

Phœnician and the Square Hebrew characters had not as yet been proved. It is therefore instructive to find him assuming the same amount of difference between the forms of the Phœnician and Square Hebrew letters as between those of the Phœnician and Egyptian characters. It suggests that just as the gulf between Phœnician and Square Hebrew has been filled up by the discovery of inscriptions containing intermediate forms of characters, so the gulf which still exists between Phœnician and Egyptian will be similarly filled up by the discovery of older Phœnician texts than those at present known to us. We are, in fact, brought back to the same point as that at which our examination of the possible sources of the Phœnician alphabet had brought us—the point, namely, that its origin must be sought in Egypt.

This, indeed, is no new doctrine. It had been affirmed by the Phœnician historian, Sanchuniathon, and repeated by Plato, by Diodôros, by Plutarch, and by Tacitus. Tacitus declares that the Egyptians considered themselves the inventors of writing, and “from them it was carried to Greece by the Phœnicians by the aid of their maritime supremacy, who thus gained the glory of having discovered what they had really only received.” But the doctrine met with little favour in modern times. Even Sir William Drummond, as we have seen, contents himself with stating it: he does not venture to adopt it himself. “The entire glory,” says Dr. Isaac Taylor, “of this great discovery [of the origin of the Phœnician alphabet] is due to the genius of a French Egyptologist, Emanuel de Rougé. The first account of his investigations was given in a paper read before the Académie des Inscriptions in the year 1859. A meagre summary of his results was published at the time in the “Comptes-rendus,” but by some mischance the MS. itself was lost, and has never been recovered. M. de Rougé’s intention of rewriting the whole essay was unfortunately never carried out. After his death the rough draft of the original memoir was found among his papers, and at last, after a delay of fifteen years, was edited, completed, and given to the world by the filial piety of M. Jacques de Rougé, the worthy son of a worthy father. This epoch-making work—the first attempt to treat the problem in the modern scientific method—may be said to have made possible, at last, a history of the alphabet.”

De Rougé started with the assumption that, if the Phœnician alphabet were borrowed from Egypt, it must have been borrowed, not from the hieroglyphs of the public monuments, but from the hieratic or running-hand of every-day use; and, furthermore, that the prototypes of its twenty-two letters must be sought, not among the multitudinous characters of Egyptian writing, but among the selected few which were employed alphabetically. The object of his memoir was to show that the forms of these letters corresponded most remarkably with the forms of the hieratic characters which a comparison of

proper names proved to have the same phonetic values. The hieratic form of the letter *m*, for example, bears a striking resemblance to that of the Phœnician *M*. It is really a degenerated picture of an owl, which was called *mullay* in Egyptian, and was accordingly chosen to represent the sound of *m*. Little else besides the two ears and wing of the bird can be traced in the hieratic and Phœnician letters, and it is just these two ears which still survive in every *M* we write. Equally striking is the likeness between the hieratic *f* or *v* and the Phœnician *w*. Here the original hieroglyph was the horned cerastes, and it is again the horns which maintain their existence in our *F*. Step by step we are able to trace the gradual changes which have transformed the *f* of the Old-Egyptian running-hand into the *f* of our own cursive.

De Rougé's theory, imperfectly as it was announced, at once gained the support of a large number of competent scholars. It was not, however, wholly free from difficulties. In the first place, its author hampered himself by a historical assumption. He assumed that the adoption of the hieratic alphabet by the Phœnicians must have taken place when Northern Egypt was under the rule of the Semitic Hyksos, or shepherd kings. From an early period the Delta had been the resort of numerous Asiatic settlers. So numerous, indeed, did they become that, as Ebers long ago pointed out, they gave their name to the whole district. "The coast-land of Caphtor," of which we read in the Old Testament, is simply the coast-land of the Delta. The Phœnicians were called Kefa by the Egyptians, and their country Keft, so that Caphtor is merely Keft-ur, or "greater Phœnicia," another Phœnicia inhabited by Phœnicians who had found in it a larger and more fertile country than that of Canaan. Caphtor, in fact, was to the Phœnicians of Canaan what Magna Græcia was in later days to the Greeks of Hellas. In the age of the Hyksos, therefore, when the throne of the Pharaohs was occupied by those who were allied in blood and language to themselves, the Phœnicians would necessarily have been brought into close contact with the culture and wisdom of the Egyptians. They were essentially a commercial people, and their colonies were established for the sake of trade. But they must soon have discovered that trade requires some kind of written record, and we need not be surprised, therefore, if they made an effort to learn that mysterious instrument of intercourse with which their neighbours had been acquainted for untold centuries. But, with the practical spirit which always characterized them, they borrowed no more than they wanted for carrying on mercantile transactions. They went to school among the Egyptians, not that they might become scribes or study books, but in order that they might increase their profits and extend their trade. Accordingly, they threw away the antiquated lumber of ideographs and syllabic characters which the Egyptian scribes preserved with so much reverential care,

and borrowed only just what was sufficient for their purpose—the small group of symbols which from time immemorial had been used by the Egyptians as alphabetic letters.

Now, it is obvious that this borrowing might have taken place at any time after the settlement of the Phœnicians in Egypt and the opening of their trade with the Egyptians. There is no reason why we should confine it to the period of the Hyksos. Indeed, there is one fact which tells against such an assumption. We find that the Hyksos princes very soon adopted all the manners and arts of the native kings, not excluding the traditional mode of writing in its full entirety. Their names were written in the ordinary hieroglyphic form, and one of the few mathematical treatises of ancient Egypt which have been preserved to us was composed for the Court of a Hyksos sovereign. On the other hand, the intercourse between the Egyptians and the Phœnicians assumed larger proportions and a more active character after the Asiatic campaigns of the Eighteenth Dynasty. Phœnicians of Canaan are depicted on the walls of Theban tombs bearing their offerings of gold and curiously moulded vases to the Egyptian Pharaohs, while the Egyptians begin to imitate Phœnician habits and use Phœnician words. Hence, in seeking the most probable period at which the Egyptian alphabet could have been handed on to the Phœnicians, there is no reason why we should go back to the remote epoch of the Hyksos; the age of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Dynasties (1700–1250 B.C.) would serve equally well.

De Rougé's hypothesis had to encounter yet another difficulty. The oldest Phœnician monuments with which he was acquainted were comparatively late. The Moabite stone of King Mesha, the contemporary of Ahab, had not yet been discovered, the Jewish inscription in the tunnel of the Siloam Pool was still unknown, and the dedication by King Hiram to the Baal of Lebanon, believed by some to be of the tenth century before our era, was still lying buried in the soil of Cyprus. His comparisons were based on the forms of the Phœnician letters on the sarcophagus of the Sidonian prince Eshmunazar, which belongs at the earliest to the fifth century B.C. Between this period and the latest at which the Egyptian letters could have been borrowed the interval was enormous, allowing such transformations in the borrowed characters as might render the recognition of their prototypes almost impossible.

But it was just this second difficulty—a difficulty which arose from the nature of his materials, and was not, like the first, of his own creation—that has furnished De Rougé's theory with its best confirmation. If it were true, the discovery of older documents would tend to fill up the gap between the Egyptian and the Phœnician forms of the letters by furnishing forms which bore an increasing resemblance to their prototypes the older they were; if it was not

true, the gap would remain as great as ever. Now, no one can examine the tables of alphabets given by Dr. Taylor without seeing that the earlier forms of the Phœnician letters discovered since the appearance of De Rougé's memoir approach their supposed originals more nearly than those with which he had to work. The older the form the more it resembles its hieratic equivalent. No doubt, the resemblance in several instances is still far from exact, but this must necessarily be the case as long as our most ancient Phœnician text is still separated by at least four centuries from the period to which the origin of the Phœnician alphabet must be assigned. The only wonder is, that the resemblances should be as close and numerous as they are.

But, it will be asked, if we are to accept the Egyptian origin of the Phœnician letters, how can we explain the names by which those letters have been immemorially known? The first letter is not *ahom*, "an eagle," as it was in Egyptian, but *aleph*, "an ox;" the thirteenth is not *mûlag*, "an owl," but *mêm*, "water." We may still, if we will, see the two horns of the cerastes in our F; but its Phœnician name, *waw*, had no connection with a serpent. We need not, however, look very far for an explanation of the fact. The nursery-rhyme I have before alluded to will show how easily new names may attach themselves to the symbols of the alphabet. "The Russian letters, which were borrowed in the ninth century from the Greek alphabet, have lost the familiar Greek appellations, and bear new names significant in Slavonic speech. Thus the letter *b* is not called *beta* but *buki*, which means a 'beech,' while *d* has lost the old name of *delta*, and has acquired that of *dobro*, an 'oak.' The Scandinavian runes, which were derived at an earlier period from the Greek alphabet, have also been systematically renamed. So, again, the Roman uncials, which constitute the Irish Bêthluisnion alphabet, received Keltic tree-names; while in another Irish alphabet, which is called the Bobeloth, the names are taken from the Bible history." All that the names of the Phœnician letters can teach us is, that at the time they were given the letters had lost all resemblance to the original pictures from which they were derived. But this was already the case with their hieratic prototypes.

Several years ago I suggested that, before receiving the new alphabet from their brethren of the Delta, the Phœnicians of Canaan had been acquainted with the Hittite hieroglyphs, which we know to have been used in their immediate neighbourhood. One of the peculiarities of these hieroglyphs is the frequent employment of the heads of animals, more especially the ox. It is therefore conceivable that the likeness to the heads of an ox and a camel seen by the Phœnicians in the first and third letters of their alphabet was due to their previous familiarity with the Hittite system of writing. It is, at any rate, noticeable that, whereas the letters *yod* and *kaph*,

which mean "the hand," bear but little resemblance in their earliest forms to the human hand, they are (as I have already stated) remarkably like the gloved hand which appears in the Hittite inscriptions. However this may be, the namers of the letters do not seem to have been in a very advanced stage of culture. The names denote just such objects as would be the first to occur to the minds of the modern *fellahin* of Syria.

Are the names of the letters the only element of originality contributed by the Phœnicians to the alphabet which bears their name? Lenormant and Dr. Taylor would answer "No," and with a good show of reason. The Phœnicians, in common with the rest of their Semitic kinsfolk, possessed a sound which was unknown to the Egyptians, and for which, therefore, the Egyptian alphabet did not provide a symbol. This was the gutturalized 'ayin. 'Ayin signifies the "eye," and is represented by a small circle, which in its oldest forms assumes the oval shape of an eye. We look in vain in the Egyptian alphabet for anything corresponding to it, and consequently we are justified in concluding that the symbol, like the sound which it expressed, was of purely native origin. The one letter which we are unable to trace to a hieratic prototype is thus the one letter which denotes a non-Egyptian sound. Can a better verification be desired of the truth of De Rougé's theory?

It may, perhaps, be thought that so purely speculative a question as the origin of the Phœnician alphabet is not worth the time and labour that have been bestowed upon it. But, besides its historical interest, the question has a certain amount of psychological importance. It is one more illustration of that doctrine of development which has at last solved so many of the problems bequeathed to us by the thinkers of the past. The creation of the alphabet has not been the work of one generation or of one people. It has needed centuries of slow and gradual growth, and the contact of different races. The Egyptians, to whom it was originally due, were too much overshadowed by the traditions of ancient learning and the prejudices of early habit to take the final step, and boldly efface all records of the several stages by which the primitive picture-writing passed into an alphabetic notation of sounds. Like the modern English, who refuse to part with their unphonetic spelling, they could not find it in their hearts to break so entirely with the literature and education of the past. That was a revolution reserved for an alien colony of merchants, with no reverence for Egyptian antiquity or care for Egyptian wisdom. The Egyptian was destined never to gather the final fruits of his toil and sagacity; others entered into the harvest that he had sown. The true inventor of the alphabet lost even the glory of the invention; his claim to it is even now disputed, and the alphabet bears the name of that unoriginative, unimaginative, but highly practical people who appropriated the results of his labour.

The process of development by which the primitive pictures of the dwellers by the Nile eventually became the letters of the alphabet was repeated after the alphabet had passed into the possession of the Phœnicians. It spread, probably, through Canaan in two directions, the Southern Canaanites employing a form of their own, while another form was in use among the Phœnicians of the North. Kirjath-Sepher, or "Book-town," was one of the cities occupied by the children of Judah, and the annals of the Tyrian kingdom were recorded from an early period.* Mesha, the King of Moab, carved the history of his revolt from Israel on a stone which all might see and read; and the shapes of the letters in the Jewish inscription of the Siloam tunnel prove that in the time of the kings the inhabitants of Jerusalem were already accustomed to write on rolls of papyrus or skin. But it was not only to their immediate neighbours and kinsfolk that the Phœnicians communicated their treasure. Their traders carried it to the islands and coasts of Greece along with the clay vases and embroidered robes which they bartered to the half-barbarous tribes of the West in return for slaves and the purple-fish. Greek legend preserved to the last the tradition that the alphabet had been the gift of Kadmos, the Phœnician "from the East," who was worshipped even on Hellenic shores as the serpent-god of Tyre. It was more especially with the Phœnician colony at Thebes that the gift was associated, though there were some who wished to connect it also with Palamêdês or Baal-Khammân, the god of the Phœnician settlers in the Bay of Nauplia. Neither Thebes nor Nauplia, however, was the spot where the alphabet of Phœnicia first became the alphabet of Greece. Early inscriptions make it pretty clear that this was the island of Thêra. The volcanic island of Thêra, like its neighbour Mêlos, had long been a haunt of the busy sons of Canaan. The volcanic soil was excellent for the potter's trade, and both islands had accordingly been occupied by Phœnician settlers from an early period. It is in Thêra that we find the serpent-god Kadmos sculptured on the rocks, and it is in Thêra also that we find the oldest specimens of Greek writing. The alphabet is but little changed from that which meets us on the Moabite stone, and when we remember the geographical distance of the two localities, the Ægean Sea and the land of Moab, as well as the fact that the alphabets of both were derived from the same centre, it is difficult not to conclude that the oldest inscriptions of Thêra belong to much the same date as the inscription of Mesha—that is to say, the ninth century before our era.*

* Dr. Taylor considers that the final *alpha* which distinguishes the names of so many of the Greek letters is the "emphatic alpha" of Aramaic, indicating that the Greeks derived their alphabet rather from an Aramaean than from a purely Phœnician source, and he refers to me in support of the opinion. I no longer, however, believe the view to be tenable; indeed, an analysis of the Greek names of the letters shows that it cannot be so. Thus the names of two of the letters in the Hebrew alphabet, *mêm* and *rêsh*, have been cited in proof of their Aramaic origin. But the Greek name of one of

It was some time yet before the new alphabet found its way to the mainland of Greece. The evidence of the Karian inscriptions which I have copied at Abydos and elsewhere leads me to believe that it was first transported by the Dorians of Thêra to their brethren in Rhodes and the opposite coast of Asia Minor. At any rate, it was through contact with a syllabary which was used in Asia Minor and Kypros, and had probably been derived from the Hittite hieroglyphs, that the Greek alphabet took its Hellenic shape by the addition of four new characters (ϕ , χ , ψ , and ν). From Asia Minor it spread eastward and westward. The merchant princes of Milêtos carried it to Sinôpê and Phrygia, the potters of Korinth stamped it on their vessels, and Eubœan traders made it known to the nations of the West. But, meanwhile, great changes had come over it. Not only had new letters been added to it and old letters dropped, but phonetic values were altered and the shapes of the letters themselves transformed. Hence arose a great variety of alphabets belonging to different ages and localities, and presenting such well-marked distinctions as to make it possible for the epigraphist to refer an inscription to its exact locality and its approximate age without any other aid than the forms of the letters it contains. It was not until about 400 B.C., when the local dialects began to yield to the "common" Greek of literary Athens, that the local alphabets also fell into disuse and were superseded by the common "Ionic" alphabet of twenty-four letters. The archonship of Eukleidês, the year after the capture of Athens by Lysander, marks the final adoption of the Ionic alphabet in the public documents of Attika and the extinction of the old form of writing.

The Eubœic alphabet was the source of all those which were employed in Italy. At one time it was supposed that the Etruscan alphabet was derived from some other of the alphabets of Greece, but modern research has now demonstrated, to use the words of Dr. Taylor, "that all the Italic alphabets were developed on Italian soil out of a single primitive type." Dr. Taylor himself would regard the Eubœan colony of Cumæ as the original home of this primitive type; others see in the Khalkidic colonies of Sicily more probable centres of its diffusion. On whichever side the truth may lie, the fact remains that the alphabets of Italy, whether Latin, Umbrian, or Etruscan, all emanated alike from Eubœa, however much they came to differ from one another after their adoption by the populations which have given them their names. It is only the Messapian alphabet in the south-eastern corner of the peninsula that forms an exception to the common rule.

In the struggle for existence the Latin alphabet alone survived among

them, *rhô*, represents an earlier *rhôsa*, according to the laws of Greek phonology, and *rôsh* would be exactly the Hebræo-Phœnician form of *rêsh*; while in place of *mêm* we have *mu*, assimilated to *nu* for *nun* (like *zêta* for *zayin*, assimilated to *êta* and *thêta*).

its Italian compeers, and was carried by the extension of the Roman Empire through the length and breadth of Western Europe. Most of our modern European alphabets are its direct offspring. It is only in Eastern Europe, more especially in Russia, that its Greek mother and subsequent rival has stood its ground, and even there the present century has witnessed the triumph of the Roman characters in Slavonic countries over alphabets of Greek origin. It is possible that a time will come when the Roman characters will triumph likewise even over alphabets which claim their descent from the Phœnician parent of the Greek alphabet itself. It is no longer doubtful that the immense majority, if not the whole, of the alphabets used in the East are descended, like the alphabets of the West, from the alphabet of Phœnicia. We can trace the successive gradations by which the letters of the inscriptions of Mesha or the Siloam tunnel became the flowing characters of Palmyrene epigraphy and the running-hand of Aramaic papyri, and from the Palmyrene characters it is but a slight step to the Square Hebrew of the modern Jews. Even the Neskhi or Arabic alphabet, which, in spite of its manifold imperfections, has been made the vehicle of Persian and Turkish literature as well as of the thoughts of the vast Arabic-speaking world, can be shown to have the same origin, like the Syriac, which was the parent of the vertically written Mongolian and Mantchu. In fact, it is difficult to find any alphabet which cannot be affiliated to the Phœnician, widely different as the two may have become both in the forms of the letters and in the values that they bear. Intermediate forms are continually being discovered, which bridge over the enormous distances, and explain the transitions that time and space have effected. Even the Devanâgarî alphabet of Sanskrit, whatever disputes there may be as to its exact pedigree, is generally allowed to be of Phœnician origin. With the exception of the cuneiform alphabet of the ancient Persians, and possibly one or two more which may yet lurk in obscure corners of the world, all the alphabets of which we know are derived, ultimately, from a single source. Utterly diverse as they are in their latest forms, the zealous enthusiasm of palæographers and inscription-hunters has succeeded in restoring them to their earlier shapes, in filling up the intervals which separate them from each other, and in showing that they are all but the manifold developments of a single germ. The history of the alphabet, in short, like the history of its origin, is but an illustration of the doctrine of evolution on a large and easily tested scale. "Scientific palæography," to use again the words of Dr. Taylor, "rests on the assumption that no alphabetic changes are ever accidental or arbitrary, as was formerly assumed, but are the result of evolution taking place in accordance with fixed laws."

THE STORY OF THE BÂB.

WHO or what is the Bâb? This question will probably be suggested by our title to not a few readers. The word—meaning, in Arabic, “a gate”—is the title of a hero of our own days, the founder, if not of a new religion, at least of a new phase of religious belief. His history, with that of his first followers, as told by M. le Comte de Gobineau in his “*Religions et Philosophies dans l’Asie Centrale*,” presents a picture of steadfast adherence to truth (as they held it), of self-denial, of joyful constancy in the face of bitterest suffering, torture and death, as vivid and touching as any that are found in the records of the heroic days of old. We have been accustomed to claim it as an argument for the truth of our Christianity that its believers have been strong to suffer martyrdom for its sake. But here we have not men only, but tender and delicate women and little children, joyfully enduring torture, “not accepting deliverance,” for the sake of the faith that was in them. But our purpose is not to philosophize or to moralize, but to tell the story. Here it is.

Among the crowd of pilgrims who flocked to Mecca in the summer of 1843 was a youth who had then hardly completed his nineteenth year. He had come from the far distant city of Shiraz, where his family held an honourable position, claiming, indeed, to trace their descent from the great Prophet himself. Thoughtful and devout from his childhood, Mirza Ali Mohammed had zealously and regularly practised all religious duties considered binding on an orthodox Mussulman. He had received a liberal education, and while still a mere boy had eagerly examined and weighed every new set of ideas with which he came in contact. Christians, Jews, Fire-worshippers—he conversed with them all, and studied their books.

But the study which the young scholar pursued with special delight was one that seems to have a peculiar charm for the Asiatic mind—that of the occult sciences, and especially the philosophic theory of numbers, with the mysterious meanings attached to them. Up to the time of his visiting the shrine of the Prophet there had been no indication of any departure from the faith of his fathers. But this pilgrimage, instead of confirming his faith in Islam, had a quite contrary effect. While still in the holy city, and still more on the return journey, he had begun to confide to a select few views which attracted and delighted them, not more, perhaps, by their breadth and freedom than by the vague mystery in which they were still wrapped.

His decisive breach with the old faith was not far distant. Tarrying at Bagdad on his way home, he turned aside to visit Koufa, a shrine almost as sacred as Mecca itself. Here Ali, the brave and faithful son-in-law of the Prophet, had fallen by the hand of the assassin; and amid the silence and desolation of the ruined mosque the young Mirza passed many days in meditation and mental conflict. Should he proceed in the path that seemed opening before him, the fate of Ali might, most probably would, be his own. Were those new ideas that were filling his mind—was that place among his fellows to which perhaps he aspired—worth the risk? He must have judged that they were, for from that time he gave no sign of wavering or doubt.

Still journeying homewards, Mirza joined, at Bushire, a caravan in which he made many disciples.

Arrived at Shiraz, his first overt act was to present to his friends his earliest written works. These were two: a journal of his pilgrimage and a commentary on a part of the Korân. In the latter the readers were amazed and charmed to find meanings and teachings of which they had never dreamed before.

From this time he began to teach more publicly; and day by day larger crowds flocked around him. In public he still spoke with reverence of the Prophet and his laws; while in more private conferences he imparted to his disciples those new ideas which were, perhaps, not yet very clearly defined in his own mind. Very soon he had gathered round him a little band of devoted followers, ardently attached to himself, and ready to sacrifice wealth, life, all, in the cause of truth. And throughout the great empire men began everywhere to hear of the fame of Mirza Ali Mohammed.

There was much in the young teacher himself, apart from the subject of his teaching, to account for this rapid success. Of blameless life; simple in his habits: strict and regular in all pious observances, he had already a weight of character to which his extreme youth added a tenfold interest. But in addition to these things, he

was gifted with striking beauty of person, and with that subtle, winning sweetness of manner so often possessed by leaders of men, and to which, more than to the most weighty arguments, they have often owed their power. Those who knew him say that he could not open his mouth without stirring hearts to their depths ; and even those who remained unconvinced agree in saying that his eloquence was something beyond conception.

Ere long, Mirza assumed the title by which he has since been known throughout Persia—the Bâb—that is, the Door, the only one through which men can reach the knowledge of God. It may be well to give here an outline of what the Bâb did teach.

He believed in one God, eternal, unchangeable, Creator of all things, and into whom all shall finally be reabsorbed. He taught that God reveals His will to men by a series of messengers, who, while truly men, are not *mere* men, but also divine : that each of these messengers—Moses, Jesus, Mohammed—is the medium of some new truth, higher than that brought by the one who preceded him ; that he himself, the Bâb, though claiming divine honours while he lived, was but the forerunner of one greater than he, the great Revealer—“ He whom God shall manifest,” who should complete the revelation of all truth, and preside at the final judgment, at which all the good shall be made one with God, and all evil annihilated.

One of the most marked and singular characteristics of his system is the prominence given in it to that mysterious and fanciful theory of numbers which had always had so great a charm for him. Taking various forms of the name of God—“ ahyy,” meaning “ the giver of life ; ” “ wahed,” “ the only One ; ” or that which is a most sacred formula, “ Bismillah elemna elegdous,” “ in the name of God, highest and holiest”—he shows that the letters composing each of those names, taken by their numerical value, make up the number 19. This he therefore concludes is the number which lies at the foundation of all things in heaven and earth, the harmony of the universe, the number which must rule in all earthly arrangements. The year should have 19 months, the month 19 days, the day 19 hours. Each college of priests of the new faith should consist of 18, with a president who should be the culminating point of this mysterious number. Men of all ranks and occupations—lawyers, doctors, tradesmen, mechanics—were to order their business with supreme regard to 19. The great book of the faith was to consist, when complete, of 19 chapters, each divided into 19 sections. Of this book the Bâb wrote only eleven chapters, leaving it to the great Revealer to complete the mystic number. And, most important of all his applications of this theory, he himself was not the sole medium of the new revelation ; the full truth being embodied in the number of unity, of which he

was the "point," a title by which he began at a very early stage to be designated by his followers.

But while giving forth his new doctrines as revelations from God, he earnestly pressed this consideration: that man can know but imperfectly till absorbed into the Creator, and that therefore his chief aim should be to love God and obey Him, and to aspire. The small amount of worship, strictly so called, which he enjoined, was to be performed in richly decked temples, with music and singing. Great faith was to be placed in talismans of prescribed forms, engraved with mystic numbers, and constantly worn. Like Mohammed, the Bâb strongly enjoins benevolence; but at the same time he strictly prohibits begging, and commands all to work. In his code there is no death penalty; offences being punished chiefly by fines calculated on the sacred number 19.

There are three points in particular in which the reforms proposed by the Bâb cannot fail, so far as they gain ground, to have a mighty effect on society. In the first place, he abolished polygamy; that is, he so strongly discountenanced it that his followers universally regard it as a prohibition. In close connection—almost as a necessary accompaniment of this—he forbade divorce; that festering sore which corrupts the mass of Persian society to its very heart, and makes pure family life almost impossible. His third revolutionary step was in the same direction. He abolished the veiling of the women; a custom which our author believes, from personal observation as well as on other grounds, to be also a source of incalculable evils. So far from encouraging their wonted seclusion, the Bâb will have women converse freely, though prudently, with men, and in enjoining the faithful to practise abundant hospitality, and to have daily at their table as many guests as their means will allow (always with due regard to the mystic number), he specifies that some of the guests should be women.

Some of these innovations were probably the result of his study of European books. But the considerate kindness of all his rules for women, and his invariable tenderness in everything that concerned children, must have had a deeper source. One can hardly fail to see that in these respects he had imbibed something of the spirit of the Gospel; and the regret arises irresistibly, that where he had seen and appreciated so much, he had not grasped the whole.

To return to the story. While the fame and popularity of the young preacher were daily increasing, his bold exposure of the vices of the clergy aroused against him their bitterest enmity. The magistrates of the city also began to take alarm; for if the people, never too amenable to lawful authority, should cast themselves at the feet of this irrepressible youth, and follow his lead, where would the thing end?

It was therefore agreed, after many anxious consultations between rulers and clergy, to make a double representation and appeal to the Crown : on the one side in the interest of the State and civil order ; on the other in that of religion endangered.

The Bâb, aware of what was going on, despatched a counter-appeal. He represented the evil brought on the nation, and the hurt done to true religion, by the corrupt lives and teaching of the clergy ; told how he, sent by God with the remedy for these evils, had already triumphed over all the Moullas of Shiraz, and begged that he might be brought face to face in presence of the king, with all the Moullas of the Empire, professing his readiness to answer with his life if he did not put them also to silence.

This double appeal caused the king and his advisers some perplexity. The Government was bound, of course, to protect the orthodox religion ; but at the same time they had no objection to seeing a check given by any means to the power and pride of the clergy. The Prime Minister had almost decided on allowing Ali Mohammed to come to Teheran, but a far-seeing old Sheykh turned him from his purpose. He reminded him that they knew nothing of these new doctrines or of the aims of their author. He represented the danger of a religious war, if the priests should be provoked to appeal to the people against the Government. The result was a compromise. The Prime Minister wrote to the Governor of Shiraz that there must be no more public discussions of the new doctrines, and that, until further orders, the Bâb should not leave his own house. The decision was received with indignant discontent by the Moullas, who declared, not without reason, that such protection of the true faith was a mere mockery. On the other side there was open triumph. The Bâb, indeed, gave prompt obedience to the order, and stayed at home ; but his followers felt by no means bound either to follow his example in this respect or to keep silence. Conversions increased day by day among the educated class, and even from among the priests themselves.

And now the young enthusiast, who, like Paul at Rome, though confined to his own house, was not forbidden to receive any who came, began to bring forward much higher claims for himself. He was not, as he had at first thought, merely the Bâb—the gate into the knowledge of the truth ; but the POINT, the *source* of truth, a manifestation of God. And at this stage he received from his disciples a new title, “Sublime Highness.” But his first title is that by which he continued to be known to the uninitiated, and by which he is still spoken of throughout Persia.

Leaving the leader of the movement meanwhile in his retirement, we are now to see how his cause spread by means of his first missionaries. The Bâb's chosen band of apostles—those who, with him,

completed the circle of truth—numbered, of course, eighteen. Three of these fill a conspicuous place in the story.

The first was a Moulla, from Khorassan, Houssein Boushrewyeh, a man of strong, decided character, and studious, like his master, from his childhood. He had come from his distant home to see and hear for himself the great teacher ; had cautiously and slowly weighed all his arguments ; but, once convinced, had thrown himself into the cause with utter, unreserved devotion.

The second of the missionaries was Hadgy Mohammed Ali, of Balfouroush ; a man as learned, as devoted, as zealous as the first, and held in profound veneration as a saint of the first order.

The third is, next to the young leader himself, the most striking and interesting figure in this story : a woman, young, beautiful, gifted, learned ; full of an ardour as unquenchable, a courage as indomitable as that of her master ; a woman who, had she been born in Europe, would have ranked with our most honoured heroines of this or of any age.

This Eastern heroine was born into a priestly family of high position in the town of Kazwyn. She received from her parents a name given by many a father and mother, in spirit, if not literally, to a baby daughter, Crown of Gold. From her earliest years the little Golden Crown proved no common child. Naturally gifted with mental powers of a very high order, she had in her own family the best possible opportunity for cultivating them ; and she used it to the utmost ; pursuing, eagerly and successfully, paths of knowledge not very commonly trodden by women of any country. Her father, a distinguished lawyer ; her uncle, the leading man of the city ; and her cousin, Moulla Mohammed—all men eminent in learning—delighted in discussing abstruse questions on points of theology, philosophy, or law ; and Golden Crown, while still very young, was able to sustain her part in such discussions with a wonderful power and acuteness. She was not only the pride and delight of her own family ; not only the special pride and delight of the young Moulla Mohammed, to whom she was early married ; but the whole city was proud of its Golden Crown ; and only wondered whether to praise most her surpassing beauty, her lovely character, or her wonderful mental gifts.

It was natural that, when the fame of the Bâb began to spread abroad, the new religion should be discussed with interest in this family. His wise and liberal views as to the social position and well-being of women at once commended themselves to the enlightened mind as well as to the womanly heart of Golden Crown. She opened communications with the new teacher, and very speedily became a thorough convert. But a nature like hers could not rest in mere beliefs. She felt constrained to communicate what she

knew ; and ere long she was seen in public places, expounding, to ever-increasing and admiring crowds, the new doctrine, and giving to the views of the leader a more emphatic sanction than any arguments could have conveyed, by herself appearing unveiled. It was well for the cause of the Bâb that it was *such* a face that was the first to illustrate his theory. Converts multiplied in Kazwyn day by day.

But, alas ! for the pride of her house. Words fail to tell the horror and dismay with which father, husband, and uncle beheld this practical outcome of what had probably appeared to them harmless and interesting speculations. To them their Golden Crown was tarnished indeed, and had brought irretrievable disgrace on herself and on them. But in vain they spent themselves in entreaties, in remonstrances—even in threats. The young proselyte remained unshaken. How, indeed, could she draw back ? For she was now numbered among the mysterious 19—herself a part of the embodied revelation. She had received a new name, Gourrét-ûl-Ain, the Consolation-of-the-Eyes, and with it full powers to act as an accredited apostle of the new faith. It was no longer a matter of choice with her. As the Sent of God she must fulfil her mission, though in doing so she should wrench asunder the strongest and tenderest ties. She put an end to the conflict by bidding a final farewell to her family, and giving herself entirely to her sacred work.

Of course, Golden Crown was led away by her enthusiasm. No doubt it was a mistake for a young wife in the nineteenth century to make. Let those blame her, who, with more enlightened understanding of the saying, "He that loveth father and mother more than me is not worthy of me," act as heartily according to its spirit.

While the Bâb, then, remained in a manner quiescent in his house at Shiraz, these three missionaries were spreading his principles far and wide through the empire. Moulla Houssein began his campaign at Ispahan ; where he speedily succeeded, even beyond his hopes. Next, at Kashan, crowds flocked to hear, and many disciples were made. From Kashan, following the orders of his master, he went to Teheran. But in the capital it was necessary to go to work more cautiously. He made no attempt to preach in public, but his days were occupied, from morning to night, in holding confidential interviews. Among the many whose curiosity was awakened were the king himself, Mohammed Shah, and his prime minister, Hadji Mirza Aghassy. This strange pair demand a word of notice.

The king, naturally gentle and somewhat feeble in character, and suffering constantly from wretched health since his childhood, was habitually tolerant of all manner of disorders—not of set purpose,

but from utter lack of energy or interest. With spirits depressed by his almost incessant suffering, yet with a craving for love and sympathy, he found what met the need of his clinging and feeble nature in Mirza Aghassy. His tutor in childhood, then his familiar friend and counsellor, and in process of time his Prime Minister, this man had become, in plain fact, his god. For Mohammed Shah's religious views were of a very loose and easy kind. He believed that Divinity with all its powers was embodied in the Sages; and as Aghassy was the greatest of all the sages, how could he but be god? It seems doubtful whether the Hadji himself did not share this belief of his patron. But surely never was there a stranger god than Mirza Aghassy. For the most outstanding feature of his character—the ruling principle of his life—was his habit of turning everything into a joke. He made jokes at his own expense; he invariably used mocking epithets in speaking of his children and friends; and it was this persistent habit of refusing to take anything seriously—this easy-going tolerance of and indifference to all shades of opinion, religious or political, that determined the character of his administration, and formed a more serious obstacle in the way of the Bâbist apostle than declared opposition could have done.

Moulla Houssein brought a message of the utmost submission from the Bâb. His sincere desire, he said, was to add strength and glory to the throne. He represented that public opinion had already declared in favour of the new doctrine, and how desirable it was to support views in accord with those of most enlightened nations. He reminded the king how the greatest of his predecessors had laboured to found a religion which should unite within its liberal pale Mussulman, Jew, and Christian. Just such a religion was that proposed by the Bâb; and the king had only to place himself at the head of the new movement to be crowned with the immortal glory which former monarchs had sought in vain.

But the argument that, with men of another stamp, might have been most effective, proved the very death-blow to the apostle's hopes of success when presented to Mohammed Shah and his Minister; for the promised glory was not to be gained without exertion, and exertion was a price too great for any object on earth or in heaven. Without argument or explanation, the ease-loving pair washed their hands of the whole matter, and Houssein was ordered to be gone at once from the capital.

The two other missionaries had meanwhile been no less diligent; Balfouroushy in his own native northern province, the Mazenderân, and Gourret-ûl-Ain in the region round her home in the West. It was agreed, therefore, that Houssein should now betake himself to the eastern province of Khorassan. From this point a mere outline of his movements must suffice. At the important city of

Nishapoor he gained two great men ; but at Meshed, the holy city of that region, the clergy met him with well-organized opposition.

Returning to Nishapoor, he gathered round him a band of the faithful, and took up arms to be in readiness for the worst. In one town after another he gained powerful allies. He could not be said to seek a conflict, but in the state to which feeling on both sides was wrought, a conflict was inevitable. The orthodox, provoked beyond endurance by the insulting language of the zealous converts, struck the first blow. But just when this point was reached, tidings arrived that suddenly gave a new turn to the whole state of affairs. Mohammed Shah was dead.

In Persia the death of a king seems to be the signal for a state of mild anarchy, during which all laws are suspended, and every man does what is right in his own eyes. No one had any thought to bestow on Houssein or his doings. He therefore judged it his wisest course to join his fellow-apostle in the Mazenderân, where the cause had already made great progress. There he found not only Balfouroushy, but Gourret-ûl-Ain also. Calumny and persecution had been too much for her. She had fled from Kazwyn, and had for many months been in hiding in the forests of this wild country. With a crowd of enthusiastic adherents she joined the other Bâbist leaders.

The three bands encamped together ; many strangers gathered round to see what this new thing might be. And the Consolation-of-the-Eyes harangued the multitude ; the beautiful, unveiled face meeting their wondering gaze without boldness, but without shrinking, because entirely without self-consciousness. Her fervid oratory, born of her own intense conviction, told on her audience with extraordinary power. They wept, as only Orientals can ; they gave themselves up to raptures of emotion, and vowed, on the spot, unqualified devotion to the cause and to her.

And now Houssein planned and carried out a work which only the special circumstances of the time would have given him opportunity to accomplish undisturbed.

Every dignitary, great and small, was hastening to the capital to seek favour with the new powers. Houssein and his coadjutor selected a strong position among the mountain forests—a spot sacred to a certain Sheykh Tebersy ; their eager followers worked with hand and heart, and almost with the speed of magic there arose a fortress in the desert to be the centre of their further operations. And here two thousand Bâbys, including wives and children, took up their position to await what might be the course of events.

From this point in their history a marked change took place in the character of the teaching of the Bâbist apostles. Hitherto it had been chiefly, if not solely, religious ; now it became distinctly

political. The Bâb, they said, should be without doubt, within a year, master of the world ; and then, for his enemies, resistance or flight should be alike vain ; while all his faithful followers should be amply rewarded with honours and delights suited to the tastes and capacities of each. They discovered in each of their leading men some mysterious resemblance to a former Imâm or martyr or saint, marking him out as his successor, or, in a manner, his very self, returned to earth in a higher development ; to whom, therefore, they gave his name, with all his honours and the hope of still higher. The common soldier, for whom such rewards were too costly, was assured that, dying in battle for the truth, not only was Paradise secure to him, but that, in the meantime, he should return to life after forty days to bear rule over some part of the conquered world. It is only fair to the Bâb to say that there is nothing in his writings to sanction such teaching. But his apostles used the means which seemed to them best fitted to win the popular mind ; and he, if he was aware of it, did not forbid them. And the cause daily gained favour. The whole province was stirred. Crowds flocked to Castle Tebersy from far and near ; whole families pitched their tents or spread their carpets on the little plain in front of the fortress, hanging on every word of the two leaders, as if they were very gods.

But this state of things could not last. With the young king a new order had come in. The old Prime Minister, with his cynical jokes and his easy indifference, had fled before the new power ; and his successor, Mirza-Taghy-Khan, at once made it plain that he did not mean to be trifled with. He gave strict orders to the grandees of the Mazenderân to make an end at once with the Bâbys. Easy to command, and easy also to promise ; as the chiefs promptly did. But less easy, as they speedily found, to carry out their orders.

The first to make the attempt was Aga Abdoullah, who, after a day spent in useless firing against the fortress, was slain, and his band utterly routed.

The rage of the Prime Minister at this failure, and at the fear that was paralyzing further efforts, knew no bounds. He despatched Prince Mehdy-Kouly-Mirza with full powers and new commands to make an end at once. Kouly-Mirza had all the will in the world to do so. Arrived in the Mazenderân, he summoned from the far north Abbas-Kouly-Khan, with a great swarm of wild Kurds, and with these joined to his own forces, took his way to Castle Tebersy. But an enemy on whom he had not counted lay in his path. In that broken, mountainous region, one passes, in a journey of a few hours, from sunny plains, where the orange and the pomegranate ripen, to barren slopes and frowning rocks and eternal snows. While toiling through the wild mountain defiles, the army was suddenly wrapped

in a dense fog, that quickly gave place to a hurricane of blinding snow. The wearied general found himself at night, with a large part of his regular army, in the village of Daskès, where, with sentinels duly placed, he gladly lay down to rest.

And now Houssein, with a resolute band of 300, steals forth from his fastness. The village is quickly and quietly occupied, and the 300 fall with wild shouts on the slumbering foe. A fierce, savage massacre followed, in which two princes of the blood and many other leaders fell. But the darkness, which hindered defence, favoured flight, and many escaped—among them, Kouly-Mirza himself. In the early morning, the victorious Bâbys, wearied with slaughter and laden with immense booty, returned in triumph to their castle, inspiring such terror that a band of 600 men, who had only heard of the conflict of the night, fled at the news of their approach. The truth was, that the idea was more and more gaining ground that Houssein was a prophet, to fight against whom was to contend with God.

Many of the scattered forces quickly gathered again round their chief; but for a time Kouly-Mirza made no effort to renew the attack. The sight of his fear spread consternation and panic everywhere. But the wrath of the terrible Prime Minister was even more to be dreaded than the valour of the Bâbys; so the poor, perplexed general summoned fresh troops—not too readily obtained. Again the Kurd chief came to his aid, even sending him a message to give himself no further trouble, as he and his followers would speedily reduce the rebel fortress. The besieged now appear struck with terror. They even send out a messenger to propose terms. Several days are thus spent in useless talk. Then, once more, a sally in the dead of night, the enemy's tents fired, and a scene of wild carnage. A resolute little band, pushed to the very extremity of their encampment, hold their ground there. "Do you see," says one to his comrade, pointing where the flames light up the fiercest conflict, "do you see yonder man in the green turban? Aim at him;" and he suits the action to the word. Too fatal example, and too surely followed! The first shot enters Mulla Houssein's breast; he receives the second in his side. Calmly he continues his directions; conducts skilfully the return to the castle through fierce opposing bands, and then drops exhausted from his horse.

Houssein died exhorting his followers to unshaken fidelity to his Sublime Highness the Bâb, and bidding them not be discouraged by his death, seeing that, in one form or another, he should certainly return in a very few days to their aid. But neither resolution nor hope could compensate the garrison for the loss of such a leader.

About a hundred Bâbys had fallen in this encounter. With largely augmented forces, and with cannon brought from Teheran,

Prince Kouly-Mirza resumed the siege of the devoted fortress; and still the brave, devoted little band held on. At the end of four months the wrath of the king and his ministers burst forth in terrible threatenings. The command was taken from Kouly-Mirza and given to Souleyman-Khan, a stern man, honoured and feared throughout the army, who, with still added forces, at once prepared for a final attack. And now the end could not be doubtful; for famine also had begun its deadly work in the little community; and some, who had faced sword and cannon undaunted, yielded before this more terrible foe. One little band of deserters made their way through the sleeping camp, and took their various ways to their homes. Another, less fortunate, were cut to pieces, partly by the enemy, and partly by their indignant comrades, who discovered their treachery.

The famishing survivors had eaten every blade of grass to be found in their enclosure—they had stripped the trees of their bark—they had even boiled their sword-belts and sheaths. And now—most pathetic evidence both of their honest faith and of their extremity—the leaders held a council of war to consider if their distress would justify them in unburying and eating Houssein's horse, which, killed in the same night with his rider, had been buried with almost equal reverence. The proposal was sorrowfully agreed to, and the loathsome food eagerly consumed to the last morsel.

Still one attack after another was repulsed with ardour so unquenchable that many of the assailants regarded the Bābys with a superstitious dread, as more than mere men; and one at least among them began to aim at the leaders with gold coins, as the only means of reaching their charmed lives.

At last the battered wall could hold out no longer. A fatal breach was made—trees and planks were thrown across the trench, and besiegers and besieged grappled in deadly strife, savage yells of rage and hate adding to the horror and confusion of the darkness—dead and living together, from among the swaying, writhing mass, dropping in promiscuous ruin into the ditch below, and forming a ghastly bridge, across which swarmed ever fresh troops of assailants, more and yet more. The heroic little band, seeing their cause hopelessly lost, offered to capitulate, and were promised their lives on condition of laying down their arms and quitting their fortress. Amidst the curious, wondering looks of the soldiers, the emaciated remnant passed out, 214 out of the original 2,000 or more; among them some women, wasted to scarcely living skeletons, and children with no semblance of human babes but in their helplessness. The victors provided them with tents and food—all manner of kindly attentions were shown them—and then, next day, they were seized, men, women, and children, and slaughtered in cold blood, with unspeakable barbarities.

So the Prince Mehdy-Kouly-Mirza regained his lost baggage, and the cause of the Bâb was crushed, externally at least, in the Mazenderân.

It was very far from being so elsewhere. The province of Khorassan was full of the new doctrine. It had taken deep root in many important towns; at Ispahan, at Kashan, at Kazwyn and at Shiraz among others; and while the war in the Mazenderân was still in progress, the evil broke out in a still more alarming form in the town of Zendjân, in the province of Khamsch. The leader in this case was another Mohammed Ali, a Moulla in high position, who found himself at the head of 15,000 men from all ranks of society.

It is needless to enter into details of what would be substantially the same story as that of the struggle in the Mazenderân. On the part of the Bâbys there was the same absolute faith and fiery zeal and indomitable courage; men of all ranks—Ahmed the comb-maker, and Nedjef-Kouly the smith, and Abdoullah the baker, fighting in a way to put trained soldiers to shame. On the part of their assailants there was the same half-superstitious feeling regarding them; terror on the one side and religious frenzy on the other exciting the passions of both to the fiercest pitch, and inciting to acts of ferocious cruelty. There was the same story of repeated attacks heroically repulsed—of the alarm and rage at court—of the continual arrival of more and yet more royal troops; till the crushing, overwhelming preponderance of numbers made the end inevitable.

Mohammed Ali was dead, and many a brave leader besides. Those who remained, receiving written and sealed promises of life and liberty, laid down their arms. The promises were kept as they had been kept at Fort Tebersy. The mass of the prisoners were butchered by order of the commanders who had signed the promise; two of the chiefs were blown from the mouth of a cannon (an operation which, our author remarks in passing, has not been quite unknown in *British* warfare), and others were reserved to grace the triumph in Teheran. Three of them, the most distinguished, were condemned by the Prime Minister, Mirza Taghy, to die by having their veins opened. They received the sentence unmoved, but solemnly warned their judge that the breach of faith towards them and their companions was a crime that God would not be content to punish by any common visitation; that He would mark out the persecutor of His saints by a solemn and signal retribution; and that, therefore, as he had done to them, so should it very shortly be done to him. The prophecy might possibly enough be one of those which tend to work out their own fulfilment. However that may be, the fact remains, that no long time afterwards, in 1852, the Prime Minister did perish in this very manner by command of the king.

Though the risings in the Mazenderân and at Zendjân had thus

been crushed, the king and his Minister were by no means satisfied that all danger was past. They felt that a hidden fire was smouldering throughout the provinces, which might at any moment burst forth with ruinous effect. For there were Bâbys everywhere, though unseen; and while it seems to be the manner of Asiatics to suffer all kinds of merely political abuses with fatalistic apathy, it is very different when a strong religious conviction comes into play. And such a conviction was now in full force, for the faith and the principles of the Bâbys were quite untouched by the reverses of their brethren. Rather, they were stirred to emulate their heroism, and to long to share with them the glory of martyrdom.

Mirza Taghy, therefore, concluded that, in order to secure a thorough end of the evil, he must strike at its root; the Bâb must be disposed of, and then the cause would die of itself.

We left the Bâb a sort of prisoner on parole in his own house at Shiraz, surrounded by admiring friends, and daily making new converts. But when the Court became alarmed by the rising in the Mazenderân, he was arrested and removed to the fortress of Tjehrig, still, however, without being subjected to any severe restraint. Here he remained for about a year and a half, filling up his days with prayer and writing and study, often referring to his death as an event probably near, and of which the prospect was not unwelcome. And here, as elsewhere, few who came into personal contact with him were able to withstand the winning charm of his manners and appearance, and the persuasive eloquence of his words.

When Mirza Taghy had decided on making an end of the Bâb, and by that means an end of his influence and of his sect, it occurred to him that the mere fact of his death would hardly be likely to produce such results. For, secluded in his prison, unseen and unheard, the Bâb was surrounded in the imagination of his disciples with a halo of sanctity, of suffering—above all, of mystery, to which his death, even if the fact were believed, would only add the glory of martyrdom. But if he could be exhibited as a moral ruin—if he were seen in city after city, not only in chains, insulted, humiliated, but put to shameful defeat in public discussion by the moullas—in craven fear retracting all his heresies and abjectly pleading for the mercy that should certainly be denied him,—then the charm would be broken; people would see what a delusion they had followed, and things would at once return to their ordinary and quiet course. For the Prime Minister had never seen the young reformer. He believed him to be a vulgar impostor; too ignorant to have planned the measures taken by his three apostles, too cowardly to have carried them out, and owing all his power to the fact that the mass of his disciples did not know him. But a very little inquiry showed Mirza Taghy that this plan, ingenious enough had he had

suitable material to work on, would not do in this case; that the Bâb was much more likely to confound his antagonists in argument than to be confounded by them; and that, instead of being demoralized and broken down, he might show himself serenely superior to circumstances, good or evil, and so mightily confirm the faith and heighten the enthusiasm of his disciples, as well as add largely to their numbers. The risk was too great. The dangerous prisoner was therefore removed, closely guarded, to the citadel of Tabreez. With him were brought two of his disciples who had before begged to share his imprisonment. One was the Seyd Houssein, the other, named like his master, Mohammed Ali, belonged to a very rich and influential family of Tabreez. The governor in charge, Prince Hamzé Mirza, by the instructions of the Prime Minister, who could not quite give up his first idea, summoned the moullas to meet and confound the heretic. But the moullas wisely declined the meeting. Then the prince himself and three other high dignitaries essayed the task. But after a vehement discussion, in which even Mussulman writers admit that the royal officials were far from having cause to be proud of their part, Hamzé Mirza abruptly closed the scene by using the one conclusive argument in his power. He announced to the young prophet that he must die.

It signified nothing to the Prime Minister or to Hamzé Mirza that such a sentence was, according to all precedent, utterly unjust. The Korân does, indeed, doom heretics to death. But the secular powers had always refused to interfere with religious beliefs. They had, on this principle, protected the Bâb himself for several years. But now the Minister regarded him as a cause of danger to the State. Not the slightest proof existed that he had either instigated or sanctioned the doings of his three apostles. But in Oriental law, might is right; so the sentence was passed.

It was just about to be executed in the rough and ready way usual in Eastern courts—the victim seized, thrown on the ground, and his throat cut with two strokes of a twopenny knife—when the hand of the executioner was arrested. It was suggested to Hamzé Mirza, that if the Bâb were thus privately put to death, a great proportion of the public would refuse to believe that he was dead, and so the excitement would be worse than ever. He was therefore remanded till the next day, that the thing might be done in such a way as should leave no room for doubt.

At early morning the three prisoners, heavily ironed, were marched out of the citadel, and dragged through the streets and market-places of the city, that all who chose might see and recognize them; the soldiers loading them with abuse and blows. The ways were thronged with curious, eager crowds, among whom were many Bâbys, and many all-but converts, who would gladly have stirred

the popular feeling to a rising in defence of the prophet; and many of the more respectable classes, who turned away in disgust or sadness from the scene of outrage. But the triumphant Moslems knew they were masters for the day, and the mob, ever ready to be swayed by externals, joined in the howlings of abuse, and pressed in eagerly to strike the martyrs on the face.

When this had gone on for many weary hours, the captives were led to the houses of three of the chief clergy, or moudjtehed, in succession. By each of these the Bâb was questioned with mockery and scorn; by each he was formally adjudged to be worthy of death; and his enemies assert that in their presence he not only retracted all that he had taught, but abjectly besought mercy: an assertion which, in view of all the rest of his conduct, is hardly credible. And from house to house the surging, roaring crowd followed; giving vent to their wild frenzy in insulting cries and brutal outrage.

The account of this closing day in the Bâb's history almost irresistibly recalls a similar day in a more sacred story. The mock trial—the outburst of blind, popular fury, stirred up by a jealous and vindictive priesthood—the cruel mockings and insult—even to the still more cruel and bitter pang of being deserted and denied in his darkest hour by his loved and trusted friend. For, on leaving the house of the third moudjtehed, one of the prisoners, Seyd Houssein, staggering like a drunken man, spent and half-dead with suffering, dropped on the ground, declared that he could bear no more, and with bitter tears cried for pardon. The tormentors roughly raised him, and set him face to face with his master. “Will you curse him?” they said, “and you shall be pardoned.” Houssein did so. “Now spit in his face, and you shall go free!” Again Houssein obeyed. They struck off his irons, and left him lying in the street. He watched the procession out of sight, and then, with what strength remained to him, escaped towards Tcheran.

Delighted with this unexpected success, the officers hoped they might induce the other disciple to follow Houssein's example. He was young, rich, and had everything to make life desirable. They brought out to him his young wife and his little children, for whom his heart and eyes had hungered long. They hung about him, and wrung his heart with their tears and entreaties; but in vain. He was made of sterner stuff than Seyd Houssein. “I ask of you only one favour,” he said to the officers; “that you will let me die before my master.”

And now the long, dreadful day was near its close. Officers, soldiers, servants, spent with fatigue, could do no more. Just as the sun was setting, the two prisoners were let down from the topmost rampart of the lofty citadel by ropes passed under their arms, and there remained suspended at several feet from the ground, in full

view of the assembled thousands. Then the command was given to fire. "Master," the voice of Mohammed-Ali, the disciple, was heard to say, "are you satisfied with me?" The discharge of fire-arms drowned the reply. The devoted disciple had his wish—that was his last moment. But the shot aimed at the Bâb only cut the rope by which he was suspended, and he dropped unwounded to the ground. A few moments of terrible suspense followed; moments on which probably hung the fate of the reigning dynasty. For it is universally agreed, even by orthodox Mahometans, that had the Bâb, at that moment, while the multitude stood awe-struck by the seeming miracle, thrown himself on their sympathies, not a hand would have been raised against him, and the great mass of the population would have risen in his cause. And this in Tabreez, the second capital, and the most populous city of the empire, would have been a very different affair from any former rising. But, utterly exhausted in body and mind with the long agony of the day, bewildered, stupefied, with the instinct of a hunted creature to seek a covert, he turned, hardly knowing what he did, into the nearest building. It was a guard-house. A captain of infantry followed and struck down the unresisting victim with his sabre, and his soldiers, cautiously following, made the work sure with their muskets.

Thus, in eight years, Mirza-Ali-Mohammed had run his short and brilliant career. He had now just reached his twenty-seventh year.

The shattered corpse was dragged for several successive days through the streets, and then flung outside the walls to the dogs. And now the Prime Minister could sleep in peace, and trusted that peace, universal and profound, would at once settle on the nation. Never was hope more delusive. The Minister's own act in ordering the death of the Bâb had put peace out of the question. When the young prophet began his reforms he had shown no desire to give any political bearing to his teaching. He had quietly submitted to the command imposing silence on him. But now his followers founded their policy of defence on the universally acknowledged theory that, whatever might be the actual ruling power, the Seyds—that is, the family of Ali—alone were legitimate sovereigns. The Bâb was, by both lines of descent, a Seyd. And besides this claim, which might be disputed with him by many others, he was also the Bâb, and therefore the one man in Persia to whom, in their view, the throne of right belonged. Not that they had any desire to press this point. Had the State given a kindly recognition to the new religion, it might either have died out, or more probably have become, in the course of years, just one more form of belief among the many. But this judicial murder of their leader stung the Bâbys to the last point of exasperation, and severed the last bond of their allegiance

to the reigning house. The Kadjar dynasty were kings only on sufferance; and now that Nûreddin Shah had intermeddled with matters which Asia prohibits her princes from touching, his subjects were no longer bound to keep faith with him.

The indignant chiefs gathered from all the provinces, and held a council in Teheran. There they recognized by certain signs the divinely indicated successor to the spirit and power, and therefore to the office, of their slain leader. The new Bâb was Mirza-Yahya, a youth of noble family. His mother had died at his birth, and he was brought up by a lady whose husband was a leading Bâby, named Djenâb-Beha, "The precious Excellence." He was at this time only sixteen, but already possessed of an extraordinary amount of learning, and, to judge by results, not ill-qualified, young as he was, for the difficult post he was called to occupy. Immediately after his election he left the capital, where it would have been unsafe for him to stay. He went from town to town, exhorting his adherents to apply themselves closely to the study of religion and to practical duties; and he prohibited utterly, for the time being, the use of carnal weapons; saying that the time for insurrection, if it should ever come, was certainly not yet. At length the search for the youthful leader became so keen that he passed beyond the boundaries of Persia, and established himself at Bagdad. Here, besides being safe from the pursuit of his enemy, he had the advantage of being able to see and converse with the multitudes of Persian pilgrims who annually pass through the city.

About a year after the death of the Bâb, the king was spending the summer in his country palace at Niaveran, a lovely village on the lower slopes of the Elburz, a few miles from the capital. One morning, while out on horseback, he was suddenly assailed by three men, who all at once discharged pistols. But the king received only a very slight wound: one of the assailants was at once struck down, and the other two secured and bound. They at once proudly avowed themselves Bâbys. Measures were taken accordingly. The governor of the city was ordered at once to close and watch the gates, and then quietly to arrest all suspected of Bâbism. On this special evening a considerable company were met in the house of a rich and influential citizen. The whole party were arrested; among them several women and children. But after this first evening, though the Bâbys were known to be many, no more arrests were made. The suspected were on their guard, and as their chief had prohibited insurrection, they made no sign.

Among the prisoners was the beautiful Consolation-of-the-Eyes. On the outbreak of the troubles in the Mazenderân, when her fellow-apostles had shut themselves up in Castle Tebersy, she had travelled through many towns, exerting a powerful influence wherever

she went. Then she had disappeared from public view, and was supposed to be secretly at work in the capital. She was too distinguished a prisoner to be treated like the common crowd. Mahmoud Khan, the chief of police, had taken her to his own house, and placed her under the kind care of his wife. Irresistibly charmed, like all who approached her, by her marvellous beauty and her eloquent words, and filled with respect and admiration for her noble character, they used every means in their power to make her captivity as little irksome as possible; wondering the while at the buoyant cheerfulness that made their efforts almost superfluous.

The rest of the prisoners, numbering about forty, were taken out to Niaveran. The two first arrested had been questioned with the most ingenious refinements of torture, in order that they might betray the names of supposed accomplices; but in vain. Their defence was singular. They declared that they were not responsible to the king and his court; that they had no accomplices, but had simply acted in obedience to the command of their chiefs, who were not in Persia, but whose sacred authority justified any act which they might command; that, in any case, the man whose hands were stained with the blood of so many martyrs, and above all with that of his Sublime Highness the Bâb himself, must have amply merited death; but that they had no personal enmity to the king: on the contrary, he had shown them kindness, and they were grateful; but they could only obey orders; and, finally, that they could say nothing different though they should be tortured till the Day of Judgment.

Baffled in this direction, the judges turned hopefully to the other prisoners. Here were women, and even children, from whom torture or the mere fear of it would draw everything. Equally in vain. This strange new religion made fragile women and timid children inflexible as iron. They gloried in their faith; they would die for it with joy; but they had nothing to tell of any but themselves. The situation thus became, in the eyes of the judges, very serious. Here, in their power, were forty mute captives, but who could tell how many shared their faith—and where? In the cities, in the country, in the army, in the very court itself, perhaps. Who could tell where, or how soon, or how universally, a conflagration might break out? Distrust and suspicion were everywhere. Each man in power felt as if walking on a smouldering volcano; each feared his nearest neighbour and friend.

In these circumstances it was felt that the wisest course would be a policy of conciliation. If the dangerous class was so numerous, it would be most unwise to provoke them to insurrection. The Ministers therefore decided that no further search should be made, and that though, of course, the prisoners already taken must either recant or

die, as many of them as should simply deny the fact of their being Bābys should be freed at once without further question.

The experiment was made first with Gourret-ûl-Aîn, as it was supposed her example would tell powerfully on the rest. Mahmoud Khan came cheerfully home from Niaveran one morning, and told her he had good news for her. "You are to be sent for to Niaveran," said he. "The question will be put, Gourret-ûl-Aîn, are you a Bāby? You will simply answer, No. It is a mere formality. Everybody knows you are one; but nothing more will be asked, and you will at once be free." "You do not know the real news for to-morrow," said the Consolation-of-the-Eyes. "It is far better for me than what you say. For to-morrow at noon, you yourself, my friend, will preside at my burning, and I shall thus have the honour of publicly witnessing for God and for his Sublime Highness. And now, Mahmoud Khan, mark what I say; and let my death to-morrow be a sign to you that I speak truth. The master whom you serve will not reward you for your zeal. Ere long you will die a cruel death by his order. I entreat you, therefore, before that hour comes, as come it will, to set your mind earnestly to search out and know the truth."

It may be said in this case, as in that of the Zendjân martyrs, that under such a government it needed little insight to utter such a prophecy. Be that as it may, the Bābys and the orthodox alike universally relate it and believe in it; and some years later it became fact in the experience of poor Mahmoud Khan.

And with the young prophetess herself, of course, it also befel as she had said. She was taken on the following day to Niaveran. In the presence of the king and his counsellors, the officers of state, her fellow-prisoners and a promiscuous crowd, the question was put in the most respectful and conciliatory manner, and was met by an unqualified and exultant avowal of her faith. There was therefore, in the view of her judges, no alternative. Regretfully the sentence was pronounced, and she was led away to death. No lamentations were uttered, no tearful adieus spoken by her fellow-prisoners. They heard with calm cheerfulness, as matters of course, both the avowal and the sentence; regarding the fact of either her death or their own as of too trifling significance to move them. Gourret-ûl-Aîn was taken back to Teheran, in the charge of her sorrowful friend, Mahmoud Khan. They placed her on a pile of straw-matting; they covered the beautiful head with the long-abandoned veil; as a last act of mercy, they strangled her; then the lifeless body was reduced to ashes, and the ashes scattered to the winds.

It is almost superfluous to say that the other prisoners were equally impracticable. Conspicuous among them was Seyd Houssein, the disciple who, on the fatal day at Tabreez, had denied and insulted his master. On that day, when he had come to himself, he made his way

to Teheran. There he sought out the leading Bâbys, related to them the events of the day, and avowed his crime with such bitter, passionate repentance, that they received him back into favour. But pardon had not brought peace; he passionately longed for martyrdom to seal his repentance; and now that his desire was on the point of fulfilment, was not merely calm, like the others, but triumphant. Many of the sect, with whom Seyd Houssein is held in great reverence, maintain that his treason was only in seeming, and an act of obedience to the master; that being the Bâb's secretary, and carrying with him important papers, this was the only means of having them conveyed in safety to his friends.

On this day a spectacle was witnessed in Teheran, the memory of which is not likely soon to fade from the minds of the people. A band of women and children, as well as men, their bodies bathed in blood from fresh, gaping wounds, in which were fixed bunches of blazing tow, were dragged with ropes through the streets and squares to the place of execution. Amid the awe-struck silence of the crowd they sang in joyful tones, "Truly we belong to God; we came from God, and are returning to Him." Some of the little ones, less strong in body than in spirit, died on the progress. The corpses were thrown in the way of the procession, and parents and sisters walked on calmly. Arrived at the appointed place, the offer of life, on condition of abjuration, was once more made and rejected. It might have seemed that measures of intimidation were exhausted; but it occurred to a soldier to try something new. "If you do not yield," he said to a father, "I will cut the throats of your two sons on your own breast." At once the father sits down on the ground with outstretched arms, and a bright-eyed little lad of fourteen, with blood-stained body and half-charred flesh, but his face glowing with love and faith, throws himself on his breast, exclaiming, "Father, I am the eldest, let me be first!" What could persecution do with a people like this?

At last the butchery was finished; and the calm summer night fell on a hideous, mangled mass of bodies, to which the dogs were gathering in troops; while the heads were hung up in bundles to decay in the sight of the public.

With this summer day in 1852 the *public* history of Bâbism ends. But our author is persuaded that the result of that day's events was a very large, though secret, accession of adherents to the cause. It is only reasonable and natural that it should be so. The spectators could not but feel that there was something in a cause that called forth such joyful faith—such eager devotion; and the impression made by the immovable constancy of the martyrs, by whom death was rather desired than feared, and on whom torture spent itself like waves against the rock, was profound and lasting. Whatever

may be the errors and delusions of the system, it has been true in respect to it, as to a purer and more enlightened faith, that the blood of the martyrs was the seed of the Church.

From that time the Bâbys, in obedience to the command of their leader, have remained quiet; not hesitating, when it seemed advisable, even to deny their faith; but there is no doubt that the spread of their doctrines has made, and is still making, steady and rapid progress. They write many books, which are secretly circulated and eagerly read; and while converts are made among all classes, their views have taken the deepest hold among the educated and intelligent. Meanwhile, the rulers, taught by experience, continue their policy of toleration. They make no inquiry, lest they should hear too much; they are determinedly blind to indications of indifference to the true faith; for when it is believed that many, even among the moullas, and the highest officers of State, and those nearest the person of the king, belong to the dreaded and mysterious community, it is felt to be the wisest and safest course not to know.

Dr. Bruce, writing lately from Persia, gives the present number of the Bâbys as 100,000; but while their policy is what has been indicated, how can they be anything like accurately numbered?

In finishing the account given by M. de Gobineau, one feels a curiosity as to two or three questions. Does Mirza Yahya, the foster-son of Djenâb-Beha, the successor to the Bâb, elected in 1852, still live? Does he still reside and make converts at Bagdad? And does this Egyptian Mahdi, who is giving Europe so much trouble, give himself out as the last and crowning Revelation in this line? Or has he no connection whatever with Persia and the Bâb?

MARY F. WILSON.

THE PRESENT AND FUTURE OF FRIENDLY SOCIETIES.

IT will hardly be denied by those who are acquainted with the subject that a crisis has arrived in the history of British Friendly Societies. The Legislature began to notice these efforts of the working classes to insure themselves against some of the ills of life as far back as the close of the last century, and from time to time produced laws which it was in each case fondly hoped would prove effective to render the societies solid and safe. This course of legislation culminated in the Act of 1875, known as that of Sir Stafford Northcote. This measure followed strictly the lines on which all previous legislation on the subject had proceeded. The principle of compulsion was practically left on one side. Societies were free to register themselves or not as they chose; any rules might be adopted; any scale of benefit promised, any scale of contribution required. The advantages bestowed were the usual ones of power to prosecute defaulting officers, and remissions of stamp duties. The duties imposed were the necessity of sending in to the Registrar of Friendly Societies, for publication, annual returns of the transactions of the societies, and quinquennial returns of the present value of their assets and liabilities.

The assumption on which this Act, and indeed all previous legislation on the subject, was based, was that the mere knowledge of the condition of any society would be sufficient to warn its members if its position should turn out to be unsatisfactory. The Legislature appears to have anticipated that, with this knowledge before them, the members of unsound clubs would proceed either to amend their position or to cease to transact business.

The Registrar moves slowly. The first quinquennial period ended with the close of 1880. A second quinquennial period is near com-

pletion, yet the details of the valuations up to the end of 1880 which have been sent in have only recently been placed in the hands of the public. Now that we have them, they are of inestimable value, for by their means we are enabled for the first time in the history of the movement to form a reliable opinion as to the stability of the Friendly Societies of this country.

Deplorable as the position of many of them is, and large as is the deficiency which is presented by the aggregate body of societies, I do not hesitate to express my opinion that there is not only no reason for despair with regard to the future, but every reason for hope. When a patient is seriously ill, those who watch by his bedside are sometimes apt to give up at once the idea that recovery can take place. The wiser physician never yields to despair, as long as the heart continues to beat. In the case before us we have a most valuable life, which must be saved if any human remedy can be made available. But this is no occasion on which the minute doses of the homœopath can be expected to be of use. The most heroic treatment, and even the free use of the surgeon's knife, will alone avail to restore health to the suffering body. But a restoration to health is not only possible, but is certain, if only the right steps be taken to secure it.

The Chief Registrar tells us that there are now 17,815 societies, exclusive of branches,* which have registered themselves. It is impossible to say how many unregistered societies are in existence, but following the estimate of the Commissioners, who reported in 1874 that there were then 32,000 societies registered and unregistered, we might be perhaps justified in assuming that there may be as many as 10,000 unregistered societies now at work. I am disposed, however, to believe that the increase in the number of registered societies marks a decrease in those that are unregistered, and that there are fewer of these now in existence. If this be so, it is a matter for sincere congratulation, for it is impossible to conceive a worse state of things than the continued irresponsible existence of a class of society which is much less likely to be prosperous than those which do not fear to face the light of registration. It is the habit of writers on this subject to thrust the unregistered societies on one side as being unworthy of consideration. This is not just; they are as much a part of our Friendly Society system as the others, and we must not ignore them.

The first difficulty we have to account for is the fact that, whilst there are 17,815 registered societies, exclusive of registered branches,

* Branches are societies which are so incorporated with the central body, or with one another, as to form in some degree only one society; but as they are almost entirely independent in pecuniary matters, they may be practically regarded as separate associations. There are 19,250 societies and branches.

the total number of valuations presented to the Registrar-General for the first quinquennial period was only 6,567. In addition to these, 1,028 societies obtained formal exemption from valuation, either as being juvenile clubs, or as collecting societies, or for some other valid reason. No fewer than 10,220, or 57·37 per cent. of the whole, have taken neither step. 'It is certain that many, possibly even the larger number of these societies, are entitled on legal grounds to exemption, but it is not a little painful to find that the Act of Parliament should be treated with tacit contempt in this matter, even by those who are not actually infringing it. On the other hand, it is impossible not to come to the conclusion that the law, as it at present stands or is administered, is not efficient to compel registered societies to ascertain their position by competent valuation. There must be many thousands of them which have not sent in any valuation, although they know that they are not exempt. The Registrar-General does not appear to allow this fact to weigh very heavily upon him. The notices of suspension given in 1882-3 were only 75; the actual cancellings of registry in the latter year were three. It would be interesting to know on what grounds these three peccant clubs were chosen out by the Registrar for punishment, whilst many thousands were left untouched. There is no reason to believe that the fact of the fall of their Tower of Siloam marked a special Providence when they were deprived of registration. Nor is the punishment probably very great in their eyes. They simply fall back into the vast class of unregistered societies, in which, wicked as they are in the eyes of the great official who sits in his office at Westminster, they are at rest, and are untroubled by the constantly recurring need of making up annual accounts and quinquennial valuations.

In an article on Friendly Societies, published nine years ago in this REVIEW,* I expressed the opinion that the inducements held out to societies in the first place to take the important step of registration, and next to obey the rule of quinquennial registration, would prove to be ineffectual. I said :—

“Working-men will in the future, as they have in the past, continue to pin their faith to societies of which the statistics, if they could understand them, would prove their utter want of stability. However sad may be the result of the annual audit or quinquennial valuation, the Government certificate of registration will remain, duly framed, suspended on the wall of the club-house. A very little skill on the part of sanguine and specious officials will serve to explain away the temporary bad effect of an unfavourable report; and so the old story of misplaced confidence and certain ruin will be told again and again. There do not appear to be sufficient grounds for assuming that publicity will suffice to meet existing abuses.”

The reader is able to judge for himself to what extent I was justified in using this language.

The annual audit of the societies has been much more fully carried out than the quinquennial valuation. Yet much remains to be done even in this department.* The worst feature of the whole matter is the evident indifference felt by a number of societies as to the obligations placed upon them by registration.

The next step is to examine as fully as space permits the results of the valuations of the 6,567 clubs which have sent in returns. Before doing so, it is well to caution the reader that, as we shall presently see, the process of valuation, as at present carried out, is very far from being a scientific operation, and that a very large allowance must be made for inaccuracies.

Taking all these societies together, the valuations show a net deficiency of £1,270,134. That is to say, if they were wound up at the time of making the valuation, the above sum ought to be in hand, in addition to the funds actually in their possession. Now, the last-named amount is £8,380,851; so that the deficiency is over 50 per cent. of the amount of the funds, or about 66 per cent. only of the sum required for perfect solvency is in hand. The clubs which are in defect are 5,030 in number, and their deficiency is £5,155,816; those which have a surplus are 1,537 in number, and they possess £885,382 more than is required to meet all their liabilities.

The first impulse of one who examines this question for the first time, and is unacquainted with the efforts that have been made, both by the Legislature and by the societies themselves, to set the movement on a solid basis, is no doubt to despair of their future. Yet good grounds for a more cheerful state of mind will on further examination be found to abound. It is indeed disappointing to find that a German, Dr. Wilhelm Hasbach, has carefully examined the subject,* and has come to conclusions favourable to State insurance for his own country. My contention, however, is, that on the whole there is every reason to believe in the probability that our children will see the Friendly Societies of their day as securely established as ordinary Life Insurance Societies now are.

In the first place, the energy and self-denial which have enabled the returning societies to accumulate so many millions sterling will also, when rightly directed, enable them to render their position (unsound, as it undoubtedly is, if regarded as a whole) eventually secure.

My contention is, that what has been done can be done. So far from being impressed too unfavourably by the fact that only a small per-

* "Das Englische Arbeiterversicherungswesen. Geschichte seiner Entwicklung und Gesetzgebung." Von Wilhelm Hasbach, Ph.D. Leipzig. 1883.

centage of the societies are absolutely sound, the economist who trusts as in a sheet-anchor to the *laissez-faire* doctrine of J. S. Mill, by which the masses are not to be interfered with when engaged in improving their own condition, will justly point with triumph to this despised percentage as a proof of what the British working-man can do. But the case is really very far indeed from being as bad as it is made out to be by the figures quoted above; a very large number of societies are in a deficiency, but not a large one. Take, for instance, the case of the Hearts of Oak Benefit Society. It has 93,615 members, and a saved-up capital of £422,332. But as the present value of the benefits which it has undertaken to pay is £3,282,662, and the present value of the contributions which it expects to receive are only £2,808,027, the latter sum added to the cash funds shows a deficiency of £10,774. In other words, if this great concern were to-day compulsorily wound up it would be able to pay nearly 98 per cent. of its liabilities. Is it fair to say that it is insolvent? Many a commercial undertaking which would not be justified in closing its doors would nevertheless be glad to show as clear a balance-sheet. A going concern has many opportunities of recovery, provided the deficiency is not too large, and this power of recovery is especially applicable to friendly societies. By a slight diminution of the benefits or increase of the contributions,* a deficiency can easily be turned into a surplus. A remarkable instance of the recuperative power of friendly societies is afforded by the example of the Manchester Unity of Oddfellows, which consists of an aggregate of some 4,000 lodges, including branches containing in round numbers 600,000 members, and having an accumulated capital of saved-up funds amounting to nearly £6,000,000.† So far back as the year 1871, this great society submitted to valuation of its own accord, with the result that it was found that a deficiency of about 12 per cent. existed. Steps were immediately taken by an alteration of the relations between contributions and benefits, with satisfactory results.

Here comes in another point which, however confusing to valuers, is the great source of strength of the large societies. This is the power of levy. Its operation is best shown by an example. At the recent meeting of the Annual Movable Committee of the Oddfellows of the Manchester Unity, it was represented that certain lodges (or branch societies) of the Order were in so hopeless a financial condition that recovery would be impossible unless they received help from outside. A proposal of a levy of one shilling per head on every member of the Order, which would produce a sum of £30,000, was rejected, but it was agreed that one penny should be levied annually for five years. By this means it is expected that the deficient lodges

* The latter has, I believe, been adopted by the Hearts of Oak.

† The Foresters Friendly Society is equally extensive and nearly as flourishing as the Oddfellows M.U.

will escape what would be a far more real punishment than the suspension of the Government registry, and that is expulsion from the Order of Oddfellows. It is not easy to exaggerate a power which thus acts for good throughout a great community. There are Oddfellow (M. U.) lodges in all parts of the world, and every member will be called upon to contribute to the well-being and reputation of the great society of which he is proud to form a part.

Turning to the report on the branches, which has only recently been published, we find that 6,957 valuations have been sent in. These have succeeded in amassing nearly five and a half millions in cash, but the proportion of solvent lodges to the others is about the same as in the case of those we have already examined. The annual expenditure is, however, very much below the income of nearly all the branches, so that there is every reason to hope that solvency will ultimately be reached.

There are about a hundred Orders with branches in the United Kingdom. The principal Orders are the two which have been named above. If we put down the cash savings of the branches which have not sent in returns at £1,500,000, we have a total of £7,000,000, which has not been included in the figures which have been discussed above. This makes the whole amount saved by registered societies over £15,000,000. Making a rough guess—it is impossible to do more—I should think that the total savings of all the Friendly Societies (sick and burial benefits) cannot be far short of £18,000,000, belonging to perhaps 33,000 societies (with six millions of members at least). This estimate includes unregistered societies. The Registrar states the members of the registered societies to number nearly four and a quarter millions. I must also notice here that a beginning has been made by Manchester Unity in the direction of providing pensions for old age.

It is not easy to say at what point hopeless insolvency begins in the case of a society whose valuation shows it to be in a deficiency. Seeing that 5,030 societies have saved £5,155,816 less than the proper amount, it is clear that if this sum were spread equally over the whole number, they would all have to confess irremediable insolvency. But this is very far indeed from being the case. A considerable proportion of the societies are in deficiency to an extent certainly not exceeding that of the Manchester Unity in 1871, and may be expected to retrieve their position. The subject is so vast, and the information regarding the societies so imperfect, and at present so ill-digested, that it would not be safe to hazard a prediction as to the extent to which this leeway can be made up. It is better, perhaps, to acknowledge that a large part of these five millions will by their absence cause a great deal of misery, over a long series of years, to a class which is least able to endure it. But that ought to be the worst of the matter. We are rapidly approaching a

complete and scientific knowledge of the economic laws which relate to sickness, health, and the duration of life. It has been practically proved that sound Friendly Societies can be established and conducted by the working classes. It is the duty of all thoughtful men, not simply to relieve the distress that will be caused by the revealed deficiency, but also to provide against a recurrence of the evil. And it must be remembered that the five millions deficiency is that of the societies which have ventured to face publicity and valuations. It is probably not too much to say that if the affairs of all the other societies were brought to the light, that deficiency would be at least doubled.

This mere fact of a small deficiency in valuation of the present value of future benefits to be paid and contributions to be received is not sufficient to condemn a society. Perhaps the best and readiest test is to inquire the amount which is being actually paid in benefits and received in contributions, for if these bear a fair proportion to one another, the society is evidently on the high-road to solvency, even if the goal has not yet been reached. In the case of the "Hearts of Oak," for instance, in a recent year, the total receipts in the benefit fund were £206,358, whilst the total expenditure in the same fund was only £149,685. The savings for the year were thus over £55,000. As the society has every reason to believe that it will continue to recruit new members, there is no doubt that, in spite of its small deficiency in valuation, it is in a really healthy condition. Taking a single page of the registrar's returns containing a complete record of thirteen societies, I find that ten are in deficiency on valuation, whilst three are in excess; but five out of the ten paid in a recent year considerably less than they received, so that eventual recovery in their cases is more than probable. And this is on the whole a fair sample of the position of the great mass of the registered societies.

It will be necessary to say a few words on the process of valuation as now carried out. It is far from satisfactory, and this especially from the point of view of the complete want of uniformity of system adopted. The Act requires that a valuer should be a competent person, but it is not necessary that he should be a professional actuary. Towards the close of a quinquennial period, it is no doubt very difficult to secure the services of fit valuers. Much depends in the valuation on the rate of interest used in computing the value of future contributions and invested funds. Most of the societies assume that three per cent. will be realized, but a number of them take four per cent. They appear, however, to find much difficulty in getting even three per cent. The Hearts of Oak—to refer again to a society which has already served as an example—have used four per cent. as their rate, but as a fact they have only realized in the past from 2·3 to 3·4 on their investments.

On the whole, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the quinquennial valuation is to a large extent unreal. The process should be carried out in a uniform manner in all parts of the country, and by persons possessing full qualifications for the task. Still, it would be unfair to deny that in the present system we have the germs of a more perfect method. If by any means the whole body of Friendly Societies could be drawn into valuation on a uniform plan, there can be no doubt that the first step would have been taken towards placing them on a thoroughly healthy basis. But we must not be contented with mere information. What the next step should be I shall presently suggest; in the meantime there is every reason to be thankful for the important addition to our knowledge which has been placed at our disposal, even by the present imperfect system.

Before leaving this branch of the subject, it may be noticed that a large number of the 1,537 societies which show an aggregate surplus of over £880,000 grant only death benefits. Of those comparatively rare societies which give sick pay as well, "no inconsiderable portion are well-conducted lodges of the Manchester Unity of Oddfellows." *

The aggregate societies which possess an excess of funds could afford to reduce their contributions by nearly 13 per cent., or increase their benefits by 10 per cent. On the other hand, the net deficiency of £4,270,434 necessitates an average increase of contributions of nearly 19 per cent., or a diminution of benefits of nearly 13 per cent.† But as those societies which have a surplus will certainly not allow it to be employed in making up the deficiencies of the 5,030 which are behindhand, the last-mentioned figures are not sufficiently unfavourable. Still larger sacrifices than these are required on the part of the large majority of the Friendly Societies of England and Wales, in order to enable them to retrieve their present disastrous position.

In forecasting the future of the societies, and in making suggestions for their amelioration, one painful course must be adopted. Those clubs which are in a hopeless financial condition must be abandoned to their fate. This will cause a great amount of suffering, but there is no alternative course. Those who take an interest in the well-being of the poor are aware of the distress which is constantly springing up through the failure of benefit clubs to discharge their obligations. There are thousands of persons in the receipt of parochial relief at the present moment who had every right to hope that they would reap the benefit of years of patient self-denial. Existing societies have undertaken (as we have seen) liabilities to the extent of many millions sterling beyond their powers, and sooner or later a vast amount of distress must be the consequence. It would probably be the truest kindness to hasten rather than retard the

* Chief Registrar's Report, p. 1177.

† *Ibid.*, p. 1178.

catastrophe, of which truly it may be said that *crescit eundo*. It must be the work of an intelligent charity to alleviate the distress mainly caused by errors of judgment founded on insufficient information.

But no statesman or philanthropist ought to sit down quietly and see the same blunders repeated in the future. A remedy for the present state of things is imperatively demanded. In which direction are we to seek for it?

It is hardly surprising that, in view of the condition of many Friendly Societies, there should arise a demand for the establishment of a scheme of compulsory insurance for sickness and death. This has been proposed by the Rev. Canon L. Blackley, and has found many adherents. The objections, however, to this proposal are formidable. They have been so often stated that it is hardly necessary to do much more than allude to them now. The latest authority on the subject of State interference with the affairs of the people is Lord Bramwell, who recently said that "he was one of those who believed that the great thing to be desired in this world was to be governed as little as possible; and he and those who worked with him requested simply to be left alone." It is impossible to conceive a worse instance of interference on the part of the State than to compel every man to pay a certain sum to a Friendly Society. The whole question at issue is, whether the people are able to establish benefit clubs of a sound character for themselves. If they are able to do so, the State has no right to interfere. No economic law can be broken with impunity. Not even the Socialists, who contend that much should be undertaken by the State for the people, would desire, I should think, that the construction and management of Friendly Societies, with all their educational and other advantages, should be taken out of the hands of those for whose benefit they exist. The principle on which the British Poor Law is founded is a false one; for it gives to all destitute persons, whatever the cause of their destitution may be (even if this be the result of their own free will), the right to demand public relief. The consequence of this law has been to create to a large extent the very pauperism which it is designed to relieve. The principle of compulsion introduced into insurance against sickness is equally false; it would produce a crop of evils, of which the chief would be that it would render the habit of thrift to a large extent needless. Propped up by a compulsory system of benefit clubs on one side and by the poor law on the other, it would be very difficult for the moral fibre of the wage-earning classes of England to retain much toughness.

The result of the establishment of a society to which every individual in the community was compelled to subscribe would be, of course, greatly to injure, if not to destroy, all the present societies. Their reason for existence would to a great extent cease. Now, it is observable that of late the efforts of Mr.

Blackley and his friends have taken the form of somewhat vigorous attacks upon existing clubs. Their condition, as we have seen, is in many respects deplorable. But is there any writer or thinker who would venture to say that every Friendly Society in the kingdom ought to be hustled out of existence? Are there none that are worthy of life? The Oddfellows (M.U.), the Foresters, the Hearts of Oak, and many others, are assuredly magnificent memorials of the patient self-denial and of the organizing powers of the working classes. What if mistakes have been made? Is not an institution all the more valued because it is the result of dearly-bought experience; of years of blundering, it may be; of boundless self-sacrifice? Mr. Mill is very emphatic on the educating power afforded by the setting up of such institutions as these. The process of their establishment is difficult and complicated. The avoidance and correction of mistakes give tone to the minds of the conductors; success encourages them to undertake fresh labours in other fields. The training which a large proportion of the working men of this country has received by means of Friendly Societies has been an excellent preparation for higher things. The great majority of the two millions of new voters who have recently been admitted to the franchise are members of these clubs, and many of them are now carrying them on. Can it be denied that this work is an invaluable preparation for the exercise of the franchise? The rising generation is infinitely better educated than their fathers were, and there is, therefore, every reason to believe that as the younger men come to the front they will be keener in detecting and apter in correcting the faults of the past.

I am willing to allow my case to rest upon the simple argument that, inasmuch as some Friendly Societies have succeeded, therefore it is reasonable to look forward to the time when all will be successful. Nor is the basis of fact on which I build my argument by any means a narrow one. A very large number of societies are now either flourishing or are in a fair way to prosperity.

How, then, can the people best be assisted to attain so desirable an object?

First, they can be left alone. It is probable that in the end this pure *laissez-faire* method would be successful. But Lord Bramwell fully admits that "the law must protect those who cannot protect themselves." This is in entire agreement with Bastiat's declaration that it is the function of government to prevent injustice; or with J. S. Mill's, that it is the duty of government to do only for the people what they cannot do for themselves. How can working men fully protect themselves against the evils which surround the present system of friendly societies? The point is a nice one, but it will probably be admitted that practically the masses cannot guard themselves against these evils. How, for instance, can either a rural or urban labourer discover the exact relation that should exist between contributions

demand and benefits promised? Or why should the same class be expected voluntarily and without external aid to re-organize their clubs, merely because they are told that they are in a deficiency, whilst at the same time they remain in the full enjoyment of the advantages of government registration, and are conscious of the possession of a large balance in the bank? Yet it is essential that they should be startled out of their present condition. This, I incline to think, cannot be done—at any rate, quickly—unless the law aids them in their task. The difficulty is to discover the exact point at which such aid ceases to be in accordance with sound economics and therefore helpful, and begins to be contrary thereto, and therefore pernicious.

One way of affording the legislative help which is needed was suggested by a Bill recently brought forward in the House of Lords by Lord Greville. This proposed “to require the certification of tables by an actuary, as a condition precedent to the registry of a Friendly Society.” The objection made to this proposal by the Registrar-General* is, that the same provision has been enacted on at least two previous occasions, with the result that societies were frightened by it away from registration. This, the Registrar-General thinks, is a sufficient ground for strongly deprecating its re-enactment.

It must, however, be allowed that the present system, by which registration is allowed, on the production of rules and scales of benefits and contributions which on the face of them can only end in insolvency, is misleading in the highest degree. Registration is an act of the State, and however experts may explain away its significance, its effect is to lend a certain dignity and importance to all societies who receive it. The State thus appears to sanction rules which are known to be bad. On the other hand, the economists would undoubtedly contend that there is no reason why, in the present state of widely-diffused knowledge of the subject, the people should not draw up sound rules and scales for themselves. The State certainly ought not even to appear to sanction what is evidently rotten, even if it cannot properly be called upon to supply by its own action what is needed. On the whole, attractive as the suggestion in many respects is, it must, I think, be rejected. The people must labour on at the task of providing themselves with sound rules.

The scheme which was suggested by myself in this REVIEW † has never been shown to be unsound, and would, I believe, do much to help the people to place their benefit clubs in a sound position. The arguments against interference with the working classes in their efforts to establish a sound network of Friendly Societies throughout the land cannot be refuted. Men have a perfect right to do what

* Report, 1884. Part A, p. 8.

† January, 1877.

they like with their own; and it is for children, not for capable citizens, to desire to call in the State to their aid. I cannot regard the mess into which many societies have fallen as a reason for Government interference. Those who have a right to do what they will with their own have also the duty imposed on them of not committing a folly with it. I cannot even see that the State has any obligation to discharge the functions of an actuary to the societies. But when a society has been established, and a few years' experience has shown that its founders' calculations were inaccurate, and that it is rapidly falling into a condition of insolvency, the time has come for the State to interfere. The original members must do their best to get out of their own scrape, but they have no right to draw others into their net. In some States of America, the law requires insurance offices to abstain from taking fresh business as soon as it is shown that they are insolvent. I admit that the result of a Friendly Society falling into a bad condition is in the long run to warn off the public, and it is argued that this is a sufficient safeguard for the public. The complaint of such societies is, that young men will not come forward to rescue them; or rather that young men will not come forward in sufficient numbers. But some do continue to join even moribund clubs. It is this fringe of weak and ignorant men that the State ought to protect. No hardship would be done if such a society as I am now about to refer to were not allowed to take any fresh business. There is a club in existence which has a deficit on valuation of £7,000. Its saved-up funds amount to £500, and its annual expenditure exceeds its annual receipts by £100. Yet that society bears all the marks of respectability upon it, and is probably enrolling new members every year, although it is certain to collapse in a very short time. Such a club should not be allowed by the State to continue to prey upon the public. No doubt it would be difficult to get at the truth with regard to clubs that do not send in returns or are unregistered, but it would not be impossible. Insist upon quinquennial returns in the case of every society whether registered or unregistered, and give a Government official the power of inspecting the books of those which neglect this duty. The information thus gained could be at once acted upon as I have suggested.

So strongly, however, do I believe in the immense power of construction and organization of working men, when they are striving for themselves, that if, as will probably be the case, the Legislature declines to interfere even to the moderate extent I suggest, I shall nevertheless continue to cling to the conviction that the Friendly Societies of England are destined to enjoy a brilliant and solid future.

W. WALTER EDWARDS.

REASON AND RELIGION :

A REPLY TO CARDINAL NEWMAN.

IT is simply a duty, which I owe alike to Cardinal Newman and the readers of this REVIEW, to ask, whether, in the light of his statement and the rigorous criticism of Dr. Barry, I have anything to retract or modify in the judgment which has provoked these replies. It would, in some respects, be much more pleasant for me to allow the matter to stand where the Cardinal has left it, and were it simply a personal matter between him and me, it would, so far as I am concerned, be allowed so to stand. It costs a very peculiar kind of suffering to conduct a controversy, after his personal intervention, with the one man in all England on whose lips the words of the dying Polycarp sit with equal truth and grace. Not that Cardinal Newman has been either a hesitating or a soft-speaking controversialist. He has been a man of war from his youth, who has conquered many adversaries—amongst them the most inveterate and invincible of English prejudices. He was one who not only changed sides when the battle was hottest, but led a goodly company with him; yet the change, so far from lessening, increased the honour and admiration in which he was held. He has, as scarcely any other teacher of our age, made us feel the meaning of life, the evil of sin, the dignity of obedience, the beauty of holiness; and his power has been due to the degree in which men have been constrained to believe that his words, where sublimest, have been but the dim and imperfect mirrors of his own exalted spirit. He has taken us into the secret places of his soul, and has held us by the potent spell of his passionate sincerity and matchless style, while he has unfolded his vision of the truth, or his quest after it. He has greatly and variously enriched the religious life of our people, and he lives in our imagination as the last at once of the fathers and of

the saints. Whatever the degree of our theological and ecclesiastical difference, it does not lessen my reverence for the man, or my respect for his sincerity.

It is, then, with real pain that I enter the lists against so venerable an opponent. Before, the issue was more or less historical; now, without ceasing to be such, it is burdened with a personal element painful to the younger man. But I have no choice: the issue is too vital to allow me to be silent.

2. Frankly, then, and at the outset, the sum of the matter may be stated thus: Cardinal Newman has done two things—he has repudiated and denounced what my criticism never affirmed, and he has contributed new material illustrative of the very thesis it maintained. He has represented me as describing him as “a hidden sceptic,”* and as “thinking, living, professing, acting upon a wide-stretching, all-reaching platform of religious scepticism.”† I never did anything of the sort; it would require an energy and irony of invective equal to the Cardinal’s own to describe the fatuous folly of the man who would venture to make any such charge. What he was charged with, and in terms so careful and guarded as ought to have excluded all possible misconception, was “metaphysical” or “philosophical” scepticism. This did not mean that he was other than sincere in word and spirit, especially in all that concerned his religious convictions—his good faith in all his beliefs is, and ever has been, manifest to all honest men; but it meant what it said, that he so conceived the intellect that its natural attitude to religious truth was sceptical and nescient. Scepticism in philosophy means a system which affirms either, subjectively, the impotence of the reason for the discovery of the truth, or, objectively, the inaccessibility of truth to the reason; and such a scepticism, while it logically involves the completest negation of knowledge, has before now been made the basis of a pseudo-supernaturalism, or plea for an infallible authority, that must reveal and authenticate truth, if truth is ever to become or remain man’s. This was the scepticism with which Cardinal Newman was charged, and it was held significant, not simply for his personal history, but also for the movement so inseparably connected with his name; and his last paper is as signal an illustration of its presence and action as is to be found in all his writings. The attempt to prove this will be my reply to Dr. Newman, and it will also include a reply to Dr. Barry’s vigorous defence of him.

II.

Dr. Newman’s reply, then, is so without relevance to the original criticism, save in the way of illustration and confirmation,

* CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, October, p. 457.

† Ibid. p. 466.

that it may be well to attempt to make the real point at issue clear and explicit. He speaks of me as having been "misled by the epithets which he had attached in the 'Apologia' to the Reason." * The epithets had nothing whatever to do with the matter; all turned on the substantive or material idea. The criticism was simply an endeavour to determine, on the one hand, how Cardinal Newman conceived the Reason and the Conscience in themselves and in relation to the knowledge of God; and, on the other hand, how these conceptions affected or regulated the movement of his mind from Theism to Catholicity. Stated in another form, the question is this: How is knowledge of religious truth possible? What are the subjective conditions of its genesis and continuance? How and whence does man get those principles which are the bases of all his thinking concerning religion? and in what relations do they and the reason, at first, and throughout their respective histories, stand to each other? It is the old problem, under its highest and most complex aspect, as to the grounds and conditions of knowledge, how it is ever or anywhere possible? The older empiricism said: All knowledge is resolvable into sensuous impressions and the ideas which are their faint image or copy. There are no ideas in the mind till the senses have conveyed them in; it is but a sheet of white paper till the outer universe has by the finger of sense written on it those mysterious hieroglyphs which constitute our intelligible world. But the critical transcendentalism replied: The impression explains nothing—must itself be explained: how is it that it becomes rational, an intelligible thing? The mind and the sheet of white paper differ thus—the paper receives the character, but the mind reads it; indeed the character would have no being save in and through the reading of the mind. It is clear, therefore, that we must get before and below the impression to thought, which is by its forms and categories constituted, as it were, the interpreter of the impression, the condition of its being intelligible. Without a constitutive and interpretative Reason, the world that speaks to the senses would be no reasonable world.

Now, Cardinal Newman may be described as, by virtue of his doctrine of the Reason, an empiricist in the province of religious truth. The Reason is, as he is fond of saying, "a mere instrument," unfurnished by Nature, without religious contents or function, till faith or conscience has conveyed into it the ideas or assumptions which are the premisses of its processes, and with religious character only as these processes are conducted in obedience to the moral sense or other spiritual authority. It is to him no constitutive or architectonic faculty, with religious truth so in it that it is bound to seek and to conceive religious truth without it; but it is as regards Religion simply

idle or vacant till it has received and accepted the deliverances of conscience, which stand to it much as Hume conceived his "impressions" and their corresponding "ideas" to stand related to mind and knowledge. But, then, to a reason so constituted and construed how is religious knowledge possible? How can religion, as such, have any existence, or religious truth any reality? What works as a mere instrument never handles what it works in; the things remain outside it, and have no place or standing within its being. And hence my contention was and is, that to conceive reason as Dr. Newman does is to deny to it the knowledge of God, and so to save faith by the help of a deeper unbelief.

III.

1. I repeat, then, the doctrine of the reason Cardinal Newman stated in the October number of this REVIEW is precisely the doctrine on which my criticism was based, and it is essentially, in the philosophical sense, a sceptical doctrine. But let us see how he formulates it. Here is what may be regarded as his earliest statement, with his later notes incorporated:—

"There is no necessary connection between the intellectual and moral principles of our nature¹ [That is, as found in individuals, in the concrete.]; on religious subjects we may prove anything or overthrow anything, and can arrive at truth but accidentally, if we merely investigate by what is commonly called reason² [Because we may be reasoning from wrong principles, principles unsuitable to the subject-matter reasoned upon. Thus, the moral sense, or 'spiritual discernment' must supply us with the assumptions to be used as premisses in religious inquiry.], which is in such matters but the instrument, at best, in the hands of the legitimate judge, spiritual discernment.*

Here is his latest statement, which will be found in everything material identical with the earliest:—

"In its versatility, its illimitable range, its subtlety, its power of concentrating many ideas on one point, it (the reason) is for the acquisition of knowledge all-important or rather necessary, with this drawback, however, in its ordinary use, that in every exercise of it, it depends for success upon the assumption of prior acts similar to that which it has itself involved, and therefore is reliable only conditionally. Its process is a passing from an antecedent to a consequent, and according as the start so is the issue. In the province of religion, if it be under the happy guidance of the moral sense, and with teachings which are not only assumptions in form, but certainties, it will arrive at indisputable truth, and then the house is at peace; but if it be in the hands of enemies, who are under the delusion that its arbitrary assumptions are self-evident axioms, the reasoning will start from false premisses, and the mind will be in a state of melancholy disorder. But in no case need the reasoning

* "University Sermons," p. 55. The notes are added, for here, as elsewhere throughout the volume, they are significant by their very limitations. They may qualify the text, explain a term or a phrase, protest against a given inference or result; but they never either modify or alter the radical doctrine. These notes are needed to elucidate the criticism, for nothing has been more helpful to it than a minute and comparative study of them.

faculty itself be to blame or responsible, except if viewed as identical with the assumptions of which it is the instrument. I repeat, it is but an instrument; as such I have viewed it, and no one but Dr. Fairbairn would say as he does—that the bad employment of a faculty was a ‘division,’ a ‘contradiction,’ and ‘a radical antagonism of nature,’ and ‘the death of the natural proof’ of a God.”*

2. Now, I do not wish to be minute in my criticism, and argue that if reason, “in every exercise of it, depends for success on the assumption of prior acts similar to that which it has itself involved,” then the genesis and very being of reason are inconceivable, for we are landed in the notion of an infinite series. As to Hume, man was a succession or series of “impressions and ideas;” so to Newman, reason, as mere faculty of reasoning, is a series of “antecedents and consequents;” the difficulty in both cases is the same, to find how the series began, and how, having begun, it has developed into what it is. But without resorting to minute analysis, we may begin with the last sentence of the above quotation; and concerning it, it is enough to say, Dr. Fairbairn never said any such thing, or, meaning what he did and does, could have said it. His criticism referred not to the employment of the faculty, but to the doctrine of the faculty, which determined its use; and this latest statement seems expressly designed to elucidate and justify the criticism. For reason, as here described, is condemned, in all that concerns the higher problems and fundamental verities of thought, to incapacity and impotence. It is emptied of those constitutive and constructive qualities that make it a reason, and by being reduced to a mere ratiocinative instrument, its very ability to handle religious principles, even in a ratiocinative process, is denied. For the reasoning process, to be valid, must proceed from principles valid to the reason; but to be so valid they must be more than deliverances or assumptions coming to it *ab extra*; they must have a root in its own nature, and be inseparable from the very being of thought. To use principles truly, one must be able to judge concerning their truth, and how can a reason truly and justly act, even as a mere instrument of inference, on the basis of premisses it neither found, nor framed, nor verified, being indeed so constituted as to be unable to do any one of these things. Reason, then, can be ratiocinative only as it is constitutive; we must have truth of thought that we may know or possess truth of being. The getting of principles is a more vital matter than the reasoning concerning them, and if the constitutive or formulative and determinative factor be made not only distinct from, but independent of, the dialectic and deductive, how can they ever be made to agree, save by the subordination or

* CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, pp. 459–460. A few more instances from the “University Sermons,” of Dr. Newman’s use of the term Reason, may be added to those he has himself given; they ought to be studied with the “Catholic Notes,” pp. 58, § 4; 60–61, § 7; 65, 67, 70, 73, 88, 179, 194–195, 214–215.

enslavement of the one to the other? And even then they will not agree, for the principles cannot signify the same thing to faculties that are not only distinct, but, as realized in the living person, without "necessary connection." The dictate of the conscience changes its nature when it becomes the axiom of the reason; the "categorical imperative" ceases to be the moment it is translated into a speculative or intellectual truth. It may—it must—be true that the man who is deaf to the voice of conscience cannot reason rightly in religious matters; but it is no less true that the man who doubts or misuses his reason cannot hear or be enlightened by his conscience. The only justification of Cardinal Newman's doctrine would have been the reduction of conscience and reason to a higher unity; his last condemnation is his distinction and division of the faculties, for it involves our nature in a dualism which makes real knowledge of religious truth impossible; there is unity neither in the man who knows nor in the truth as known. For, make a present of true premisses to a faculty merely ratiocinative, and they will be to it only as algebraic symbols, not as truths of religion; its deductive process may be correct, but it will have no religious character. But to a reason without religious character, unable to construe religious truths for what they really are, there can be no legitimate reasoning concerning religion; truth is inaccessible to it, and it is incompetent to the discovery and determination of truth. This is philosophical scepticism, and if, to avoid the logical issue, the truth denied to the reason is granted to the conscience, and is, on its simple authority, to be accepted as a "magisterial dictate," then a "division," or "radical antagonism of nature," is introduced, which is "the death of the natural proof" for the being of a God, and of all the primary truths of religion. This, and no other, was my original criticism of Cardinal Newman, and this, confirmed and illustrated by his latest statement, is my criticism still.

IV.

1. Now, this very doctrine of the reason, with its varied limitations and applications, is the heart and essence of the whole matter; it is, in the proper philosophical sense, both empirical and sceptical. It is a doctrine of impotence; the reason is by its very nature disqualified from ever attaining the knowledge of religious truth, as religious; it is a doctrine of nescience, for religious knowledge is, from its very nature, unable to get within, and be really assimilated by, a reason which is a mere inferential or syllogistic instrument. Dr. Newman is very angry at my speaking of his "ultimate ideas, or the regulative principles of his thought," or simply his "underlying philosophy;" and he declares that from "leading ideas" and "fundamental principles" he has "all through his life shrunk, as

sophistical and misleading."* Well, it may be so, and if it is so, many things that have been a perplexity to people would be explained. But it is possible that if Dr. Newman had been described as a person without "fundamental" or "regulative principles," he would have been angrier still, and with more reason. However, the matter need not be any further disputed; what was meant by his "underlying philosophy" is just this doctrine which he has anew stated and maintained. What was meant by it as "a regulative principle of his thought" was that it exercised over his mind, its dialectic and dialectical method, precisely the sort of influence he has endeavoured to explain and illustrate. Now, what I ventured to say before, I am by the new light the more emboldened to repeat, that this fundamental principle determined, in a way not written in the "Apologia," his whole inner history. He not only doubted the reason, but he mocked and scorned all who sought to enlist it in the service of religion.† It was to him no witness or oracle of God, but simply a servant, whose duty was to obey, and whose only virtue was obedience. Here from the critical year 1841 is a significant passage, one out of many, illustrative of how little the empirical and instrumental reason, as he conceived it, had of God, and how little it could find Him in the Nature it was called to interpret:—

The whole framework of nature is confessedly a tissue of antecedents and consequents; we may refer all things forwards to design, or backwards on a physical cause. Laplace is said to have considered he had a formula which solved all the motions of the solar system; shall we say that those motions came from this formula or from a Divine Fiat? Shall we have recourse for our theory to physics or to theology? Shall we assume Matter and its necessary properties to be eternal, or Mind with its divine attributes? Does the sun shine to warm the earth, or is the earth warmed because the sun shines? The one hypothesis will solve the phenomena as well as the other. Say not it is but a puzzle in argument, and no one ever felt it in fact. So far from it, I believe that the study of Nature, when religious feeling is away, leads the mind, rightly or wrongly, to acquiesce in the atheistical theory, as the simplest and easiest. It is but parallel to that tendency in anatomical studies, which no one will deny, to solve all the phenomena of the human frame into material elements and powers, and to dispense with the soul. To those who are conscious of matter, but not conscious of mind, it seems more rational to refer all things to one origin, such as they know, than to assume

* CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, p. 467.

† See, for example, as applying the principles of the "University Sermons" to contemporary mind and literature, the following Essays:—"Introduction of Rationalistic Principles into Revealed Religion" (1835). This is practically a review, hard and unsympathetic, of Jacob Abbott and Thomas Erskine of Linlathen. "Apostolical Tradition" (1836); "Milman's View of Christianity" (1841), a review of his "most dangerous and insidious" History; "Private Judgment" (1841). This latter is, in particular, instructive and suggestive. These are reprinted in the "Essays, Critical and Historical." Another and even more illustrative paper is "The Tamworth Reading-room": in "Discussions and Arguments," art. iv. This contains the famous letters of "Catholicus" against Sir Robert Peel and Lord Brougham.

the existence of a second origin, such as they know not. It is religion, then, which suggests to science its true conclusions; the facts come from knowledge, but the principles come of faith.*

In this passage, where statement and argument are alike logical results of the implied philosophy of mind, the attitude of the intellectual sceptic is admirably stated; either alternative is consonant to reason, though the negative is rather the more consonant. If reason stands alone, the conclusion will be nescience. It is all a matter of feeling or faith; if it be away, "the study of nature" will lead to acquiescence "in the atheistical theory;" if it be present, the reference will be to the being of God. Dr. Newman elsewhere quotes a doctrine which Hume "has well propounded," though he did it but "in irony":—"Our most holy religion is founded on *faith*, not on reason."† The irony of Hume is the good faith of Newman; while their creeds so differ, their philosophies so agree, that if the sceptic had ever attempted an apology for religion, he would have made it in the manner and on the lines and with all the implicates and inferences of the Catholic.

2. Nature, then, had not simply to the logical and inferential reason, but, even so far as he allowed it, to the constructive and interpretative, no necessary theistic meaning. As he himself says, "Take the system of nature by itself, detached from the axioms of religion, and I am willing to confess—nay, I have been expressly urging—that it does not force us to take it for *more* than a system."‡ Whence, now, the axioms of religion which were needed to make our view of nature theistic? As they had no ground in the reason, they had to be given—*i.e.*, received on the authority either of conscience or of revelation. If it accepted their *dicta*, it was religious; if it was without or averse to them, it was atheistic. This is the thesis of the most remarkable of his "University Sermons;" it comes out in his account of what he calls the Divinity of Traditionary Religion, which explains what is true in the various faiths by all men having had "more or less the guidance of tradition, in addition to those internal notions of right and wrong which the Spirit has put into the heart of each individual."§ It appears too instructively in his doctrine of private judgment, whose pro-

* "The Tamworth Reading-room": "Discussions and Arguments," pp. 299-300, 4th edition. To this remarkable passage Dr. Newman has appended the following note:—"This is too absolute, if it is to be taken to mean that the legitimate, and what may be called the objective conclusion from the fact of Nature, viewed in the concrete, is not in favour of the Being and Providence of God" (*vide* "Essay on Assent," pp. 336, 345, 369; and "Univ. Sermon," p. 194). But this, like the other "Catholic Notes," changes the doctrine in no material respect; it simply protests what the author did not wish to mean.

† "University Sermons," p. 60.

‡ "Discussions and Arguments," p. 302. The italics are his own.

§ "The Arians in the Fourth Century," pp. 79-80 (4th ed.).

vince he defines as being to exercise itself upon this simple question, "What and where is the Church?" We are not to think of gaining religious truth for ourselves by our "private examination," but ought only to ask, "Who is God's prophet, and where? Who is to be considered the voice of the Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church?" * It obtained its perfect and logical expression in the argument which proved an infallible authority necessary alike to the being of religion and the Church:—†

"As the essence of all religion is authority and obedience, so the distinction between natural religion and revealed lies in this, that the one has a subjective authority and the other an objective. Revelation consists in the manifestation of the Invisible Divine Power, or in the substitution of the voice of a Lawgiver for the voice of conscience. The supremacy of conscience is the essence of natural religion: the supremacy of Apostle, or Pope, or Church, or Bishop, is the essence of revealed; and when such external authority is taken away, the mind falls back again upon that inward guide which it possessed even before Revelation was vouchsafed. Thus, what conscience is in the system of nature, such is the voice of Scripture, or of the Church, or of the Holy See, as we may determine it, in the system of Revelation. It may be objected, indeed, that conscience is not infallible; it is true, but still it is ever to be obeyed. And this is just the prerogative which controversialists assign to the See of St. Peter; it is not in all cases infallible, it may err beyond its special province, but it has ever in all cases a claim on our obedience," ‡

Now, these are only the logical sequences in the process which compelled Dr. Newman to hold Catholicism and Atheism the only real alternatives; but the compulsion came at every point from which he must allow me to call his "underlying philosophy," or simply, his doctrine which made the reason a mere ratiocinative faculty or deductive instrument, by nature void of God, and never able to know him directly or for itself.§ Its knowledge of religion being always indirect and inferential, "on grounds given," the supreme difficulty was with "the grounds," how to get them, then how to have them accepted, ratified, and obeyed. They were always giving way beneath analysis, or being departed from, or being superseded by "false," or "wrong," or "secular" premisses, which indeed ever seemed to be more easy of acceptance than the religious: in short, his principles of reasoning had no organic connexion with the principles of knowledge or reason. Reason to him had so little in it of the truth that it was as ready to become the instrument of "the false prophet" as of the true; to speak for the one was as congenial to its nature as to speak for the other. And so its natural inability was the source and basis

* "Private Judgment" (1841). "Essays Critical and Historical," vol. ii. pp. 353-355 (5th ed.).

† "The Development of Doctrine," pp. 124-125 (2nd ed.).

‡ "Essay on Development." 2nd edit. London, 1846. Pp. 124, 125.

§ "The knowledge of God is the highest function of our nature, and as regards that knowledge, reason only holds the place of an instrument." (Note in "University Sermons," p. 7.)

of its historical hostility to religion; the more it was degraded into an instrument, the more it revenged its degradation by becoming unstable, intractable, inimical. The more critical, "aggressive," or "captious" the reason became, the more imperial had to become the authority which supplied it with the "assumptions" or "axioms of religion;" and, as was inevitable, the more imperious the authority grew, the more "rebellious" grew the reason. The result was the one he has so well described in the now classic passage: "He came to the conclusion that there was no medium in true philosophy between Atheism and Catholicity."* But it was the philosophy that did it all, and on its truth depends the validity of the conclusion. Where reason is conceived as a mere instrument, so by nature without the knowledge of God that all it ever knows or determines concerning Him must proceed from principles given "on the simple word of the Divine Informant," named now Conscience, and now Tradition or the Church, then the alternatives—absolute authority or absolute negation—are inexorable. Nay, more, this doctrine, as is so well illustrated by his latest utterance, with its despair of all secular forces and his blind hope in ecclesiastical, is doubly determinative: it yields the theory, on the one hand, of the Church, and, on the other of "the False Prophet," or "human society," by whose action "error spreads and becomes an authority." The subjective is reflected in an objective dualism; the authoritative Church has its counterpart and contradiction in the authoritative world; each succeeds as it has its premisses or assumptions accepted by the reason as data for reasoning. And thus the notion that loses the immanence of God from the reason, loses the active presence of God from the collective history, and society of man. The scepticism of the theory on its subjective side has its correlative in the false supernaturalism of the objective; to dispossess reason of its divine contents is to deprive man, in his concrete historical being, of the natural presence and knowledge of God, and to limit God's action and activity to means that are all the more mechanical that they are conceived and described as supernatural.

v.

1. So far we have been concerned with the doctrine of the Reason—first in its intrinsic, and next in what may be termed its biographical significance; now we must look at it in its dialectic or apologetic. Cardinal Newman has of course challenged my interpretation of the "Grammar of Assent," and Dr. Barry thinks it "wanting in insight," and "decidedly, though not intentionally, unjust," due to my not having thrown myself "into the spirit of the work," or

* "Apologia," p. 198.

"viewed it from within." Now, it was because the work was criticised from the most internal of all standpoints, the biographical, that the criticism was what it was. The work cannot be understood alone; it were simply unintelligible to the man who did not know the writer and his history. It is, in a far deeper sense than the book that bears the title, an "*Apologia pro Vita Sua*"; and is as remarkable for what it does not as for what it does state and attempt. It holds the place in Newman's collective works that the "*Logic*" does in Mill's. In the latter, Mill applies his metaphysical doctrine to the discovery and determination of truth; in the "*Grammar*," Newman uses his philosophical doctrine to explain and vindicate the processes that involve and justify religious belief. He explains, indeed, his object as not "to set forth the arguments which issue in the belief" of certain doctrines, "but to investigate what it is to believe in them, what the mind does, what it contemplates, when it makes an act of faith."* But he confesses that to show what it is to believe, is, in a measure, to show "why we believe;" the one problem, indeed, is but the other in its most radical form. Now, the argument from first to last, and in all its stages, reposes on Cardinal Newman's distinctive doctrine of the reason; its inability to be more or other than a formal instrument is the keynote of the book. Reason is to him individual; "every one who reasons is his own centre; and no expedient for attaining a common measure of minds can reverse this truth."† In discussing "first principles," or "the propositions with which we start in reasoning on any given subject-matter," he says—

"Sometimes our trust in our powers of reasoning and memory—that is, our implicit assent to their telling truly—is treated as a first principle; but we cannot properly be said to have any trust in them as faculties. At most we trust in particular acts of memory and reasoning. We are sure there was a yesterday, and that we did this or that in it; we are sure that three times six is eighteen, and that the diagonal of a square is longer than the side. So far as this we may be said to trust the mental act by which the object of our assent is verified; but in doing so we imply no recognition of a general power or faculty, or of any capability or affection of our minds, over and above the particular act. We know, indeed, that we have a faculty by which we remember, as we know we have a faculty by which we breathe; but we gain this knowledge by abstraction or inference from its particular acts, not by direct experience. Nor do we trust in the faculty of memory or reasoning as such, even after that we have inferred its existence; for its acts are often inaccurate, nor do we invariably assent to them."‡

Now, it were a curious point to determine how trust of a "particular act" is possible without trust of the faculty that performs it. If we know a given act to be true, we must have a standard of truth; it is through the truthfulness of the faculty that we know the falsity or truth of its "particular acts." But the significance of the passage

* "*Grammar of Assent*," p. 99.

† *Ibid.* p. 345.

‡ *Ibid.* pp. 60-61.

does not lie in its inconsistencies, but in its positive doctrine. Reason is but an instrument, a faculty of reasoning, trustworthy in particular acts, not trustworthy throughout. Being so restricted a faculty, we owe to it little, not even the knowledge "that there are things existing external to ourselves." That is due to "an instinct" which we have in common with "the brute creation," and "the gift of reason is not a condition of its existence."* As with the belief in an external world, so with the belief in God; reason has nothing to do with either. "We begin to learn about God from conscience."† "Now certainly the thought of God, as theists entertain it, is not gained by an instinctive association of His presence with any sensible phenomena; but the office which the senses directly fulfil as regards creation, that devolves directly on certain of our mental phenomena as regards the Creator. Those phenomena are found in the sense of moral obligation."‡

2. Here, then, on the one hand we have the impotent and instrumental reason, which can never get to God, and is to be trusted only in "particular acts;" and, on the other hand, the capable and authoritative conscience, in which God directly is, and which is to be implicitly obeyed. And this dualism penetrates and pervades the whole book; its argument may be said to be its logical articulation. It is expressed in the distinctions between "notional and real apprehension," "notional and real assent," and between "inference and assent," and it underlies the cardinal doctrine of the "illative sense."§ That doctrine means that religion can never be handled on universal principles by a reason that may truly be termed universal, but must be left to the man so compacted of conscience and imagination as to have a sense for religion and for the determination of religious questions. If the idea of the reason had been larger and worthier, or if the relation between the reason and the conscience had been more organically conceived, so that the two had appeared as a unity, the whole argumentative structure, and the principles on which it is built, would have been different. As it is, religion never gets inside the reason, nor the reason inside religion. They are but formally related, never really or vitally connected. Dr. Newman may have a perfect right to limit the province and define the idea of reason in his own way; but then, the exercise of the right has laid him open to a criticism which apparently he has not understood, and which certainly he has said nothing to invalidate. If the reason plays no part in the genesis of the idea of God, it can play no part in its proof; but this position

* "Grammar of Assent," pp. 61, 62.

† Ibid. p. 63.

‡ Ibid. pp. 103, 104.

§ It is impossible to summarize here, or illustrate in needed detail, the significant positions in the chapters on Assent, Certitude, Inference, and the Illative Sense: an opportunity of developing their metaphysical basis, and illustrating its bearing on the argument, may yet be furnished.

involves the converse; the idea of God and the proofs of His being can never be real possessions of the reason. They remain without it, grounds or premisses for its dialectical exercise; they do not live within it, principles and laws of its very life. The philosophy that so construes the reason as to involve these consequences is sceptical; and this is the philosophy of "The Grammar of Assent."

VI.

But what significance has this extended criticism of Cardinal Newman? Dr. Barry has warned me not to identify him with the Catholic Church, for it cannot be identified with "any individual genius however great." * I never did nor ever meant so to identify him. The Catholic Church is greater than any theologian, but a theologian may also be greater than the Catholic Church. The Fathers do not belong to Rome, but to Christendom. Rome may have been in them, but more than Rome was there, elements larger and richer than she was able to assimilate. The earlier Greek Fathers had a nobler catholicity than she has reached; the men of the heroic age of the Greek Church had another and more generous anthropology, a freer and loftier ecclesiology than hers. Augustine, too, was greater than Catholicism, for while its developments have done the amplest justice to his ecclesiastical doctrine, they have failed to do equal justice to his theological. The official theology of Rome has more semi-Pelagian than Augustinian elements; the Augsburg Confession expresses in its doctrine of sin more truly and nearly the mind of Augustine than the Tridentine Canons; and Calvin is a better and more faithful exponent of him than either Bellarmine or Petavius. The Schoolmen, too, are in many ways ours: they are, in the widest sense, Catholic divines: the exclusive property of no Church, but the common possession of all. Nor would I identify too closely any modern official or apologetic divine with Catholicism. It has its own history of variations, and it would be no grateful task to write it. The distinction between Rome and Cardinal Newman was an explicit point in my criticism, necessary indeed to its force, and emphasized by the contrast between the causes of the Catholic revival in England and on the Continent. But he was selected as the leader and representative of that revival in the special form it here assumed—its real author and true embodiment, the man without whom it either would not have been, or could not have been what it was. If it is to be understood and critically appraised, it must be through the man that made it. The

* CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, November, p. 662. There are many things in his paper which I cannot accept, whether as representing my position, or in the reply to what it is supposed to be. In the remarks, for example (pp. 670-671), on the parallel and contrast between Newman and Kant, he has quite misapprehended Kant's position, and, as a consequence, the argument which was based upon it.

causes and influences that determined his mind belong, as it were, to its very essence—help us to see what meaning and worth it has for the spirit and thought of our time. He has told us by act and speech, in every variety of subtle argument and eloquent phrase, that Catholicism is the only secure and open haven for the doubt-driven and storm-tossed soul, that without it the faith and hope of the Christian centuries must be engulfed by the rising tides of negation and godlessness; but when we examine the reasons of his act and his peculiar speech, the bases of his argument and apologies, we find that they proceed from as deep a scepticism as the one he invites us to escape. He has lost God out of the reason and the realm of the reasonable, and thinks He is to be got back only as a *Deus ex machina*. To build a supernatural faith on a natural impotence seems to us a suicidal proceeding. We prefer to find God where he has not found Him, and build faith on the sanity of a human reason which is full of God and akin to the divine.

VII.

But now we are glad to escape from the ungracious work of analysis and criticism to freer and nobler fields of discussion. The questions which Dr. Barry has raised and so ably handled deserve a fuller treatment than is here possible; but this paper must not close without an attempt to meet the difficulties started by so frank and courteous an opponent. These may be reduced to two points: the relation, first, of the Church or Churches to religion; and next, of authority to religion, on the one hand, and to reason, on the other.

1. Dr. Barry criticizes severely some remarks of mine as to the Churches, and the idea of the Church.* We differ here indeed radically. To him the Church is equivalent to religion, co-extensive and identical with it; to me, whether it be conceived as one or as a multitude, it is but a means or agency for the realization of religion, to be judged by its character as means and its relation to its end. He says: "The Christian religion, as hitherto conceived, has been whatever else you please, but certainly an organized system of teaching, one Church or a hundred Churches, but always a body requiring from its members submission to Articles, or to the Bible as

* Dr. Barry is too honourable a critic wilfully to misrepresent the man he criticizes, but here is an admirable example of the art of controversial quotation. He represents me (p. 657) as saying—"That religion must be emancipated from the churches, since these have, on the whole, 'become simply the most irreligious of institutions, mischievous in the very degree of their power.'" Now here is the rather tame original of this rash and atrocious deliverance:—"The Churches are the means, but Religion is the end; and if they, instead of being well content to be and to be held means, good in the degree of their fitness and efficiency, regard and give themselves out as ends, then they become simply the most irreligious of institutions, mischievous in the very degree of their power." (CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, March, 1884, p. 354.)

cutting short disputes by virtue of its inspiration." * The Christian religion may indeed be so conceived, but not the religion of Christ. The Churches have given the former historical being, but they have been only attempts at the latter. Here, if anywhere, "the best is yet to be;" the conditions of realization, rather than the realization itself, are in process of becoming. In the New Testament no two ideas are more distinct than those of the kingdom of heaven or of God, and of the Church; they differ not only formally, but materially. The one is the idea Jesus most loves to state and to explain, that he has most often and variously illustrated by metaphor and parable, that He has steeped in the most august associations, made glorious to hope, beautiful by its promises, awful by its threatenings; the other He has but twice expressed, once in a casual way, and once solemnly in the address to Peter, yet in words that almost seem chosen with the view of accentuating its difference from the Kingdom. He builds the Church, but He founds the Kingdom; human agency may help in the one, but He alone is active in the other. The apostles plant churches, but not kingdoms; they ordain elders, but do not anoint kings. The Kingdom is universal, ethical, ideal, invisible, what already is, yet what is still to be. Men are to come from the East and West, and are to sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob in the Kingdom of God; the little child is in it as well as the grown man; the publican and sinner may enter before the Pharisee or Scribe. It is the possession of the poor in spirit and the persecuted; it is righteousness, joy, peace in the Holy Ghost;† it is inner, abides within men—is outer, working secretly like the leaven hidden in the meal; it is here and now, yet men are to pray, "Thy kingdom come." It ever moves in a circle of ideas that imply the sole sovereignty of God, the sphere where He reigns and men obey, and His rewards are unto the meek and the obedient. But to all this the idea of the Church stands in contrast: it is vast, visible, instrumental, the scene of varied human activities and agencies—a society men may constitute, order, and administer. The Church is a body, a building, a community. There are many churches; each city may have one or several; in them differences may emerge and disputes rage; man may rule or be ruled, excommunicate or be excommunicated. The Church was the favourite apostolic idea, as the Kingdom was Christ's; while He founded the Kingdom, the Apostles planted, not a Church, but churches. And while these were the means, Christ's was the end; the Kingdom was the religion, but the churches the method of its realization. It is an eternal ideal, ever in process of embodiment, doing its work by virtue alike of the immanence which makes it everywhere present and active, and of the

* CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, November, p. 657.

† Rom. xiv. 17.

transcendence which makes it a goal to be ever approached, yet never reached; they are historical facts and factors, working in the interests and for the realization of the ideal, creating the conditions needed for it, exhibiting the successive and progressive attempts at its achievement. To identify the churches with the religion is to commit a blunder of the first order; it is to lose the ideal of Jesus, to materialize the spiritual, to reduce to the forms of space and confine within the limits of time the infinite and the eternal. Such a view may be false—that has yet to be proved; but its idea of religion, its work and possibilities, are sublime enough to stand without shame in the presence of the most exalted doctrine of historical Christianity; and it does not lie open to Dr. Barry's criticism—nay, it deprives it of all its relevance. Means that become ends are mischievous; churches may claim to be “the Christian religion,” but we cannot allow them to be the religion of Christ.

2. But the other is the greater and graver question: How does authority stand related on the one hand to religion, and on the other to reason? Dr. Barry says that I have made an assault “upon authority itself, considered as the basis of revealed religion.” And he argues, in effect, thus: ‘If you admit the authority of Christ, you admit in principle the very thing you have been contending against. “There is no argument against an infallible Church that may not be directly turned against a visible Christ.” “If a dogmatic Church is unreasonable, a dogmatic or inspired Christ is unnecessary.”* Your position, therefore, is illogical, and from it there are only two logical issues: *either* maintain your polemic against authority as embodied in Rome, and reduce it to consistency and completeness by denying the authority of Christ; *or*, maintain the authority of Christ, and follow the principle to its legitimate and complete and most august expression in the Church of Rome. This is a fair *argumentum ad hominem*, and deserves careful and dispassionate discussion.

(i.) The whole argument is vitiated by an initial assumption—this, viz., that the two authorities are in nature and quality identical and equivalent. While in both cases the one word is used, it expresses two distinct and even opposed notions. There is no sense in which Rome is an authority that Christ is one; and no sense in which Christ is an authority that Rome is one. He is an authority in the sense that conscience is; it is an authority in the sense that the law and the legislature are authorities. His is personal, moral, living; its is organized, definitive, determinative, administrative. The authority which springs from a person, and is exercised through conscience, is the basis of freedom; but the authority of a judicial

tribunal or determinative conclave is its limitation or even abrogation. The one presents matter for interpretation and belief, but the other decides what is to be believed, and in what sense. The attribute or essential characteristic of Christ's authority as exercised and accepted is Sovereignty, but the attribute and note of the papal authority is Infallibility. Christ is not infallible in the papal sense, and the papal is not sovereign in the sense predicated of Christ. Christ defines no dogma, formulates no *ex cathedra* judgment concerning the mode in which his own person and the relation of the two natures must be conceived, or concerning the rank and conception of his mother, or indeed on any of those things on which Rome has most authoritatively spoken; while the methods of Rome in enforcing her decrees are those of a legal or judicial or institutional sovereignty. So absolute is the difference and so emphatic the contrast between the two authorities that we may say, to allow the sovereignty of Christ is to disallow the infallibility of Rome, and to adopt the latter is to exchange a moral supremacy, which permits no secular expedencies or diplomacies, for one legal and deliberative, which must be now rigid and now elastic as the public interests or the expedencies of the hour may demand. If, then, there is to be argument from the principle of authority, it must conduct to an entirely different conclusion from Dr. Barry's. If we accept authority as embodied in Rome, we cannot admit it as personalized in Christ; if we admit it as personalized in Christ, we cannot accept it as embodied in Rome. That we admit His, is no argument why we should admit another, but rather why no other should be admitted, especially as that other is entirely distinct in nature, opposite in kind, and incompatible in action. To supplement Christ by the Church is to substitute the Church for Christ, to pass from the freedom of a moral sovereignty to the bondage of a judicial infallibility. And so the most conclusive argument against an infallible Church is a sovereign Christ.

(ii.) "But this, it may be said, is to admit the very principle of authority against which you so strenuously contended; it is authority all the same, whether it be of Christ or the Church." But, as has just been argued, the difference between Christ and the Church makes their authorities altogether different. They can be compared only to be contrasted, and are related as the incompatible and the mutually exclusive. And this relation is due not to the antagonism of rival or opposed authorities akin in order or nature, but to the radical difference or essential incompatibility in character and kind of the authorities themselves. Authority as organized, legal, definitive, judicially and officially infallible, embodied in an episcopate or conclave or church, is one thing, and the authority, personal, moral, religious, which Jesus claimed, is another thing altogether; and the

very arguments which proved the former a violation of God's own order, prove the latter its highest expression or manifestation. I cannot allow, indeed, in Dr. Barry's sense of the word, that authority is "the basis of revealed religion." Revelation, but not authority, is the basis of all religion. Without the presence and action of God in nature, through reason, and on man, I could not conceive religion as existing at all. That it exists anywhere is to me evidence that God has been active there, seeking man, as man has been seeking Him. Whatever truth, is at any place or any moment found, comes from God, and reveals the God from whom it comes. But all His truth comes through persons, and the degree and quality of truth that so comes is the measure of the persons' authority. Belief is not grounded on authority, but authority is realized through belief. Jesus has authority over me because I believe in Him; I do not believe in Him because of His authority. His words become authoritative through faith; faith does not come because His words are authoritative. His sovereignty is felt to be legitimate and absolute because His absolute truth is recognized; and to this recognition, authority, in the Roman sense, not only does not contribute, but is through and through opposed. To believe in Christ because of the Church's decrees and determinations is to believe in the Church, not in Christ, and to accept its infallibility instead of His sovereignty. The authority based on truth as believed and loved, is in harmony with reason; the authority that claims to be the basis and infallible judge of truth, is contrary to it.

It is impossible indeed, in the few pages allowed me by the grace of the editor, to discuss these large questions. Enough to say, the Bible never was to Protestants an authority in a similar or even a kindred sense to that in which Rome was to Romanists. The difference comes out in its most manifest form in the so-called principle or doctrine of private judgment, which means that the Bible was, by its very nature, not a body of formal *ex cathedra* determinations, but, as it were, the home and source of the material that was to be determined by the living Christian spirit, as illumined and guided by the indwelling Spirit of God. To this position the exercise of the reason was a necessity; truth could be authoritative only as it was believed, and belief was possible only as the mind was convinced and satisfied. This does not mean that men must follow an argumentative process before they can believe, but it does mean that it is always their right and in certain cases may be their manifest duty so to do. In saying this we say that religion is truth, and has as truth nothing to fear from the freest exercise of the reason, though much to fear from the partial or prejudiced or sluggish intellect; that the only authority possible to it, or the persons who bring and realize it, is the sovereignty that comes of its

and their imperial and imperative truth. Such an attitude seems to me the only attitude that has living faith either in God or religion, either in Christ or His kingdom. If I read His mind aright, He would rather have His Church live face to face and contend hand to hand with the questioning and critical reason, than see it hedged round by the most peremptory and invulnerable infallibility. It is too wide and too comprehensive to be so hedged in, for now, as of old, God does not leave Himself anywhere without a witness. His lines have gone out through all the earth, and His word to the end of the world.

I wish it had been possible to end this paper here and thus. I have now, as before, studiously endeavoured to speak of Cardinal Newman, even while profoundly differing from him and severely judging the philosophic principles on which he has based his special Catholic apologetic, with all the respect and even reverence due to his great age, great services, and eminent saintliness; but he has been pleased to adopt in this case a method and style of controversy that might well provoke, and even justify, speech of another sort. He is the best judge of the spirit and manner that in such circumstances most become him, but I cannot follow him into the postscript he appended to his paper without a distinct and solemn protest. Passion, invective, and inuendo are things easily repaid in kind; but if the original use of them were unworthy, any imitation were unworthier still. What has to be said in correction will be said in the plainest possible way, in full remembrance that the person corrected is Cardinal Newman.

He says: that I have "after all" selected for adverse notice (over and above the "Apologia") only "some clauses in an Oratorian and two sentences in an Oxford Sermon" (p. 466). The facts are these: On the six pages which, in the May number of this REVIEW, are more specially devoted to the discussion of Dr. Newman's position, there are twenty-four references to his works, the list including the "Apologia," "The Grammar of Assent," "University Sermons," "Discourses to Mixed Congregations," and the "Letter to the Duke of Norfolk." Every one of these references seemed and seem to me necessary to the criticism.

He says of the criticism on the "Grammar of Assent," "not a shred of quotation is given to support this charge, not a single reference" (p. 467). True, so far as the selected sentences are concerned; but on the preceding pages there are, bearing directly on the criticism and leading up to it, nine references to the "Grammar."

He says again: "At the end of it, instead of such necessary proof, a sentence is tacked on to it, which after some search I found, not in the essay on Assent, but in one of my sermons, written above

thirty years before, taken out of its context, and cut off from the note upon it which I had added in its Catholic edition." At the bottom of the page a reference to the sermons, in the Catholic edition too, is given, and a further reference for comparison to a remark by Mr. Lilly on the passage and its note.

I feel humiliated at having to notice at the end of a grave discussion such things as these, but they were the weapons Cardinal Newman used, demanding and receiving notice only because they were his. Worthier are the five instances of what he considers specific misconception or misrepresentation; but if, instead of attempting to rebut the criticisms of a man "whose own opinions, to tell the truth," he had "not a dream of" (p. 461), he had done something to understand the critic and his criticism, even these charges would not have been made—at least, not in their present form. In no one of these five instances would I allow his construction to be correct. It was in Dr. Newman's choice to intervene or not in this controversy, but it is not in his choice to be allowed, unchallenged, to intervene on false grounds. He has closed with one epilogue, I might retort with another; but, instead, I will utter no word that would rebuke the feeling, which has never, amid all this severe and adverse criticism, died from my heart, of grateful reverence for John Henry Cardinal Newman.

A. M. FAIRBAIRN.

TWO .SONGS.

BELOVED.

MORTAL, if thou art beloved,
Life's offences are removed ;
And the fateful things that checked thee,
Hallow, hearten, and protect thee.
Grow'st thou mellow ? What is age ?
Tinct on life's illumined page,
Where the purple letters glow
Deeper, painted long ago.
What is sorrow ? Comfort's prime,
Love's choice Indian summer clime.
Sickness !—thou wilt pray it worse
For so blessed balmy nurse.
And for death !—when thou art dying
'Twill be Love beside thee lying.
Death is lonesome ? Oh, how brave
Shows the foot-frequented grave !
Heaven itself is but the casket
For Love's treasure, ere he ask it,—
Ere with burning heart he follow,
Piercing through corruption's hollow.
If thou art beloved, oh then
Fear no grief of mortal men.

YOUTH AND AGE.

WHEN high Zeus first peopled earth,
 As sages say,
 All were children of one birth—
 Helpless nurslings! Doves and bees
 Tended their soft infancies :
 Hand to hand they tossed the ball ;
 And none smiled to see the play,
 Nor stood aside
 In pride
 And pleasure of their youthful day.
 All waxed gray,
 Mourning in companies the winter dearth.
 Whate'er they saw befall
 Their neighbours, they
 Felt in themselves : so lay
 On life a pall.

Zeus at the confusion smiled
 And said : " From hence
 Man by change must be beguiled :
 Age with royalties of death,
 Childhood sweeter than its breath
 Will be won, if we provide
 Generations' difference."
 Wisely he planned ;
 The tiny hand
 In eld's weak palm found providence ;
 And each through influence
 Of things beholden and not borne grew mild :
 Youths, by the old man's side,
 Their turbulence
 To crystal sense
 Saw clarified.

MICHAEL FIELD.

GOVERNMENT IN THE UNITED STATES.

THE events which followed upon the Civil War have turned the attention of Europe to the United States in a manner previously unknown. The results of that war in forms which probably had entered into the imagination of very few Europeans, the immense development of material wealth, the vast and increasing westward exodus from Europe, which, if it furnishes to some countries an outlet for their surplus population, causes uneasiness to others by diminishing the supply of food for powder, and with all this, strange tales of political corruption and social disorganization, perhaps a not unwelcome ingredient in a picture otherwise not wholly agreeable—these things have aroused a consciousness of a very important factor in the world's affairs making its way to the front.

Observers of the first rank—Herbert Spencer, Matthew Arnold, James Bryce, F. A. Freeman, &c.—have thought it worth while to give a little serious study to social and political phenomena, in a different spirit from the contemptuous caricaturists who in former days alone honoured us with their attention. It is curious to follow the puzzled and uncertain steps of all these writers in their efforts to generalize from details, to observe their difficulty in reconciling so much of thrift, sobriety and intelligence, with such looseness, not to say offensiveness, of social and political organization, such widespread suspicion of corruption in public bodies with such apparent respectability of most of the members, in explaining why it is that, among such a mass of conservative and well-intentioned citizens, the control of politics should have everywhere fallen into the hands of a small number of organized wire-pullers and intriguers.

I have thought that a contribution to the discussion might not be unwelcome from one who has for many years studied the subject on

the spot, with a strong love for and faith in the future of his country, but with freedom, as he hopes, at least from such settled prejudice as might affect the impartiality of his conclusions.

The first thing to be noted is that the political history and condition of the United States are not regulated by any exceptional laws unlike those prevailing elsewhere. They are perfectly consistent developments of principles which are visible through the whole at least of the modern history of Europe, though applied under different conditions. It will be necessary, therefore, to cast a glance at this history, not for the purpose of presenting anything new, but as showing the standpoint from which we are to regard American affairs.

Under the feudal system of the Middle Ages we see a multitude of nearly independent nobles, each with his band of armed retainers, making constant war upon each other, and oppressing the peaceful portion of the community. This became so intolerable that the people lent their aid to the strongest or most popular of these nobles in crushing his rivals or reducing them to subjection, and thus establishing a government strong enough to protect its subjects from all oppression but its own. This process took place over nearly all Europe at the same time. The Tudors in England; Louis XI., followed by Richelieu, in France; Ferdinand and Isabella in Spain; the Ivans in Russia;—all accomplished the same work within a century and a half. It was because no power arose in Germany and Italy strong enough to do this, that those countries remained divided into fractions, and have been going through, *mutatis mutandis*, in the last quarter of a century just what other parts of Europe experienced three hundred years ago. Despotism, however, backed by standing armies, produced abundant evils of its own, and modern political history may be said to consist in the struggle to limit the executive power without destroying it. For the destruction of executive power means anarchy, and anarchy, where there is anything like density of population, means a swift and sure return to despotism.

Of the three branches into which government, according to the modern view, is divided, the executive is the only one which is absolutely essential. "Armies," says Macaulay, "have been victorious under bad generals. No army was ever victorious under a debating club." In like manner, governments have been fairly well conducted where executive, legislative, and judicial powers were all represented by one man. No government has ever been able permanently to maintain itself where a numerous legislature has taken upon itself directly the work of administration. It is a very simple proposition that a people cannot govern themselves. No matter how great may be their virtue or intelligence or education, it is impossible for millions of units to agree upon complex details of policy or

administration.* Baffled at every turn, they become discouraged and apathetic, fall a prey to demagogues and intriguers, and at length seek protection in the strong hand from insult and plunder.†

It is not at first sight so obvious, while it is yet perfectly true, that a legislature is almost as incompetent to govern as a people. Its members have a much more present sense of their private interests and those of the local constituencies, than of the interests of the whole people. The temptation to self-assertion, unaccompanied by responsibility, is very great; and, apart from these things, honest difference of opinion is enough to paralyze action. The intriguer again finds his opportunity; what was at first only helplessness becomes corruption, and the people, disgusted with their representatives, are only too ready to listen to any adventurer who has a genius for organizing strong administration.

Hence it is that the progress of popular government, in fact the political history of the nineteenth century, turns upon the efforts of the various nations to establish governments strong enough to protect their citizens, and yet compelled by responsibility to public opinion to use their power for the best welfare of the whole nation. If the people are unable directly to govern themselves, it is equally true that they do not wish to govern. They very much prefer to attend to their private affairs and to have their governing done for them. A legislature, on the other hand, distinctly does wish to govern. To use the words of the late Mr. Bagehot, "A legislative chamber is greedy and covetous; it acquires as much, it concedes as little as possible. The passions of its members are its rulers: the law-making faculty, the most comprehensive of the imperial faculties, is its instrument; it will *take* the administration if it can take it." Though the danger is less obvious, encroachment by the legislature upon the executive is just as certain to be attempted as the contrary. If in this battle the executive wins, government is possible, though it may be bad; if the legislature wins, government becomes in the long run impossible. Popular government therefore, if it is to justify its existence in the world, will have not merely to do that at which it has hitherto chiefly aimed, the providing an effective control of the executive power, but the still more difficult task which has hardly received any attention at all, that of taking security against the ambition of legislatures.

The first, the longest, and the most successful experiment in the direction indicated has been made in Great Britain, and it is hardly

* Compare Mr. Spencer's reply (CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, January 1883) to the inquiry, "But will not education, the diffusion of political knowledge, fit men for free institutions?"

† Perhaps it is the observation of this tendency which led to Mr. Spencer's remark, that the American people, with all their material progress, seem to be "gradually losing their freedom."

an exaggeration to say that the world owes more to the experience thus gained than to that of all other governments together.

After the uprising against arbitrary power which ended with the execution of Charles the First, the Long Parliament tried to govern. It was probably as good a body of men as the country could produce, but through its jealousies and distractions and want of administrative unity it failed, as legislatures trying to govern always have failed, and always will fail.

Cromwell was not an accident, but a necessity, and if it had not been he, it would have been somebody else. After his death the need of a strong executive brought back the Stuarts, while on the expulsion of James II. the recurrence of anarchy was obviated by the importation, if I may use the word, of William and Mary. Then began the development of the great principle of the modern British Constitution, that the sovereign reigns but does not govern, under which power almost despotic is entrusted to the Ministry of the day, so long as they command the confidence of Parliament and the country; while, when they lose it, they can be displaced, and a policy of government exactly contrary be entered upon, without the violent revolution involved in a change of dynasty. Through the working of this principle, all the great reforms of this century have been brought about peacefully and without bloodshed, while in no other country have they been attained, even in part, unless at the expense of disastrous wars. Those who have fully studied its operation will look forward without fear to two other victories which it has yet to achieve, in the relation to Ireland and in the tenure of land. The names of Walpole, Chatham, Pitt, Peel, Palmerston, Beaconsfield, and Gladstone, represent the real government of Great Britain much more than do those of the kings and queens. By giving their adhesion to executive leaders who represent certain principles, the mass of the people are exempted from the necessity of agreement as to the details of application of these principles; while through those leaders they can compel the legislature to purity and moderation, to efficiency and progress.

The parallelism of modern English and French history illustrates the principles which underlie both. The execution of Louis XVI. corresponds to that of Charles I. The National and Legislative assemblies failed precisely as the Long Parliament failed, though in a degree more disastrous in proportion to the differing circumstances. The same cause which in England produced Cromwell, in France produced Napoleon, after an intermediate and abortive attempt by Robespierre. The fall of Napoleon involved the return of the Bourbons, just as the death of Cromwell did that of the Stuarts. The flight of Charles X. and the succession of the Orleans dynasty answer again to those of James II. and William and Mary; but here the parallel

ceases. The objective point of the subsequent history has indeed been the same, the arriving at a working relation between executive and legislature, but with very different success. There was no element in France to enforce upon Louis Philippe the parliamentary control which laid under William III. the foundations of the future structure, and if Louis Philippe and Guizot were less arbitrary than Charles X. and James II. they had to do with a people who, with the memory of 1789, were much less patient than the English of the Revolution. The events of 1848 covered many important lessons, but none more so than the enforcement of the old one, that a legislature cannot govern, and that a strong executive is a political necessity for any society, but especially for a democratic society. France paid dearly enough in the next twenty years for this experience, but only a determined pessimist can say, under the Third Republic, that she has learned nothing. The English institution of a responsible ministry, which, by the way, all European countries in their constitutional experiments have been obliged to adopt, has had an honest and upon the whole a fair trial. The obstacles—and they are such as must cause the gravest anxiety to all friends of true liberty—have arisen from the old abuse, the encroachment of the chambers on the executive, and notably in the matter of finance. Parties are so broken up that no ministers can command more than a momentary majority, and the executive is thus rendered weak and fluctuating. These parties have not learned what two centuries have taught the English, that to secure success they must submit in minor details with strict discipline to the leaders whom they have chosen, demanding only that those leaders shall in general represent their principles. It is the political education of the people and their interest in public affairs, as yet in infancy in France, which must be looked to to obtain this result.*

The course of events in Italy points in the same direction. There is the same fractional division of parties, the same instability of ministries, and the same fluctuation of executive administration, modified to some extent by the practical common-sense which seems to be a marked quality of the Italians.

This brief summary leads us again to affairs in the United States. It is to be noted that, unlike all European countries, there has been, either in the Federal government or in those of the States, nothing like a strong executive. The greatest difficulty felt by General Washington during the War of the Revolution was from the incoherent and discordant action of Congress and the different colonial legislatures, and it was to obviate this, which threatened the ruin of the old Confederation, that the Constitution of the United States was adopted.

* Compare in this connection the interesting article of M. Jules Dietz in the *Fortnightly* for December 1882.

On paper a single executive head was provided for, and that instrument expressly declares that the three branches, executive, legislative, and judicial, should be kept independent of each other. In practice the legislature, by a steady process of absorption, has taken possession of almost all the powers of the executive, and is fast assuming those of the judiciary. An impression prevails in Europe that the President has powers almost exceeding those of any crowned head. Nothing can be farther from the truth. He has, indeed, great power if he will use it in submission to the dictates of members of the legislature. If he attempts to assert his independence, he finds himself as helpless as the lion of the fable in the meshes of the net. The recent American novel, "Democracy," has excited some attention in England, and is discussed in an article in the *Fortnightly* by Mr. Bryce. Though written in a spirit of bitter hostility and unfairness, it contains much of truth. Readers of that novel will remember what an insignificant and contemptible position the President occupies in the hands of a man like Senator Radcliffe. It is substantially true of every President, with the single exception, for reasons to be hereafter stated, of Mr. Lincoln.

The methods by which this result has been brought about are chiefly two. Every foreigner who examines our government is struck, and apparently puzzled, by the fact that the Cabinet officers are wholly excluded from appearing in Congress, and from any share in the debates upon or the guidance of legislation. Mr. Bagehot, in his work on the English Constitution, after explaining that its keystone, the pivot upon which it turns, is the institution of a responsible Ministry, proceeds to assume that the presence of the Cabinet officers in Congress is prohibited by our Constitution—an impression shared by most if not all European writers—and argues that even if it were not, it would not be possible under what he calls the Presidential system. There is something triumphant in the tone with which he declares, in effect, "The Americans have many excellent things, but this they have not and cannot have." As to his second point, a responsible Ministry seems to be perfectly practicable under the Presidential system in France. The defects of its operation arise, as I have already remarked, from the fact that the executive has not yet been able to assert itself as against the legislature. If it ever does so within constitutional limits, it will be through this very institution which Mr. Bagehot rates so highly. In point of fact, the Constitution of the United States contains no such prohibition. The Cabinet is as completely unknown to it as the kindred element was unknown formerly to the British Constitution. Its organization was a subsequent administrative arrangement. At the time of the first Congress, President Washington, accompanied by the Secretary of State, Gen. Knox, appeared more than once on the floor of the

Senate, and took part in the discussion. When Alexander Hamilton, the Secretary of the Treasury, sent word to the House of Representatives that, in accordance with their direction, he had prepared a report upon the finances, he asked whether they would receive it orally or in writing. In the debate which followed it was urged that members could not understand the report unless it was explained orally; and on the other side that, if it was printed, members could take it home and study it. It seems obvious enough that both methods might have been combined with advantage. But the sure instinct, which prompts a legislature to contract as far as possible the powers of the executive, led to a vote in favour of written communication exclusively, and that vote settled the practice to this day. Just as a vote of Congress established the practice, a vote of Congress can reverse it at any time; but the same motives which then prevailed, backed by confirmed tradition, make Congress unwilling to consider the subject.

The second expedient for a legislative control of the President is the requirement of confirmation of his executive appointments by the Senate. Originally this was applied to a small number of the principal officers, but the Senate has been constantly extending its claims till they now cover a considerable part of the whole executive offices, something like 100,000 in number. Almost every day, at the close of its public business, the Senate goes into what is called "executive session," in which with closed doors the party majority decides, without giving him or his advisers any hearing, upon the acceptance or rejection of the President's nominations. It is evident that to avoid the mortification of a rejection, he must make these with an eye to the favour of the Senate rather than to the public service, and without regard to the political jobbery or mutual trading which may influence that body.

A curious episode, from a political point of view, was furnished by the civil war. A legislature may for a while carry on government tolerably in time of peace, but there is one problem which it cannot manage, and that is war. Frightened by the public clamour, and utterly unable to deal with the situation, Congress virtually abdicated its powers, and voted obediently whatever the executive required. For four years the United States were governed, of course with the tacit consent of the people, by a practical military despotism. But no sooner was the war ended than Congress hastened to reassert itself by the impeachment of President Johnson and the passage of the "Tenure of Office Bill," according to which not only appointments to, but removals from, office were made dependent on the pleasure of the Senate. The fetters of the executive were riveted more strongly than ever.

In trying to make clear to English readers the consequences of

this subjection of the executive to legislative domination, I shall appeal to their imagination. Let them suppose that the Ministry never entered or had any voice in Parliament at all, and occupied merely the positions of permanent under-secretaries; and instead of the personal questions which are daily and publicly addressed to them, that no official inquiry could be made at all, unless upon an express resolution of a majority of the House, to which a written answer might be made after a greater or less interval of time, and giving as much or as little information as might be convenient. Let them suppose that when Parliament came together it found absolutely no preparation of public business, everything, even to the planning and course of policy on every subject, remaining to be determined; that when the House made choice of a Speaker, it elected not merely an officer to preside over its deliberations, but one who should have absolute power in making up the standing committees, with whom would rest almost the entire control of the government. Evidently he would be the most powerful individual in the government, yet without any direct responsibility for his actions. A candidate would almost inevitably try to secure support by promising places on important committees, while private interests, both in and outside the chamber, would intrigue to set up a puppet fitted to forward their purposes. The committees so formed would be upon all sorts of subjects, and wholly independent of each other; as, for example, a committee of ways and means for raising money, and another of appropriations for spending it, either paying very little regard to the other. This first stage in the organization of the House being passed, a deluge of bills and resolutions would pour in upon every conceivable subject, from refunding the public debt to a pension for some individual who had broken his leg in the public service. As there would be absolutely no authority to determine which of these should receive attention from the House, the whole mass must be referred to the various committees, with this important consequence, that only upon the report of a committee could anything be taken up by the House, thus furnishing the most dangerous facilities for intrigue in strangling legislation. These committees would deliberate in secret, the public knowing nothing of their motives and reasons of action, while around them would grow up what is known in Washington as the "lobby"—that is, a set of men making a profession for hire of influencing the committees. To these men, with their wits sharpened by long practice, with unlimited command of money and absolutely free from scruple, every member of Parliament would be known as soon as elected, and his character and antecedents, his circumstances, his weaknesses, and his vulnerable points, would be noted down with a view to future operations, and every expedient known to humanity be employed to bring him into subjection. A crowd of members, fresh from the

country, knowing little of each other, and finding no organization for defence, would be as helpless as sheep among wolves. While the committees were passing the winter in deliberation, the Parliament as a body would have no employment, and would probably verify another saying of Mr. Bagehot, that "if you gather together the ablest body of men and give them nothing to do, they will quarrel about that nothing." In the last few weeks of the session, the business which ought to have been discussed during the winter is just ready to come in. Reports of committees, often delayed on purpose by the lobby, pour in together. There is no time for debate. At the risk of stopping the wheels of government, the bills for revenue and expenditure must be passed, whatever provisions they may happen to contain. There is a confused rush, and those measures only become law which have had the greatest skill in intrigue applied in support of them. A farther stretch of imagination may picture the position of Ministers who should be obliged to work with legislation arrived at in this way. Much fault is found, and perhaps justly, with the slowness and procrastination of Parliament as it is. Compared with what it would become under a few years of such a régime as I have described, I believe it may be regarded as a miracle of promptness and efficiency. The purity of Parliament, in contrast with what existed a hundred years ago, is justly a source of pride to the British nation. If it were tried by only a short period of such temptations, the contrast might very easily be reversed. That there is really so little corruption in Congress is a very high testimony to the character of that body, and of the constituencies which elect it. I believe that direct personal corruption among members hardly exists at all. With the keenness of the newspaper press and the constituencies it would be too dangerous. The government is plundered indeed, shamelessly and outrageously, but it is through outside combinations working through the lobby upon the helplessness and want of organization of Congress. In the absence of executive power the government is not strong enough to protect itself.

But the whole story is not yet told. In a Parliament wholly without official leaders, and where all the members stood on a precisely equal footing, all personality would be lost. Business, both in the committees and the Houses, being a pure matter of majorities and minorities, might, as far as the information of the public is concerned, be conducted by day labourers as well as by so many Gladstones. Individuals of the Opposition can now enforce responsibility upon individual Ministers; but the minority of a body can never call the majority to account. That majority will, in place of any other answer, vote itself to be in the right. The tyranny of a majority tolerates criticism as little as the absolute chief of a standing army. The electors have therefore nothing to guide their choice.

No candidate can offer himself for their votes on the ground of what he has done or what he will do. The latter is no more under his control than the former. The election must therefore depend on other considerations. This brings me to speak of an institution which seems to be regarded by a large class in England as a pestilence imported from America—something like the Colorado beetle. Mr. Bryce has pointed out with much force the difference between the English and the American caucus, though I think without fully recognizing the causes of that difference. In England a candidate for Parliament presents himself before his constituents as the supporter of a particular set of ministers. As a Liberal or a Conservative, he represents a certain number of measures or a certain policy which those ministers are trying to carry out, and his actions and speeches and votes are all well known. Moreover, if one constituency does not want him, he can go to another, and there is always a competition for distinguished men. The caucus can do but little therefore in dictating the choice of men. On the other hand, it can watch the course of members, warn them of a divergence of practice from profession, and keep the constituencies informed as to what is going on. In the United States exactly the reverse is the case. Nobody embodies any policy of any kind. In the elections of all degrees, from the offices of the smallest village to that of President of the United States, there are preliminary meetings called conventions to nominate the party candidates. In the larger ones there is always a committee on resolutions, which are supposed to present the policy or platform of the party. It includes some general propositions, such as that “the tariff ought to be adjusted with a view to the best interests of the country,” or “the appointments in the civil service should be regulated by merit.” In fact, the platforms of both parties differ but little, unless in the use of language. But no man can show for the past, or promise with any degree of truth for the future, any definite and effective action towards putting these principles into practice. In this state of things, and with a salary besides attached to the office, honourable men cannot ask for election, and it has come to be regarded, to say the least, as indelicate to do so, while the choice is further hampered by the requirement, partly dependent upon custom and partly upon law, of the residence of a candidate in the state or district or city ward for which he is nominated. The caucus or convention has little or nothing to do with measures or policy. It is given up to nominating men, and as there is nothing to guide the nominations from above, they must be built up from below. Every inducement is given to designing men to work the caucus in favour of candidates who will reward their efforts with office or money. No inducement is given to virtuous citizens either to elect or be elected, because their efforts in the

public service cannot bear fruit. It often happens that the citizens of a particular district will with energetic efforts elect a man of high character, but it is always upon his private and not his public standing. His very virtues unfit him for the intrigue which is the only way of accomplishing even good work in Washington, and so, without any gain of influence or of reputation, he returns to his constituents discouraged and depressed, while they are too apt to share his feelings.*

I might go on to show how in all the states and cities of the Union the same process of usurpation of executive powers by the legislature has been going on till the science of administration in public affairs has almost been lost. It might also be of interest to trace in the political history of Great Britain and the United States in the last fifty years the operation of the general principles which have been laid down. To do this, however, would be beyond the limits of the present article. What I have tried to show is, that, although the character, the habits of self-government, and the material well-being of the American people, have enabled them to get on fairly well, it has been under methods of government which in any European country would produce a revolution within a year. The charges against universal suffrage, political equality, and the absence of a governing class, merely mean that democracy, in its short experience of one hundred years, has not yet worked out the principles of a government at once strong and responsible to public opinion. Mr. Spencer, with all his tendency to the *laissez faire* doctrine, is led to say, in contemplation of our affairs, "everywhere, along with the reprobation of government intrusion into various spheres where private activities should be left to themselves, I have contended that in its special sphere,—the maintenance of equitable relations among citizens,—governmental action should be extended and elaborated;" and Mr. W. E. Forster in a speech on some occasion has said, "The mass of the people far more than any class have need of strong government." It is just the weakness of government in the very place, a large democracy, where it needs to be strongest, that has brought upon the United States the obloquy and the dangers which threaten their future. It may be said, "But this is only another way of stating the same thing. Is there any reform or amendment possible short of that in which anarchy always ends, civil war and military despotism?" While admitting the certainty of the result in the absence of such amendment, I answer the question unhesitatingly in the affirmative. It is a matter of common remark that the world is tending with rapid strides towards democracy; and to suppose that

* I would endorse strongly a recent observation of the *London Spectator*: "It is not Democracy which prevents the rise of great figures in the Union, but the most craftily combined system of checks upon Democracy ever devised in this world."

the human intellect, which has achieved so much in every other branch of practical science, should fail in this only, is not justifiable. I believe that Great Britain is better governed under her extended suffrage than she has ever been before ; that she is in fact, in virtue of the principles which she has worked out, the best governed country in the world. But in making this concession I claim for my own country the soundest average of public opinion and intelligence. The conduct of the mass of the people during the war, their enthusiasm for the Union, the perfect absence of bitterness after the war had closed, told something of the spirit which was behind. If the South was badly governed afterwards, the fault was not in the will of the people but in the weakness of the Government. The politicians in all their intrigues knew that the only chance with the people was in nominating men of pure and high character, like Hayes and Garfield, even though they were not statesmen, for whom indeed there was no place.* In private enterprise, notably in the great railways, we can offer examples of administration equal to any in the world. Already it begins to be discussed whether a responsible ministry cannot with advantage be included in our political arrangements, and municipalities are beginning to find out that greater concentration of power and responsibility in the executive offers the solution of their difficulties. It must be remembered that the United States have passed through one crisis which all Europe regarded as involving the certain destruction of the Union, and which yet left it stronger than ever. It may well be that before fifty years have again passed by they may offer another spectacle of political achievement not less surprising or less worthy of attention.

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GAMALIEL BRADFORD.
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* When the Republican National Convention of 1881 nominated, as the party candidate for the Presidency, a man against whom there were serious charges of malfeasance in office, the result was the defeat of the Republican party, and the return of the Democrats to power, after an interval of twenty-five years.

BULGARIA 'AND SERVIA.

IN the stirring history of the South-Eastern peninsula during the present century there have been few moments of deeper interest, few of a more doubtful outlook, than that at which I am writing. There have been times of more fearful interest; say the time when it hung in the balance whether Greece might not become a wilderness without inhabitant, or be peopled afresh by settlements of barbarians. Such dangers as that have passed by. Even the "Great Powers," even the three so-called Imperial Powers, would hardly sit by and say that peace and order and equilibrium and the faith of treaties demanded another laying waste of Peloponnêsos by another Ibrahim. But we now look on and see a sight which, if less fearful in itself, is in some sort more grievous, and which at the first glance seems more disheartening, to all who have right and freedom at heart, than any wrong that has ever been done by the mere brute force of the barbarian from the day of Kossovo to the day of Batak. Two nations side by side, parts at least of two nations, have been set free from the yoke and have been called to a renewed national life after a bondage of ages. They have begun their new course; they are advancing towards an acknowledged place among the free and civilized states of Europe. They stand side by side in danger from the same enemies. They are threatened on the one hand by the old oppressor from whom they have been set free, and, on the other hand, by the subtler, the far more dangerous, enemy who lies waiting in his den to pick up some profit, however base, out of any disturbance that he can stir up among his neighbours. Between two nations, kindred in speech and creed and history, two nations with the same griefs to look back upon, with the same hopes to look forward to, set free but yesterday from the same oppressor,

threatened at every moment by the same dangers, we might, if anywhere, have looked for that friendly union without which neither people can hope to maintain its freedom or its being. We might have hoped that that one of the two nations whose freedom was the older and more thorough, that which had risen to the full rank of an European kingdom, might have looked with some kindliness on the neighbour which the mysterious will of what is strangely called "Europe" had condemned still to drag about with it some insulting traces of its former bondage. We might have looked to see the Servian kingdom take the Bulgarian principality in hand, as an elder sister guiding a younger in the path on which she has herself learned to walk before her. We might have deemed that every Servian heart would have rejoiced when one of the purest and most peaceful of revolutions raised another branch of the same great race to a political level bearing to their own. What we see instead is a grievous sight indeed. Two parts of the same nation, yearning for union but cruelly condemned to an unnatural partition, suddenly rise and bring about the union which is needful for the national life. If there ever was a national act, a righteous national act, it was the union of Northern and Southern Bulgaria. That a neighbouring despot, who lives only by the weakness and disunion of nations, should gnash his teeth at such a sight as this is indeed not wonderful. But wonderful it surely is that a free people, a kindred people, should see in the happy union of their brethren a wrong to themselves which can be washed out only in blood. The news of Bulgarian union—that is, the news of increased Slavonic strength—might indeed have sounded in Servian ears as a call to arms, but as a call to arms against the common enemy. The Turk, be it never forgotten, still holds in bondage both Servian and Bulgarian soil: since "Europe" decreed the strange partition of the Bulgarian lands, his yoke has grown even heavier than before. We might have looked to see Servians and Bulgarians march side by side to the deliverance of their brethren so cruelly betrayed. Instead of this, we see Servians and Bulgarians in arms; but it is in arms against each other. Without the shadow of a wrong done by Bulgarian to Servian, simply because Bulgaria has wrought her own union, Servian troops have entered Bulgarian territory in arms, and shed the blood of its defenders. No greater or more unprovoked wrong to an unoffending neighbour was ever wrought by Louis the Fourteenth or by either Buonaparte. And the defence is even more shameless than the act. The lowest doctrine of despots and diplomatists, the doctrine that the well-being of one nation is to be looked on as the damage of another, is taken into the mouth of a free people. We hear the jargon of "compensation" and "equilibrium." Because Bulgaria has become stronger, Servia is

held to have become weaker; and Servians and Bulgarians are to be slaughtered, slaughtered under the eyes of rejoicing enemies on either side, to avenge the supposed damage done to Servia. To those who stand outside, it is hard to see how Servia lost by Bulgarian unity. But it is very easy to see that the mutual slaughter of Servian and Bulgarian, the abiding hatred between Servia and Bulgaria which is like to follow, is indeed a gain to the Austrian and the Turk.

The facts of the case are very simple. At the opening of the war of independence which began in Herzegovina in 1875, a large part of Servia already enjoyed practical independence; it formed a principality, paying tribute to the Turk, but in other respects free. Bulgaria, a vague word, but by which I mean all those lands where the whole or the majority of the people is Bulgarian, was altogether in hopeless bondage to the Turk. Servia, like Montenegro, joined in the war, though with less success than Montenegro. Bulgaria, as all the world knows, became the special scene of the characteristic doings of the Turk, and was set free from his yoke by Russian deliverers. Then came the first treaty of San Stefano between Russia and the Turk, the treaty which created the famous "big Bulgaria." No one can doubt that it was too big. It undoubtedly took in some territory that was not Bulgarian, but Greek, perhaps also some territory that was not Bulgarian, but Servian. The San Stefano Treaty moreover had the great fault of doing nothing at all for Greece in any shape, and it strangely neglected Bosnia and Herzegovina, the very lands in which the patriotic movement had begun. But its faults were cast into the shade by the monstrous arrangements of the Treaty of Berlin, the object of which seems to have been to secure the greatest unhappiness of the greatest number. Its only good provisions, that which suggested, rather than ordained, the deliverance of a part of enslaved Greece, were carefully worded so as to be capable of evasion. They remained wholly unfulfilled till Mr. Gladstone took office; they remain partly unfulfilled still. But the provisions with regard to Bulgaria, being designed for the discouragement of freedom, were carefully carried out. The land delivered by Russia was split into three. Part was handed over to the absolute dominion of the Turk. Part became a tributary principality, practically independent. Part, under the grotesque name of Eastern Roumelia—a name which would more naturally take in Constantinople—was put into a state between bondage and freedom, a state which it seems is in diplomatic jargon called "administrative autonomy." That is, it had a governor named by the Turk, but in its internal administration it has been nearly as free as the principality. For this threefold division, above all for the cruellest part of it, the thrusting back into utter bondage of men already set free, no reason can be given, except

the natural dislike on the part of some who signed the Treaty to hear of the smallest advance on the part of right and freedom. The circumstances of the country, the wishes of its inhabitants, called for union; but union is strength, and to help towards the strength of a free people, a Christian people, was the thing which some of those who signed the Treaty most wished to hinder. The body then which is strangely spoken of as "Europe" decreed that Bulgaria should be divided, and therefore weak. "Europe" had decreed the same in the case of Roumania, and the decree of "Europe" had gone for very little. Instead of the divided lands of Wallachia and Moldavia, which "Europe" had decreed to keep asunder, there has been for several years the independent kingdom of Roumania, needing only a little enlargement to the north-west or north-east, whenever honest men get their own. What the Rouman people had done the Bulgarian people might do also, and Northern and Southern Bulgaria might be united as well as Wallachia and Moldavia. And one day, a few weeks back, came the good news that they were united, that Northern and Southern Bulgaria had come together under Prince Alexander by a peaceful rising. A brighter and more honourable day is not set down in the kalendar of any people.

Never was the conventional talk about foreign intriguers and the like more thoroughly out of place than when applied to such a movement as this. The Bulgarian people were suffering under a great wrong; they deemed that the time for undoing that wrong had come, and they undid it. That they should be reviled for so doing by despots and the tools of despots is no more than they must have looked for. That a free nation should stoop to take up the language of despots against them, this is indeed a blow hard to bear. Bulgaria united her divided members, and Servia, and even Greece, talks of "equilibrium" and "compensation." Now, if we had heard of a Servian march of deliverance into the Servian lands that are still in bondage to the Turk, and if we had presently heard that the motives of that march of deliverance had been translated into the language of despots, we might perhaps have smiled.* Those who might have to be spoken to would fail to understand such words as "nations" and "deliverance." To them it might be expedient to speak according to their kind, and to talk of "equilibrium" and "compensation." So that the good work was done, it would matter little in what words it was spoken of. But before long another tale is heard; the enslaved brethren are forgotten; the Turk is left to work his will on them. And the sword which seemed to be whetting for the deliverance of the oppressed is strangely hurled against fellow-workers in the same cause, whose single crime is to have wrought their own deliverance.

Now happily no one believes that this great crime—for than an

unjust war no crime is greater—is fairly to be laid to the charge of the Servian people. Between Servia and Bulgaria there are likely enough to be grudges, grudges such as are to be found among neighbours everywhere. Still it is hard to believe that the mass of the Servian people can really approve the action of their ruler, that they can go forth to the unprovoked slaughter of their brethren with the heart with which nine years back they went forth to their crusade against the barbarian. No; the war is no national war; it is a war waged in the supposed interests of a race or of a dynasty, a race and a dynasty who, it is to be hoped, have sealed their death-warrant by leading a misguided people on an errand of blood and shame. But no one believes that the moving power is to be found in a race or in a dynasty within the bounds of Servia. The real doer is to be looked for beyond the Save. It is the sleepless enemy of South-Eastern freedom who, we may be sure, is the real doer of this unprovoked breach of the peace of Europe, this shameless violation of the rights of nations. In a word, as ever happens when wrong can be done by deputy and the reward gathered in person, the guiding spirit in the present deed of unrighteousness is, beyond all doubt, the Imperial, Royal, and Apostolic chief of the House of Habsburg and Lorraine.

It is not a new remark, but it is a remark which will bear making again, that the political language of the nineteenth century might sometimes be improved in clearness and truth by falling back on the political language of the eighteenth. The odd fashion now in vogue of personifying nations and powers on the slightest occasions, a figure of speech which used to be kept for some poetical or rhetorical flourish, is a mere question of style as long as it is applied to national powers like England, France, or Italy. The Government of England, France, or Italy, presumably acts on behalf of the English, French, or Italian nation; if at any time it fails to do so, it is the fault of the nation itself.* To talk therefore of the action of England, France, or Italy, does no harm; it leads to no misunderstanding of facts. But to talk in the same way of "Austria" or "Turkey" as personified beings, held to do whatever their rulers do, does lead to misunderstanding of facts. It leads to the impression, perhaps the quite unconscious impression, that the acts spoken of are the acts of a nation, like the acts of England, France, or Italy. The older forms of speech gave no opening for any such misconception. Men used to speak, not of "Turkey," but of "the Turk," "the Grand Turk," "the Grand Seignior," some phrase which effectually marked off the infidel intruder from all European nations and their rulers. They spoke too, always of the "House of Austria" or "the House of Habsburg," a formula which still more happily brought out the facts of the case. In using it

men were never likely to forget that they were not speaking of a nation. The "interests of the House of Habsburg," the "policy of the House of Habsburg," was, on the face of it, the interest, the policy, not of a people, but simply of a family. If we kept to that formula, we should not be likely to forget that, when we speak of the six great powers of Europe, one of them is of a different nature from the others, that, while five of them are nations, the sixth is a mere family estate. The interest, the policy, of any of the other powers may be selfish, but it need not be so ; sometimes it has not been so. Take the one power which even in these days keeps a despotic government, the power where the people have no constitutional voice, where the influence of the people on the rulers can only be indirect. The Russian war of 1877, the crusade of the Russian people against the oppressor of their brethren, was a popular movement as true and as generous as any that history records. But where there is no nation, only a confused jumble of scraps of nations, each to be played off against some other as may be convenient for the common enemy, no national voice ever can be heard. The policy, the interest, not of the harmless German duchy to which the name of Austria strictly belongs, not of the unnatural heaping together of territories to which the name is vulgarly applied, but the policy, the interest, of the House of Austria or of Habsburg, the mere interest of a family seeking nothing but to enlarge its family estate, is in its own nature selfish, and cannot be otherwise. Such a power lives simply by the weakness and disunion of nations ; anything which unites a nation, or in any other way strengthens a nation, is simply the setting of an example which may be inconvenient to the interests of the House, which may tend to the lessening of its family estate. If a fragment of a nation which is still under the Turk may unite itself to the independent fragment of the same nation, it may come into the head of some fragment of some other nation that is under the Austrian to unite itself in the like sort to the independent fragment of the same nation. In one part of the family estate the thing has been done. Some of us can remember when to all grave and respectable politicians it seemed as thoroughly a part of the eternal fitness of things that the House of Austria should rule in Milan and Venice as it now seems to the same class that the same house should rule in Cattaro and Ragusa. Out of Milan and Venice the House of Austria has been scourged amid the rejoicings of mankind ; and the House of Austria itself knows, if others have forgotten, that a day may come when right shall have the upper hand on the eastern side of Hadria as well as on the western. With such an example within recent memory, it is no wonder if the House and its chief look with a jealousy to which ordinary national enmity is as nothing on every movement towards freedom or union on the part of any enslaved or

divided people. Every step taken on behalf of national rights is a blow struck at the ascendancy of a house which lives only by the trampling under foot of all national rights. We thus fully understand the rage of Francis Joseph and his Minister at the dangerous precedent of Bulgarian union, and the unkingly scoldings of the Bulgarian patriots which came forth from the Imperial, Royal, and Apostolic mouth. The Bulgarians were soundly rated for breach of the Treaty of Berlin, disobedience to the will of Europe, all the stock phrases which come so readily to the lips of oppressors when they are threatened by action on the part of the oppressed. To any one who is not blinded by the fallacies of diplomatists it is plain that the Bulgarians have broken nothing and disobeyed nothing. They have not broken the Treaty of Berlin, for they never consented to it. They simply submitted to its unrighteous provisions under dread of overwhelming force. As for "disobedience," "will of Europe," and all that kind of talk, it is not very wonderful if despots and their ministers easily come to say, "We are they that ought to speak: who is lord over us?" They may even come to think that there is something of moral authority in anything that they choose to ordain, and that some real blame attaches to those who go against their orders. Yet it is hard to see that the right by which six of the powers of Europe take on themselves to dictate to the rest is anything but the mere right of the stronger. They do it simply because they are able to do it. They have no commission from other nations to act in their place; the other nations obey simply because it is prudent to obey. A single small power will commonly act unwisely if it defies the will of six great powers: it should at least carefully count the cost before it runs such a risk. But that is all; it is simply a question of prudence; there is no moral obligation on the part of the weak to obey the strong simply because they are strong. And that breach of treaty, simply as breach of treaty, does not greatly offend the Apostolic mind* is plain on a moment's thought. The Turk is, beyond all doubt, bound by the Berlin Treaty; for he has signed it. But, if he has signed it, he has also shamelessly broken it. He promised by the Berlin Treaty to give to the other Christian lands under his rule institutions of the same kind as those which the Treaty gave to the so-called Eastern Roumelia. That promise the Turk has not kept. Instead of granting free institutions or reforms of any kind, he has simply turned on scorpions instead of whips; the anarchy and oppression of Macedonia has, since the Treaty, been greater than ever. But not a word comes from the Apostolic mouth to rebuke the Turk for his breach of treaty. For his breach of treaty, his disobedience to the bidding of "Europe," tends to the common interest, to the great object of the weakening of nations. It is only when a free people act for themselves that

breach of treaty is denounced, and that on the part of a people on whom the treaty is in no way binding.

As far as we have gone yet, the open action of the head of the House of Austria has not gone beyond scolding. The time for filching has not yet come. But when the "Arcopagus of Europe" and the head of the House of Austria come to speak their minds, the power which filched Spizza, that wretched little haven, from Montenegro in 1878, will doubtless find some paltry scrap of territory which may be found convenient to round off, some corner or other of the family estate. The House of Austria never throws any part of the world into confusion without some object. It is sure to go off with some little matter of gain, some halfpenny picked from the pocket of a poor neighbour, as the reward of its labours. The House indeed may have its eye on something much greater than Spizza. No one, I presume, doubts that, when the Servian army, which simple-minded folk thought was called forth to deliver Servians from the Turk, suddenly turned in another direction to slaughter Bulgarians, it was done at Imperial, Royal, and Apostolic bidding. For nothing could be less suited to Imperial, Royal, and Apostolic interests than the extension of freedom to a people who might help to bar the extension of the family estate to the *Ægean*. And nothing could better suit those interests than to chastise the breakers of the sacred Treaty, the despisers of the bidding of Europe, to chastise them too by the hand of another, with the comforting thought that, whether Servian slaughtered Bulgarian or Bulgarian slaughtered Servian, some free people would be weakened. It is this kind of policy with which we have to reckon as long as the mere interests of a particular family are allowed to take their place in European councils alongside of what may be at least presumed to be the interests of nations. The Turk himself is in some sort more worthy of respect; he is at least an open enemy on equal terms; he does represent a people and a creed; we can hardly fancy the heir of *Othman* stooping to filch Spizza. And beyond all doubt the Turk is at this moment the less dangerous of the two; there is little fear of his advance, while the subtle advance of the Austrian is to be feared at every moment, in every quarter, and in every shape. What if Servia, the tool, is destined for perhaps a speedier blow than Bulgaria the victim? It might possibly be convenient to take advantage of some movement against a defeated Servian king, and to declare the presence of the Apostolic armies to be no less needful in Servia than in Bosnia. Or it might be possible to bribe free Italy with some small act of liberation on her own border into joining with the despots in agreeing to some far wider acts of annexation on some other border. The shifts and devices of a power bent on personal aggrandisement, and unchecked by the voice of an united people, do in truth know no end. It is

time that the real danger of South-Eastern Europe, and thereby of all Europe, should be fully understood. It is time that men should stop and think what the phrase so glibly used about "going to Salonica" really means. Anyhow it is cheering to see that the strange influence which the great Austrian imposture has latterly held over men's minds seems at last to be giving way. English newspapers, not commonly in the habit of dealing over boldly with established powers, are beginning to speak out, and to denounce a crooked and bloody policy as it deserves. We seem to be coming back to the healthier feelings of 1848, of 1859, and of 1866. And it is more cheering still when we see the heads of both political parties in England speaking of the Bulgarian movement in a tone very different from that of Francis Joseph and his Count Kalnoky. Lord Salisbury has much to wipe out, for he signed the Berlin Treaty; but he may wipe out a good deal by acting according to his hitherto spoken words, and by letting the influence of England be thrown this time into the scale of right. It will be glad tidings of great joy if we hear the voice of the nation of Great Britain given on the opposite side to the voice of the House of Austria. And by being given on the opposite side to the voice of the House of Austria, it will be very far from being given on the opposite side to the voice of not a few of the subjects of the House of Austria. The head of that House, reviler of the Bulgarians, calls himself, among other things, King of Bohemia. But when Bulgarian students in his Bohemian capital go to join the cause that he reviles, it is not with revilings but with blessings that the people of Bohemia send forth the helpers in a cause which their still uncrowned master so bitterly denounces.

While the Austrian objects are plain enough, those of the Russian Tzar are more puzzling. His strange personal treatment of the Prince of Bulgaria looks more like a passing fit of ill-temper than the outcome of any deliberate policy. No doubt the exercise of an independent will by a small people and their prince is no more likely to be acceptable to a Russian than to an Austrian despot. But then the Russian despot has a people behind him, a people whose voice sometimes makes itself heard, a people capable of high resolve and generous self-devotion. Men like Kircéff and Skobeleff have assuredly not died out among the countrymen of Kircéff and Skobeleff. What the action of the House of Austria must be we know already; to the possible action of Russia we look, not without misgivings, but not without hope.

Another element not to be forgotten is the way in which the public action of Serbia may be looked on by the Servian people themselves. When the sword is once drawn, it is very hard to stop a war, however unrighteous, however impolitic; still no one can doubt that on the part of Serbia this war is no war of the people,

but simply a war of the King and his master. But King Milan should remember that, to say nothing of the possible schemes of his master, he is hardly in a position to play tricks with his people. There are other claimants of his crown; there are worthier representatives of the headship of his nation. The old memories of Servian greatness, the thoughts of the days when Servia was indeed a power in the world, hardly gather round the House of Obrenovitch. They rather gather round the unconquered principality where in the darkest days one fragment of the Servian folk still kept its freedom. They rather gather round the noble prince who, alone among living European sovereigns, has, like Godfrey or Saint Lewis, met the infidel in battle face to face. For the true King of Men, at whose word the swords of a free people are ready to flash in a righteous cause, as we do not go to Francis Joseph of Vienna, neither do we go to Milan of Belgrade; we do go to Nicolas of Jzetinje.

There is yet another nation to be dealt with. Greece has made it plain that she too will have a word in the matter. If there is an enslaved Servia and an enslaved Bulgaria, there is an enslaved Greece no less. Crete, which the Berlin Treaty thrust back into bondage as the reward of her gallant struggles; Jôannina, with freedom twice promised and twice snatched from its grasp; those of the islands of the Ægean which are still left under the yoke; here are wrongs which cannot for ever remain unredressed. The general prospects of Greece on the side of Albania are far too wide a subject to be dealt with here, but in any case there are the Greek lands of Epeiros to be set free. On the side of Bulgaria the question is simpler. What is needed is for two nations which have been rivals for twelve hundred years, which have had even in recent times grudges against one another which are not imaginary, to make the effort of getting over their differences in the face of a common enemy, and of submitting their claims to the judgment of an impartial arbitrator, if such an arbitrator can be found. Nothing can be plainer than that the land which is somewhat vaguely called Macedonia is neither wholly Greek nor wholly Bulgarian, and that to assign it as a whole to either Greece or Bulgaria would be to do a wrong to the other nation. It is equally clear that neither Greece nor Bulgaria can be trusted, any more than any other nation or any other man, to be judge in its own cause. Let us hope that neither nation will ever commit the crime and folly of drawing the sword against the other. For Greek and Bulgarian, the countrymen of Basil and the countrymen of Samuel, to march side by side against the Turk would indeed be a sight to stir the heart. The only question is whether the danger from the other side is not so far more pressing that even the Turk may not be endured for a moment. The yoke of Othman will at least be easier to throw off than the yoke of Hapsburg.

But in no case let any people of South-Eastern Christendom shed the blood of his fellow in the sight of either enemy and to the profit of either enemy. An useful field, perhaps for what calls itself "Europe," perhaps for some tribunal more likely to do justice, would be found in the work of drawing a fair boundary-line between two nations, either of which, by the common law of human nature, is certain to claim more than its just right.

We know not what a day may bring forth. But as yet the armed intrigue of Milan and Milan's master seems, as a military enterprise, to have wholly failed; the people of Samuel have stood their ground against unprovoked aggression with an energy worthy of Samuel himself. Their foreign prince has shown himself worthy of the crown that his people gave him. And yet the base plot has done its work. The liberating revolution is in some sort already undone. The Turk has found opportunity to meddle, to speak of the liberated land as his. Prince Alexander is said to have thrown himself on the will of the Sultan, and to have promised to withdraw from the land whose people have called him to be their deliverer. It is for the national powers of Europe, for England, for France, for Italy—if she can rise above momentary temptations—for Russia—if she can again speak with the voice of her people—to undo this wrong, and to take care that the purest revolution of our times shall not be made a dead letter simply to satisfy the malignity of jealous despots. And it is for the third nation of the peninsula to take warning, and to eschew the example of a sister nation which has been beguiled into such deadly error. In the greatest day of the elder Greece, many an old wrong was forgotten when Athens and Sparta and Corinth and Aigina went forth together to save Hellas from the Mede. The like must be done again. "*Pax in terris hominibus bonæ voluntatis*;" but every free nation must stand ready for war, whenever war cannot be escaped, against the enemies of peace and oppressors of mankind.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

CONTEMPORARY LIFE AND THOUGHT IN FRANCE.

THE elections of the 4th and 18th of October came upon us as a surprise, not because they took the turn they did, but because they took it so very decidedly. Everybody expected—or at least everybody of any intelligence expected—to see a Chamber in which the Right and the Extreme Left would be considerably strengthened, and in which the Moderate Republicans, even if they retained a majority, would have great difficulty in carrying on the government; but no one, either on the one side or the other, imagined that the Right would number 203 members, the Radical and Extreme Left 180, and the Moderate Left only 201. This division into Moderate and Radical Republicans does not of course rest on any very accurate classification: a deputy whom we count to-day among the Radicals may astonish everybody by his moderation, while a deputy who passes for a Moderate may vote habitually with the Radicals; but speaking generally, it may safely be said that a Moderate governmental majority will be almost impossible, on account of the presence in the Chamber of so large a number of representatives of the most advanced ideas.

Now, what are the causes which underlie this result of the elections—this open check administered not only to the Moderate Republic, but to the Republic itself? There is no mystery at all about them; and though it is possible to attribute a greater or less importance to one or another of them, it is clear that each has had its part in producing the final result. They may be divided into two categories—the external and secondary, and the inward and deep-lying causes.

I regard as external and secondary causes the substitution of the *scrutin de liste* for the *scrutin d'arrondissement*, the fall of the Ferry Ministry, and the conduct of the Brisson Ministry from the time it came into office down to the day of the elections.

A good many people have supposed that the introduction of the *scrutin de liste* was the chief or the only cause of the success of the Opposition—under which term I include the Right and the Extreme Left. The Republican party was accustomed to the *scrutin d'arrondissement*; it was organized with a view to that method of voting;

every deputy had concentrated all his efforts on his own *arrondissement*. The Republican lists, made up as they were of deputies of the different *arrondissements*, had to compete with lists constructed expressly with a view to the *scrutin de liste*—that is to say, composed not of local but of departmental notabilities. It may be added that the *scrutin de liste* is apt to be much more violently influenced by the great currents of popular feeling, while it eludes the individual action of the professed politician. There is some truth in these considerations; and I am convinced that under the old method we should, by virtue of the ground already gained and by the force of habit, have had a much larger number of the late majority re-elected; but this is no reason for regretting the abolition of the method. The *scrutin de liste* is certainly extremely impressionable; it is especially liable to be acted upon by the great waves of political opinion; but for that very reason it affords us the most valuable indications, if only we have the sense to profit by them. Had the country been satisfied with the policy pursued by the Chamber, and with the state of things which it brought about, it would have voted with enthusiasm for the old majority. It was not satisfied, and it showed its dissatisfaction perhaps in a somewhat exaggerated manner; but the dissatisfaction was real. To lay the blame of the defeat on the *scrutin de liste* is to lay the blame of the fever on the thermometer which registers its intensity.

The fall of the Ferry Cabinet also contributed to the disorganization of the Republican party. M. Ferry's majority, instead of holding together, as it might have done if it had appeared before the constituencies as the Ministerial party, fell quite to pieces, and had not even the courage to frame a programme or organize a common course of action. A very few of the Opportunist candidates had the courage of their opinions, and refused to renounce their old leader; the greater part of them took an apologetic attitude, and stood before the country in the guise of penitents who promise to do better in future, and at the same time try to shift the blame of their mistakes on to somebody else's shoulders. Many of them went so far as to modify their views, and attached themselves to the Radicals of the Brisson-Floquet group in order to improve their chances. In Paris the plan has been successful in the case of some two or three of them; but in the provinces their abject demeanour has done them nothing but harm. The Opportunists had in the first instance projected a collective manifesto, and appointed a committee to draw it up; but they failed to come to any agreement, since some were for making advances to the Radicals and others to the Left Centre. The end of it was that M. Tolain, on his own sole responsibility, drew up a manifesto and made out a list for Paris containing a perfect medley of names, from that of a Moderate like M. Frédéric Passy, to those of Radicals such as M. Lockroy. If M. Ferry had remained in power, it would have been very different: the Opportunists would have known their own mind; the electors would have known what they were about; and the fall of the Moderates would have been less severe. Nevertheless, it is not likely that they would have altogether escaped the reactionary impulse; for the real grievances with which the country has to reproach the late majority would have remained the same.

The Brisson Ministry must also take its share of the responsibility

for what has happened. It cannot of course be blamed for having shown the most absolute respect for the liberty of the electors, and directed the officials to avoid every appearance of pressure; but, as I have already shown, the *scrutin de liste* cannot be carried out in any reasonable manner unless it is a question of voting for or against a certain Government: the country must have something tangible before it, something definite and concrete; otherwise it is left to the action of vague, capricious, unconsidered, and almost unconscious impulses. Now the Government on this occasion systematically effaced itself, and this for two reasons. In the first place, M. Brisson had accepted the Presidency of the Council altogether against his will; he would have preferred to keep the Presidency of the Chamber, where he was beyond and above the strife of parties, and where his position naturally designated him for the Presidency of the Republic; and in taking office he tried to retain these advantages as far as possible by abstaining from action, by suppressing himself and conciliating everybody. In the second place, the Government has no sort of homogeneity; it is composed of men taken from all parties and representing the most incongruous ideas, so that it was impossible—I will not say to agree upon a programme, but even to find a political principle on which the electors might pronounce. They seem to have had but one object in view, to conciliate the support of all the fractions of the Republican party, in order to insure their own return, and to be able to profess themselves satisfied and successful, whatever course the elections might take. By allowing the Radicals to present themselves under its patronage, the Government has done its part to throw the country into confusion and to drive into the ranks of the reactionaries a number of *bourgeois* and peasants who had hitherto voted for the Republicans.

These three causes of which I have spoken have had their share, each and all of them, in bringing about the result; but these are only secondary causes: there are others that lie deeper than these.

The gravest and the most universal of all is the general uneasiness. Industry, commerce, and agriculture are all suffering; numbers of the electors are anxious and discontented; and under a system so centralized as ours it is always easy to attribute one's miseries to the Government. It is especially easy at a moment like the present, when the exchequer is low, and when the fall in the funds and the uncertainty of the financial situation are causing heavy losses to the capitalist, and paralysing business. It is true that the deficit and the generally unsatisfactory condition of our finances are due in part to transient causes, such as the war in Tonquin, or to that universal depression of trade for which the Republic cannot be held responsible; but they are also partly due to a real mismanagement of the public money, and to the imprudence with which expenses have been increased and sources of revenue surrendered. The deputies have tried to please the electors at once by lightening taxation and by voting fresh expenditure; and they have simply precipitated a crisis from which the whole electorate is now suffering. The famous scheme of public works inaugurated by M. de Freycinet will hang for years like a millstone round the neck of the budget; while the law for the building of primary schools has led to such extravagant outlay that its application has had to be suspended altogether. The agricultural crisis, which is due to a mul-

titude of different causes, and which the Chamber has done its utmost to mitigate, has done more harm than anything, because it affects a greater number of people. It is unreasonable to hold the Government responsible for it; but then the masses naturally are unreasonable; and besides, it must always be so in a country where the State tries to do everything itself, and puts down its foot on all individual enterprise.

This cause it is which has had the greatest influence in leading the electors to vote, according to their individual tendencies, either for the Right or for the Extreme Left, and to yield to the enticements of those who promise financial security and the protection of the agricultural interest; but in addition to this, there are other causes less general in their character, which nevertheless are serious enough, since there seems little likelihood of any remedy being found for them. To a certain extent the Tonquin expedition must be classed among the sources of popular discontent; but this is not nearly so much the case as might perhaps be imagined. Of course a good deal was said about it, especially at the outset; it made a good weapon against the Opportunists, and attempts were made to work upon the feelings of the public by depicting the sufferings of our soldiers, our fleet, our garrisons in the delta; but for all that, the Tonquin question had very little effect on the elections. It may have given the Radicals some ten or fifteen seats, but there is an end of it. The number of communes which suffered severely by the expedition was very small; the idea of giving up a conquest, however distant, can never be a popular one; and Tonquin is so out of the way that no one realizes the sacrifices it costs or the sufferings it entails.

The policy of the late Chamber with regard to religion, education, and the army had very much greater weight with the electors. By a reasonable mixture of firmness and gentleness the Republic might easily have secured the neutrality of the higher clergy and something very like the sympathy of the lower. It preferred an indecisive policy, at once weak and unfriendly—a policy of petty annoyance, which irritated without terrifying, and which the Clericals represented as persecution. The clergy, thus alienated, threw themselves in a body into an open agitation on behalf of the Conservative candidates, while men of moderate opinions, who by no means belonged to the ranks of the Clericals, but who valued religious liberty, were driven in large numbers in the same direction. The persistent threat held out by certain Republicans to destroy the Church, either by a hypocritical fulfilment of the Concordat or by the forcible separation of Church and State, has been skilfully used by their adversaries amongst the peasantry, who dread nothing so much as having to pay their curé themselves. The Government was so well aware of this fact that in some of the departments the catechism was ordered to be recited in the schools during the last week before the elections, though only two months earlier the teachers had been strictly forbidden to use it. This childish stratagem had, as might have been expected, no great success.

It may at first sight seem surprising that the laws for primary instruction should have injured the credit of the Republican party. The work it has done for the schools has been its best title to honour. But admirable as the work may have been on the whole, it has had many

defects. The large sums spent in building have burdened many of the communes with debt, and the increase of local rates has not been made up for by the advantage of free education, for, as a peasant put it, "I used to pay for my own son; now I pay for everybody." In some places, even, the parents feel insulted by a gratuity which reduces them to the level of paupers. The State, by providing free education for everybody, and not only for those who claim it, has seriously diminished its revenues, and has deprived the teachers of the very necessary addition to their salaries afforded by the capitation fee. Compulsory education has given rise to other grievances. Compulsion was a good thing in itself; but instead of being applied in a simple and practical way, by giving the school boards the right to summon and punish parents who of set purpose were providing no education for their children, it was surrounded by a multitude of petty and vexatious details; the parents were required to make a declaration every year, with the risk of having their names published if they forgot; while children who did not attend the public schools were obliged to undergo a pretty severe annual examination, thus affording the tyrants of the village a fine opportunity of annoyance. It is not easy to realize the variety of quarrels and difficulties of all sorts which have sprung out of this system of compulsory education.

The Military Recruitment Law, which imposes an equal term of three years' service on every one alike, has not yet come into operation, as it has not passed the Senate; but the mere passing of the Bill by the Lower Chamber has been enough to rouse the indignation of the peasantry. The deputies imagined that these people would be delighted to see the son of the bourgeois obliged to serve as long as themselves, whereas in reality they care nothing at all about it; while they are furious at finding that they are all to be compelled to serve the full three years, in place of the present system, by which half the contingent drawn by lot serves only ten months, and the other half forty months. As a matter of fact, this law, so far from reducing our military expenditure, will greatly increase it. The only thing it is good for is to satisfy the cravings of that levelling instinct which is supposed to exist in the heart of the common people.

Now this levelling instinct is only to be found amongst a section of the town population, and not among the country folk at all. The peasant is no leveller; he takes it as a matter of course that the great landowner has his privileges, and he certainly is not disposed to surrender any of his own advantages for the pleasure of seeing his betters subjected to the same inconvenience. The Republican majority in the last Chamber thought to insure its re-election by carrying measures intended to flatter democratic prejudices and the desire of equality. Its measures flattered nobody except the working classes in the towns, who were sure to vote for the Republicans in any case, and even for the advanced Republicans; and they simply disgusted and drove into the ranks of the reactionaries those country electors whose support was more precarious and more necessary to the Republic. The Moderates, who should have aimed at securing for the Republic the Conservative masses of the country, who alone can form the solid basis of the State, thought of nothing but conciliating the Radicals, who were certain never to vote for them.

It may be observed that I have not mentioned amongst the causes of the reactionary success the wish to have done with the Republic and to revert to Monarchy. The truth is, that the elections of last October were not Monarchical elections at all. This was proved by the ballots of the 18th, which showed a revulsion in favour of the Republicans, arising simply from the fear lest the reactionary movement should prove strong enough to endanger the Republic. Setting aside a certain number of party leaders and politicians, it may be said that there is no Monarchical opinion in France at all. On the other hand, it may be said with equal truth that there is no Republican opinion either—in this sense, that the mass of the people wishes for nothing but to be fairly governed, to carry on its own affairs, and not to have a revolution. Yet I think, nevertheless, that there are more people sincerely attached to the Republican principle than there are people attached to the Monarchical principle; and besides this, it is much easier for the Republic to put up with this indifference as to the form of government than it could possibly be for the Monarchy; and again, as the Republic is actually in possession, it carries with it the good wishes of all those who dread nothing so much as a revolution. The Conservatives are perfectly aware of this; they have nowhere declared themselves in favour of destroying the Republic and restoring either the Kingdom or the Empire; they have made no demand for a revision of the Constitution in the Monarchical interest; they have contented themselves with demanding sound finance, the protection of agriculture, religious liberty, and the relinquishment of the Colonial policy. As the result of this prudent and reasonable course, they have been able to put forward in every department a Conservative list calculated to receive the combined support of Royalists, Imperialists, and the whole body of Conservatives indifferent to the form of government. The Republicans, meanwhile, were splitting into two or even three distinct parties, each abusing and slandering the other, to the great advantage of the Conservatives. The election may be said to have been just a repetition of that night of the 31st of March when M. Ferry fell. The Moderate Left has fallen a victim to the combined attack of the Right and the Extreme Left, and to the weakness of its own members.

Having thus reviewed the causes, material, economic, and moral, which have contributed to decide the late elections, we may now ask ourselves what conjecture may be hazarded as to the political future in store for us in 1886. The immediate future is easy enough to foresee. Unless M. Grévy should be incapacitated by illness from retaining his post, he will be re-elected in December. The Brisson Ministry may also remain in office, or be superseded by another, which will be pretty much as heterogeneous. The real question is not the immediate future of the next two months, during which nobody will do anything, in order that New Year's Day may go off quietly, and out of respect for what somebody calls the Truce of Comfits. The question that concerns us is, what is to happen after the first of February?

The Chamber of Deputies may be analysed as follows: two hundred and three Conservatives, of whom about fifty are avowed Bonapartists, about a hundred are Royalists more or less devoted, and about fifty are simple Conservatives of no particular shade; and three

hundred and eighty-one Republicans, of whom about two hundred are Moderates, one hundred Radicals of various shades, and eighty extreme Radicals.

Now let us consider what sort of action may be expected from these various parties. If the Republican deputies could but realize the meaning of the elections and understand what it is that the country craves—good government and security for business—they might easily reduce the Opposition to impotence and prepare themselves a splendid revenge in 1889. They have but to form a Ministry of trustworthy and practical men, and support them steadily for these four years, and to busy themselves exclusively with matters of finance and economy, and with administrative improvements, and they are sure to succeed. Unhappily, of all the courses that can be imagined, this is the one they are the least likely to take. On the 18th of October the Republicans did indeed forget their quarrels for a moment in order to defeat the common foe; nay, they pushed their party discipline so far as to make some rather humiliating compromises—as when, for instance, we found the *Temps* advocating the candidature of Rochefort, Canelinat, and Basly—all revolutionists pure and simple; but as to believing that they are capable of holding together for months and years in the pursuit of a discreet and united policy, that would show a very slender knowledge of them indeed. There are among them some twenty or thirty men who will listen to no argument and no advice, and who, whether from sheer fanaticism, or for the pleasure of making a noise, or in order to gratify their constituents, are certain to bring forward at all costs their projects of violent and radical reform. Some hundred others there are who will not have the courage, in the face of a distinct demand, to shirk discussions which nevertheless cannot possibly come to anything. We shall therefore have a series of platonic demonstrations in favour of the separation of Church and State, the three years' military service, and the like—all to no other purpose than that of disturbing and irritating the country. They will try, under the pretext of conciliation, to induce the Moderates to vote Radical measures; as indeed we have already had M. Bert, M. Lockroy, and M. Ranc himself maintaining the necessity of leaning more towards the Left, when in fact it is by leaning too much to the Left that we have already lost so much ground. Others, again, talk of expelling the Orleans princes, of annulling the returns of certain departments *en bloc*, and of revising the Constitution. All such violent measures can but accelerate the movement which is carrying the country towards Conservatism. It is difficult to imagine anything else than that the Republican majority will before long present a spectacle of the most deplorable anarchy of ideas, that the Right will instigate disorders in the Chamber, and that we shall presently find ourselves in danger of being shut up to the necessity of a dissolution.

Whether we are driven to a dissolution, or whether the Chamber of Deputies drags on in impotence and disorder to the end of its natural life, in either case it is probable that at the next elections the Right will obtain a majority. Will it know how to use its advantage? Good sense would require that it should take precisely the same view of its duties which we have already prescribed to the Republicans; it should put aside all idea of monarchical restoration or clerical reaction,

and set itself simply to govern well by means of the existing laws. We might then have a chance of seeing two great parties formed in the country, a Right and a Left, which might succeed each other in office, and thus satisfy that desire of change which of itself is always enough to transfer the majority within a certain number of years to the ranks of the Opposition. Unfortunately, again, nothing of this kind can be hoped for from the Right as at present constituted. It has too many fanatics in its ranks. It has Bonapartists like M. Paul de Cassagnac, who have made hatred of the Republic an article of their creed; it has Royalists who think that without a king a country can have no diplomacy, no army, and no finance; and, what is worst of all, it has Clericals who hold that the sole end of politics is to place the State at the service of the Church. The *enfant terrible* of the party, M. de Mun, has just shown his hand by proposing the formation of a Catholic party, the object of which should be to make Catholicism supreme not only in the schools, but even over industry, agriculture, and the working classes. This everlasting clerical question will always make it impossible for the Conservative party to give its sincere adhesion to the Republic. If the Conservatives come into power, they will not be able to restore the Monarchy, because it will be impossible to obtain a majority either for the Comte de Paris or for Prince Victor: they will only fling their weight into the scale of the Clerical reaction, and thus again provoke the most bitter opposition.

But if neither Republicans nor Conservatives are capable of pursuing a wise and moderate policy, what will be the consequence? It is no use disguising it, that the natural consequence of the position in which we find ourselves would be a series of embarrassments, disorders in Parliament, then an economic crisis in the country, then disturbances in the streets, and finally a riot, a revolution, or a *coup d'état*, leading to the establishment of a dictatorship of some sort or other. I say of some sort or other, for it is quite impossible to guess whether it would be Royalist, Bonapartist, or simply military, or Clerical, or even Republican. In any case the final issue of the crisis would be the ruin of liberal government through the total failure of the Parliamentary system.

Nevertheless, though this deplorable issue is but too likely, we need not give ourselves up to it as inevitable. It is nowhere truer than in France, that what is really to be expected is the unforeseen. There is still one great guarantee for the safety of the Republic—the Senate. In the Senate the majority is thoroughly Republican and resolutely Moderate. It has long been the fashion for the Radicals to decry the Senate, and some of them keep up the habit for fear of seeming to contradict themselves; but they all know at the bottom of their hearts that the existence of the Senate is our main bulwark against a monarchical restoration, quite as much as against revolutionary excesses. In case of a dissolution, it is just possible that the Republican senators might take the management of the elections vigorously in hand, and inspire sufficient confidence in the country to secure a Moderate Republican majority strong enough to carry on the government. This would save the country; and without absolutely counting on it we may entertain it as a reasonable hope. The *Temps*, which has the widest circulation of all the political journals (the *Figaro* being rather a

literary and society paper) is trying to prepare the Republican party beforehand for this contest with the Extreme Right and Extreme Left, and wants to organize a vast association which should include all Liberals. As the law does not allow political associations, it is proposed that it should take the shape of an association for the celebration of the centenary of '89. The intention is excellent. The *scrutin de liste* cannot work properly unless the electors are all banded together in electoral associations, which can at election time bring forward their candidates, act in concert, and secure a real representation of opinion. As things are at present, candidates are chosen or accepted by the so-called delegates of so-called committees, nominated by no one but themselves. Nevertheless, we doubt whether the plan proposed by the *Temps* will work in the way desired. In the first place, Liberal Republicans ought not to set the example of evading the law; in the second place, a political association cannot well be based on an indefinite programme. In choosing candidates, the electors must first be grouped together in associations which exactly represent the various shades of opinion; these associations must then agree upon the list of candidates. What is required to give the necessary unity of opinion is not so much a form of programme as the name of a person. If, for instance, the association proposed by the *Temps* were to be headed by M. Ribot, who was so unluckily defeated at the late election, everybody would know the precise shade of opinion which it represented. If it were led by M. Spuller or M. Bert, it would recruit a totally different set of adherents. If, on the other hand, the attempt were made to collect together under its banner the whole Republican host, from the Left Centre to the Radical Left, it would end in hopeless futility. But in any case the Republican forces must somehow be organized, or the Moderates will give up the struggle in disgust, and leave the field to the extreme parties, who will soon bring the country to the verge of revolution. It has been observed that each of the Republican groups has tried to court popularity by making concessions to the group next beyond it. M. Clémenceau tricks himself out as a Socialist; the Brisson-Floquet Government seek his alliance and that of M. Lockroy, just as M. Ferry and his friends tried to please MM. Brisson and Floquet by passing the Magistracy and Army laws. In this way they have helped, one and all, to alienate from the Republic the mass of peaceable and law-abiding persons who alone can form the solid basis of a Government. Yet these are the people in whom, above all things, it is necessary to inspire confidence.

The present Government will find it no easy task to do this, for the impression they have given by the whole of their conduct is, that they are hopelessly timid, and ready to make every possible concession to the Radicals that can be made without offending the Opportunists. The Ministers are almost all of them men wanting in character or mediocre in capacity. Neither at home nor abroad do they seem likely to pursue any definite policy—and this at a moment when the Eastern Question is just reopening, and when in France everybody has misgivings as to the stability of the Republic—as if by a sort of fatality no form of government could last more than fifteen or eighteen years. Gifted, indeed, must he be who can discern what is the foreign policy of M. de Freycinet or the home policy of M. Allain Targé.

The single principle by which the present Government has been guided, whether in Tonquin, in Annam, in Burmah, at Constantinople, or in France itself, has been the principle of *laissez aller*.

One member only of the present Government—M. Goblet—appears to have either character or opinions ; and he it is who has been exposed to the sharpest attacks ; for he is too moderate to please the Radicals and too independent to please the Opportunists. He has just been made, on the most frivolous grounds, the object of an angry attack on the part of many of the newspapers. The reason was this. M. Zola has founded a play on his own novel, "Germinal." The subject of the novel is, as everybody knows, a miners' strike, treated in a spirit of intense sympathy for the sufferings of the men and of unmitigated hostility to the masters. The play, like the novel, ends with a riot, and a massacre of the miners by the soldiery. M. Goblet, who, as Minister of the Fine Arts, has the censorship of the theatres, considered a scene of this sort on the stage too likely to excite the passions of the populace. Whether he was right or wrong it would be difficult to say, as we know the piece only by hearsay ; but to those who know M. Goblet's extreme Liberalism there can be no doubt that the objections must have been weighty. But M. Zola could not take it quietly : he protested in a published letter, in which he taunted M. Goblet with ignorance for not sufficiently admiring M. Zola, and wound up with colossal insolence : "'Germinal' will be the death of M. Goblet." Sad to say, almost the whole of the press has servilely followed the lead of M. Zola, and cried shame on the tyranny of the censorship ; and we have heard more of M. Goblet's name in a single week in connection with this affair than ever we did during the past five months in connection with his important services to education. A protest has been raised at the same time against the existence of a theatrical censorship at all, though it exists in every other country, even in England itself, and though without it the theatre, which is even now so often disgraced by the performance of immoral plays, would become a permanent source of scandal.

Whatever M. Zola may say, M. Goblet is a good Minister—earnest, intelligent, and liberal. He has succeeded in carrying a decree by which the faculties of Letters, Science, Law, and Medicine, which hitherto have had no financial autonomy of any kind, are endowed with a sort of civil corporeity, which allows of their having funds of their own, inheriting and to a certain extent administering their own affairs. It is a first step on the way to the reconstruction of the great independent universities. M. Goblet also encouraged the meeting at Havre of the Teachers' Congress, of which the mayor of Havre, M. Siegfried, was the originator. The Minister presided at the opening meeting, and in an admirable speech invited the teachers to discuss with perfect freedom all questions relating to their own interests and those of the schools. This International Congress determined on an annual meeting of National Congresses of the same kind, and on a triennial International Congress. M. Goblet had also the honour of laying the foundation-stone of the new Sorbonne. The rebuilding of the Sorbonne was decided on in principle thirty years ago ; the Empire went so far as solemnly to ordain that it should be done, but not so far as to begin doing it. Four years ago

the Republic revived the project, and now the new building has reached its first storey. The Faculties of Letters and Sciences will at last be lodged in a manner worthy of the metropolis. M. Goblet in his speech spoke admirably of the revival of serious studies in France, raised an eloquent protest against the scepticism and pessimism preached by a section of the young writers of our day, and exhorted the coming generation to have faith in hard work and in science.

There are, in fact, two distinct currents setting different ways, which characterize the literary youth of our day. There is the school of the decadence, which delights in the reproduction of whatever is sad, vicious, and unwholesome, and which, under pretence of re-invigorating our language and imparting flavour and colour to it, loads and distorts it, and makes it as turgid and obscure as it is naturally clear and simple. Alongside of this school—which includes some men of real talent, such as MM. Verlaine, Rod, Rollinat, Hennequin, Huysmans, and to which M. Bourget also belongs by some sides of him (not the lowest)—there is, I will not say another school, for they form neither school nor coterie, but a pleiad of writers, who are faithful to the French tradition of transparent style and manly thought and wholesome art. One of the most genial and original poets of this pleiad, M. G. Vicaire, the delightful author of “Emaux Bressans,” has given us an amusing imitation of the school of the decadence in a little *brochure* called “Les Délivrescences, par Adoré Floupette.” With all his efforts he has not succeeded in being quite as obscure, quite as pretentious, quite as devoid of common sense, as his models; and such a piece as this, if it had appeared in the *Revue Contemporaine*, might pass for a parody of the parodies of M. Vicaire. The best thing in the “Délivrescences” is the preface, which contains a lively description of an assemblage of “dévadents,” where we find morphiomaniacs who despise ordinary health, and keep up a constant state of artificial excitement, and sham mystics calling themselves “pseudo-catholics,” who attempt to combine a sort of Byzantine pietism with the vices of the later Empire. It is an assemblage of semi-invalids and semi-charlatans. M. Vicaire has made some people very angry, but he has done real service to the public by bursting, with a prick of his pointed pen, the balloons which these restorers of our language and literature have been laboriously puffing out. M. Jean Aicard has meanwhile raised a more serious protest against the pessimism of some part of our contemporary literature. His volume of poems, “Le Dieu dans l’Homme,” is an eloquent and philosophic rejoinder to the “Blasphèmes” of Richepin. Where Richepin denuded, disparaged, desecrated everything he touched, Jean Aicard shows everywhere the ideal in humanity, redeeming its vices, its errors, its ignorances. In a series of simple stories, which nevertheless have an epic strain in them, he shows us deeds of devotion all the more heroic because so unobtrusive; while in his lyrical pieces he sings of the hidden Godhead speaking in the heart of man. Beside M. Aicard we may place M. Dorchain, who gave us, three years ago, a volume of very delicate and high-toned verse, and who has just attempted at the Odéon an imitation of Shakespeare’s “Twelfth Night,” under the title “Conte d’Avril.” It is a pretty and poetic fancy, which does honour to the young poet and to the intelligent manager of the Odéon, M. Posel. The Théâtre Français has

been less fortunate in the "Antoinette Rigaud" of M. Deslandes. It is a clever and amusing piece, but it has no originality of conception and no literary value. It may be hoped that the new manager of the Français, M. Jules Claretie, who is a novelist and an historian, and a real lover of good literature, will give a new and powerful impulse to the leading theatre of Paris. He has undertaken a difficult task, for the Théâtre Française is not only a great literary institution, but a great commercial speculation, and the actors, who are at the same time shareholders in the enterprise, show some inclination to subordinate the interests of art to the question of receipts. It remains to be seen whether M. Claretie, who is the most amiable of men, will have energy enough to get his own way and to keep in check the ever-wakeful susceptibilities of his actors.

In fiction we have of late no new sensation. A new humorous work by Daudet is expected—"Tartarin en Suisse"; and a semi-satirical work by O. Feuillet, pitilessly exposing the follies and vices of society; but meanwhile the stories we have are more amiable than vigorous. M. Rabusson shows no sign of progress in his "L'Amic"; M. Theuriet's "Péché Mortel" is commonplace in action, though the story is nicely told, with a setting of pleasant landscape. There is force and truth of observation in M. Jules de Glouvet's "Famille Bourgeois," but marred by improbabilities and vulgarities; and then we have Maystre's "L'Adversaire," which gives a curious picture of Protestant manners. Mme. de Pressensé's "Geneviève" is another Protestant story: it is not wanting in originality, but it is moral rather than distinctively literary in character. The purpose of the author has been to show how far the so-called Christian world is from practising the morality of the Gospel, and she makes her Geneviève, a child of poor parents adopted by a great lady—a simple and straightforward little girl, arguing with all the logic of simplicity—apply the precepts of the New Testament in the most literal way to her proud and narrow and aristocratic patroness. Mme. de Pressensé has a fine sense of character; she makes her people live; but I prefer her children's stories to her novels. They are more real and more touching.

The French public is disposed just now to be a little hard on its novelists—a little unjust to them perhaps. The immense success of the Russian novels has somewhat prejudiced our own; and it must be admitted that as you rise from Dostoievski's "Crime et Châtiment," with your whole soul and brain in a whirl, M. Zola's atrocities seem somewhat thin and pale; while beside the intense life, the profound insight, the passionate human sympathies of Tolstoi's "Anna Karénine" everything else seems false, affected, languid, and hollow. Everything Russian is popular just now, and book after book comes out on Russia and Russian literature. Yesterday it was M. Dupuy's charming "Études sur la Littérature Russe;" to-day it is "L'Empire Russe," by M. Combes de Lestrade. I have already spoken more than once of the valuable works of M. Leroy Beaulieu, and of M. de Vogüé's admirable articles.

The publication of memoirs and correspondence continues to throw gleam after gleam of useful light upon the past. I hardly know whether to reckon as authentic memoirs the "Souvenirs d'un Impérialiste" by "Fidus." One is almost tempted to regard them as a very

strong anti-Bonapartist pamphlet, so ridiculous and odious at once is the part he makes the Imperialists play between 1871 and 1881. We find them fancying from day to day that the Empire is going to be restored, cherishing the most childish prejudices against the Republicans and the Royalists, devising plots as rascally as they are stupid, and as stupid as they are rascally, under the superintendence of the Archbishop of Rouen, Mgr. de Boynechose, and with the approval of the Prince Imperial. We find the Empress urging on the war of 1870, in the hope of restoring the despotism of 1852; the Archbishop negotiating with the Germans during the campaign of 1871; and Napoleon III. meditating the foundation of an Ultramontane Empire. I do not know who "Fidus" is, but unless the whole thing is a bad joke, he must be a person of curiously ill-balanced mind, who has done his party a service for which they will not thank him. The "Confessions" of Arsène Houssaye are a less mischievous sort of work. Here we have M. Houssaye telling us, in a style not wanting in grace and vivacity, his own adventures and the literary and political events with which he was connected. A whole epoch of the social, literary, theatrical, and artistic life of the capital lives again in these four volumes, which are light enough in spite of their size. In the Correspondence of Quinet and of Lanfrey we have historical documents of much greater importance. Quinet passed the whole period of the Empire in forced or voluntary exile, first in Belgium, and then at Veytaux in Switzerland. During those eighteen years he kept up the most active correspondence with other French politicians, whether in exile like himself, or still in France. These letters were intended for publication from the first, and were carefully copied by his wife before they were posted, and they are naturally a little wanting in spontaneity and in the characteristic charm of the epistolary style; but they present a faithful record of those years, and the events of which they speak are treated always with a striking elevation of tone and breadth of view. The curious thing is, that Quinet, who during his exile had shown a singularly independent spirit, and had been in sympathy with all the Liberal minds of his day, immediately on his return to France assumed the character of a partisan, apparently from the mere necessity of having a part to play. Lanfrey was a man of quite another stamp. He had not the philosophic breadth of Quinet; he was ardent, nervous, impressionable; and yet in practice his was the more solid Liberalism of the two. His disappointment was proportionately great when he saw individual Republicans so cruelly betraying the hopes he had founded on the Republican system; and to this disappointment his letters give bitter and eloquent expression. It is to another disillusioned Republican that we owe the interesting studies entitled "The Army and the Democracy." If the author's view is just, democracy would prove incompatible with a strong military organization; for the schemes he propounds are as chimerical as the historical and critical part of his work is strong and solid. We may reckon also among historical memoirs M. d'Hérisson's "Journal of an Interpreter in China." It is a lively and picturesque account of the Chinese expedition of 1860, by the former secretary of General Cousin de Montauban. In vigour and general interest the book is in no way inferior to the "Journal d'un Officier

d'Ordonnance in 1870-1871," by the same author, and it inspires greater confidence. It will be read in England as eagerly as in France, for the English army plays no small part in the story: whether it is to be considered a creditable part or not depends on the point of view from which it is looked at. M. d'Hérison's opinion is, that the English managed very cleverly in letting the French take all the trouble and glory of the expedition, and in reaping the solid benefit of it themselves. This opinion will no doubt be disputed in England.

Here, again, as at so many other points one comes upon that old and ineradicable rivalry of French and English—neighbours whom so many interests should tend to draw together, but who are separated by so many prejudices. The clever writer who calls himself Max O'Rell, and who has already given us two volumes on English manners—which he treats superficially enough, indeed, but with some true touches—makes the attempt to combat those prejudices, while describing them, in a book entitled "*Les Chers Voisins*." Both nations might find something to learn from it.

We may turn from these to the mention of some more serious volumes—the "*Pensées*" of Joseph Roux, a village curé who, with singular penetration, depicts not only the mode of living, but the very life and soul of the peasants who surround him; and the "*History of French Civilization*" by M. Rambaud, of which one volume is already published, and the other is to follow. This last is a remarkably vivid and glowing and generally accurate picture of the development of French manners and institutions. It is to the higher education of girls that we owe works of this sort; but we sincerely hope that they will be found available also for the education of boys, for they are far more instructive than mere records of battles.

We have lost during the last few months a certain number of eminent men, but they were men who had lived long enough to complete a useful career and to give the full measure of their abilities. Of these were the naturalist Milne Edwards, the micrographist Robin, the Hellenist Egger, the epigraphist L. Renier, and the historian and economist Vuitry. This last loss is perhaps the most severe; for M. Vuitry was still in the possession of his fullest powers, and he leaves unfinished his masterly work, "*Études sur les Institutions Financières de la France*."

If men of talent pass away, others spring up to fill their places. In the scientific world all eyes have again been fixed on the splendid experiments of M. Marcel Deprez on the transmission of force by electricity. He has succeeded in transmitting to a distance of ninety kilometres fifty per cent. of the force generated; and it may be hoped that the moment is not far off when this ingenious discovery, which has opened out new glimpses into the nature of the electric current itself, will receive some practical application. To utilise at any distance the force of running water, and even perhaps of the tides of the sea—what a dream of industrial progress!

While M. Deprez's discoveries are delighting the men of science, the attention of the general public is attracted rather by the experiments of M. Pasteur. The great physiologist believes he has found means to vaccinate successfully for hydrophobia, and this even after the bite, by means of repeated inoculations with virus taken from the

rabbit. The treatment to which he has already subjected several patients seems conclusive, and it appears to confirm M. Pasteur's theoretical views on the virus of disease and its treatment by vaccination. This discovery may bring about a revolution in the science of medicine; and it may boldly be said that, should future experiments confirm it, the day when M. Pasteur first inoculated his little Alsatian with the hydrophobic virus will mark an era, not only in the history of science, but in that of humanity.

At the very moment of writing this article, we have received M. Renan's new work, "*Le Prêtre de Nemi*." It is, like "*Caliban*" and "*L'Eau de Jouvence*," a poetical, political, and dramatic fantasia. The scene is laid among the Albans in the early days of ancient Rome. On the banks of the lake Nemi is a temple of Diana, of which one could only become priest after having killed the priest actually in office. Antistius reforms that barbarous custom. He contents himself with chasing off the cruel priest who officiated there before him, and he teaches the Albans a higher religious truth. No one comprehends him, and he falls before the combined attacks of the demagogues and the aristocrats, in spite of the impotent sympathies of moderate minds. The doctrine that seems to follow from the dialogues between the democrat Cethegus, the aristocrat Metius, and the moderate Liberalis, is that progress is not effected in the world by reason and virtue, but by violence, crime, and unconscious instincts. The future belongs to the bandits of Rome, not to the civilized and philosophic Antistius. It is necessary to do good, not only without hope of being rewarded, but even without hope of being useful. Bitter as is this morality, which is the last word of political scepticism, "*Le Prêtre de Nemi*" contains passages of exquisite poetry and others of profound philosophy. It is the most terrible judgment that has been passed on the political situation of our existing France. It might be useful but for being so despairing.

G. MONOD.

CONTEMPORARY RECORDS.

ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY.

THE Fayûm manuscripts which I described in my Records for December and May have since become known to the populace through the *Times*, which awoke to the knowledge of their existence in the month of June, and then published in July an account of them, going over the ground already known to the readers of this REVIEW. Since my last Record, much new matter has come to light in connection with this extraordinary find, an account of which will naturally take precedence of all other topics. The Gospel Fragment from Fayûm, which I have referred to as a text of St. Matthew, has been sufficiently discussed in the columns of the *Times* by Professors Hort and Bickell, and described at length in the *Expositor* for August. Bickell, an eminent orientalist of Innsbruck, and an orthodox Roman Catholic divine, maintains that the Fragment is a piece of a first-century gospel-narrative. He regards it as a specimen of those early non-canonical but genuine histories to which St. Luke refers in his preface as undertaken by many persons prior to his own publication. Professor Hort regards it as a *memoriter* quotation of Mark xiv. 26-30 or Matt. xxvi. 30-34 made by some third-century scribe. Further investigations in the vast collections at Vienna and Berlin will possibly throw more light on this important topic. For indeed the mass of manuscripts recovered is something enormous. No such discovery has ever hitherto rewarded the efforts of investigators. Professor Karabacek, at Vienna, lately set forth a table which shows this. He was dealing with the comparative richness of Vienna and Berlin, proving how much superior the former is to the latter in Fayûm documents at least, and in the course of his argument gives the following list of documents and of the eleven languages in which they are composed, as they had been identified down to last May:—

		Fayûm MSS. at Berlin.	Fayûm MSS. at Vienna.
Greek	Papyri . . .	2,500	15,000
Arabic	" . . .	600	4,000
Coptic	" . . .	300	1,000
Pehlvi	" . . .	100	300
Græco-Arabic	" . . .	50	200
Demotic	" . . .	40	10
Hebrew	" . . .	22	23
Copto-Arabic	" . . .	10	6
Tachygraphic	" . . .	7	200
Latin	" . . .	3	34
Syriac	" . . .	3	2
Hieratic	" . . .	1	5
Hieroglyphic	" . . .	0	1
Aethiopic	" . . .	0	200
Paper fragments, cent. VIII.-X.	" . . .	0	162
Pictures . . .	" . . .	0	61
Total		3,636	21,204

In the journal, the *Oesterreichische Monatsschrift*, in which this table appeared last May, Karabacek commenced in August and completed in September a comprehensive review of the nature and contents of the Fayûm find. A brief analysis of the views of this eminent authority will doubtless be acceptable. He begins with discussing the question, whence came this vast mass of material? The replies have been very various. Some think that the Arabs have discovered the stores of a waste-paper merchant. This view he puts aside at once. An antiquarian collector would be more probable. An Arabic writer of the tenth century tells of an amateur who collected three hundredweight of documents on skins, parchment, papyrus, and paper. The chronological order, too, of the documents protest against such an idea. Berlin scholars have suggested that the remains of a great library have been discovered; grounding themselves on the fact that one of the Berlin Fragments has a librarian's mark upon it. His own opinion is that here we have the remains of the provincial registry of Arsinoë, where were also deposited the records of Heracleopolis, Oxyrinchus, and the Oasis, the celebrated place of exile to which Nestorius was banished, a solution which, as I may perhaps point out, agrees exactly with a suggestion thrown out by me on p. 909 of the December number of this REVIEW when discussing this same point. The Arabs evidently took up and perpetuated the organization of Rome, as indeed every conqueror is obliged to continue the organization and official staff of his predecessors unless he wishes to see a perfect chaos inaugurated. He then tells the story of their discovery so far as the Arabs have let it be known. They say they found the MSS. partly in large urns or vases, partly in an underground chamber amid the ruins of Arsinoë. Karabacek then discusses the date of the destruction of this registry, which he fixes at A.D. 963. The latest document is dated A.D. 953. Ten years later famine and invasion ruined Egypt, when probably the house where our manuscripts were stored was burned, as they still bear the marks of a con-

flagration, and pieces of charcoal are found mixed up with them. The remainder of his first letter is taken up with a very exhaustive discussion of the materials of which the documents are composed, which he divides thus—leather, parchment, papyrus, and paper; giving in conclusion a very exhaustive account of the process of papyrus manufacture, and showing that the manuscripts still retain marks impressed on them by State officials at various dates. German scholars have not been contented, however, with discussing the Fayûm documents. They have also been using them for comparison with history as already known. Two most interesting illustrations of their value in this aspect have been presented by a young Berlin scholar, U. Wilcken, who in the spring of this year published a treatise discussing the history of the Roman province of Egypt as these manuscripts disclose it to our view.* This tract of sixty pages is very interesting, and proves that the author, who composed it as an exercise for his doctor's degree, is fully abreast with the whole literature of the subject. He shows the light which these documents throw on the interior life of Egypt during the second and third centuries, discusses (p. 15) the modified form of Home Rule enjoyed by cities like Arsinoë and Naucratis under Septimius Severus, a topic lately discussed by J. Lumbroso in his "L'Egitto al tempo dei Greci e dei Romani," and then notes the continuity of life, political and social, between the Egypt of the second and of the nineteenth century. He also touches upon the question mooted above, concerning the nature of our find. He considers that they are the relics of the public registry of the city of Arsinoë, deriving his argument from the fact that the first of these Fayûm documents, which was discovered one hundred years ago, and published by a learned Danish scholar named Schow, was a list of workmen employed on the embankments of the Nile in that neighbourhood. The Coptic documents, indeed, already known are by no means insignificant. The works of a learned monk, Augustus A. Georgius, published just a century ago, receive and shed much light on these new discoveries. He published an ancient Coptic version of St. John, and a Coptic history of the Egyptian martyrdoms in the Diocletian persecution, called "De Miraculis S. Coluthi," embodying many details of the last great persecution, which must have been derived from the same source as our new documents. The Vatican Library, indeed, must be a repertory of many similar manuscripts. We are glad, therefore, to find that there is a proposal by I. C. Hyvernât to print at Rome the Acts of thirty martyrs hitherto unknown, forming very valuable illustrations of the life, history, and geography of Egypt under the Roman empire.

In this connection we welcome a republication of the selected works of Letronne,† who was *facile princeps* among the Egyptian scholars and investigators of the generation that is past. We regret, however, that the four volumes now published contain only a selection of his writings. His most valuable ones are omitted. His "Recueil des Inscriptions de l'Égypte," and his "Recherches sur l'Égypte, pendant la domination des Grecs et Romaines," are works which can scarcely ever be superseded. Yet here they are wanting. Still the ecclesiastical

* "Observationes ad Historiam Egypti Provincia Romanæ Depromptæ e Papyris Græcis Berolinesibus Ineditis." Berlin: Mayer & Müller. 1885.

† "Œuvres Choies de A.-J. Letronne." Assemblées par E. Fagnan. Première Série.—Égypte Ancienne. Deuxième Série.—Cosmographie et Géographie.

historian will be glad to find in them treatises of permanent value, which had become very scarce and very dear. Thus we have in the first series Essays on the History of Christianity in Egypt, Nubia, and Abyssinia; on the Canal which connected the Red Sea and Mediterranean under the Greeks, Romans, and Arabs; on the Greek Papyri of Egypt known in his day; and on the Labyrinth of Egypt, which once existed in the present Fayûm province. The object of this vast construction has often puzzled historical inquirers. Letronne thinks it was a kind of National Record Office, where public and private documents alike were deposited. If so, the Fayûm find may have been a portion of its treasures. I have already mentioned a treatise by Wilcken, the materials for which have been derived from the Egyptian papyri. The same author has contributed to the last number of *Hermes** another article from the same source, which must be of the greatest interest to the student of Church history. Its title is "Arsinoëtische Tempelrechnungen aus dem J. 215 nach Chr." In a treatise of fifty pages this writer gives us a transcript of what we should call in modern phraseology the "Churchwardens' Accounts" of the great temple of Jupiter Capitolinus in Arsinoë. It throws a light upon ancient Paganism hitherto utterly wanting. We can only form an idea of its value by considering what we should give for the similar accounts of the great Church—say, of Alexandria or of Arsinoë of the same date, where a Clement, or Pantænus, or Origen may have taught. We get a glimpse behind the scenes of Egyptian and Roman Paganism in this article. There we see the amount of money expended in lighting the lamps, furbishing the images of the gods, in processions upon the inaugurations of new priests, imperial birthdays, &c. Arsinoë and the Arsinoïte nome, as Eusebius shows us in his "History," vii. 24, was a stronghold of Christianity. Here, then, we have a living picture of the Paganism against which the Church had to struggle. This, however, is not the only debt Church History owes to our new documents. The strange subject of Gnosticism figures largely among the topics illustrated by the papyri. Very opportunely, then, we notice in another German periodical an article dealing with this darksome topic.† Egypt was the favourite haunt of the Gnostic heresy, and from Egypt have therefore come some of the most authentic monuments of that eclectic mixture of Pagan, Jewish, and Christian thought, notably the Gnostic poem called "Pistis Sophia." The "Jahrbücher," the full and very lengthy title of which we give below,‡ publishes a treatise on the Gnostic silver tablet discovered in the Black Forest a century ago, and now preserved in the Museum of Carlsruhe. This article discusses, with all the latest lights, the various terms and names there preserved. It will be found very useful in connection with Dr. Salmon's article on Gnosticism in the "Dictionary of Christian Biography," or the article on the same subject in Herzog's "Cyclopædia." Dr. Salmon has just published his "Introduction to the New Testament."‡ Technically, of course, it belongs to another department of these Records, and

* "Hermes, Zeitschrift für classische Philologie." Bd. XX. Hft. III. Berlin. 1885.

† "Jahrbücher des Vereins von Alterthumsfreunden im Rheinlande." Hft. lxxix. Bonn. 1885.

‡ "An Historical Introduction to the Study of the Books of the New Testament; being an expansion of Lectures delivered in the Divinity School of the University of Dublin. London: Murray. 1885.

will be treated accordingly. Still, it is essentially an exhaustive work on Ecclesiastical History. I now merely notice one point. In my last Record I called attention to Mr. Rendel Harris' and Dr. Hort's theory about the date of *Hermas*, as stated by them in the Johns Hopkins University Circulars. This theory, which assigns *Hermas* to the middle or later half of the second century, collides with Dr. Salmon's opinion as stated in his article "*Hermas*" in the "*Dictionary of Christian Biography*." He now devotes pp. 654-668 to an elaborate investigation of the question, and concludes as follows: "If, then, it can be established on other grounds that the Book of *Hermas* belongs to the early part of the second century, no reason for rejecting that date is afforded by the fact that we find in the book a verse of Daniel quoted in a form for which the Septuagint will not account." In the last number of *Hermathena*, again, Dr. Salmon prints a very ingenious paper on the "Cross References in Hippolytus," where he suggests that this learned Church Father, in the course of his heresy-hunting, was often imposed upon by dealers in manuscripts who had come to understand his weakness. Celtic Church History is a topic closely allied with that of Egypt, as I observed in connection with Mr. Butler's "*Coptic Churches*." A curious illustration of this was lately given by a well-known scientist, who is utterly devoid of any ecclesiastical or historical theories upon the subject. Professor Hartley, F.R.S., who teaches chemistry at the Dublin College of Science, read a paper in June last before the Royal Dublin Society, investigating, from a chemical point of view, the colouring matter used in the illuminations of the Book of Kells. Every student of Palæography or of ancient art knows of this celebrated manuscript of the Gospels, preserved since 1661 in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, but which derives its name from the Columban Monastery of Kells, to which it originally belonged. Those who have not seen it will find a description of it in Mr. Gilbert's "*National MSS. of Ireland*," p. 12, together with plates giving facsimiles of some of the most beautiful pages. The colours are very wonderful, and retain their brilliancy as fresh to-day as they were a thousand years ago. The problem Professor Hartley set before himself was this, how were these colours formed, considering the very perishable nature of all modern pigments? The tints used in the Book of Kells are black, a sort of burnt sienna, a bright red, a yellow, largely used, a neutral green, an emerald green, two blues, a lilac, and a reddish purple. These colours are for the most part natural mineral substances—one, in fact, being composed of gold dust—finely ground and mixed with some vehicle of the nature of gum or gelatine. Now, the difficulty is this: how did the Celtic monks of, say 800 A.D., discover, amid the bogs of central Ireland, colours surpassing those we now can manufacture with all our modern science? Professor Hartley solves the difficulty by showing that the paints used in the Book of Kells were identical with those used by the ancient Egyptians, of whose art the Celtic monks possessed the secret, a conclusion identical with that towards which many other circumstances point, and specially this one—that the favourite topic for exhortation in many of the most ancient Irish homilies, some of which are more than a thousand years old, is the lives, austerities and miracles of the Egyptian ascetics.

From Germany there has just arrived another evidence of the attention now paid to the history of the Celtic Church in its broadest aspect as including England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales and Brittany. Professor Wasserschleben, of Giessen, published in 1874 a collection of Irish Canons, which he republished last May in an enlarged shape.* Wasserschleben is well known as one of the most profound living scholars concerning the history of Ecclesiastical Law, having published so long ago as 1851 a work, "Die Bussordnungen der Abendländischen Kirche," which is the standard book on the subject. In the new edition of his "Irish Canons" he gives us an exhaustive introduction on their sources and manuscripts, and then discusses the vexed question as to the relation between the Roman and Celtic Churches. He has an interesting passage on the peculiar position occupied by the bishop in the Irish ecclesiastical system. That system was thoroughly monastic, yet every monastery numbered a bishop among its members, who was subject to the abbot so far as monastic discipline was concerned, but was superior to him in ecclesiastical rank and office. This peculiar arrangement Wasserschleben shows (p. 42) to have extended as far as the celebrated monasteries of Mount Sinai. Perhaps, however, the most interesting as well as most accessible portion of the whole work for the mere English reader will be a letter from Mr. Bradshaw, the University librarian at Cambridge, in which that learned scholar sums up in twelve propositions his views on the literary history of the "Hibernensis," the common name for this collection of canons, where he maintains that Brittany exercised an important influence on their history, which has never yet been sufficiently recognized. Mr. Bradshaw's words on p. 46 express more forcibly than any of mine could, the value of this work. He is referring to Wasserschleben's two works, and Maassen's "History of Canon Law in the West," and says, "the absolutely perfect methods adopted by yourself in editing these two books, and by Prof. Maassen in his History, had naturally made me all the more eager to pursue my investigations into the subject when provided with such aids, the very using of which gave a double pleasure to the work. These three books had literally become my daily companions for several years."

There has been of late considerable activity in the field of Church History, but the results have not all been of equal value. Mr. E. S. Ffoulkes spent fifteen years in the Church of Rome, and signalized his return to the Church of his fathers by the publication of a pamphlet, the "Church's Creed and the Crown's Creed," intended to prove the Erastianism of the Church of Rome. He was also strongly opposed to the Filioque clause in the Creed, and, if we remember rightly, was received into the communion of the English Church by Canon Gregory, after the recitation of the Nicene Creed in Greek without this clause. This is, however, an old story now, having happened fifteen years ago at least. Mr. Ffoulkes, is, however, as hostile to the Filioque clause and Charlemagne and the Athanasian Creed as ever. He has now published a work on Eucharistic Consecration, which we find hard to describe.† It is learned and painstaking. Its object is to prove that the Invocation

* "Die Irische Kanonensammlung." Leipzig: Tauchnitz. 1885.

† "Primitive Consecration of the Eucharistic Oblation, with an Earnest Appeal for its Revival." London: Hayes. 1885.

of the Holy Ghost constituted valid consecration of the Eucharist in the Primitive Church, not the repetition of the words of institution, a practice, in his view, introduced, of all people in the world, by the Arians. In pursuit of this theory he tells us, on p. 150, he had carefully gone through all the genuine works of the Latin and Greek fathers till 800 A.D. We must give him praise for his great industry, which will render his work useful as a repertory of passages bearing on liturgical topics. But much learning has confused his argumentative powers. The book is singularly devoid of method, arrangement, and clearness. Chapter V., for instance, undertakes to prove that the Arian party got rid of the Invocation of the Holy Ghost, and substituted for it the repetition of the words of Institution. This is a simple question of fact, and ought to admit of clear proof or disproof. Yet in the course of eighty-four pages devoted to its consideration, so many side issues are raised that no ordinary mortal can tell whether the main question is decided or not. Still, we are bound in fairness to say that the book is marked by a large and generous spirit, an earnest desire for the reunion of Christendom, and a generous recognition of the excellences of those from whom he differs. It is interesting to observe that Mr. Skene, the well-known Scottish historian, has just written, in the *Scottish Church Review* for June, July, and August, a series of articles on "Ancient Liturgies," in which he controverts the leading positions of Mr. Ffoulkes, maintaining that "the only direct notices of the Invocation of the Holy Spirit in the writings of the Ante-Nicene Fathers are in connection with the consecration of the cup in heretical churches." Mr. Skene's articles are marked by a clearness and compression an imitation of which would have secured a wider audience for the Oxford theologian. German scholars often embody some of their most valuable thoughts in monographs. The diligent use they are making of the new discoveries in Egypt and Syria find an illustration in a treatise by Dr. G. Krüger on the history of the Monophysite struggle.* It quotes documents never before used to illustrate this controversy, which largely helped to overthrow the Eastern Empire, such as the Syriac Church Histories of Zacharias Rhetor, and John of Ephesus, and the Coptic history of Dioscorus and the Fourth General Council, which Revillont has translated in the *Revue Egyptologique*, as noticed in our last Record. But it is time to turn from foreign and ancient Church History to something later and nearer home. Sir Samuel Ferguson has published his annual report on the Irish State papers,† affording us not so much history as the materials for history, and showing us how Ireland came to be ecclesiastically and politically the thorn in the flesh for England. This report contains an analysis of the Fiants of the end of Elizabeth's reign and the beginning of that of James I. Brief notices throw a wondrous light on the failure of the Reformation in Ireland, as on p. 35, where we find "A patent of presentation of John, Bishop of Down and Connor, to the rectory of St. John the Evangelist, in the city and diocese of Waterford;" a bishop in Ulster could scarcely be

* "Monophysitische Streitigkeiten in Zusammenhange mit der Reichspolitik." Jena: 1884.

† "Seventeenth Report of the Deputy Keeper of the Public Records in Ireland." Dublin: Thom & Co. 1885.

an efficient parish priest in Munster. Miler Magrath, Archbishop of Cashel, and his father, a Celtic chieftain, had a wondrous appetite for land, ecclesiastical or otherwise, a specimen of which is given on p. 33. This report will be found most useful for the student of early laws and customs, tribal distribution, &c. Here is a tit-bit for such inquirers. Miler Magrath's land is freed from "all Irish exactions—to wit, cony lyverie, buonaght, kinduff, *alias* black rent, sorren, quiddye, kear-antighe or mustrian." Ecclesiastical history deals not merely with primitive and mediæval times. It includes the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries as well. The history of Charles Leslie, the great controversialist of the non-jurors, and their acutest intellect, has lately been told for us by one of his descendants, while the rise and progress of Methodism, which came into being as Leslie passed away, has fitly attracted much attention of late years. Messrs. Abbey and Overton have told the story from a Churchman's point of view, and Mr. Tyerman, in his laborious volumes, has furnished almost all the materials needful for a complete judgment on the topic. A work on the history of Irish Methodism, by Mr. Crookshank,* has lately appeared which throws some new light on that subject. American Methodism now outnumbers any other religious body in the United States. It traces its origin back to Ireland. Our author has here told the story of Mr. Wesley's work during forty years, gathering up traditions of the last century which in another generation would have been completely forgotten, as, for instance, on p. 235, those concerning Alexander Knox, the celebrated lay theologian, who indeed himself published an edition of Southey's "Life of Wesley," which is quite too little known. It contains some valuable materials for the history of the last century, derived from Knox's personal knowledge. When speaking of that time we may remark that there is one document, yet unpublished in its completeness, which would throw much light on it, and that is Wesley's Journal in a perfect shape. Selections from his Journal are of course in circulation, but the whole work has never been printed. There remains only space sufficient just to name some other works of permanent value which have lately appeared on the continent. Messrs. C. Siegfried and H. Gelzer have published a work useful for ancient chronology, and for the student of the text of Eusebius's various works as well.† Dionysius, Patriarch of Antioch, A.D. 840, wrote a chronicle from the Creation to his own time, in which he made much use of Eusebius. In this work his chronicle is placed beside Jerome's Chronology, the ancient Armenian version, and the Greek of Eusebius. The Vienna Academy is steadily proceeding with its publication of the "Corpus Scriptorum Ecclesiasticorum." This year has seen the publication of three volumes of authors, poets, and commentators of the fifth century, notable among whom are the poet Sedulius and the works of Eugippius.‡ These latter were entirely composed of extracts from Augustine, and were the source of much of the knowledge of that saint possessed by the Middle Ages. In the

* "History of Methodism in Ireland." Vol. I.—Wesley and His Times. By C. H. Crookshank, M.A. London: Woolmer. 1885.

† "Eusebii Canonum Epitome ex Dionysii Telmaharensis Chronico petita." Leipzig: Teubner. 1885.

‡ T. ix. "Eugippii Excerpta ex oper. S. Aug.;" t. x. "Sedulii opera;" t. xi. "Claduanii Mamert. opera." Vindobon. 1885.

publication of this series recourse has been had to the best manuscripts, some of which had never before been used. The text is therefore as perfect as our present knowledge can make it. An article on Sedulius in "*Jour. des Savants*," 1881, pp. 553-566, will show his importance; while on pp. 157-161 of *Eugippius* we notice a discussion concerning eternal punishment with a very modern ring about it. We began with the ancient Egyptian Church and nation, which has left us the Fayûm documents. We end with the modern Greek Church and nation, which sends us its Calendar for 1885.* I noticed the Calendar for 1884 in my December Record, calling attention to the account of Mount Athos and its monks promised for this year's issue, which, however, finds no place therein. There are, however, several interesting essays, &c., in it bearing on ecclesiastical and geographical topics, while a fine portrait in front shows us the present head of the Greek Church, Joachim, Patriarch of Constantinople. •

After the previous portion of this Record had been written, I received a copy of the Bishop of Durham's long-promised work on Ignatius and his Epistles.† It forms the second division of his edition of the Apostolic Fathers, the first having been occupied with St. Clement of Rome. The new work is very exhaustive, as indeed we might expect, seeing that the Preface tells us the subject has occupied the writer's attention for thirty years. This work is divided into two volumes, the latter of which is again divided into two distinct parts, an arrangement which is somewhat awkward for the purposes of quotation. It professes to be an edition of Ignatius and Polycarp merely, but when closely examined, it will be found to be an elaborate discussion of well-nigh every question which can be raised concerning the Ecclesiastical History of the Second Century. It discusses martyrdoms, like that of St. Felicitas, and of the Punic martyr S. Namphamo; legends like that of the Thundering Legion, controversies like that of Montanism. Nothing is too obscure to escape Dr. Lightfoot's industry, save the Jewish controversy of that age which has left us the very curious document called the Dialogue between Jason and Papiscus, which Harnack has lately tried to identify and recover. But the chief interest of our readers will of course centre in Dr. Lightfoot's views about the Ignatian Epistles. On this point his conclusions will be very reassuring to the friends of orthodoxy. He accepts most heartily, and vindicates most ably, the genuineness of the Seven Epistles of the Middle Form, first published by Ussher in Latin A.D. 1644, and then, two years later, in the original Greek by Isaac Voss. He rejects Cureton's Short Form which contained only three Epistles, and the Long Recension as known prior to Ussher's discovery. Space will now only allow me to notice two points. (1) He indicates (t. i. p. 76) the special interest which Ussher's discovery of the genuine Epistles ought to have for Englishmen, as the Latin version published by him seems to have been made by the celebrated Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln A.D. 1250. There was more scholarship in the Middle Ages than we sometimes imagine

* *Ἡμερολόγιον τῆς Ἀνατολῆς*, 1885. Constantinople: Palamare.

† "*The Apostolic Fathers*." Part ii.—S. Ignatius and S. Polycarp. In 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1885.

(2) The most interesting and most effective portion of his argument is contained in t. i. pp. 315-414, where he discusses the genuineness of the Seven Vossian Epistles, specially pp. 341-359, where he argues from their historical and geographical circumstances. Zahn, in his edition of Ignatius, used the same line of argument; but Dr. Lightfoot has improved upon it, making a free use of the discoveries of Professor Ramsay, and the progress of archaeological research since the date of Zahn's book. The minute coincidences and touches of truth pointed out by Dr. Lightfoot would be impossible for a forger. The value of this great work is well expressed by the writer in the concluding words of his Preface, where he says that "he has repaired a breach, if not in the House of the Lord itself, at least in the immediately outlying buildings thereof." The long-pending Ignatian controversy may now be regarded as finally settled.

GEORGE THOMAS STOKES.

II.—GENERAL LITERATURE.

BIOGRAPHY.—The Rev. John Brown's "John Bunyan: his Life, Times, and Works,"* is much the most complete and important biography of the great Puritan which has yet been written. Mr. Brown has undertaken the task with many advantages. He has been for twenty years minister of Bunyan's old church at Bedford, and has therefore been able to verify all local associations on the spot and to bring exceptional local knowledge to the help of his other investigations. He has had access to sources of information only recently opened to the student, such as those brought to light by the work of the Historical Manuscripts Commission, and he has searched the accumulating materials in the Record Office and the public libraries, and gone through the local registers of Bedfordshire, civil and ecclesiastical. The result is that he is able to supply a great many new details of Bunyan's history and throw a considerable amount of fresh light upon some important passages of his life. The idea of his gipsy ancestry disappears. Mr. Froude's theory in vindication of his imprisonment is seen to break down completely, and the "Pilgrim's Progress" is shown to have been written, not during his twelve years' imprisonment in the county prison, which ended in 1672, but during a subsequent six months' imprisonment in the borough gaol in 1678. Mr. Brown is as good a writer as an investigator, and his work is not less readable than authoritative. Nor have his publishers been behind-hand with their part of the undertaking. The book is most elegantly got up, illustrated with many beautiful cuts by Whymper, and a striking etching of Robert White's pencil portrait of Bunyan.—Syed Ahmed Khan, the liberal-minded Mahomedan who did such good service to the English cause in the Mutiny, and has since done so much for the education and improvement of his own fellow-religionists, is happily still alive, but it was a wise and excellent idea in Colonel Graham to write an account of his life now, because the next

* London : W. Isbister & Co.

ten or fifteen years are likely to be very important, and the Mahommedans of India, and the sketch of such a life would be certain to have a beneficial influence upon the development of Mahommedan parties at such a time. The biography which he has just published* is calculated to interest much wider circles than these. Syed Ahmed is in many respects a remarkable and attractive figure, and his opinions and plans will always claim the reader's attention.—The story of Karoline Bauert† begins again with her return to the stage after separation from Prince Leopold. Fear of ridicule at home drove her to accept an invitation to play at St. Petersburg, where she won the usual favour at the court of Nicholas. Here we meet Muralt, the pastor with the eccentric morals, and Charlotte von Hagn, the rival prima donna. From St. Petersburg back to the Fatherland and then to Vienna, where drama acknowledged the tyranny of Herr von Behr, the "Moloch of fashion," forerunner of the modern Worth. Everywhere success and flattery, until her unfortunate union with Count Plater brought her public career to a close. But the autobiography stops at this point, and we are spared the bitter complaints that marked the story of her life with Leopold. Names that are famous in the world of art appear on every page of these volumes: among others, Strauss and Liszt; Sophie Schröder and Wilhelmine Schroder-Devrient, who made the fame of Fidelio and Wagner's "Rienzi;" and Wagner, for whom the writer has some hard words. The style is bright, piquant, and personal to a fault; on occasion distastefully realistic; always the same tale is told of early triumphs, followed by ruinous intrigues or an unhappy marriage, premature death, or an old age of thankless oblivion.

TRAVEL.—Mr. Robert Tennant's "Sardinia and its Resources" ‡ tells a great deal about an island which the general public know little of, and on which they possess no very accessible sources of information. Mr. Tennant's stay in Sardinia, it is true, was only a few months long, but the nature of his business there brought him into communication with the principal local authorities throughout the island, and led him to obtain authentic information regarding its commercial and industrial resources. On these heads he enters into copious and interesting details, and the chapters dealing with them are among the most valuable in the book. Other subjects the author has worked up with evident care, and on the whole has provided us with a useful and needed work. Major Knollys' "English Life in China" § is lively and entertaining reading. His social descriptions are fresh and spirited. His opinions are very decided, and occasionally, as in his condemnation of Protestant missionaries, unjustly severe, but he offers them merely as first impressions written down at the time, and in fact considers that their chief claim to attention, on the preposterous ground, that first impressions are conducive to the accuracy of opinions.

* "The Life and Work of Syed Ahmed Khan, C.S.I." By Lieut.-Colonel G. F. J. Graham. Edinburgh: W. Blackwood & Sons.

† "Memoirs of Karoline Bauer." Vols. III., IV. London: Remington & Co.

‡ London: Stanford.

§ London: Smith, Elder & Co.

